

## **Necropolis 1181**

### **Chapter 1181: Manmade Disaster**

A tiny, imperceptible ripple undulated through the pristine currents of the chaos. Every particle within the realm began trembling and rubbed against each other, imitating the movements of the chaos sun and moon.

Purest black oozed throughout the chaos and countless creatures gave way to panic. A chaos tribulation had descended upon them without any warning!

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“What is happening?!” The sovereigns of the six palaces greeted the change with frantic confusion.

Their monarchs constantly kept a close eye on the chaos sun and moon. If either of the two treasures exhibited strange behavior or showed signs of saturation, the monarchs would issue warnings and try to protect as many mortal beings as they could.

Prior to the battle between the palaces and sacred lands, they’d made certain calculations that showed the chaos sun and moon were a ways from reaching capacity. A chaos tribulation wasn’t imminent.

Though the tribulations were an established pattern and their regular cleansing a part of life in the chaos, emotions still assailed the heart. The six sacred palaces could never bear to idly sit by and watch countless beings die on their watch!

However, there was nothing they could do about what was playing out in front of them.

“Why is a chaos tribulation occurring ahead of schedule?!”

“All sovereigns are to leave the palace and save as many as possible!”

“Your Highness, please return immediately!”

Orderly reconstruction efforts at the sacred palaces were immediately abandoned as the six exploded into hotspots of activity. Sovereigns streamed out of the palaces, urgently dashing to other locales in the chaos to save the mortal creatures already struggling in the impending tribulation.

All mortal realm palace disciples swiftly found shelter in nearby palace halls. Any mortal realm being exposed to the chaos currents when the tribulation arrived would be disintegrated without mercy.

“Your Highness, this is a chaos tribulation. Please return to the sacred palace at once!” A sovereign had arrived by Lu Yun’s side, one who most respectfully urged his immediate return to safety.

The chaos was still beginning to turn black, an indication that the chaos tribulation wasn’t upon them in full. When pitch black covered the realm, that was when the full fury of the tribulation arrived.

“To think that they’d ignite a chaos tribulation ahead of schedule to take me out.” Lu Yun slowly stood up with a grave expression.

“Your Highness...” The Inception sovereign had thought that Lu Yun was going to head back with him, but the young man waved him off instead.

“Tell the monarchs to be ready for battle. The nine sacred lands will come again when the tribulation descends in truth.” Lu Yun looked deep into the void, considering it with frightening killing intent.

“But Your Highness...”

“Go!” Lu Yun roared.

“...understood!” The sovereign set his jaw and left with a turn. If his prince had sent even a heavyweight of the Hongmeng packing, then he wouldn’t be afraid of a chaos tribulation, right?

Above the sacred palaces, the six monarchs had formed the Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals and kept a wary eye on the surroundings. This was the strongest power they could bring to bear. While it would also interfere with their own dao, they had no other choice when disaster stared at them in the eye.

“All of you should go back,” Lu Yun said without turning around. Ying Luo and the others had already gathered behind him to form their formation of the Six Royals with him. They’d all made tremendous progress and broken through to chaos realm. It was Lu Yun who lagged behind them now.

“No!” The look in Ying Luo’s eyes was resolute. “We are the Six Royals! We are of one mind and one heart. We face this disaster together!”

“That’s right!” chorused the others.

Lu Yun fell silent and remained still, unmoving.

Black was still creeping into the chaos, until all of it turned the purest of black. The moment it did so, tiny crackles of black electricity formed in the darkened chaos. They sizzled in all directions, reaping the lives of any mortal beings they came across.

This black electricity almost seemed as if alive. They permeated every inch of the chaos, dying black even the polluted chaos currents outside the worlds.

When they approached Lu Yun, however, a bizarre strength swallowed them all. The void around him was darker than even the pure black of the chaos—it was like a black hole surrounded him.

Ying Luo, Li Xue, Wang Shu, You Huoran, and Wei Yuan looked at Lu Yun with pounding hearts. His presence was inordinately terrifying at the moment; it’d exceeded the chaos and reached a level that they couldn’t comprehend.

This was the strength of the abyss.

Multiple figures appeared in the far reaches of the chaos and swiftly approached the Six Royals—the experts of the sacred lands.

“Bastards, they’re really here!” Ying Luo’s nails dug into her palm as she glared at the multitude of beings. More than half of the sovereigns in the sacred palaces had gone to save others in the chaos, but those of the nine sacred lands had chosen this moment to launch a fresh offensive!

“Stay behind me and don’t move.” Lu Yun’s lips curved upwards. “They won’t dare approach as long as I’m still here.”

Indeed, they didn't. When the sacred land armies drew near them, they came to a united halt upon seeing Lu Yun.

"What is this?!" Fear visited the faces of Huo Zongxing and his brethren.

Sixth level mortal realm! The Lu Yun in front of them was still sixth level mortal realm, yet there he stood, completely unharmed in the chaos tribulation!

The even more profound darkness around him had vanished as he'd retracted the abyss. He stood quietly among the tribulation, the tiny threads of lightning striking his body, but immediately dispersing like a breeze had blown them away.

Huo Zongxing and the others narrowed their eyes.

"Are you also a being from the Hongmeng reincarnated into the chaos?!" Huo Zongxing stepped forward and shouted at Lu Yun.

"All of you deserve to die." Lu Yun's chest heaved slightly as he forced out these words through grit teeth.

"Deserve to die?" Huo Zongxing snorted. "Do you mean the chaos tribulation? Indeed, we caused it to happen, but it was going to happen sooner or later. For these insignificant ants, it's just a matter of dying earlier or later."

"You likely don't understand the intent behind the chaos tribulations since you've just been reincarnated into the realm." Lu Yun shook his head to hear this response. "Chaos tribulations follow an established rhythm, yes, but the mortal beings of the chaos don't necessarily have to die in them!

"Each time one is about to descend, the sovereigns of the six palaces travel the realm to protect others, so that seeds of life will remain in the chaos after the tribulation!

"With it occurring ahead of schedule, they won't have time to save too many. This isn't the accustomed pattern of cleansing, but a manmade disaster, an extinction event! You're going to turn the chaos into a barren desert!"

It was mortal beings who were the main force behind reproduction. Any cultivators who reached the chaos realm possessed limited desires. Even if they did come together in passion and desire, it was very hard for them to create children.

In all their years of partnership, Leize and Huaxu's union resulted in only one son and daughter. Neither did other chaos realm masters boast of fruitful descendants.

"Those who perish under this chaos tribulation die an unwarranted death. Their souls must be released from purgatory and this injustice righted. If not, the chaos will turn into a domain of absolute death and all of you as the chief offenders." Lu Yun delivered his words with the finality of proclaiming judgment on the nine.

Color drained from Huo Zongxing's face and he stumbled a few steps backward. The rest of the sacred lands and those they'd recruited panicked as well. Experts of the six palaces glared wrathfully at the offenders, itching to tear them apart.

“Oh shut up!” Someone behind Huo Zongxing took a step forward. “Even if we’re the offenders, it’s all because of you! Would we have ignited the tribulation ahead of time if it wasn’t for you blocking our way?”

“Such magnificently twisted logic,” sneered Lu Yun.

“Cut the bullshit! All of this will be over if you’re dead and the six palaces gone! The kings of the Hongmeng will naturally descend upon the chaos to take care of everything here!” shouted the man. “Come on, show me the art of Words from the third realm that you command!”

“You’re absolutely covered in retribution. Do I need a butcher’s knife to kill you?” Two black flames blazed to life in Lu Yun’s eyes and he pointed at the man. “Die!!”

### **Chapter 1182: Sacred Prince of Nirvana Palace**

Absolutely covered in retribution.

Igniting the chaos tribulation ahead of time meant destroying nearly all of the seeds of life in the chaos. This shocking level of bad karma vaulted beyond regular retribution and condensed as a retribution fruit.

How many life forms were there in the chaos? Countless and unquantifiable by numbers. When the resentment of those who died unnecessary deaths gathered together as a retribution fruit, it was sufficient to call down an instant lightning strike upon a sovereign and smite them into ashes.

If it wasn’t for the nine hailing from the Hongmeng and thus being outside the jurisdiction of the orders of the chaos, they would’ve already died countless times over.

While the orders of the chaos couldn’t give orders to these Hongmeng beings... Lu Yun could. His simple point activated the Judgment of Life or Death.

“Be careful!” All of Huo Zongxing’s courage deserted him to see Lu Yun point at them. Even Chi Wuxia’s weapon of a curse had flown apart after Lu Yun’s point—what other outcome could there be for bodies of flesh and blood?

The one behind Huo Zongxing didn’t have time to react before he flew apart as a cloud of dust, scattering with a puff of blue smoke among the pure black chaos currents.

The chaos tribulation continued as fear clenched around everyone’s hearts. Unparalleled experts from the third realm had just disintegrated, just like that?

Eyes sharp as a hawk’s, Lu Yun set his sights on Huo Zongxing again.

“We go!” Terrified out of his mind, nothing else other than running for his life registered in Huo Zongxing’s mind.

“You want to leave after igniting a chaos tribulation?!” came a furious roar from the six palaces. Leize rushed out at the head of the pack to block Huo Zongxing’s way.

“Kill!” The other five monarchs were hot on Lexie’s heels.

As strong as the nine reincarnated Hongmeng creatures were, they were able to stand toe-to-toe with the monarchs only because there were nine of them. In addition, they'd made use of Hongmeng battle formations.

Now that there was only eight, their strength was affected and formations incomplete. As long as the six monarchs formed into the Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals, their eight opponents wouldn't be a concern.

These creation seed beings wouldn't be allowed to get away this time.

They were only sixth level mortal realm, but they fought at a sacred monarch's level. If they successfully withdrew this time, they would certainly continue cultivating somewhere in the chaos. If they broke through to chaos realm one day... Their battle strength would be on par with the Hongmeng.

They'd arrived in the chaos through the creation seeds and still bore their original Hongmeng core essence. The orders of the chaos wouldn't be able to restrict them then.

Lu Yun narrowed his eyes at the fleeing eight and pointed at the void again.

Puff!

Another one of them died under the Judgment of Life or Death.

Pale as sheets, the remaining seven brought their greatest strength to bear and fled like end of times was after them. They didn't dare spend another second in this locale.

"They run pretty fast, huh." Lu Yun took another look at the cultivators of the nine sacred lands. None of them were in a mood to fight—fear had completely paralyzed their minds.

"Playing jackal to the tiger and helping a tyrant victimize the people... There will be no quarter and no mercy shown to any of them!" Lu Yun's frosty tones rang out like the clang of metal and traveled into everyone's ears. "We told you to discard the divine sect name last time, but you chose to revive the sacred land name instead? Alright then, all of you can die alongside your cherished title."

"Understood!" Palace experts snapped to attention when they heard Lu Yun's words and they charged the sacred land contingents.

"You can't, you can't do this!" Mindless fear and panic spread through the sacred land troops. They'd never dreamed that Lu Yun would want to pull them up by the roots!

"Stop! We surrender! We're willing to swear loyalty to the six palaces and never betray you!" Some of them started begging for mercy, some of them tried to run to safety deep in the chaos.

All was disorderly mayhem in the realm now that a chaos tribulation was ongoing. Since none of them were sovereigns, they couldn't flee too quickly.

Palace sovereigns hesitated when they heard the pleas for leniency and they looked at Lu Yun.

"We already gave you chances before." Lu Yun shook his head. "I might have been able to soften my heart if the chaos tribulation hadn't appeared. But now, you can rest easy and accompany countless chaos creatures in their deaths. Kill them all."

The last comment reminded the palace experts of what was at stake here. When the tribulation started, more than half of their own powerhouses had rushed into the chaos to do all they could to save the mortal beings. The nine sacred lands, however, had sent almost all of theirs to attack the palaces!

Perhaps there were some among them trying their best to save people, just like the sacred palaces, but anyone here well deserved to die!

“KILL!!” A heaven-shaking battle stirred in the chaos.

While there were also sovereigns in the nine sacred lands, they’d only just broken through and were hardly comparable to the highly experienced veterans of the six palaces. Though most of the palace sovereigns were preoccupied elsewhere, the nine sacred lands had lost their courage and backbone. It was almost a completely one-sided slaughter.

“Prince of Inception Palace!” An absolutely insane shriek cut through the din. Dressed in flaming red battle armor, Huo Shentong suddenly appeared in front of Lu Yun and slammed his hand down on the youth.

At peak eternal overlord, Huo Shentong was so fast that Lu Yun didn’t even have time to form thought, much less direct his body in an appropriate reaction.

Too fast.

Though Huo Shentong had yet to become a sovereign, his cultivation level was ten times stronger than before. This palm strike was not only aimed at Lu Yun, but also encompassed Ying Luo and the others behind him.

Just as death seemed certain, a crystalline reached out from Lu Yun’s side and sent Huo Shentong flying. Another man wreathed in flames slowly padded out.

“Huo Shentong, your opponent is me,” Chi Wuxia sneered at the man that he’d punched away.

“Chi Wuxia, are you betraying the sacred lands?!” Huo Shentong danced with rage that his ambush had been foiled.

“Betraying the sacred lands?” Chi Wuxia snorted with laughter. “I’ve already comprehended the great dao of nirvana and am the sacred prince of Nirvana Palace. If we’re talking betrayal, you’re the ones who betrayed me first.”

“The sacred prince of Nirvana Palace!” Huo Shentong’s eyes ignited into scarlet flames as he stared fixedly at Chi Wuxia.

“Then I leave him to you,” Lu Yun sighed gently with relief. He’d really gotten a bit too full of himself. Even an immortal lord or eternal overlord could kill him if they really wanted to, to say nothing of a sovereign. With his current cultivation level and strength, he wouldn’t have a chance to react before they sent him out of the world of the living.

Ying Luo and the others behind him were also mortal beings. They would’ve been smote into dust a long time ago if he wasn’t protecting them from the tribulation.

Chi Wuxia smiled at Lu Yun and slowly rose into the air, assuming a standing position in front of Huo Shentong.

“Huo Shentong, you’re such a piece of trash,” Chi Wuxia chuckled darkly. “I once stomped all over you and nothing’s changed since then.”

“Is that so?” Huo Shentong leered and burst into flame, pouncing on Chi Wuxia.

“Get away from him, he wants to self detonate!” Lu Yun jumped with shock when he realized Huo Shentong’s condition.

### **Chapter 1183: Tit for Tat**

“Self detonation!” Chi Wuxia’s voice shook when he heard Lu Yun’s warning.

Huo Shentong was no match for Chi Wuxia, but if Huo Shentong threw caution to the wind and self detonated, he’d take out ten Chi Wuxias.

As a premier eternal overlord, Huo Shentong fought at the peak of his cultivation level. How much power would his core essence explode with? No one below sovereign realm would be able to withstand it!

Lu Yun had already fled back to the palaces with Ying Luo and the others. Chi Wuxia stared at the blazing Huo Shentong, a forceful smirk forming on his face.

“You want to self detonate in front of me? DIE!!”

Hummm.

An enormous black hole abruptly appeared in front of Chi Wuxia and flared with extensive suction force. It enveloped a Huo Shentong on the verge of losing control, fully devouring the man just before his self detonation ripped throughout the chaos. It then vanished completely, and a tiny tendril of black smoke wafted out of Chi Wuxia’s mouth as he emitted a satisfied, mighty belch.

“Nirvana... a return to quiet. The final extinguishment! I see!” Black sparkles shimmered into existence around him as he entered a strange mental state, replacing the flames previously leaping from his body.

Nirvana!

The order of nirvana surged into Chi Wuxia from all directions, affecting their immediate vicinity and redirecting tiny sizzles of black electricity into his body. He realized with utmost shock that he... seemed to be able to control the dreadful chaos tribulation!

That thought existed for only half a second before he plunged back into a mental state of quiet and nothingness.

Breakthrough!

Swallowing Huo Shentong’s power propelled Chi Wuxia through that last layer of obstruction, enabling him to reach sovereign realm!

“Chi Wuxia, you will answer for my son’s life!!” A grief-stricken howl rose in the chaos as a scarlet figure descended like a blazing meteor. It crashed straight down on Chi Wuxia—the prime of the fire origin sacred land, Huo Shentong’s father!

Having just witnessed Chi Wuxia swallow his son whole, the fire origin prime lost all rational thought. He mobilized all of his power so that he could take Chi Wuxia’s head!

The primes of the nine sacred lands had long become sovereigns thanks to guidance from the Hongmeng creatures. Though their foundations weren’t as strong as veteran sovereigns, the throes of tremendous fury and despair pushed this prime’s strength to new heights.

He was one massive fireball about to crush the ascending Chi Wuxia.

Preoccupied with his breakthrough, Chi Wuxia’s tribulation for setting foot into sovereign realm was upon him. However, the black lightning of the chaos tribulation continuously burrowed into his body and restrained his strength. He could already sense impending danger, but there was nothing he could do other than quietly wait for death.

BOOOM.

A gigantic collision echoed, like a chaos star had exploded.

Sparks spewed in all directions, the scintillating radiance forcing even sovereigns to avert their eyes. A momentary lull appeared in the frenzied melee of the darkened chaos.

“That traitor deserved his death!” exulted the sacred lands. In their eyes, Chi Wuxia was a heinous traitor that had turned on them and all of the chaos.

“No, he deserved more than death!” Curses and insults for the newly fallen shattered the momentary peace in battle.

Those of the sacred palaces looked on grimly. Chi Wuxia had yet to light a soul lamp, so he really was completely dead if he was gone. His mother, the sacred princess of Nirvana Palace, wasn’t here. She’d rushed into the chaos to save mortal beings the moment the chaos tribulation reared its head.

As the searing splendor faded away, everyone looked eagerly in Chi Wuxia’s direction, hoping to see what they wanted to see.

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Chi Wuxia remained seated cross-legged in the void. He hadn’t suffered any harm—not even his robes were ruffled. A medium-sized figure stood in front of him, his arms crossed over his chest. He’d taken the brunt of that horrific impact.

It was a man who looked neither young nor old. He wore long robes of red and was as pale as a sheet, a trickle of blood dribbling out of the corner of his mouth.

He was the prime of the fire elemental sacred land. Chi Wuxia’s father.

Though Chi Wuxia had joined the Nirvana Palace and become its sacred prince, his father hadn't left the fire elemental sacred land. He was still its prime and wielded its greatest authority, defying the six palaces.

But when his son faced mortal danger, he still stepped forward to block the fatal blow for his child.

"Are you setting yourself against the nine sacred lands?!" A completely enraged fire origin prime bawled at his counterpart. He'd been sent flying from the collision and his scarlet colored hair scattered messily down his back.

"There will be no more sacred lands in the chaos after today, nor will there be a fire elemental sacred land." The fire elemental prime heaved a long sigh and murmured, "I am already the sinner of the sacred lands, having led us to these straits. I cannot lose my son."

"Then what about my son?!" the fire origin prime shrieked back with lunacy. His peer had done this for his son, as had he! Otherwise, he would've led the core fire origin disciples away from here a long time ago!

"Chi Wuxia will pay for Huo Shentong's life today!" he roared and charged Chi Wuxia again.

"Your son is dead because he lacked sufficient skill! Don't blame me for answering in kind if you want to bully the weak!" Anger stirred in the fire elemental prime as well and he released his greatest strength, blocking the fire origin prime. The two engaged in a no-holds-barred battle where they stood.

No one had anticipated that this would happen.

Those of the fire elemental and fire origin sacred lands looked blankly at the scene. They'd been bound by hatred for a common enemy just moments ago, striking out at palace experts together. However, their primes were now fighting each other, and fighting to the death!

Two of the Hongmeng creatures were dead, the remaining seven being hunted by the six monarchs. The sacred land primes were their mainstays, but two of them were now enemies. Not only were the two fire sacred lands at a loss, so were the other seven.

"Ai..." sighed Lu Yun from his position in Inception Palace. "If only... if only this chaos tribulation hadn't occurred.

"Resentment from the innocent deaths in the chaos will only be washed clean with fresh blood. If the nine sacred lands aren't exterminated before the chaos tribulation ends, this resentment will never abate. The chaos will turn into a zone forbidden to life then and no life will be able to survive here..."

#### **Chapter 1184: Transmutation**

Such was karma.

Bad karma resulted in unpleasant ends that always sought out their source. It was only a matter of time.

Though it was the nine Hongmeng creatures who'd ignited the chaos tribulation, the karmic effect of ending life in the chaos was worse than what had afflicted the bloodlines of the Feng and Qing Clans in the world of immortals.

It'd dragged in the nine sacred lands into the matter.

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"Is there really no other way?" Ying Luo's heart spasmed painfully when she heard Lu Yun's murmuring. There were also a hundred million lives among the sacred lands.

"There is." Lu Yun nodded.

"What is it?" she hastily asked.

"Destroy the six sacred palaces and combine their orders into one to ignite the final cataclysm of nirvana. Extinguish everything within the chaos so inception can begin anew.

"At that time, the order of inception will restart the chaos and create a new second realm. That will erase all of the bitterness and resentment in a cycle of reincarnation."

Inception, Ethos, Burgeon, Creation, Opposition, and Nirvana!

The six highest orders were a sequence from birth to growth, then peak, and finally destruction. If they came together as one, that would be a complete cycle of reincarnation.

Reincarnation was a defined pattern that encompassed all living things. The one that the six highest orders formed was only a minor cycle within the boundless great cycle. Just a small cycle such as this one, however, was enough to relegate the chaos back to its primal beginnings and start all over again.

But if that occurred, everything within the chaos, apart from the worlds, would cease to exist and restart as the barest particles of life.

Ying Luo shut her mouth.

The price was too high. The nine sacred lands would still be doomed and everyone in the chaos that had yet to ascend beyond would also die under the order of nirvana. Perhaps life in the worlds would be unaffected, but everything in the chaos would be brought to an end, including sovereigns and the six monarchs.

"Therefore, it's better to let them die. Someone has to pay the price for doing the wrong thing," murmured Lu Yun as he looked across the ranks of countless sacred land cultivators struggling across the void. "If I make such a mistake like this in the future... then I should also pay such a bloody price."

Having paused to listen to their conversation, experts from the six palaces continued their slaughter. The chaos tribulation raged on, echoing the fury of the melee. As the situation progressed, the battles began to reach a breaking point.

Seeing no hope in the road ahead, those of the nine sacred lands lost their rationale and immortal lords, eternal overlords, and even sovereigns began to self detonate.

Harrowing ripples of their final stands blasted across the chaos, devastating disciples of the six palaces caught in their paths. There were even sovereigns that were blown apart when close enough to a detonation point.

Since all was lost, sacred land cultivators harbored death wishes and wanted to take as many with them as possible. This new strategy of a life for a life caught the sacred palaces off guard, resulting in heavy casualties.

While they possessed soul lamps, a true spirit had to grow and develop again when it returned to one. It was the equivalent of a newborn—alive, but completely bereft of battle strength.

Though there was no further threat from the nine sacred lands and Dubiety Realm, that didn't mean the chaos was safe. Countless dangers yet lurked in its vast expanse, and experts of the third realm waited covetously off the side.

Thus, the sacred palace contingents slowly spread out, not wanting to overly pressure the sacred land armies. That only resulted in the berserk sacred lands throwing themselves into the nearest cluster of people before self detonating. When there were no good targets close at hand, many of them charged the palaces' lines of defense instead.

The chaos tribulation continued, but what was happening here was even more terrifying.

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"Hahaha! Do you see?? Do you see this?!" The fire origin prime sent his fire elemental peer flying with a punch and screamed as blood flowed out of his eyes. "It's all over! The mighty sacred lands that have dominated the chaos since the Age of Myth are done for!!"

He alternated between screeching with laughter and howling with tears, completely devoid of his mental faculties. The fire blazing on him began to flicker unsteadily and wisps of black smoke rose from his body.

The fire elemental prime quickly recovered his stance and landed in front of Chi Wuxia again, blocking the energy ripples and attacks that came at him from all sides.

"What's happening??" Fear dawned in his eyes when he noticed the abnormal state that the fire origin prime was in. "Why is there ghostly qi appearing in you?!"

Ghostly qi! The presence of the ghost ancestor!

Bloody tears streaked down the fire origin prime's face and he seemed to be both laughing and crying at the same time. He was transforming into an akasha ghost!

Numbness ran over the scalp of the fire elemental prime.

"All of you, DIE!!" Ignoring the question, the fire origin prime's flame suddenly turned pure black. He was almost one with the pitch black chaos.

Whoosh!

Black flames blazed as ghastly wails accompanied ghostly faces rising out of the fire. Unbidden terror rose in the fire elemental prime's heart.

"ROAR!!" His fire origin counterpart snarled inhumanely and tufts of black hair sprouted over his body.

Hummm.

A tiny ripple emanated from his body as he vanished into thin air. When he next reappeared, he was already in front of the fire elemental prime. His hand punched straight through the man's chest, grabbing a beating heart.

Puff!

A slight squeeze of the hand crushed the heart.

Expression freezing, the light faded from the fire elemental prime's eyes. His body fell bonelessly from the fire origin prime's arm and tumbled into the unending shadows below.

"FATHER!!" Chi Wuxia couldn't move. He could only watch with horror-stricken eyes as his father's corpse fell lifelessly into the void and was ripped apart from the chaos tribulation.

"Don't worry, I'll send you to your father soon enough, hehehehe!" cackled the fire origin prime. His mouth was now more like a ripped gash in his face as it stretched clear to his ears, coming across incredibly sinister.

He floated upward as countless demonic heads—the size of a palm—shifted in and out of the black flames around him. Even his remaining seven brethren now looked the same as him.

They, too, laughed and cried at the same time like the akasha ghosts. What set them apart was that the akasha ghost's features were drawn on, but theirs were still their own.

"DIE!" Hand curved like a beast's claw, the fire origin prime brought it down on Chi Wuxia's head.

### **Chapter 1185: Vengeful Spirits**

Humm.

A tiny disturbance undulated from Chi Wuxia's body and rebuffed the fire origin prime's blow. Dressed in a black silk dress, the Nirvana princess walked out of the chaos.

"Mother." Thick sorrow brimmed in Chi Wuxia's eyes. He still couldn't move, but breaking through was the furthest thing from his grief-stricken mind.

"Silly child, continue doing what you should be doing." The princess stroked Chi Wuxia's hair that had turned the purest of black. "How could I possibly bear to let your father die? I surreptitiously lit a soul lamp for him when we met, he just has no idea about it."

She smiled as Chi Wuxia's eyes lit up. Turning away from her son, she drew herself up straight and looked at the fire origin prime.

"Kakakaka—" he cackled weirdly while looking back at the Nirvana princess. A blood-red tongue darted out of his gash of a mouth and licked his ear.

Frowning ferociously, something suddenly occurred to the Nirvana princess and she hastily scanned her surroundings. Apart from the eight primes, the remaining sovereigns of the nine sacred lands were also undergoing a similar metamorphosis.

Their faces turned into ghostly faces that laughed and cried at the same time. Black fur sprouted over their bodies and baleful black flames ignited between the tufts of fur. Ghostly faces the size of a palm swam in and out of the fire.

The phenomenon jumped from the heavyweights of the sacred lands to the closest sacred land cultivators like a virus. As the infection ran through the assembled, their resistance against the sacred palaces slowly ceased with ominous foreboding.

The chill of horror wrapped around the Nirvana princess.

“Everyone, back to the palaces! Don’t entangle yourself with those things! Those of the nine sacred lands have been possessed by the demons in the tribulation!” She shrilled and flourished her sleeve, rolling up Chi Wuxia and vanishing from the premises as a streak of black light.

Her command sent general panic through the scene. Everyone ceased fighting and fled back to their respective palace while uncanny laughter crescendoed in the pure black chaos.

Everyone knew that there were demons and unholy things in the chaos tribulations. Whenever one descended, the six palaces, nine sacred lands, and various factions of the chaos would send out their experts to bring back mortal beings for protection.

Some wandering cultivators would also seek out larger factions and ask for shelter.

Apart from the dreadful black electricity in a chaos tribulation, demonic entities shifting between the real and intangible were also a key component.

They roved through the darkened chaos, searching for life to kill and devour. They didn’t number that many, so it wasn’t a common occurrence to run into them in the boundless chaos. But once someone bumped into these demons that seemed infinitely close to akasha ghosts, extermination was the only possible outcome.

Even sovereigns perished when faced with them.

Now, however, they were everywhere and fully attached to the sacred land cultivators, indistinguishable from the chaos creatures as a brand new monster.

Sacred palace morale immediately plunged to a low.

Instead of immediately advancing in an offensive, the horrendous creatures simply surrounded the six palaces and cackled with unearthly sounds. None of the monarchs were present at the palaces and only the Nirvana princess had returned out of all of the sacred princes and princesses. There was no leader among the six palaces at all.

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Tremendous sacred force ballooned from the six palaces, forming airtight defenses. Doing so, however, shook the order of space present in the area. Once that order disappeared, they would return to being scattered throughout the chaos. The united front of the six palaces would be gone and they would be in real danger.

“What, what are those??” Terror-stricken Ying Luo and the others stared at the freakish monsters wailing outside of the sacred palaces. At their level of cultivation, they could clearly discern that those demonic things could easily make them suffer through a life that was worse than death!

If they ended up in those things’ hands, they would beg for death but never attain it!

“Vengeful spirits,” Lu Yun responded calmly. “This is what becomes of the lingering resentment and malice of those who’ve died in the chaos tribulation. All wrongs have their source, so the spirits came looking for someone from the nine sacred lands, latched onto whoever they found, and turned into this.

“This should be a type of ghost, I think?” He thought with a frown and continued in a different tone, “The cultivators of the nine sacred lands hold deep bitterness and hate toward us, which is why the spirits have yet to depart.

“I’ll go out. I’m the reason why the chaos tribulation was ignited, so only I can take care of this!”

Black fire rose in his eyes; hellfire seemed even more profound in the rampaging tribulation and darker than the abyss.

“I’m going too!” Ying Luo clenched her teeth, but a white shadow darted out from Lu Yun’s body and pressed her and the others down to the ground.

“Don’t add to the mess,” said the little fox in human form. “You safely remaining here would be the best help you can give to him. He can advance and retreat at will if you’re not by his side, no one will be able to harm him.”

If it hadn’t been for Lu Yun focusing most of his efforts on protecting the Six Royals, he would’ve sensed Huo Shentong’s ambush, opened the abyss, and taken care of him right there and then. There would be none of everything that came after.

Despite that, Lu Yun cared deeply about their friendship, so he didn’t mention any of it.

None of that mattered to the little fox; she didn’t understand the ways of the world at all. How else would she kick up a fuss in front of Qing Yu and call for Lu Yun to take responsibility for his actions?

Ying Luo paled and Lu Yun sighed. “Stay here, I have something more important that I need everyone’s help with.”

“What is it?” Ying Luo brightened.

“Teach others the Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals! I don’t know if I can dispel the resentment outside, so the six palaces must grow stronger if we wish to defend ourselves! The formation is our only tool at the moment!”

“Okay!” The other five looked at each other.

Lu Yun vanished on the spot after taking another deep look at them. When he next reappeared, he was in front of the endless pack of vengeful spirits.

“Young lord, I’ve asked the ghost ancestor. It doesn’t know how these things came to be either,” the lizard-dragon’s voice echoed in Lu Yun’s mind. “Simple resentment shouldn’t result in such terrifying spirits like these.”

The lizard-dragon was a being from the third realm second to only its kings, but it was also using “terrifying” to describe the vengeful spirits!

“I see,” Lu Yun nodded.

### **Chapter 1186: The Netherdark**

Endless vengeful spirits crowded the pure black chaos. Their resentment filled the realm, the black flames a combustion of their inexhaustible bitterness.

Resentment rose from all living beings at the moment of their death.

To live was a basic instinct. Before one died, a desire to live and regret for everything they’d failed to accomplish rose from the bottom of their heart. This survival instinct was shrouded by wisdom in intelligent life forms, by layers of responsibility, obligation, and duties that caused them to forget such impulses.

When the final end arrived and life ceased, intelligence faded away. The survival instinct and desire flared anew, thus giving rise to this kind of resentment. It only differed in intensity, and an unwarranted death created the greatest.

The bitterness coming off all of these spirits was that of undeserved, unjustified deaths. The chaos tribulation that the nine Hongmeng creations had ignited ahead of schedule caused the deaths of untold innocents. Their ensuing malice and rage sought out the nine sacred lands and attached to any cultivator they found.

Meanwhile, the sacred land cultivators also burned with hatred for Lu Yun and the sacred palaces. This turned into an outlet for the vengeful spirits and the noxious mix of malevolence refocused on Lu Yun and the six palaces.

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Horror prickled at Lu Yun’s scalp to see all of the laughing and crying faces in front of him. The resentment they harbored indeed came from unwarranted deaths, but their origins were by no means that simple.

“Can it be... the chaos sea??” Lu Yun’s brows snapped together as a sudden terrifying thought occurred to him.

Lu Qing’s strength was on par with a Hongmeng king, but he remained holding down the fort in the chaos sea, guarding the sun and moon and never setting a foot away from them.

Lu Yun didn’t think those two items were worth protecting; his son wouldn’t be able to protect them if someone really wanted to claim them. The only other possible reason for his existence was that Lu Qing was guarding some sort of seal.

The seal must've broken and let loose whatever was inside. They'd combined with the vengeful spirits of the chaos and turned into these creatures.

The advent of chaos tribulations was likely whenever the seal loosened. Not even Lu Qing, however, had fathomed that the nine Hongmeng creatures would be so crazy as to ignite one ahead of time!

Power from the abyss radiated outward, enveloping Lu Yun and the six palaces behind him in its shadow, isolating everything inside from the chaos. This provided enough breathing space for the crumbling order of space to slowly recover.

Layers, tides, and hordes of vengeful spirits fully surrounded the barrier, screeching and caterwauling as they circled around the six palaces. They were trying to find an opening into the abyss' boundary.

Whoosh!

A colorless flame rose in the depths of the chaos, turning all of the spirits it touched into dust. A faint figure walked out of the deep.

"Qiu Luoyu?" Lu Yun greeted the newcomer with surprise.

Qiu Luoyu's dark fire was gone, replaced by a colorless flame that raged mercilessly in the void. It was the same as Lu Yun's hellfire, possessing the same level of terrifying power.

Qiu Luoyu also paused when he saw Lu Yun, then somewhat self-consciously knelt in front of the young man and circumspectly kowtowed three times.

"Greet, greetings to the martial grandmaster," he stammered.

"You may rise." Lu Yun furrowed his brows slightly. "He's taken you for a disciple?"

Qiu Luoyu chuckled ruefully and stood up with a gentle nod.

"Master says that we have a shared destiny since I possess the dark fire. He took me as a disciple and gave me the nether fire as well."

The Netherdark Flame!

The colorless flame that Qiu Luoyu possessed was Violetgrave's Netherdark Flame!

When the purple nether fire and blue dark fire blended together, they formed a colorless fire that was the flame of the Netherdark Hell. Gaining that fire meant control over the Netherdark Hell!

Qiu Luoyu flipped his hand over and materialized a one-meter-long immortal sword that looked like it was carved from violet jade. He offered it respectfully to Lu Yun—the Violetgrave sword, also the physical manifestation of the Netherdark Hell.

"Ai." Lu Yun sighed gently. With a wave of his hand, the sword returned to his grasp.

When it'd first appeared in Thundergale Major of the world of immortals, Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi hadn't hesitated to seize it and give it to Qing Yu. They'd hoped that she would discover its secrets and make a deal with Violetgrave, thus using her power to avoid death.

Who would've thought that Qing Yu would give it to Lu Yun instead? It was the young man who awakened Violetgrave and retained possession of it.

He'd turned her down before rushing back to the chaos to relieve the six palaces. It'd somehow found its way to Qiu Luoyu's hands, and now back to Lu Yun's.

"Forget it, this is the first gift that Little Yu gave to me and a token of our affections. I'll keep it." Lu Yun gave it a light wave.

Hummm.

A violet light blossomed from the sword, blooming gracefully in the black chaos with a vibrant sword qi that was the equivalent of a purple Hell Flower. It instantly rendered the darkened chaos into a hazy purple.

Countless vengeful spirits went up in smoke from Lu Yun's gesture. This wasn't his own strength, but that of the sword's—the Netherdark Hell's!

Wielding Violetgrave meant controlling the Netherdark Hell and being able to deploy its strength as he would. However, with great power came great responsibility—one that Lu Yun hadn't wanted to shoulder since it didn't belong to him.

But now that his son was involved and had sent the sword with Qiu Luoyu... there was nothing else that Lu Yun could do but accept his role.

"The underworld is a world formed by the emanations of the Violetgrave sword. The Netherdark Hell was once part of a world and helped that world grow and develop. Its energy spread out as the underworld and became that world's hell.

"However, that world also failed in the end and the Netherdark Hell turned into the sword we know as Violetgrave. The underworld took up the mantle of the hell's duties and began devouring the various civilizations of the worlds within the chaos."

When Lu Yun grasped the sword as its full owner, he understood a few more things about the five hells. The Netherdark Hell had been the first to appear and the Hadal Hell the last.

But who'd created these five hells?

No one knew.

The Netherdark Hell had supported the growth of nine worlds, but all of them had fallen after they'd grown—then become the Hadal Hell!

### **Chapter 1187: Tribulation of the Chaos Realm**

Though the appearance of the Hadal Hell had to do with the Netherdark Hell, the ultimate reason why the nine worlds had become part of hell was due to hellfire.

The very same Hadal Flame that Lu Yun controlled.

Based on the information in Violetgrave, the Netherdark Hell was the first of the five hells to appear. Since it buried civilizations and the collective wisdom of the living, it was ranked first among the five.

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As Lu Yun wielded Violetgrave, a haze of violet radiance dyed his long black hair into crystalline purple. The Tome of Life and Death absorbed the transparent Netherdark Flame and permitted it to take root within itself.

The next time Lu Yun entered the fourth realm, what would infuse him wouldn't be just the Hadal Flame, but the combination of the Netherdark and Hadal Flames. Who knew how much additional strength that would give him, if any?

For the moment, he discovered that his cultivation level was rising explosively after the book devoured the Netherdark Flame. He was shooting up from peak empyrean realm to chaos realm!

Breakthrough!

He officially set foot in the chaos realm, an achievement that would've taken an interminably long amount of time without the Netherdark Flame.

What he lacked wasn't cultivation levels, since the dao fruit of his past self raised his true cultivation realm beyond the chaos. He lacked a properly high enough immortal force inside his body. Ordinary pristine chaos currents couldn't support his level of cultivation at all.

Rumble—

An enormous disturbance sounded above his head as a bank of tribulation clouds even darker than the pure black chaos swiftly gathered from all directions. They coalesced over Lu Yun's head, summoning all chaos tribulation electricity within a hundred million kilometers. The tendrils of electricity buzzing throughout the chaos combined as bolts of lightning that were hundreds of kilometers across, circling within the tribulation clouds and dancing with fury.

"The tribulation for ascending to the chaos realm has absorbed the power of the chaos tribulation!" Qiu Luoyu gibbered with fear. Though he'd received the legacy of the Netherdark Hell and personal tutelage from Lu Qing's replica—placing him on par with the battle strength of a sacred monarch—he'd still be annihilated by this kind of thunder and lightning!

This wasn't the tribulation that a mortal being should face when breaking through to the chaos realm, but one of a sovereign ascending to the Hongmeng!

"Are you still not leaving?" Lu Yun suddenly glared at Qiu Luoyu. "Are you trying to increase this tribulation by another hundred times?"

Since Qiu Luoyu rivaled the six monarchs, that meant he was peak sovereign realm. Though his cultivation level had yet to ascend beyond the chaos, him being within range of the tribulation would absolutely enhance its potency. He might even attract a Hongmeng-level tribulation!

Blinking, Qiu Luoyu suddenly realized what Lu Yun meant and quickly retreated to Inception Palace.

.....

"What did you just call the Inception prince?" A curious Nirvana princess and Chi Wuxia approached Qiu Luoyu.

Chi Wuxia had completed his breakthrough and was now a sovereign. Having comprehended the great dao of nirvana, his battle strength was the same as his mother's. They were both peak sovereign realm, second to only the sacred monarchs.

An awkward expression flitted over the Nirvana princess' face. As a sovereign, Qiu Luoyu was uncommonly strong. In her eyes, he was on the same level as her. However, she'd just watched him kneel down in front of Lu Yun and kowtow his respects!

One had to know that even palace disciples only knelt down, at most, to their monarchs, they didn't have to kowtow. Qiu Luoyu, on the other hand, had looked as humble as a child when facing Lu Yun.

Thus, the Nirvana princess was quite curious.

Qiu Luoyu swept a look over her and ignored her question. He'd almost been shocked into a cultivation deviation when he learned of Lu Yun's identity. The fewer that knew the truth, the better.

"Qiu Luoyu, though I was one step behind you, I'm also a sovereign now and I'm not any weaker than you." Chi Wuxia suddenly took a step forward. "Huo Shentong is dead and Jin Gushen's whereabouts are unknown. There exists only you and me at the apex of our generation. When do we fight?"

Qiu Luoyu flicked a sideways glance at Chi Wuxia and tugged a corner of his lips up. "When you become the Nirvana monarch."

He gently pushed outward and vanished the mother and son duo, sending them back to Nirvana Palace.

The two exchanged a glance full of surprise.

"He has the battle strength of a monarch!" The Nirvana princess' expression was now very weird indeed. Someone with the power of a monarch had kowtowed to Lu Yun! What kind of monster was the Inception prince?!

Both the princess and Chi Wuxia had seen quite clearly that Lu Yun was currently enduring his tribulation—the great trial from sixth level mortal realm to chaos realm!

As frightening as the range of his tribulation was, it was still only for ascension to the chaos realm!

Therefore, the mysterious Inception prince, the impenetrable young man who'd turned the tide with his own strength alone, had only been a mortal being before this!

A thoroughly ordinary, mundane soul from head to toe, inside and out!

There'd been a budding theory that Lu Yun was a hidden genius of Inception Palace who'd been reborn after dying in battle. The arrival of his breakthrough tribulation overturned this hypothesis. Those reborn from the soul lamps would not encounter heavenly tribulations before they returned to their original cultivation realm—be it immortal lord, eternal overlord, or sovereign.

Chi Wuxia's cheek spasmed painfully.

"Who the heck is this guy? How can a mortal being inspire Qiu Luoyu, someone as strong as a monarch, to bow down and kowtow to him?!" he nattered on and on with incomprehension.

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Lu Yun stood alone in front of the six palaces. The vengeful spirits surrounding them had backed away after seeing the gargantuan tribulation, not wanting to be embroiled in this catastrophe.

When he saw this, Lu Yun had to wonder if these things were as unintelligent as everyone thought them to be.

RUMBLE.

An explosion ripped through the void as the cataclysmic bolts of lightning formed a mammoth vortex of electricity and thunder, drawing him into the center.

All sorts of uncanny and preternatural wails, moans, yowling, and other sounds that he couldn't discern traveled forth from the vortex. Snarling ghostly faces loomed out of the vortex, pouncing on him with grimaces and leers. They looked like demons crawled out of hell—not akasha ghosts.

“Is this my tribulation for breaking through to the chaos realm?” Lu Yun took a deep breath and balled his hands into fists, punching out at the closest face.

Crackle!

When his fist connected with the face, it exploded into a small cloud of black lightning that arced toward him. They weren't real fiends, but manifestations of the black thunder tribulation!

#### **Chapter 1188: The Karmic Tree Displays Its Might**

“So it's this kind of thunder tribulation!” Lu Yun's eyes widened and he splayed his hand, calling upon the Thunder Palmstrike and swallowing the bolt of black lightning.

He'd seen this kind of lightning before and had met it when he was setting up the Dragonspike in the Exalted Immortal Sect. It'd also taken a great deal of effort back then, and the Thunder Palmstrike as well, to quell that tribulation.

He'd then used the lightning he'd collected to subdue the endless immortals of the sect. To think that he'd meet the same kind of thunder tribulation when ascending to chaos realm!

When he'd collected that black lightning, he'd seen quite clearly that it was an amalgamation of the black electricity from the chaos tribulation. So his heavenly tribulation was the chaos tribulation itself!

Then... where do chaos tribulations come from?

Lu Yun knew how chaos tribulations were formed, but why did the collision of the chaos sun and moon create the black electricity?

There was no time for him to ponder this question further. After absorbing the first lightning bolt, a second, third... many more ghostly faces came barreling out of the vortex of thunder and lightning. Snarling, they all pounced on Lu Yun to lay waste to him.

“These vicious ghosts won't explode into lightning as long as my own power doesn't touch them!” he suddenly realized.

The ghosts were just a smokescreen. As soon as he attacked them, they dissolved into lightning that struck down on Lu Yun. If it wasn't for his Thunder Palmstrike at the ready at all times, that initial bolt would've reduced him to dust!

His current level of strength couldn't endure this dreadful attack; the black lightning was enough to kill him many times over. Hellfire couldn't help him now and neither was the Tome of Life and Death showing any signs of activity. This was his heavenly tribulation of ascension—it was solely up to him.

Lu Yun propelled his methods and arts to their utmost, making sure that none of the hundred vicious ghosts could touch even the hem of his robes. He didn't just focus on evasion, but punched out at a ghost to force them into lightning form, then used the Thunder Palmstrike to devour them whenever he found a proper opportunity.

He was solidly in the chaos realm now. With the dao fruit of his past self, he didn't need to successfully weather his tribulation first in order to cement his new cultivation level.

Death arts in the chaos cultivation level exhibited terrifying power. Lu Yun could simultaneously swallow three hundred and sixty-five bolts of lightning at their current level, condense them into thunder beads, and hang them on his nascent spirit.

However, the vicious ghosts made from thunder and lightning were equally petrifying. For every one that Lu Yun dispelled, another hundred rose up in its place.

When three hundred and sixty-five beads hung on his nascent spirit, he opened his arms wide and let loose with a crescent of black electricity a few ten thousand kilometers long. He smote the vortex of his tribulation with a fearsome rumble, shaking the six palaces not too far away and annihilating all of the vengeful spirits that hadn't escaped in time.

The sheer force dispersed the vortex and even destroyed the bank of black tribulation clouds high up in the void. What Lu Yun had released through the Thunder Palmstrike wasn't just the energy of three hundred and sixty-five thunder beads, but a death art enhanced version of all of the combined beads together!

He hadn't struck back with the previous thunder tribulation, but a thunder method under the death arts.

Though the tribulation clouds were no longer, Lu Yun's trial continued. In fact, all of his hairs suddenly rose on end. A pair of vivid green eyes came after the thunder tribulation, one that scanned at him like the eyes of a hungry wolf.

They were just regular human eyes, unlike the enormous ones he'd encountered before. But despite being fifty million kilometers away, Lu Yun could still clearly make out every grain and vein within them.

The eyes stared fixedly and intently at the young man, like a hungry wolf sizing up its prey. He actually found it hard to breathe under that forbidding glare.

Tribulation clouds gathered over his head again and black lightning once more roared and gyrated among them. Lu Yun didn't know how long this would last, and the vivid eyes behind them made him feel very ill at ease.

Having no breathing room to consider all of the ramifications, he splayed open his hand before the lightning descended and used Thunder Palmstrike to actively absorb the electricity in the clouds. At the same time, a full eighteen thousand lightning rods that he'd refined with talismans of Thunder Palmstrike appeared in the void around him. All of them flared with the light of the death art, alongside his own being as well.

The newly formed black thunder tribulation was immediately summoned downward and devoured by eighteen thousand and one instances of Thunder Palmstrike.

Hell began to tremble.

Black thunder beads swiftly coalesced on the Karmic Tree, their numbers exceeding the karmic fruit on its branches. There were too many for Lu Yun's nascent spirit to house, so here they were on the tree instead.

A moment later, rays of aureate brilliance shone from the tree as it began swallowing the beads! Even more sparkling karmic fruits budded on the tree as a result, raising their numbers to one million and eighty thousand fruits.

Previously standing at dozens of thousands of kilometers tall, the Karmic Tree grew explosively to the size of a world, one on par with the Ten Yama Worlds.

Within the chaos.

Lu Yun's eighteen thousand lightning rods continuously melted down. There were too many bolts of lightning and his level of craftsmanship couldn't withstand the continued barrage. When it seemed that all of them would fail, an enormous shadow of a tree abruptly appeared next to him. Its scintillating luster made it seem like a huge golden world as it wrapped around Lu Yun.

"What is that?!"

"We have this kind of treasure in the chaos?!"

Palace experts keeping a close eye on the proceedings exclaimed with surprise when the Karmic Tree revealed itself. It wasn't just a projection of the tree, but the tree in its entirety!

In their eyes, though the Karmic Tree was less than the six palaces, the difference wasn't that big. It was much greater than the creation seeds.

It'd long surpassed the limitations of space and could simultaneously appear in the world of immortals, hell, and beside Lu Yun in the chaos!

Branches trembling, its golden splendor raced into the tribulation clouds and absorbed all of the black electricity there. It seemed like the chaos sun for a moment, illuminating the nearby palaces and half of the darkened chaos.

Under the Karmic Tree's assault, the black tribulation clouds swiftly shrank and disappeared from sight. Standing atop the tree, Lu Yun looked upward but saw no sign of those vividly green eyes.

**Chapter 1189: My Son is Here**

While the tribulation clouds had dispersed, the Karmic Tree still stood tall in the chaos. Tiny root hairs extended from its taproot and embedded themselves into the void, devouring the blackness and tendrils of black electricity.

The darkened chaos receded at a speed visible to the naked eye. Rays of golden light oscillated throughout the entire realm—the power of virtue and merit.

The Karmic Tree was currently as large as a world. Thus, the pale gold light of virtue swiftly spread through the chaos until all of the second realm was awash in soft aureate radiance. Vengeful spirits still adrift in the chaos moaned and shrieked until their resentment was purified by the boundless illumination. Gentle smiles of tranquility appeared on their faces when peace was restored to them.

A sea of faintly blood-red flowers slowly materialized in the chaos, connected to the realm by a large shadow of a bridge. The purified souls set foot onto the bridge and traveled to an unknown plane.

Within the kingdom of hell.

Vast goodwill surged into it and sank into the Karmic Tree behind Lu Yun. It once more ballooned to new heights and was now on par with a sacred palace. The power of virtue and merit was the core of its strength, and it could also absorb goodwill from the outside world to hasten its growth.

It was now fully mature. Every single one of its leaves and branches glimmered with soft hues of golden radiance. One million and eighty thousand karmic fruits swayed tantalizingly from its boughs.

Cleansing the chaos of vengeful spirits was a deed of tremendous merit. Prior to today, Lu Yun hadn't thought that the tree could purify vengeful spirits, and even the bitterness of those who'd died unnecessary deaths within the chaos tribulation!

The Gates of the Abyss opened and the Bridge of Forgetfulness laid out a path for those fragmented beings, vengeful spirits, and souls that couldn't find their way out of purgatory. All of them were guided to hell to await rebirth in the sea of Hell Flowers.

Though the power of reincarnation was present in the current hell, there wasn't a physical wheel of reincarnation like there'd been in the hell of human dao. Dead souls could only be reborn in the sea of Hell Flowers and then become a denizen of the netherworld.

The light of virtue and merit brightened the chaos, throwing off even more radiance than the chaos sun over the chaos sea.

"There's a treasure of the Hongmeng here alright! Ants such as the chaos creatures have no right to own this kind of treasure. Hand it over!" A clear whistle suddenly cut across the chaos before a hand as white as jade probed out of the void, grabbing for the Karmic Tree.

Zhuo Bufan.

His replica hadn't left the realm—that'd only been an act. After all, the purpose of his replica visiting the chaos was to investigate which third realm powerhouse had descended into a lower world without authorization. How would he possibly go back before getting to the bottom of the matter?

Lu Yun had indeed insulted the Purple King, but that was Lu Yun's business. The Purple King was also busy defending himself from three Hongmeng heavyweights, so he couldn't be bothered with a trifling matter like this.

But when Zhuo Bufan glimpsed the Karmic Tree, he couldn't sit still. Even if he didn't find out who destroyed the Dubiety Realm, it would be a massive accomplishment if he brought this treasure back.

His large hand was as large as a world as it clutched the top of the tree, wanting to rip it up from the roots.

"You court death," sniffed Lu Yun from the crown of the tree. He shook slightly and called out the abyss that was hidden in the void. A large beast's claw stretched out of it and slapped Zhuo Bufan's hand to pieces, drawing a large shout of pain.

The rest of the enforcer's body swiftly loomed out of the dark, looking down at the mammoth claw next to Lu Yun with suspicion and trepidation.

"A powerhouse from the Hongmeng really has descended to the chaos! You'll be taken into custody today, no matter who you are!" Standing in midair, he brought out a command token that was carved with a majestic character. It sparkled with hints of bloody light and emanated a presence that made the heart tremble.

Execution!

Not a single being in the chaos recognized the character, but the intent it exuded clearly meant that of "execution".

"Oh no, oh no!" shuddered the lizard-dragon in the abyss. "Why has Zhuo Bufan brought this treasure with him?? Once the Execution Token is displayed, any Hongmeng powerhouse in a lower world will be executed!

"Young lord, I'm afraid you'll need to take to the field this time... He'll kill me if I leave the abyss! But don't worry, this token only affects those in the lower worlds who aren't kings. It won't affect you, you'll be fine!" The lizard-dragon head and claw had already shrunk back—it didn't dare show its face anymore.

The bloody light gleaming off of the token was lethal to it. Thankfully, as strong as the light was, it couldn't reach into the abyss.

Lu Yun nodded gently and waved his hand. The Violetgrave sword answered him with rays of sword radiance.

"Ant," snorted Zhuo Bufan to see Lu Yun draw his sword. "The Hongmeng creature cowering behind you is already so scared that it doesn't dare come out of its hole. Are you in such a hurry to die?"

The Bridge of Forgetfulness was currently connecting hell to the chaos. It couldn't budge from its task of ferrying the countless souls in the chaos to the kingdom of hell. The lizard-dragon was too frightened by the command token to do anything, so it was up to Lu Yun.

According to the lizard-dragon, though Zhuo Bufan was trash, he was still an expert beyond the chaos. His father was also a king.

However, Lu Yun grinned broadly. He flourished Violetgrave in a pretty gesture and put it away.

“Giving up?” Zhuo Bufan chuckled and reached out again, wanting to claim the Karmic Tree. To him, this treasure was far more important than a Hongmeng cultivator making a mess of things in a lower world.

“Nope.” Lu Yun shook his head. “My son is here.”

“Your son is here?” Zhuo Bufan blinked. “You’re not wanting to say that the Purple King is your son, are you? Trying to scare me with the same tactic twice? Let me tell you something, I’m taking this treasure today even if the Purple King really does come here!”

“Is that so?” A vaguely curious voice rose behind him as soon as he finished his declaration and a large hand wrapped around Zhuo Bufan’s throat.

To his great shock, something seemed to pick up his primary body in the far off Hongmeng and kicked him into the chaos, making him overlap with his replica.

Zhuo Bufan almost lost his mind with fright.

A king!

It was absolutely a premier king who’d made a move on him. Only a king could affect a primary body through a replica!

“The Purple... Purple King!” he shrieked, almost fainting dead away.

### **Chapter 1190: My Father Is Still a Kid**

Within Inception Palace.

The noncommittal little fox suddenly popped back into her true form and bounced up and down.

“What to do, what do I do?? My son is here my son is here my son is here!!”

Ying Luo and the others stared at her wordlessly.

.....

A figure of faint purple stood behind Zhuo Bufan, looking like a young man of seventeen years old and bearing handsome features. He did indeed look quite similar to Lu Yun, and a noble air wrapped around his every movement.

The Purple King!

He who caused the Hongmeng to tremble and shake at his name!

When the mythological realm perished and almost all of its beings died, he’d survived and entered the third realm. After he became a king and received the title of the Purple King, he fought his way back to the chaos from the Hongmeng by himself and took up residence in the chaos sea. What seemed a straightforward conclusion had been a process fraught with blood, gore, and involved even the death of a king.

After the dust settled, the Purple King was taboo personnel in the Hongmeng. Beings like Zhuo Bufan and the lizard-dragon grew up listening to stories of his feats. Now that the mythical being of their legends was in front of him, having broken free of three peak kings to come to the six palaces, Zhuo Bufan froze on the spot. He didn't dare twitch a single muscle.

On the other hand, bafflement spread across the Purple King's face, a perplexity that gave way to a wry smile.

"Why is my mother's true form like this too?" he asked of Lu Yun with a rueful chuckle.

"Whether it's her replica or her true form, your mother is your mother. Can there be anyone else?" Lu Yun pursed his lips.

"Father." The Purple King struck a grave look and threw Zhuo Bufan away. He knelt on the ground and kowtowed crisply three times. "It's been a very long time."

With that, Zhuo Bufan and the lizard-dragon in the abyss sagged weakly to their feet.

It was real!

The Purple King really was Lu Yun's son!

Zhuo Bufan, in particular, looked as white as a sheet. He clearly remembered what he'd once said to Lu Yun—but how was this possible?!

The Purple King was a being from the mythological realm. That realm was inordinately old and hailed from a legendary era even when discussed in the Hongmeng. Lu Yun was... around two hundred years old if converted to the age of the current worlds.

"Indeed, long time no see." Lu Yun stretched out his hand and gently tousled Lu Qing's hair.

The Purple King remained on his knees, unmoving, permitting his father to muss his hair in whichever way.

"These years have asked a lot out of you," Lu Yun sighed softly.

Lu Qing still remained motionlessly in front of Lu Yun. Everything around them seemed to have stopped. Countless eons standing guard, countless eons of waiting... It all seemed worth it in this moment.

By now, the six monarchs, Wahuang, and Fuxi had returned. They all knew Lu Qing and what kind of person he was. The scene in front of them sent their worlds spinning.

A king of the third realm, protector of the chaos sea, was kneeling in front of Lu Yun like a docile son??

"Alright now, you should get up." Lu Yun waved a hand.

"Okay." Lu Qing stood up, not intending to follow his father to the sacred palaces.

"What of your mother's replica?" asked Lu Yun.

"Dead," Lu Qing answered in a muffled voice. "I was able to survive only because she laid her life down to protect me. She wrestled a chance at life for me."

“Do you blame me?” Lu Yun fell silent and continued slowly, “I was just a fake person in that era. I didn’t really exist.”

His past self had only been a dao fruit; the ultimate purpose for his existence was to become something useful for his current life. Anything he did in that period was unfair to those of that time.

This was vastly different from when he’d traveled back in time to the great wilderness. That had been his true self, an entirely different case from a replica sent back to become something else. Everything he’d done in that era could’ve had karmic repercussions, which would later affect his dao fruit.

If Lu Qing hadn’t been the son of Lu Yun and the little fox, but of Lu Yun and a mythological realm being... then Lu Qing would likely be seeking revenge on Lu Yun now.

“You are my father and she is my mother. There is no me without you two.” Lu Qing shook his head gently. “Why would I blame you? This is everything I’ve experienced these years and everything that’s happened after you left.”

Something like a crystal ball appeared in his hand and he handed it to his father.

Lu Yun nodded, carefully putting away the crystal ball after taking possession of it. There was certainly more than just several lifetimes’ worth of experiences in here—everything that the little fox’s wisp of soul force had encountered was undoubtedly in there as well.

If she refined this crystal ball, she would recover everything she’d been in the mythological realm, including her cultivation realm beyond the chaos.

Hope shone in Lu Qing’s eyes. How he wished for his mother to come back to herself, to the one who’d loved him so completely and utterly in the mythological realm.

“You two over there, listen up!” Cutting energy suddenly flared from Lu Qing’s body and hauled over the limp Zhuo Bufan on the ground and lizard-dragon cowering in the abyss.

“This is my father,” he said seriously to Zhuo Bufan.

“Uh huh uh huh!” Zhuo Bufan and the lizard-dragon agreed like their lives depended on it. Their entire worldview was being snapped into tiny pieces for Lu Yun and Lu Qing to grind into the ground.

“My father is still a kid,” continued Lu Qing.

Lu Yun: .....

The lizard-dragon and Zhuo Bufan: .....

The six monarchs: .....

Fuxi and Wahuang: .....

.....

Lu Yun blushed a painful crimson and wanted to find a hole in the chaos to climb into.

“Turbulent times are upon us in the Hongmeng and chaos. You will stay by my father’s side and keep him safe, do you hear me?!” Lu Qing snapped.

“Yes, yes!” Zhuo Bufan bobbed his head rapidly. “If anyone from the Hongmeng dares come down, I’ll execute them with this command token!”

Lu Qing’s face sank slightly and he reached out a hand, sending a purple restriction into Zhuo Bufan’s true spirit. The enforcer shuddered with dread.

“Venerated Purple King, there is something you might not be aware of,” the lizard-dragon quickly offered when Lu Qing looked at him. “The young lord—ah, your illustrious father is also a king! He also possesses hundreds of thousands of kings under his banner!”

“Eh?” Lu Qing blinked. “Hundreds of thousands of kings?”

“Yes yes yes!” The lizard-dragon couldn’t nod any faster. “Hundreds of thousands of kings, or maybe even millions of kings! I’m as weak as a baby chick in front of them.”

Lu Qing shot a bewildered look at his father, who looked back with an expression of utmost mystery.