

## Necropolis 1251

### Chapter 1251: Carrot

“My gratitude knows no bounds for the kindness of dispensing dao.” His hands cupped, Lu Yun bowed to Hua Fengwen. “Whatever debt may exist between you and I is cleared. No one owes anyone anything. If fellow daoist is willing to stay by my side, I would welcome it in the greatest. But if you would like to leave, I will not force you to stay!”

“Well...” Hua Fengwen smiled and shook his head. “Let’s talk about this later. It’s not like I can go anywhere right now, either.”

He refrained from saying anything of the future. Lu Yun nodded slowly and the two put the matter out of their minds.

After finding his path, the long dormant Method of Life and Death within Lu Yun’s body began to operate again and absorb the power of the five flames of hell. The sixth flame—the one of order—required the combined energy of the other five.

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Humongous skeletons filled the streets of the lost city. The closer the group drew to the unknown treasure of time, the bigger the bones became.

The Spectral Eye fed a constant stream of their information to Lu Yun—they’d all died of old age, but had been heavyweights of the Hongmeng in life. The weakest among them was fourth step kinghood! Lu Yun even saw the body of an eighth step king at one point.

When eighth step kings perished, their bodies remained unfading and pristine. But in an ancient city with the power of time, the bodies were so decayed that only a little bit of their information remained.

“The stronger they are, the faster they decay!” Lu Yun suddenly realized. “Um... there are some stones and fragments scattered around with no information on them. Are they the remnants of ninth step kings?”

Hua Fengwen’s heart quailed at the implications.

“Roaaaaaar...” A deep growl built in the distance. A massive being was stirring to wakefulness.

Lu Yun and the rest of the group quickly darted into a nearby building before purple light flashed past them. The buildings around them shook from the sound of a snake slithering through the streets.

They peeked outside to see an enormous snake sparkling with purple radiance slowly glide out from the depths of the city, as if it was surveying its territory. It was incredibly large and covered in purple scales. Each scale seemed to be carved from a premium purple crystal and exuded uncommonly intense power of time.

It acutely sped up time wherever it slid through, further eroding the skeletons on the ground until they all crumbled to dust.

Lu Yun and the others held their breath, goggling at the snake of unknown proportions. They didn't relax until the snake slithered out of sight.

"What the heck was that??" Anxiously patting her chest, the little fox's face was stark white.

"Compared to what, I'd rather know how! That snake was at least five hundred million kilometers long, but we were able to see it in its entirety!!" Hua Fengwen trembled and his eyes were wide open with shock. "How is that possible? It seemed to be walking in another plane for it to display all of its body at once."

"The power of space." Lu Yun frowned tightly. "Apart from the power of time, the power of space is also present in this city! That big snake possesses the power of both space and time. Just what kind of place is this..."

The lost ancient city had suddenly appeared and surrounded them because it contained the power of space. Heart racing, Lu Yun opened the Spectral Eye to look upon the snake that'd departed.

"It's already dead and it's a zombie! That big snake is a zombie!" came the utterly incredible discovery. "A zombie with the power of space?!"

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

The city shook as monstrous footfalls traveled in from the distance, each one like a miniature earthquake.

Looking at each other with alarm, the group watched as an entity black from head to toe slowly padded in front of them. It was at least ten times bigger than the humongous snake from earlier. Equipped with a lion head, deer antlers, tiger eyes, elk body, dragon scales, and ox tail—it was a qilin!

A black qilin.

Qilins were extinct in the world of immortals, so Lu Yun had never come across any other specimen apart from Cangyin—one of his Yama Kings—and the enormous one in front of them. Though there was no power of time emanating from it, it also seemed to be walking in another plane.

"This qilin is also a zombie," Lu Yun whispered.

But the next moment, the aimlessly wandering beast suddenly stopped and slowly turned around, staring straight at the group inside the buildings next to it. A tangible light blossomed from black eyes that were ten million kilometers across and landed on Lu Yun.

The air around him froze; Lu Yun felt like a fly trapped in amber. Any hint of movement was impossible.

"Little fellow, zombies are living creatures in the fourth realm," the beast's tones were aged. "If you are willing to give me a carrot, I'd be happy to tell you the way to the fourth realm."

"A carrot?" The little fox and Hua Fengwen looked at each other before asking dumbly, "What do you want a carrot for?"

“To eat, of course.” The black qilin swung its ponderous head and shifted its gaze away, restoring movement of freedom to Lu Yun. “It’s been so long since I’ve had a carrot.”

It swallowed nonexistent saliva. “Ai, I was already dead, so why turn me into a zombie to suffer through this living torment?”

Something occurred to it and it sighed as it walked forward, paying no more attention to Lu Yun and the others. “I wouldn’t be able to taste a carrot even if it was placed in front of me... Ai, can’t taste it.”

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

Calm returned as the qilin traveled off into the distance.

“What does it want a carrot for? Is it a rabbit?” The little fox was still preoccupied with why the beast had wanted a carrot.

“It’s probably an eating preference it had in life,” Lu Yun frowned. “Its strength is yet to reach the fourth realm, so it’s still a being of the Hongmeng. Is it a ninth step king?”

“No, I’ve seen ninth step kings before—they’re nowhere as frightening!” Hua Fengwen quickly shook his head. “A single look was enough to immobilize me. Ninth step kings don’t have that kind of strength!

“It’s too dangerous here, that purple snake and black qilin have obviously discovered us—they’re just not bloodthirsty by nature. We’re dead without a doubt if anything else sees us!” His tone was grave. “We need to find the exit as soon as possible.”

Lu Yun agreed. Though the skeletons they’d come across had all died to time, those that died to these giant beasts wouldn’t leave any corpses behind.

“The city gates have vanished, so the only way out is very likely to be with the ultimate treasure of space or time.” Lu Yun took a deep breath and looked to the center of the ancient city.

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The city was too big and the group had no idea how long they’d walked for. Towering buildings kept passing by in front of them; their hearts had long become numb to these awe-inspiring sights.

Various giant beasts ambled out of the city center from time to time, patrolling their home. At first, the group ducked into buildings whenever the beasts appeared, but that response wore off after a while and they began greeting the beasts instead.

These beasts that’d become zombies were remarkably willing to converse with outsiders. Lu Yun learned from them that they’d all perished in a horrific war and were sent here by a great master, wanting to revive them through the power of space and time in the city.

Unfortunately, another power also influenced the city and turned the resurrected beasts into zombies. They were thus trapped here and doomed to never see the light of day again.

The qilin loved to talk and darted out of unexpected places from time to time to gossip about anything and everything. Likewise, Hua Fengwen was also a chatterbox after being locked up for a hundred thousand years.

Thus, the person and qilin became fast friends.

### **Chapter 1252: The Degrees of Time**

Lu Yun and the others were currently seated on the back of the black qilin and swiftly making their way to the center of the city. Since the beast was ten billion kilometers long, the group was as if sitting in a world from their current position.

“I say, Brother Qilin, do you really not remember anything about your past?” Hua Fengwen stood on one of its antlers and shouted into its ears.

“I used to remember some things, but forgot them all bit by bit,” the black qilin yawned lazily. “Be sure not to walk around when we reach the city center. There are other terrible things here that even I wouldn’t dare draw near.”

“Other terrible things? What things?” Hua Fengwen asked curiously.

“Like the ghosts from beings killed by time. They’re everywhere and so incredibly annoying.” The black qilin swung its head so forcefully that it almost sent Hua Fengwen flying. “Additionally, the city has a ruler whose test you must pass before you can leave. All these skeletons you see on the ground are from those who did not pass.”

Though the black qilin walked in another plane, that and its mammoth size didn’t preclude it from taking in every inch of the city. Entities smaller than a speck of dust to it—like Lu Yun and the others—were clearly visible thanks to spatial refraction.

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As Hua Fengwen and the black qilin nattered on and on, Lu Yun sat down cross-legged on its back to theorize the matter of order.

The combined flames of the five hells were required in order to light the flame of order, but the Sanguine and Abyssal Hells had just revitalized. Their fires weren’t fully burning yet and required careful nurturing from Lu Yun’s immortal force.

Thankfully, he was in no hurry. Now that he’d found his own path, he only needed to follow it with surety. What he needed to do first was to ascend to kingship through his supplemental path so that he could refine the Stellar Stone Magneticus.

He was only a hair's breadth away, but that minuscule distance was as if an insurmountable chasm.

Hummm.

The little fox suddenly flared with purple light as the shadow of a tiny purple tower appeared over her head. It melded with the radiance blossoming from her body.

“You’ve become a titled king?” Lu Yun’s eyes widened with shock. He hadn’t thought that the little fox would ascend before him!

“Reaching kingdom through the supplemental dao will only summon the tower. It won’t result in a title,” murmured Lu Yun as he looked upon the solemn little fox. He also scanned the tiny projection of the Hongmeng Tower at the same time.

“It... kind of looks like the Sword Pagoda!” His eyes grew even larger.

The Sword Pagoda! The treasure created by the weapons of the primitive dao in the great wilderness!

A tower, a bell, and a cauldron!

The Hongmeng Tower in front of him looked eerily reminiscent of those treasures of the primitive dao, as if they’d been cast from the same mold.

Since he’d once wielded the Sugato Sword, as transformed by the Sword Pagoda, Lu Yun was most familiar with it. He hadn’t expected that the Hongmeng Tower would look almost the same!

In spite of himself, he reached out to touch the projection over the little fox’s head.

“You better not touch that tower!” The black qilin’s voice rang in his mind. “If something happens to that image, your friend’s chance of becoming a titled king might be gone.”

Shuddering, Lu Yun snatched his hand back. “Is that the Hongmeng Tower?”

“Yes, that’s the tower. That image appears whether one becomes a titled king through cultivation strength or supplemental dao.” Hua Fengwen answered him instead of the qilin. “But hers looks very strange, like... like...”

He fixed his eyes on the tower over the little fox’s head and drew his brows together. “Why does her tower look like the real thing?”

When one became a titled king, whether through cultivation strength or supplemental dao, only an image of the tower arrived to bestow their new title. However, the one over the little fox’s head was plainly a replica!

The two were entirely different concepts.

“A twice made king,” the qilin observed leisurely. “The little girl is quite extraordinary. She already became a king once before through a replica, and via cultivation strength! She has attained those heights again through supplemental dao. Most incredible, most incredible!”

Hua Fengwen’s eyes couldn’t grow any bigger. A replica becoming a titled king while the primary body remained only in the common realm? Just what kind of monster was this girl who was almost too beautiful for the world to contain?

Puff!

The tower image exploded into dense Hongmeng qi that poured into the little fox’s body like a waterfall. A vast will dispersed from her body and formed three characters in the air.

Illusion Immortal King!

“Illusion Immortal King? This again?” grumbled the little fox. “It’s a nice title, but my replica’s already used it. Another one, give me another one! I want an even better one!”

Hua Fengwen: .....

Lu Yun: .....

The Meteorite and Skyfall Kings: .....

“Ah, it can’t be changed,” Hua Fengwen chuckled wryly. If titles could be changed, he would’ve changed his long ago. “Besides, reaching kingdom through supplemental dao doesn't result in a title. Why do you have one?”

He looked curiously at the little fox, and his eyes almost fell out in the next second. The dispersing Hongmeng Tower image reformed over her head, along with a brand new title beneath it.

Illusion King!

“What? That’s so unimaginative, another one!” complained the little fox.

Fox King!

“That’s worse, next!”

Illusion Fox King!

“I seriously doubt your naming abilities now, no wonder Hua Fengwen refuses to tell us his!” Disgruntlement crept into her tones.

Lu Yun didn’t know what to make of the situation, whereas Hua Fengwen wanted to cry. So this kind of reaction was acceptable? If he’d known beforehand, he would’ve complained for all his worth when he reached kingdom!

No new title appeared beneath the tower image this time. It trembled continuously, as if waiting for something. Suddenly, dreamlike radiance cascaded down from the projection and wrapped around the little fox.

Intrance King.

It vanished completely before she had a chance to speak again.

“In... trance?” the little fox blinked. “What kind of title is this?”

“Intrance is the archaic form of entrance, this title rather suits you.” Lu Yun walked forward with a smile. “The tower is complimenting your beauty. It means that you entrance entire cities with a simple smile.”

Though he joked with ease, he was inwardly flabbergasted. What kind of background did the little fox have to force the tower to change her title??

“That’s more like it!” the little fox crowed with glee. “You’re not allowed to call me the little fox in the future, you need to pay proper homage to how entrancing I am!”

She wore a look of great pride. “Oh, I seemed to have gained some new reflections when I was made a titled king. You should take a look at them.” Ignoring the fact that there were others around them, she placed her hand at the center of Lu Yun’s forehead.

“If it wasn’t for your ambitions and if you’d focused only on one supplemental dao, you would’ve made it to kingdom a long time ago,” she grumbled.

Any other supplemental grandmaster would’ve concentrated on only one or two supplemental daos, but never more than three. However, Lu Yun studied all of them and demanded adept skill from himself in them all. That was why he’d yet to make it to kingdom.

There was only one chance to become a titled king; he didn’t plan on giving any path up and wanted to attain kingdom for all of them at the same time. That was the most frightening about his ambitions.

After processing the little fox’s reflections, he settled into meditation once more and sifted through them.

The black qilin stopped after another hour.

“The way out is ahead, but you need to be careful—the ghosts of time have blocked it and you’ll need to clear them out first if you wish to pass.” It shook gently and let the group off, waking Lu Yun out of his meditation.

There was a new light of confidence in his eyes that’d never been present before. He’d found the key to becoming a titled king through supplemental dao.

“I cannot take you over there or the city’s ruler will kill me.” The qilin swung its big head to and fro and plodded off into the distance.

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A great silver river stretched on before them. There was no water flowing through it, but rays of silver light instead. It couldn’t be seen where they came from or where they were going. A treasure that blazed like the sun hung at the end of the river.

“It really is that!” An odd feeling struck Lu Yun when he looked upon it.

The treasure was a clock.

A tremendously oversized clock on which was carved twelve numbers. A second, minute, and hour hand moved slowly upon it, releasing a dense power of time with each of their movements that melded into the river below.

### **Chapter 1253: Big Fish**

“What is that?” asked a mystified little fox when she saw the huge clock.

“The degrees of time,” Lu Yun took in a deep breath. “To think that something like this would actually exist here!”

“It must be destroyed!” Hua Fengwen declared in strangled tones. “If it falls into the Hongmeng, it will destroy all beings within the realm! Time that is not bounded by order is a disaster to us all!”

The hands on the clock traveled at erratic paces, at times fast and at times slow. Sometimes, they even wanted to go backward. Time was plainly unstable here and if it wasn't for Lu Yun enclosing them with a formation of time, the entire group would've died of old age a while ago.

"Don't make any brash moves!" Lu Yun grabbed the genius. "We can't touch it with our current strength and it's been here for endless eons. It would've left the city a long time ago if it could leave."

He spoke with great urgency and haste, deathly afraid that Hua Fengwen would leap into foolish action. There was still a ruler of the city they needed to consider, an entity that not even the black qilin wanted to offend.

"We'll be able to meet that ruler if we follow the river upstream. But first, we need to cleanse its waters of all the time ghosts." Lu Yun heaved a long exhale as he sized up the ghosts shifting in and out of sight within the silver light.

"I... I can't see them," Hua Fengwen smiled ruefully.

"There's no need for you to, board the ship!" Lu Yun brought out the Immortal Region Glory. When everyone had gotten in, the ship shuddered and rushed down the river.

Its arrival inspired furious reaction from the time ghosts and they charged madly at the ship, trying to tear it to pieces.

Whoosh!

Black flames blasted from the Immortal Region Glory and burned them all to death.

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Lu Yun was afraid of everything in the Hongmeng but ghosts. The combined might of his five hells was the absolute bane of any ghostly being; anything that wasn't a ghost king was no match for the amalgamated hellfire.

Black hellfire had enveloped the ship and sent the time ghosts fleeing in all directions. Those that moved too slowly were annihilated when flames grazed them.

Tranquility gradually returned to their immediate surroundings as the time ghosts scattered from their approach. The little fox stood at the ship's bow and stared off into space, losing herself in the silver river waters below.

"What kind of light is this?" She reached out to scoop some up.

"Don't touch it!" Hua Fengwen jumped in shock and quickly spoke up. "This light is that of time—the tangible form of the condensed power of time!

"Time here is completely muddled without organization. If you touch it, you could equally turn into a withered skeleton or be reverted to a baby."

"So time can be tangible." Pausing, the little fox blinked and nodded gently.

"Isn't this just a combat art of time?" Lu Yun beckoned with his hand and summoned a handful of time light out of the river.



Hua Fengwen quailed and scrambled for the other end of the ship.

“Cangyin died from a time art,” Lu Yun murmured. Someone had ambushed the water qilin back in the day and turned her into an egg. Even now, she had no idea who her attacker was.

There were too many mysteries in the world of immortals that Lu Yun had yet to uncover. Of course, some of them were deeply rooted within the world and had developed alongside it.

“I’d always thought that someone used Heavenfall to kill Cangyin, but it looks like a weapon of time doesn’t have the requisite power to. She died to the waters found in this river of time.” Lu Yun took out a storage treasure and poured the light into it. The treasure rapidly decayed in the next second and disintegrated into dust.

“Don’t think of taming this light for your own use. There is nothing in the Hongmeng that can resist the ravages of time!” Hua Fengwen called out to Lu Yun from a distance.

“Nothing that can resist the ravages of time?” Lu Yun started.

“Apart from an aberration like you!” Hua Fengwen craned his neck like he was looking at a monster.

“Then...” With a flip of his hand, Lu Yun brought out a sparkling fruit—a karmic fruit. He set the fruit afire with golden radiance, swiftly reducing it into a little golden gourd.

Karmic fruits were the coalescence of ultimate virtue; they weren’t real fruit. Despite that, there were still certain people who found them delicious sustenance. Lu Yun had broken apart its shape as a karmic fruit and reassembled it as a shimmering aureate gourd. He poured the light of time into it and watched it carefully.

“It works!” Lu Yun brightened. “Ten inches of time... there’s no weight to it!” He made swift calculations. “That’s enough, I won’t be able to handle any more. I can do a lot with ten inches of time!” [1]

Hua Fengwen’s eyes were so wide they threatened to escape his face. The others didn’t show any reaction as they were long used to Lu Yun achieving the impossible. Everything was possible in his hands.

The power of virtue could withstand time and its eroding properties. While the Immortal Region Glory was protected by Lu Yun’s time formation, the river of time had still left quite a few marks on the ship’s body.

The further upriver they traveled, the denser the light of time became until finally, it turned to liquid and became a true river of time! Lu Yun even saw big glimmering fish in the waters.

“There’s life in the river of time?” he wondered, dumbfounded. The others were equally astonished.

“I’d thought we’d be able to travel through time if we continued following the river, that we might see the past or future,” the little fox grumbled with dissatisfaction.

“A river of time that can see the past or future is one connected with space and time.” Lu Yun shook his head. “Since there’s no order of time in the Hongmeng, this river isn’t a real one. It’s just something released by that treasure and an example of incredibly condensed power of time.”

He lifted his head and looked at the clock at the end of the river. Since he'd officially set foot on the dao of order, he naturally understood more in this regard than the little fox did.

Splash!

A big fish abruptly jumped out of the river, the sparkling waters transforming into wings of light on its sides.

"You don't need to go further," it said in human language. "I can send you out."

"You're the ruler of this city?" asked Lu Yun.

"No." The big fish shook its head. "The ruler is sleeping, but I can make the decision for her."

"That's alright then, we'd like to see the ruler," Lu Yun declined.

"Do you want to die?!" the fish's tone changed. "Enraging the ruler means all of you will die here!"

Boom!

The head cannon at the bow of the ship fired purple light squarely upon the fish's body, running it through. Pale purple blood arced through the air—the fish was thoroughly dead.

The river of time exploded into mayhem.

Countless fish leapt out of the waters to ram the ship. All of them gleamed with purple light—purple was the color of the order of time. It would seem that they all nurtured the barest hint of this order, but it was insignificant in the grand scheme of things.

Once these fish reached kingdom and possessed enough strength to utilize the order within themselves, they would be heavyweights in the Hongmeng.

That was the direction they strived toward as well. They constantly devoured anything that arrived in the river and absorbed their victims' strength. They'd also killed the time ghosts that made it to this section of the river.

"Hmph!" Lu Yun snorted as the Immortal Region Glory shuddered. Three hundred and sixty five purple crystal cannons extended from its body, each of them lighting up with purple radiance. Any fish that leapt out of the waters was instantly disintegrated.

Pausing for a second, all of the cannons gathered power at the same time and fired a concerted barrage onto the fish. However, a gentle power descended from the heavens and transmuted the purple columns of light into smoke.

"Please show mercy, fellow daoist. These fish just want their freedom." A melodious and very pleasing voice sounded in the air.

And then...

Lu Yun saw a familiar form walk down from the void.

His eyes widened with shock.

## Chapter 1254: The Order of Time That Shouldn't Exist

"It's you!"

"Hong!"

Both Lu Yun and Hua Fengwen identified the newcomer at the same time.

"What? You're Hong??" Lu Yun gaped at the person in front of him. It was a little girl about eight years old and dressed in a red skirt. She was perched on the bow of the Immortal Region Glory after walking down from the sky.

He'd met her before, in the fourth realm!

Qing Yu had said that the little girl in a red skirt was an extremely powerful treasure. She'd created a flower to safeguard beings that'd died in a war in the third realm.

To think that she'd be Hong!

"Don't call me that! I hate that name," the little girl pouted. "Also, you should hurry up and leave. If the city wakes up, you won't be able to get out." She flapped her hands to shoo them away.

"If the city wakes up?" Lu Yun felt caught on the back foot.

"This city is alive!" She pointed at the clock at the end of the river. "Do you see that? That's the heart of the city! The closer you get to it, the more likely that you'll startle it awake."

"So that black qilin who wants a carrot lied to us? There's no ruler here at all?" the little fox asked, askance. It hadn't told them that the city was alive and had wanted them to go see the ruler!

"That old donkey?" The little girl curled her lip. "It thinks I'm the ruler of the city. It's gone a bit wrong in the head, so just ignore it."

"How do we get out?" Lu Yun asked.

"Follow me!" She waved a hand and created a passage filled with stars.

"Is she really Hong?" Hua Fengwen gaped at Lu Yun. He hadn't thought that Lu Yun would be this close to the legendary personage.

"That's what I want to ask you—is she really Hong?" Lu Yun rolled his eyes at the genius.

Hua Fengwen answered haltingly, "I once sensed Hong's power when I received my title, but didn't lay eyes on the great one. Her power ripples are the same as Hong's, so she should be Hong."

"Then what kind of existence is Hong?" Lu Yun continued.

"When you become a titled—ai." Hua Fengwen was about to echo what the Redbud King had once said, that Lu Yun would know once he became a king. But taking a look at the little girl in a red skirt paving the way for them, the genius smiled wryly. "Hong should be the strongest of the realm, the ruler of the Hongmeng."

“You’re wrong!” She whirled around and refuted seriously, “I’m not the strongest in the realm nor its ruler!

“The third realm is vast, so vast beyond your imagination that what you so-called kings see is just a grain of sand in the Hongmeng!”

It was like a bolt of lightning had struck Hua Fengwen; he stared dumbly at the little girl.

“All that we see... is just a grain of sand in the Hongmeng?” He found this hard to accept. When he entered kingdom at sixth step king a hundred thousand years ago, he’d done with great pride and assurance. He’d felt that he overlooked the entire realm and when his battle strength reached ninth step king, he would easily break through the Hongmeng barrier and set foot into the fourth realm!

But Hong had denounced all titled kings just now!

“Hua Fengwen...” Lu Yun patted his shoulder.

“Near mind me, I want to think about this.” Hua Fengwen walked to a corner of the ship and hunkered down in it without a word.

“Ahem, younger sister, those words are a bit hurtful,” Lu Yun said to the girl in a red skirt.

“Younger sister...” The Meteorite and Skyfall Kings fidgeted awkwardly. Though they were Lu Yun’s men, they were even more aware of Hong’s terrifying capabilities.

Hua Fengwen raised his head to Lu Yun. “I just want some space.”

“Is that so?” The little girl didn’t think there was anything wrong with what Lu Yun had called her. She’d witnessed his ferocity in the fourth realm and how he’d tamed the frightening bridge. “If he can’t handle even this level of setback, how is he to break the barrier around the Hongmeng and enter the fourth realm?”

“...alright, we’re here!” She suddenly stopped. The end of the passage was outside of the ancient city—Multitude Region.

Everyone heaved a collective sigh of relief when the Immortal Region Glory piloted out of the ancient city. It felt like they’d escaped from certain death.

Though they hadn’t run into actual danger in the city, the oppressive atmosphere had wrapped around them and levied a heavy weight on their hearts.

“This is where I leave you. If you run into any cities like this in the future, you should keep your distance. Those inside may have been good people when alive, but they’re certainly not that anymore in death.” It was startling to hear “good people” from the little girl.

“There’s no such thing as good people in this world,” mumbled the little fox.

“That’s not true!” the little girl responded seriously. “I’m one! ...though I’m not a person,” she added when another thought occurred to her.

She vanished with a turn, taking the passage of stars with her.

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“You shouldn’t have saved him.” A stunningly beautiful female face materialized over the river of time in the ancient city. “The Hongmeng is a prison and there should be no order of time here. He should’ve become one of the fish in this river.”

Splash!

A big fish sparkling with purple radiance leapt up from the river and kicked up a spray of silver light with its tail. The fish in the river were all transformed from dead Hongmeng beings—killed for their possession of the order of time.

“I’m saving him?” The little girl plopped down cross-legged and harrumphed back, “I’m saving you! Though you’re nothing good after dying, we were comrades once and I can’t just sit by and do nothing for you.”

The breathtaking face closely considered the little girl.

“You’re already dead, so you’re blind. You can’t see the truth of the matter, but I’m alive, so I can!” The little girl glared back. “You’ll thank me one day.”

“I have become the laws of this prison and can never go back,” the face sighed gently and slowly faded away. “I hope your actions today were right.”

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“We’re finally here, Multitude City!” Lu Yun stood at the front of the ship and eagerly regarded a never-ending city.

“This is right. This is Multitude City, the city of a myriad happenings!” Awe flashed through the Skyfall King’s eyes when he took it all in.

“It looks the same as the lost ancient city,” grumbled the little fox. “But the walls and gates are much smaller, and there are way more people.”

“Give me some space.” Hua Fengwen remained hunched in a corner.

### **Chapter 1255: We Are Not Fellow Daoists**

Just as the Skyfall King had said, Multitude City was majestic in all its variety of a myriad happenings. It was the largest city that Lu Yun had seen thus far in the Hongmeng, even the Scorching Sun City that the little fox had projected from Miao Qimiao’s thoughts paled far in comparison.

No, it should be said that Scorching Sun City didn’t have the right to be mentioned in the same breath as Multitude City.

Crowds jostled each other inside and out of the city, streaming to and fro without interruption. What was greatly surprising was that there were no guards or anyone maintaining order outside the city gates.

Without exception, anyone who came to the city gates landed on the ground and proceeded into the unfathomably large metropolis on foot. Lu Yun and the others followed suit, stowing the Immortal Region Glory and waiting in line to enter Multitude City.

The city gates were absolutely massive. Though not as impossibly large as the lost ancient city, they were still enough to accommodate several million beings all at once without feeling overcrowded.

“Eh? Why have you become an old man?” asked a startled little fox when she absentmindedly turned her head to Hua Fengwen.

Defined by a dashing flair and urbane bearing, the genius was one of the most preeminent, handsome men in the Hongmeng. Now, however, he was dressed in long gray robes and his hair stark white. He looked like an elder in the last years of his life.

Lu Yun and the little fox jumped with shock when they saw his appearance.

“Er, you haven’t been so affected that you grew old overnight, have you?” Lu Yun blinked.

“I just want some time to myself,” Hua Fengwen responded in muffled tones as he flicked a sideways glance at the two. “I’d always thought of myself as the foremost genius of the realm, the one most likely to break the barrier around the Hongmeng and enter the fourth realm. But it all seems like a joke now...”

“I don’t want anyone to recognize me here or have to entertain pointless flattery. I’d like some peace and quiet.”

The little fox wanted to refute the genius, but Lu Yun shook his head. “He has his own path. When he finds his epiphany one day, he will become Hua Fengwen again. So, what should we call you now?”

“Call me Ole Eight.” Hua Fengwen pursed his lips. “My title is the Eighth King.”

“Eighth King... King Eight... The hell? Those are the same characters for bastard. No wonder you never give out your title.” Lu Yun clapped his hand over his mouth to prevent himself from laughing. “Alright then, let’s just see where things take us.”

A hundred thousand years wasn’t a long time to Hongmeng beings; Hua Fengwen remained present in the collective consciousness. It was possible that he was just secluded somewhere for closed door cultivation.

After all, some kings secluded themselves for hundreds of millions of years at a time.

Hua Fengwen’s dao heart had almost shattered after hearing the little girl’s words. If he then heard empty admiration of how he was most likely to enter the fourth realm out of everyone in the Hongmeng, his dao heart might well and truly completely fall to pieces.

His actions now were borne out of self defense and he remained taciturn after entering the city, while the little fox bounced with excitement.

“Come on, let’s go to the Purplecloud Pavilion!” She grabbed Lu Yun’s hand and tugged him in a certain direction.

Though they’d walked into the city, flight wasn’t forbidden after entrance. Multitude City was too large to be covered on foot and not all of the buildings stayed put on the ground. Many hovered in the air like floating islands, and there were numerous transportation formations within that led to all corners of the city.

“The Purplecloud Pavilion?!” The Skyfall King paused when he heard the exclamation. “Miss... that’s the Purple King’s territory and a forbidden area within the city!”

“The Purple King? Another cocksure ant,” grumbled Hua Fengwen before he fell silent.

“Yes, let’s go to Lu Qing’s territory!” Lu Yun nodded. “Lu Qing has some connections with Violetgrave, so perhaps we can contact Hopeless Major through the Purplecloud Pavilion!”

“Hopeless Major?” Hua Fengwen snorted. “Just a big ant’s nest.”

Lu Yun: .....

“Eh? What kind of place is that?” The little fox suddenly came to a halt and tilted her head up to a monumental building in the north of the city. It was abnormally far from them, at least a couple billion kilometers away. Despite that, Lu Yun could somehow make out every relief on the towering building.

It was grand, palatial, and so opulent that every carving exuded the air of premium purple crystals. Under the influence of immense spatial formations, every corner of Multitude City basked in its full visual glory.

Eagerly charging toward the Purplecloud Pavilion just moments before, the little fox was immediately distracted.

“That building?” The Skyfall King took a look. “That’s the Colosseum, one of the four great dens of crystal consumption in Multitude City. There, you can fight with beasts, people, gambling, or anything you can think of. Half step kings can ascend to full kingdom, and kings can take another step forward on their dao!”

“Shall we go take a look?” Lu Yun smiled at the little fox.

“Um...” she hesitated, first looking in the direction of the Purplecloud Pavilion and then at the Colosseum.

“Come on, let’s check out the Colosseum.” Lu Yun’s smile deepened. “The pavilion is a forbidden area of Multitude City, and we should exercise caution since this is our first visit to the city. Let’s go to the Colosseum first and ask around about the pavilion.”

“Okay, okay.” The little fox nodded.

“We’ll be sitting in the audience stands to watch a bunch of ants fight,” mumbled Hua Fengwen.

“Why don’t you go down and fight those ants too?” Lu Yun asked with a smile.

“Nope!” Hua Fengwen shook his head resolutely. “I just want some time to myself.”

.....

Transportation formations could be seen everywhere in Multitude City, as if they were the roads of the city. Every formation bore a set of coordinates that led to the Colosseum.

“This spatial formation is marvelous indeed, to refract an entire building to every corner of the city,” Lu Yun tutted with appreciation when he stood in front of the colosseum doors. “The one who created this

building has grasped the dao of space to astounding heights, he can very likely reach kingdom through it!"

"It looks like fellow daoist walks the same path!" came a resounding voice. "Ordinary beings, even kings, see only the building's exterior and decorations. You are the first to see its rules of space instead. You are worthy of being hailed my fellow daoist!"

A man in a white shirt and a folding fan in hand rounded the corner. He looked at Lu Yun with a trace of pride on his face.

"Ant." Hua Fengwen swept a glance over the man and lowered his head to study the tiles on the ground.

The man's brows knitted together, but he remained looking at Lu Yun.

"What a pity that you're not the one who set up this formation." Lu Yun shook his head. "You and I are not fellow daoists."

### **Chapter 1256: Bloodclad**

"You..." That enraged the man in a white shirt. His face darkened and he released a mighty aura that bore down on Lu Yun.

"Hmph!" The Skyfall and Meteorite Kings stepped forward at the same time, standing protectively in front of their master.

"How dare a mere third step king call himself a fellow daoist with my lord?! Take a piss and look at yourself in the reflection!" sneered the Skyfall King.

"How dare a mere second step king be this impertinent?!" scoffed back the white shirt, before his face changed with the implications of what he'd heard. "Wait, what did you call him? Lord?!"

Judging from the expressions and actions of the first and second step king in front of him, they were plainly servants waiting upon their master. What kind of person was this youth in the common realm to make kings his servants??

Unbidden, indecision appeared on the man's face.

"Pfft." Lu Yun shook his head and pulled the little fox over. The two set foot into the Colosseum together.

"Hmph!" The man in white scowled. "So what if you come from big backgrounds? This is Multitude City! I can crush a few outsiders like you with just a twitch of my fingers!"

His eyes remained fixed on the little fox as he spoke. Though he'd addressed Lu Yun before, his attention had been on the little fox all the while.

As a result, Lu Yun was naturally disinclined to show him a friendly face. Fellow daoist? Lu Yun didn't even know what species this man in white was.

.....



The Colosseum was labyrinthine and sparring rings of varying sizes abounded, but none of it felt disorganized. All battles currently taking place were on display to anyone who walked in. They were summary projections, of course. If one wanted to observe any ring in full clarity, they needed to pay a hefty sum of purple crystals.

Of the four great dens of crystal consumption in Multitude City, the Colosseum was ranked first and its rings sorted into three categories.

The first was one of beasts—the fighting of arcane beasts. This was more a game for the lazy dandies in the city, an avenue with which to vent their excess energies. Of course, having beasts fight wasn't the main draw of these rings. It was just a means to an end, the end of betting exorbitant amounts.

The noble aristocracies and mighty clans of the city had no shortage of purple crystals and precious resources. Every bet boiled the blood with its richness.

The second type of ring was one of slaves, and it was more or less the same as the first. Slaves were sent into the ring instead of arcane beasts that couldn't take human form. Close body combat and the spilling of blood made for a much more gruesome and thrilling spectacle.

The third category was the main draw of the Colosseum—of people!

Stunning geniuses and rare powerhouses came to the Colosseum to fight to the death when they reached a bottleneck in their cultivation. Though no one was willing to showcase their ultimate moves and trump cards to the public, the conditions offered by the Colosseum were too generous for even kings to refuse.

Only here would they find their most suitable opponents, and the brutal clashes in the ring were precisely what they most yearned for.

Likewise, there were even more people who liked to come and observe a fight between experts. It was a chance to comprehend their own dao through the battle, and such was the heart of the Colosseum.

.....

"Look at that ring, the entrance fee is a hundred million premium purple crystals!" gasped the little fox as she pointed at one of the sparring rings.

"Each private booth is five billion crystals. Mm, that's not expensive." Lu Yun stroked his chin. "It looks like there's a battle between half step kings there. Let's go take a look."

The Hongmeng qi nurtured in one premium purple crystal was sufficient for a superior realm cultivator to train for a hundred years. Five billion crystals was an astronomical figure in the Hongmeng.

Approximately one hundred billion purple crystals could be mined from one small crystal vein. Thus, five billion was negligible to Lu Yun. He used the Redbud King's crystals with complete peace of mind.

That finally drew a reaction from Hua Fengwen and he swallowed hard behind Lu Yun. "Is he maybe the Redbud King's lover? How does someone in the common realm possess so many purple crystals?!"

"...forget it, I'll just stay quietly off to the side." He followed the two into seating around the sparring ring.

After paying five hundred million crystals for the entrance fee and another five billion for a booth, the group was ushered into their private seating.

It was spacious with a strong spatial formation set up inside. An uncommonly dense concentration of Hongmeng qi drifted within and a variety of Hongmeng fruit, exotic meat, and arcane beast dishes were served.

Though the treatment wasn't worth five billion premium crystals, such a level of service made one feel that they'd received great value for their patronage. The little fox, at least, was already stuffing her mouth.

The fighting ring was incredibly roomy at three hundred million kilometers across. Spatial formations were set up around it so that every meter was clearly projected onto viewing screens.

All of the booths were full and no empty seats could be glimpsed amid the regular seating. An entrance fee of a hundred million crystals was definitely a battle between half step kings!

When half step kings fought, it ended with someone being made a titled king. The arrival of the Hongmeng Tower would clarify all of the rules and laws within the Hongmeng. Observing another person rising to kingship was a tremendous opportunity for Hongmeng cultivators. There could be a value assigned to purple crystals, but opportunities such as these were priceless!

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"They're here!"

"...it's him?!" Lu Yun's eyes widened when he saw the figure that set foot in the ring.

"Dusksnow Morningstar! He came all the way to Multitude City to ascend to kingship!" The little fox's eyes grew large as well.

An awkward expression spread across the Meteorite King's face. The first time he'd seen the genius, he'd wanted to use Morningstar and then take possession of his body. He'd failed only because Lu Yun had prevented him from doing so.

After Morningstar's battle with Netherdragon had been prematurely ended by the Meteorite King, the genius had come to the Multitude Region.

Half step kings anywhere else would never fight him. Only in the Colosseum of Multitude City in Multitude Region could he find the most appropriate opponent to help him past the final threshold.

At the same time, he could very likely die to his opponent and become their whetstone!

Regardless, he would hold no regrets with either outcome. He wielded a black great bow and stood quietly in the center of the ring, waiting for his opponent to arrive.

A thick streak of bloody light suddenly appeared in the sky and clarified into a bloody shadow that landed in front of him.

"The Bloodclad Duke!" Morningstar greeted the newcomer with dismay.

**Chapter 1257: An Impossible Stroke**

The arrival was drenched in blood, like he was wearing a robe of blood. No one knew his name and everyone called him the Bloodclad Duke.

The Purpleclad Duke of Starspace Region had been personally knighted by the Starspace King. His title was the strongest beneath a titled king, whereas the Redblood King was a title of respect that everyone in Multitude City hailed him by!

A blood-red robe was his hallmark.

Dusksnow Morningstar's scalp was numb and he gripped his great bow tightly, a vein throbbing on his forehead.

"It looks like I'll be your stepping stone today," he murmured.

"I've killed a hundred and nine half step kings in this ring, but no one's been able to help me ascend to full kingdom." The Bloodclad Duke's voice was hoarse and lacked emotion. "I hope you don't disappoint me.

"This will be my one hundred and tenth battle. If kingdom still eludes me, I will head to the Enforcer Alliance and seek out their venerated enforcer." He paid no attention to Dusksnow Morningstar and in fact, didn't care who his opponent was. Half step kings were just another notch to be added to his belt.

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"Is the Bloodclad Duke really that frightening?" Lu Yun was surprised by the expressions and mumblings around him; despite himself, he was growing worried for Morningstar. They counted as acquaintances, after all, and he didn't know that many people in the Hongmeng.

"There is no doubt that Dusksnow Morningstar will die," responded the Meteorite King. "Sir, even I'm not fully certain I'd be able to take down the Bloodclad Duke. His strength has long since reached the level of a titled king, but he hasn't set foot over that threshold for some reason."

"Just a stronger ant," Hua Fengwen muttered after he lifted his eyelids for a look. "One about as strong as I was back in the day."

"You mean that he'll be a sixth step king as soon as he ascends?" the little fox asked incredulously.

"And what of a sixth step king? All that it sees is a sand of the Hongmeng," Hua Fengwen replied woodenly. His run-in with Hong had knocked him very off balance.

"Ignore him, he's at a critical juncture of his life and his mind isn't fully focused on the here and now." Lu Yun shook his head. It was up to Hua Fengwen to pull himself out of his current state. This was a pit, a roadblock in his dao. The sky was the limit if he could cross it, and this would be the most he'd ever amount to if he couldn't.

"Morningstar once exchanged three moves with the venerated enforcer, he's not that weak, is he?" Lu Yun asked hesitantly.

"The venerated enforcer?" Skyfall and Meteorite looked at each other, then chorused, "Dusksnow Morningstar only became a half step king after that fight!"

“I see...” Lu Yun looked at the genius in the ring, worry flashing through his eyes.

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Within the ring, Morningstar took to the air and pulled back on his bow, delivering a burst of radiance that rained down like a shower of shooting stars. He didn't dare take things casually since this was the legendary Bloodclad Duke!

Thus, Dusksnow Morningstar opened with his full strength as the first move, turning the skies above the fighting ring into a true night sky. Clusters of stars twinkled and slammed brutally into the sparring ring that was three hundred million kilometers across.

The cultivators sitting closest to the ring looked on with alarm, barely suppressing the urge to run away. Morningstar was too powerful—if it wasn't for the Bloodclad Duke being his opponent, there would be very few others who could withstand the genius.

Numerous defensive formations activated around the ring and deflected the turbulent forces. They could endure clashes between kings, so this level of disturbance from a half step king didn't amount to much.

“So strong! Dusksnow Morningstar is a genius who tied with the venerated enforcer after three moves, alright!”

“Big deal. Of the one hundred and nine half step kings that the Bloodclad Duke killed, many of them were stronger than Morningstar!”

“The strongest of them managed to exchange nine moves with the duke before dying. I wonder how many this vaunted genius can dish out before he bites the dust!”

“When it comes to genius, the Eighth King Hua Fengwen from a hundred thousand years ago is a true genius...” Some exclaimed in awe at the display, while others sniffed dismissively.

Dusksnow Morningstar had turned into a scintillating star. Starlight danced among his freely flowing hair, having exploded from the bun atop his head. His attack continued in full force and turned the entire ring into a sea of light.

“Had enough fun yet?” a hoarse voice echoed from the light before a pillar of scarlet brilliance rushed into the skies, barreling straight for Dusksnow Morningstar.

It came swiftly and intensely, brimming with a sharp killing intent that threatened to pierce through the void. Morningstar's eyes widened—he couldn't avoid or block it!

The attack was too swift and forceful. In fact, he wouldn't be able to endure any of his opponent's blows!

“I'm also a half step king, why am I less than you?!” Morningstar ground his teeth.

Hummm!

Intangible purple light erupted from his body and he shifted three inches to the left, just managing to evade the vicious blow by the skin of his teeth.

“Not bad,” sounded the Bloodclad Duke. It was his turn to rise into the air and he landed in front of Morningstar, bringing his hand down on the other’s head. The void cracked wherever his hand passed through, shattering into spatial turbulence.

One had to know that space around the sparring rings was reinforced by various spatial formations to make it a hundred times more resilient than that of the outside world. Even ordinary second step kings wouldn’t be able to break through the void here. The Bloodclad Duke, however, smashed through the air with a single move.

The purple light around Morningstar brightened with potency and he raised his great bow, held it sideways and met the duke’s palm.

Boooooom.

A circular shockwave spread in all directions, dismantling space wherever it passed through and destroying several tens of thousands of formations protecting the sparring ring.

Calm and collected, Colosseum cultivators sprang into action to repair the formations. A trace of emotion finally appeared in the Bloodclad Duke’s wan face and amazement rippled through the audience. Morningstar had taken the duke’s terrifying blow!

What happened next caused jaws to drop to the floor.

Morningstar shifted his grasp on the bow, as if he was gripping a sword, and stabbed it toward the Bloodclad Duke. An imperceptible dragon howl sounded in the air and built in pitch until it rang through the entire arena.

There seemed to be a coiled dragon in the air that lifted its head regally, ready to soar into the skies and loftily regard everything below it.

“Dragonrise! It’s your Dragonrise!” Inside the booth, the little fox shot to her feet.

Dragonrise! Dusksnow Morningstar was using Lu Yun’s move!

The Bloodclad Duke’s expression finally came alive.

### **Chapter 1258: The Strength of the Venerated One**

Lu Yun had bounded to his feet as well and was staring fixedly at Dusksnow Morningstar in the middle of the sparring ring.

Dragonrise!

It was the move he’d invented in the chaos. The little fox gaped incredulously at Lu Yun; he frowned without a word. Stooped in a corner, Hua Fengwen suddenly jerked his head up and looked at Morningstar’s stroke.

“I... I am lesser than the meaning behind this stroke.” He shook his head. “The one who invented it is an incredible genius, but I don’t know if they’re an ant either.”

He hadn’t heard the little fox’s words.

Morningstar was using his bow as a sword to project a dragon. Though he was very clumsily deploying Dragonrise, his strength as a half step king brought the full power of the move into play.

The true manifestation of Dragonrise would result in an actual form of a dragon. As it were, the croon of one reverberated around the ring and everyone was on their feet, peering intently at Morningstar's move.

The Bloodclad Duke was agog, his coolly removed expression nowhere to be seen. Rays of bloody light flared furiously from his body and bathed him in fresh blood.

"This stroke is worthy of my full strength!" he roared and shifted into motion before Morningstar completed his gesture. Dense scarlet light coalesced into a scimitar that resembled a crescent of a bloody moon.

This was the Bloodclad Duke's weapon! In the one hundred and nine battles that he'd fought and won, he'd never brought out a weapon. He'd finally been pushed to unsheath his sword when facing Dusksnow Morningstar!

Bright-red radiance filled the air and occupied half of the sparring ring that was three hundred million kilometers across, competing equally with the aura from Dragonrise!

To think of the deed was to take action, the duke completed his move the moment his sword formed!

Eighty-one streaks of vermilion sword light flashed into existence at the same time, layering on top of each other to form a massive wave that crashed down upon Morningstar.

"Well met!" the genius roared.

His bow had fully transformed into the image of a sword and it jabbed forward, colliding with a wave of blood amid the accompaniment of a dragon howl.

.....

The sparring ring was in shambles and only a few formations teetered valiantly around it, safeguarding rapt audience members. Casualties would be severe the moment they broke, but no one was afraid.

On the contrary, everyone was excited beyond their wildest dreams. They'd never imagined that a hundred million crystals would gain them entry to this level of fight! They'd seen the Bloodclad Duke's sword and Dusksnow Morningstar's incredible combat art!

Smoke slowly cleared from the air. All of the spatial formations around this ring were shattered and only five hundred meters of visibility could be found within it. Morningstar and the Bloodclad Duke were still facing off against each other in mid air.

"I yield," sighed the duke.

Shocked gazes turned toward Morningstar. He'd beaten the Bloodclad Duke? So Dusksnow Morningstar was about to become a titled king?

Though life and death were on the line when two half step kings battled each other, that didn't mean they actually had to fight to the death, especially in a place like the Colosseum.

This was a vastly different scenario from when Morningstar wanted to kill the Meteorite King to reach kingdom. Here, he could ascend as long as he defeated the other and tempered his dao heart!

Everyone held their breaths and waited for the Hongmeng Tower to descend.

"It is I who have lost." Morningstar shook his head and threw his bow to the ground. Forlorn, he turned his head in a certain direction and murmured, "I used another's combat art to defeat you and save my life. This isn't my dao, so I am not the victor."

The duke's expression shifted slightly while eyebrows rose and fell through the audience. That stroke had been terrifying to the utmost and the two had seemed evenly matched. However, the Bloodclad Duke had admitted his defeat and Dusksnow Morningstar acknowledged that he'd won with that stroke!

A stroke that belonged to someone else!

Who?

A great king's combat art?

Curiosity appeared on the duke's face. The last three moves of evasion, defense, and offense had certainly not been Morningstar's style.

"It's the venerated enforcer," Morningstar murmured. "He used these three moves against me when I fought him. I actually lost that battle as I would've died if he deployed a fourth move."

"The venerated enforcer!" The duke nodded with a trace of shock. "Am I less than him?"

Morningstar bit his lip, noncommittal.

The audience was likewise shocked by his words. Just three moves from the venerated enforcer had enabled Morningstar to triumph over the Bloodclad Duke?

How strong was he? He wasn't even a titled king!

It was commonly held that the Bloodclad Duke was the strongest half step king around. Though the venerated enforcer also possessed a strong reputation, he rarely took to the field. After Dusksnow Morningstar rose to prominence subsequent to their battle, the enforcer's acclaim sank to new lows.

"I must meet the venerated enforcer in battle if I have the chance to." The Bloodclad Duke raised a cupped fist salute to Morningstar and left with a turn. "The bow and arrow are not suitable for you, you should pursue sword dao instead."

Though he'd left, his voice echoed around the ring.

"The venerated enforcer said the same thing, but I've trained in the bow and arrow for my entire life. How can I give it up just like that?" Morningstar tugged his lips up ruefully.

"Dusksnow Morningstar!" A pleasing voice traveled from one of the booths.

He swiveled in pursuit of the call and saw a stunning young girl waving at him. He regarded her blankly as he'd never seen her or her companions before. But judging from her motions and that of the young man next to her, they plainly knew him.

For some reason, he gravitated toward that booth.

As he flew toward them, some of the other booths extended olive branches. He couldn't be bothered with them as he was one of the Starspace King's. The king was a heavyweight in the Enforcer Alliance and a mighty fifth step king. He didn't need to entertain anyone else's offer of recruitment, even if it came from a sixth step king.

Morningstar instinctively felt something familiar about Lu Yun and the little fox, and so he entered their booth.

"Dusksnow Morningstar, we meet again!" Lu Yun laughed heartily and clapped his shoulder.

"You guys are the ones from Starcloud City!" Morningstar finally recognized Lu Yun and the little fox. He'd never come into direct contact with them before and the two looked different from before, so it took him a moment to identify them.

After he recollected the two, he didn't dare show anything but utmost respect. These were two supplemental grandmasters who were infinitely close to being titled kings!

Many were titled kings through cultivation level in the Hongmeng, but ones who ascended through supplemental dao were as rare as phoenix feathers and dragon scales. It was a piece of cake for the latter to kill someone higher ranked than them.

In reality, the little fox was already a supplemental path king, but no one had seen through her concealment.

"Did the venerated enforcer really teach you those three moves?" Hua Fengwen didn't even bother with greetings and cut straight to the chase.

"Well... no." Morningstar blinked when he saw the old man. "I stole it from him when we fought."

Though Hua Fengwen appeared every bit an ordinary elder at the moment, that he could sit in the same booth as Lu Yun meant that he was far more than he appeared. Morningstar had also clearly noted that the other two by Lu Yun's side were kings; they weren't concealing their cultivation ripples.

"Then he taught those to you," Hua Fengwen snorted. "If he wasn't willing to pass on combat arts of that level, how would someone with the potential of an ant like you be able to learn them? Heh heh heh, the old brat hasn't changed in a hundred thousand years."

Dusksnow Morningstar shut his mouth. He had no idea what to say to that. Meanwhile, Lu Yun and the little fox looked at each other.

"When you sent my past self to the mythological realm, I hadn't figured out Dragonrise," he transmitted. "The venerated one is Lu Qing's disciple?"

"Yes, so that makes him our martial grandson." The little fox nodded surreptitiously. "Lu Qing told me this."

Lu Yun stroked his chin. "Then it looks like we really need to pay him a visit."



“The battle here is over, so let us be on our way.” He waved his hand, drawing a slight sigh of relief from Morningstar. He really didn’t know how to handle this ordinary-seeming, yet chatterbox of an elder. There were no ordinary beings in the Hongmeng. Even if they were, they wouldn’t be able to enter Multitude City.

### **Chapter 1259: An Acquaintance From the Chaos**

The audience of the sparring ring had dispersed. Though there were some who wanted to recruit Dusksnow Morningstar, they quickly dismissed the idea when they considered his background. In their eyes, the booth that he’d entered was very likely occupied by someone from the Starspace King’s faction.

Additionally, his failure to make kinghood after such a colossal battle slightly disappointed more than a few.

“Should we go take a look at some of the other rings?” Lu Yun smiled at the little fox after they left their booth.

“Yes, we need to!” she responded adamantly while staring at an image projection.

“Hmm?” Tipped off by her expression, Lu Yun followed her gaze to the fighting ring that she was focused on.

It was one for slaves and there was weedy figure inside drenched with blood. As they watched, he barely managed to take down his opponent. Though covered in injuries and almost half of his body torn apart, he stood solidly within the center of the ring.

Pale gold energy rippled over his body and brushed off the blood. He was an inferior, but somehow seemed to tower like a mountain with the force of his resolution.

Cultivators howled and yelled in the audience stands around him, venting their overabundance of energy.

Lu Yun’s face darkened ominously.

“What is he doing here, and why is he a fighter in the slave rings?!” He shook with fury.

Jin Gushen!

The inferior realm slave inside the ring was Lu Yun’s old acquaintance from the chaos!

Lu Yun hadn’t made many friends in the second realm; Jin Gushen was one of the few apart from the Six Royals and had gone missing after the fall of the metal elemental sacred land. Since everyone had their own path to walk, Lu Yun hadn’t intentionally set out to locate his friend.

To think that he’d end up in the Hongmeng!

He certainly wasn’t a slave fighter of his own volition. Someone must’ve kidnapped him here.

“We’re going to take a look!” Lu Yun took a deep breath and forcefully shoved his anger down.

“Someone you know?” Dusksnow Morningstar took a look at Lu Yun’s face and continued hesitantly, “You better not cause any trouble in the Colosseum. Starspace Region has a certain degree of influence here, I’ll find a way to save your guy!”

Instead of responding, Lu Yun set out for the relevant fighting ring.

“Excuse me, sirs, it’s a hundred premium crystals for the entrance fee.” The guard at the entrance quickly blocked them when he saw new faces barge in. “Since there’s six of you, it’s six hundred premium crystals!”

Six hundred crystals was absolutely nothing compared to the hundred million of earlier, but it was still no negligible sum. Regular superior realm cultivators wouldn’t be able to afford it.

Lu Yun couldn’t be bothered with words and flung a thousand crystals at the guard, who bowed and scraped and let them in.

The atmosphere here was starkly different from the previous sparring ring. Here was found paradise for wealthy good-for-nothings and upstarts flush with new money. A constant din of hoots and hollers added to the unceasing, sordid cacophony.

“This is Jin God’s forty-ninth consecutive win!” A strapping young man stood to the side of the ring and roared into a sound amplification treasure, “He’ll reach an unprecedented fifty wins if he wins his next one!”

“Folks!” His beguiling voice was filled with persuasion. “The Colosseum will not permit inferior creatures such as this animal to make history! We will award one million premium crystals to anyone whose slave defeats Jin God!!”

The scene erupted in another uproar at his words. Countless dandies and hooligans agitated for their slaves to set foot in the ring and prevent this “Jin God” from taking home fifty consecutive wins.

On the ground, Jin Gushen lowered his head and clenched his fists tight, humiliation surfacing in his eyes. He could only submit to fate in this terrifying third realm. He didn’t even have the right to rebel. Death? That would be a luxury for him.

He’d never thought that the true form of the third realm so ardently yearned for by everyone in the chaos would be like this. It was the hell of legend!

“Of course!” the young man bawled out again. “You are free to place your bets as well. Bet on whether or not Jin God will be the first person in history to hit fifty wins in a row! If Jin God can achieve a hundred consecutive wins, the Colosseum will reward him with freedom!”

“Ladies and gentlemen, let me clue you in on something. Jin God is very likely from the chaos, so his cultivation and strength system is vastly different from ours!”

“What?! Did you say he comes from the chaos?” Jaws dropped with shock.

“Aw come on, what chaos? That’s just something cooked up by the Colosseum! How many slaves have they said comes from this or that, but it all turned out to be fake as shit in the end?”

“That’s right! The daos of the Hongmeng are damned plentiful in their multitude. It’s no big deal that someone’s cultivation and strength system is different from everyone else’s,” sneered another voice.

“Ahem!” An awkward expression crossed the young man’s face. “Alright then! In conclusion, whoever can stop Jin God from achieving fifty wins in a row will win a million premium crystals!

“The betting will commence at one to a thousand odds! Ladies and gentlemen, you are welcome to bet on Jin God winning his next fight! If he does, the Colosseum will pay out at a thousand times your wager!

“Naturally, everyone is welcome to collude and purposefully lose to Jin God...”

“None of that bullshit! Are we here for that pathetic sum of purple crystals?” Brays of laughter echoed from the ceiling rafters. “If we really wanted to gamble, we’d go to Elysium Atelier! Let’s go let’s go let’s go! I’m going to take that million crystals from the Colosseum today!”

“Haha, Brother Chuan is right! None of our highly pedigreed slaves have won the honor of fifty consecutive wins. Are we going to let this baseborn mutt set that precedent?” Parts of the crowd shoved and jostled to determine whose slave would participate in the important fight, and even more shouted about the bet.

Just as these wealthy young masters and ne’er-do-wells had said, fighting slaves was a matter of pride and face. Colluding for the sake of a few purple crystals was pathetic. Anyone who could put down roots in Multitude City lacked not for money, least of all those who could enjoy themselves at a place like the Colosseum.

“I say, Overseer Xiao! You’re only taking bets on whether or not that Jin God will win. Are you too chicken to take bets on if he loses?” hooted someone from the crowd.

“Hahaha! Since it is the public desire, then the Colosseum will also take the bet. The odds are one to a hundred if Jin God loses!”

“Damn straight!”

“I’m betting on him losing and getting torn to pieces!”

“That’s more like it! I’ll double dip by winning the bounty and the bet!”

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Absolute disorder engulfed the audience stands as cultivators screamed and gestured at each other, pushing their fighters forward to challenge Jin God and win the prize. Of course, there were also many who bet that Jin God would win.

The Colosseum wasn’t a gambling den and the main source of their income wasn’t through gambling. These bets were just a sideshow to whet the appetites of the idle scions and rich layabouts, to keep them so engrossed that they wouldn’t be able to extract themselves from the pleasures here.

What did a few purple crystals matter when compared to that?

“Skyfall, conceal your cultivation and take my crystal mountain into the ring. Give my mountain to Jin Gushen so he can win a hundred times,” Lu Yun snapped out.

“Understood!” The Skyfall King nodded and bounded into the fighting ring before anyone had a chance to react.

“Hey! Who the heck are you and why did you suddenly jump in?!” Everyone froze when the Skyfall King suddenly appeared in the ring.

They were still argu—discussing whose slave could challenge Jin Gushen, but someone had circumvented all of them just like that!

This wasn’t how things were done.

### **Chapter 1260: Unexpected Troubles**

“Whose slave is that?? How dare they?!”

“Which bastard’s behind this? Get your ass out here!” Pandemonium overran the fighting ring as curses, insults, and exhortations heckled the Skyfall King’s master to show himself.

The young overseer was likewise taken aback. Granted, there were no concrete rules in the Colosseum that audience members had to adhere to when sending in their slaves. It was generally first come first serve and anyone had the right to throw down the gauntlet. The general selections that’d taken place before were just unspoken rules that the Multitude scions had come up with.

Despite this, someone flagrantly violating custom was also a slap at the overseer’s face. He had yet to stoke the atmosphere to its peak, and thus there were many not fully caught up in the general fervor.

If the fight took place in this kind of ambiance, it wouldn’t maximize the Colosseum’s profits.

Lu Yun bumped Dusksnow Morningstar’s shoulder with his. “Didn’t you just say you wanted to help me? Now’s your chance.”

Morningstar nodded with a rueful smile and stepped into public view.

“That’s mine.” His expression instantly changed into incredible aloofness.

“You’re... Dusksnow Morningstar who just defeated the Bloodclad Duke!” Overseer Xiao shuddered when he recognized the speaker. He didn’t care about Morningstar’s cultivation since the latter was just a half step king. Even his patron, fifth step king Starspace, would have to bow his head if he arrived at the Colosseum.

It was the half step king’s battle with the Bloodclad Duke earlier—the one that’d raked in an astonishing billion crystals for the Colosseum—that they valued.

Most importantly was that he had yet to become a titled king, so he might register for a second battle at the Colosseum! In light of that, Dusksnow Morningstar was a cornucopia for the organization.

As for the wealthy good-for-nothings and lazy socialites, they shrank in on themselves when they saw the speaker and didn’t dare make a peep. They were sheer clowns in front of Morningstar when even the Bloodclad Duke wasn’t a match.

Someone who triumphed over the Bloodclad Duke would be far from ordinary when he finally ascended to kingdom. He might start off at sixth step king!

“Ahem! Then let the fight begin since it’s Sir Morningstar’s slave. Everyone, you may place your bets now on whether Jin God loses or wins!”

“Dusksnow Morningstar’s fighter will certainly be no ordinary product. I bet that Jin God will lose everything and fail at fifty successive wins!”

“Uh huh uh huh! With Sir Morningstar making a move, that Jin God’s dead meat!”

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As the betting commenced in earnest, the Skyfall King approached Jin Gushen.

“This servant is Sir Lu Yun’s Skyfall King. Greetings to Sir Jin Gushen,” he transmitted to the chaos denizen.

Jin Gushen’s eyes shot wide open.

“Please don’t take any reckless action. This old servant is in possession of a treasure that Sir Lu Yun wishes to lend to you. It will help you to a hundred successive wins and your freedom!”

With that, Jin Gushen felt an immense power trickle gently into his body.

This fighting ring was one for the lowliest of slaves; the best of its combatants were peak inferior realm with the occasional common realm. As a peak second step king, Skyfall only needed to slightly exert himself to perfectly bypass the ring’s rules.

After all, who would think that a second step king would lower himself to enter a fighting ring for an inferior realm slave?

Jin Gushen lifted his head blearily and failed to find a sign of Lu Yun in the audience stands. That was only natural, since his friend was choosing to send out Dusksnow Morningstar in his stead.

To be honest, Lu Yun could easily have used the simplest and roughest method of just purchasing Jin Gushen from the ring. However, he’d caught sight of someone familiar—the man in a white shirt they’d run into at the front doors to the Colosseum. It would seem that the third step king was one of the organization’s.

If he discovered Lu Yun and the little fox, unexpected troubles would likely develop. This was why Lu Yun was opting for this course of action.

Jin Gushen nodded slowly at the Skyfall King.

“You don’t need to hold back, Sir Jin. Just come at me with everything you have. Our fight is a true one to the death!” Skyfall continued.

Jin Gushen naturally understood Lu Yun’s intentions. This elder who could easily deliver a terrifying treasure into his body was certainly no ordinary individual. There was no fear of accidentally killing the old man.

“Let the fight begin!”

The two clashed together after a shout from Overseer Xiao. Jin Gushen pounced without reservation and fully displayed everything he had ever learned. He rained furious attacks down on the elder, who hit back with equal ferocity. Their colliding blows raised staggering explosions in the void.

“Yeah!”

“Jin God is really something, he’s got a ton of different methods. If he’s allowed to become a superior, there will be another formidable half step king in the world!”

“Morningstar’s old man isn’t bad either. The speed and bite behind his moves don’t seem like they belong to the inferior realm at all. It’s kind of crazy how a cultivator of his level is used as a fighter slave!”

The astounding display stunned many audience members. In their faction, inferior realm cultivators like Jin Gushen and the Skyfall King were carefully nurtured. They’d never be turned into a slave or sent into a fighting ring for entertainment.

As time went on, Lu Yun’s crystal mountain melded more thoroughly with Jin Gushen’s body and enhanced his strength. His moves grew ever more swift and forceful as a result.

While the Skyfall King’s every gesture seemed ruthless and out for Jin Gushen’s head, he was actually a sparring partner for the latter. All of his motions were carefully calculated to help Jin Gushen acclimate to his new level of strength and familiarize himself with the system of the Hongmeng.

He knew full well how important Jin Gushen was to his master.

Their battle lasted a full hour before the Skyfall King started faltering and his limbs grew sluggish. The light of his combat arts dimmed while—

Boom!

Jin Gushen suddenly flared with golden light that swept across Skyfall’s body, instantly fragmenting the old man into tiny pieces and sending him into a gruesome death.

Ringling silence reigned over the scene and even Dusksnow Morningstar was stunned. The old servant had been a second step king! He’d died just like that?

He and everyone present had clearly felt the death ripples moments ago. They were the unique energy pulses of something dying.

“...he’s really dead?” Jin Gushen also paused, but his heart and mind were well tempered after all of his experiences in the chaos and Hongmeng. While nothing appeared on his face, some dissatisfaction toward Lu Yun brewed in his heart. How could his friend have sacrificed a life in order to save him??

“Please don’t think wrongly of my young master’s intentions, Sir Jin. The old servant returns to his post.” Skyfall’s voice suddenly sounded in Jin Gushen’s mind, enabling the latter to breathe out more easily.

The king had indeed died, but he could easily come back to life as his name was written on the Tome of Life and Death. Skyfall had clearly felt strong dissatisfaction from Jin Gushen at the moment of his death, which was why he'd imparted that additional word after resurrecting.

At the same time, he was rather pleased with the outcome. The one that his master wanted to save wasn't a selfish sort without any sort of conscience or gratitude!

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He'd won!

Jin God had won!

The crowd remained shellshocked that Morningstar's old servant had lost to the slave. Their fight had indeed been a vicious and brutal one. Every move was potentially fatal and there'd been no quarter given. There was nothing to criticize about it, so the only possible explanation was that Jin God was far stronger than all of them had anticipated.

If any of their slaves entered the ring, they'd probably die after a few feints.

"How much does this fighter cost?! I'm buying him!" suddenly yelled a short, rotund man. He was a superior realm cultivator and glittered with jewels and gold. Precious stones covered every inch of him—plainly a nouveau riche.

Anyone who counted as new money in Multitude City was someone to contend with.

"My apologies, Jin God has just made Colosseum history with fifty wins in a row. We will not be selling a fighter of his caliber!" Overseer Xiao took a deep breath. "He has won the privilege to attempt a hundred wins. If he wins a hundred bouts in a row, our Colosseum will grant him freedom!

"Jin God's next fights will take place in the sparring rings and not the slave rings!"

Jin Gushen's fight with the Skyfall King had elicited attention from Colosseum executives. They'd just made the decision that he had the right to try for a hundred wins and fight the geniuses in the sparring rings!