

Necropolis 1411

Chapter 1411: Jelly bean

As for what the Dragonsea city lord had said about Lu Yun hampering his own cultivation in not absorbing the power of creation in the surroundings—Qing Yu and Miao held that view in slight contempt.

Lu Yun could refine creation. What would he care about the tiny amount available here?

What he needed wasn't strength from the outside world or even blazing hellfire. He needed personal metamorphosis upon slowly digesting the cultivation level of the fourth realm from the Tome of Life and Death.

He'd only borrowed it; it wasn't his. Though he'd fully subdued the treasure and become its owner, if it ever left him, then all of his death arts and cultivation level would revert to nothing.

Thus, he had to make it all his own, truly his own. He needed to rework it to the point where he wouldn't be affected even if separated from the Tome of Life and Death.

He'd once held similar thoughts, but lacked the strength to act on them or digest the mental realm found within the wondrous treasure. But now that his vision had broadened after arriving in the Hongmeng, he stood taller and saw further. His knowledge and comprehension were completely different to that of yesteryear.

This was particularly true after the hellfire of order appeared. Lu Yun had finally reached a level in which he could peer into the book's secrets.

He was doing his utmost to amass strength before ascending to titled kingship and constantly mulled over the wisdom and experience found within the tome's pages. Compared to the crucial task of making what he used his and improving his abilities, absorbing external energy hardly mattered at all.

If he wanted to fully absorb everything in the Tome of Life and Death, he needed to continuously increase his expertise and interpretation of theory. Instructing nearly two thousand cultivators was the best way to do so.

It felt that he'd progressed to a stage in which he didn't need outside strength; all he needed was to continue excavating his own abilities. Refining ghost crystals would feed his flame of order. When he gathered three hundred and sixty-five tendrils of flame, he would be able to light the true hellfire of order and immediately ascend to kingship.

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The Trueriver King scanned the Dragonfeather and Torch Kings with a strange look. He seemed to be viewing another version of himself, people who would slowly become one of the Immortal Pagoda's.

Chapter 1412: Sudden Advancement

An uncomfortable Dragonfeather looked back at Trueriver; goosebumps were crawling over the former's body.

“What is it?” he asked, baffled.

“Oh, nothing.” Trueriver smiled a very friendly smile.

It wouldn't be long now before Coiling Dragon City “became” part of the Immortal Pagoda. There was nothing bad about that. They would all be one family sooner or later.

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The herd of arcane beasts gaped at the pills in Lu Yun's hand, but didn't dare make a single move. All they could do was silently absorb the power of creation from the surroundings.

“Alright, let us continue!” Lu Yun paid no heed to the beasts and refocused on the group of cultivators he was teaching.

The cultivators bent their minds to the proper task at hand as well. He'd robbed all of them, thereby instilling a deep respect for his strength. No other thoughts popped into their heads despite him possessing tremendous wealth and Pills of Creation.

While the arcane beasts stirred restlessly with desire, they ultimately decided against a charge. They were completely enthralled by the pills in Lu Yun's hand and could no longer concentrate on cultivation.

“The kid's creating a trap!” Qing Di muttered gleefully to Azureclad. “The arcane beasts now know that he's got a ton of treasures and might try to rob him...”

“In your current condition, you'd break through as soon as you ate a Pill of Creation. I'll give it to you after we return to Multitude Region,” chuckled Qing Yu. She also took out a pill and popped it into her mouth like she was eating candy.

The kings present swallowed hard, but didn't say anything.

Rumble—

The void of the seventh floor shook as a door carved from pure purple crystal materialized in front of Lu Yun and the others. As it swung open, it displayed another world to them.

Chapter 1413: Leaping Through the Dragon Gate

“It's here!” Lu Yun snapped to attention and extreme excitement rose from his heart. The true Dragonling Assembly had arrived!

Two majestic characters soared over the door of purple crystal—Dragon Gate!

Though it was invitingly open, not everyone possessed the ability to pass through it. An enormous curtain of light billowed in front of it, and only those who could pass through had the right to participate in the true assembly.

Carp leaping over the dragon gate?

The gate carved from purple crystal had yet to stabilize and the curtain of purple light constantly undulated and rippled, gradually forming a hazy purple sea.

The Hongmeng Sea.

The dragon gate slowly melted into the center of the sea and drifted among the waves.

“This sea isn’t the true Hongmeng Sea—it’s projected by the power of a world,” Lu Yun murmured as he stared at the gate of purple crystal. The ground beneath their feet was slowly transforming into the sea as well. Imperceptible howls and roars echoed from the boundless watery depths.

“ROAR!!” An arcane beast snarled and leapt into the air, pouncing toward the gate in a ray of crimson light.

Rumble—

“This... is...” Azureclad paused and looked around.

They were at the foot of a large mountain and a few dozen cultivators and arcane beasts were in residence. They were sprawled lazily on the ground. Some regarded Azureclad and Crimsonclad with interest, others with contempt.

“The Dragonling Ranking has already been set and we are the top one hundred. All that remains is the lower ranks, but this so-called Azureclad and Crimsonclad are also trash.” A young man with red hair regarded the new arrivals with derision. “So what if they are the first through the gate? They’re still trash.”

Chapter 1414: Continuing to Rob

“Do I... have a feud with you?” Azureclad frowned at the red-haired youth.

“What right does a piece of a trash have to form a feud with me?” The youth snorted with laughter and turned around, ignoring Azureclad.

“Ignore him, he’s not right in the head.” Purpleclad pointed at his brain with a shake of his head.

“What’s going on and why are you guys here?” Crimsonclad asked after scanning the surroundings.

“The Dragonling Ranking.” Bloodclad walked over, as expressionless as always. Instead of its previous black, his hair was now red. He was thoroughly personifying the “blood” portion of his title.

“Those of Dragonhollow Mountain think that we are the strongest one hundred half step kings of the realm. They summoned us here to prepare for the ranking battles to come,” Bloodclad explained.

He swept a glance at a young man in white standing not far from them—the venerated enforcer of the Enforcer Alliance. The venerated enforcer had been absent from the battle of Cloudexit City, yet here he was now. Thus, Bloodclad’s explanation seemed to be more correct than not.

Azureclad nodded gently; there was no trace of dissatisfaction on his face. If he’d been who he was before, he would’ve thrown a tantrum on the spot to learn that he and Crimsonclad hadn’t been invited to this elite gathering. But from Dragonsea City to the rainbow bridge, Lu Yun and Qing Ting had repeatedly schooled him and taught him the true limits of his strength and status.

Top one hundred of the Dragonling Ranking? Was that supposed to be very important?

They’d all be robbed again and again by the Champion Duke and his own sister.

“You should just accept your fate!” Qing Di persuaded sincerely. “It’s just being robbed, you will still have your life.”

“Just being robbed?! All of my personal wealth is in my storage seed! What would you do if it was you?!” Golden Armor howled with indignation.

“Me?” Qing Di struck a tragic pose with his hands behind his back and tilted his head forty-five degrees to the sky. “Those two devils took all of my possessions a long time ago.”

Everyone here had been robbed by Lu Yun and Qing Ting, so it was no shame to speak of it.

Chapter 1415: Too Excited?

Tongue-tied, Golden Armor stared at Qing Di.

The cultivator solemnly nodded back. “Would we be staying here for the show otherwise if we hadn’t suffered at their hands?”

Being robbed by another was incredibly humiliating, but since everyone present had been robbed, then everyone was on the same level. Only the arcane beasts hadn’t suffered from Lu Yun yet.

“All... all of you... The Champion Duke robbed all of you?” Golden Armor asked dumbly. The Magma Beast next to it also gaped at the cultivators.

They nodded back in unison.

Of course, Dragon Butterfly and the seemingly delicate, yet actually domineering Long Batian didn’t count among the victims. They were being ignored by everyone present.

“Heh heh heh, who would’ve thought that cultivators would be so useless that two people would be able to rob all of you! No wonder the ones that died before didn’t have any seed storage,” smirked Golden Armor. “This part of the void will vanish into the sea after roughly seven days. You’ll have to let us try the dragon gate then.

“What, are you going to kill us if we don’t give you our seed storage and treasure?”

Though no one had told the contestants what to do, they suddenly all knew what they needed to do after arriving here.

The appearance of the dragon gate meant an end to fighting on the seventh floor. Killing others was forbidden here—if Lu Yun continued killing arcane beasts, he would be punished by the rules.

The arcane beasts naturally didn’t think these expressions were ones of positive emotions. Grinding teeth and hanging heads were obvious signs of having been bullied too badly for words.

“Nothing!” Golden Armor set its jaw and shook its head. It was the Golden Armor King’s only son! If these geniuses knew that it’d been robbed... that would be a tremendous loss of face for its father.

More and more arcane beasts barrelled through the gate. There were more than five hundred now, and they were in the same spirits as the first ones to pass through.

“Is... the black dragon king going easy on them? Why are so many successfully making it through?” Everyone had discovered that something was off. Of the arcane beasts that’d leaped over, many of them were too weak to manage the feat. The top one hundred of the ranking had also previously faced the black dragon king and was well aware of its strength.

Chapter 1416: True King

Other than the one hundred or so descendants of arcane beast kings, there were only a handful of beasts who were at a titled duke level. Since they couldn’t cultivate and thus lacked the ability to improve their strength in the same manner as cultivators, their development was up to luck.

The black dragon king possessed the strength of a titled duke—a first step king. It was plainly stronger than most of the arcane beasts that’d passed through the gate. Even though the beasts had absorbed the power of creation for seven days, that only put them infinitely close to the titled duke level.

“That black dragon’s starved for who knows how long. It would never go easy on any living beings that appear before it—so what’s happening out there?” The top one hundred of the Dragonling Ranking was mystified.

However, the arcane beasts that’d passed through seemed to have reached an agreement that they wouldn’t speak of what’d occurred. Golden Armor counted as nobility among its kind, so the arcane beasts on the ranking weren’t at liberty to press it for answers.

The uniformly indignant and highly aggrieved expressions on their brethren’s faces filled them with insatiable curiosity.

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The dragon gate’s arrival obscured the world from the kings at the peak of Dragonhollow Mountain. With it came full display of the rules underpinning the Dragonling Assembly. The gathering wasn’t hosted by any singular person, but by these rules.

Anything with thoughts and intelligence would form selfish desires. That ran counter to the assembly’s original intent. Hence, everything about the Dragonling Assembly was overseen by unfeeling and uncaring rules.

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Though the outside world could no longer see them, cultivators and arcane beasts waiting to pass through the dragon gate stared with dropped jaws, wide eyes, and expressions of incredulity.

Lu Yun was standing in the air over the Hongmeng Sea, tossing down Pills of Creation whenever the black dragon king showed himself. As the dragon king crooned with delight and foraged happily through the giant wave, he ignored whichever arcane beast was attempting to leap over the threshold.

He’d been sealed in this part of the sea for countless eons. Prolonged lack of sustenance had manifested in the slow depletion of his internal force, and what these little not-yet-titled-king creatures possessed weren’t enough to satisfy him at all.

Lu Yun’s pills were precisely what he needed.

Therefore, he only had eyes for Lu Yun and couldn't be bothered with the puny creatures passing by it.

When the last arcane beast passed through, the black dragon king gave a mighty yawn. "Little fellow, thank you for your gift of creation. I would've lost myself in hunger otherwise and become a mindlessly ravaging beast."

"There is no evil in senior's heart, so how would you be directed by bestial instincts?" Lu Yun chuckled. A thousand pills had finally satisfied the black dragon king enough so that it wasn't ruled by hunger.

"Dragonhollow Mountain is no place for the kind, I recommend you avoid it," the black dragon king warned. "Countless numbers of promising talents have participated in the Dragonling Assembly since time immemorial, but none of them received a happy ending..."

"Why did the ancestor azure dragon perish? Is it really like how the stories say, he was consumed by the backlash of trying to break through the barrier around the Hongmeng?" sighed the black dragon king.

"Senior, might I..." Dragon Butterfly suddenly spoke up. She sensed that the black dragon bore the same presence as her. Did they share the same origins?

He swept a glance over her and abruptly opened his mouth, huffing out black smoke that enveloped her.

She trembled like a leaf while incredulity flashed through her eyes—the unique combat art ripples of her Shapeshifting Talisman were completely concealed in the next second.

"You should go back," his voice echoed in her mind. "I came with the same goal as you, but I failed and was instead sealed here to become one of the assembly's tests."

"You sensed the azure dragon's ancestral blood and quickly came in search of it. That feeling is artificially induced."

Dragon Butterfly nodded, then shook her head, transmitting, "I trust the Champion Duke."

"Another thing—someone is controlling the ancestor dragon's will. He is no longer who he once was, so you should be careful." The black dragon king had said all that he wanted to say; it was up to Lu Yun and Dragon Butterfly now whether they listened.

"What should I do to help senior break free?" Lu Yun asked.

"Become a titled king first and fuse your nine dao rules as one, setting foot onto the path of a true king. If you attempt to save me before then, the rules here will recoil and kill us both."

"The waters of Dragonhollow Mountain run deep and even an insignificant character can be a terrifying pawn. You must be careful of everything from the mountain." The black dragon king nodded at Lu Yun before sinking beneath the waves.

Lu Yun and Dragon Butterfly looked at each other.

"What happened? Why did the black dragon king suddenly go on a rampage?" A fearful Qing Ting came up to Lu Yun.

The black dragon was plainly so strong that he only needed to employ some simple techniques to obstruct everyone's senses and ensure that they saw different images.

“A true king...” Lu Yun committed the title to memory. Dao rule fusion came after ninth step kingdom, so that should be the path of true kings. “The black dragon king has left, so let us pass.” He turned to the cultivators behind him.

The group adjusted their clothing and walked toward the gate with their heads held high.

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“A thousand and six arcane beasts passed through the dragon gate?! So many!” Cultivators on the other side shook with dismay when they counted up the numbers. They’d thought that only one hundred at most would successfully evade the black dragon king!

Half step kings who’d just reached the titled duke level would be hard pressed to fend off the dragon’s attacks. But now there were more than a thousand arcane beasts here!

This was an absolute nightmare for the cultivators. It seemed that grueling battles were to come before anyone proceeded to the final rounds of the Dragonling Assembly.

The arcane beasts would certainly band together and eliminate all of the cultivators first. Though many participants didn’t care about the ranking, being listed on it would bring about great benefits that were superior to the power of creation from before!

“What is this? Have all the cultivators been eliminated and only arcane beasts passed?” scowled Li Yiran, the red-haired youth from Ingress Blood Island, Purpleclad, Bloodclad, the venerated enforcer and others. They looked at Azureclad and Crimsonclad.

“Haven’t you guys realized the truth of the matter by the expressions on the arcane beasts’ faces?” Crimsonclad sighed.

“What truth?” The others blinked.

Chapter 1417: Battle Servants

Rumble—

A tremendous shaking rocked the dragon gate.

“You bastard, they want us to leap over the dragon gate. What are you doing smashing it for?” Loud cursing sounded from the other side.

“I just want to see how hard this thing is... And look, it’s made of purple crystal. We’ll be rich if we can break it!” came a blustering response. “You know that I’m really poor right now!”

“Eh? Well, that’s true. Why don’t we try smashing it and see how many purple crystals it contains?”

“Sure!”

“Count me in!”

“I want to try too!”

“All of you, out of the way. All of the purple crystals are mine!”

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

The top one hundred of the Dragonling Ranking geniuses stared, tongue-tied, as the shimmering dragon gate began trembling furiously. Minute cracks appeared in it and—

Hummmm.

The solid gate carved of purple crystal turned into a state of light after a violent shudder. Harrowing attacks pierced through it and shot into the inner world.

“What in the heavens?!” Purpleclad, Li Yiran, and the others jumped with fright. There were more than a thousand attacks flying at them, each on the same level as one from a titled duke half step king!

With so many attacks, even a third step king would be blown to smithereens. Naturally, the beings present on the other side of the gate and the one thousand arcane beasts that’d already passed through jumped and dodged in frenzied pandemonium.

Since killing was forbidden here, the attacks were negated by the rules as soon as they entered the area.

“Huh? Wait a second...” A curious voice called for a halt on the other side.

“What are you blithering idiots doing, attacking the dragon gate?! Do you want the rules to erase you from existence?” Qing Ting harangued them with annoyance. “Hurry up and get your asses over there!”

“Ah, yes, yes!”

Cultivators walked through the dragon gate in an orderly line, all of them wearing heavily cowed expressions and not daring to breathe too loudly.

“This is the truth of the matter?” Purpleclad asked dumbly, turning to Crimsonclad.

“Indeed, this is the truth.” Azureclad nodded instead.

“What a pity.” A wistful expression rose on Crimsonclad’s face. “Many interesting things must’ve happened after we crossed over. Perhaps those arcane beasts were all robbed... We should’ve refrained from being the heroes and just stayed to watch the show.”

“Huh?” Purpleclad and Bloodclad didn’t quite understand her.

“How is this possible?!” shrieked the red-haired youth from Ingress Blood Island. “All of these cultivators are titled duke half step kings??”

Titled dukes weren’t special simply because of their title—they were different from ordinary half step kings. They possessed a special ripple of energy and differed from first step kings only in terms of dao rules and force fields.

Particularly strong half step kings or kings could tell with one glance who was a titled duke and who was an ordinary half step king.

As one titled duke after another walked through the dragon gate of light, their ripples melded into an overwhelming influence. Cultivators who'd already been present on the other side of the gate appraised the new group with trepidation.

"What's taken place for so many titled dukes to appear in the Hongmeng? There are nineteen hundred and ninety-one of them here!" The red-haired youth swallowed hard and pivoted to Azureclad and Crimsonclad.

They shrugged gently and made their way to the other side without second thought, standing with the newly arrived group of cultivators. The newcomers shifted without hesitation, opening up a crack to make space for Azureclad and Crimsonclad.

Purpleclad and Bloodclad stared at each other, their heads spinning.

"Roar!!" Golden Armor and the other arcane beasts couldn't help a threatening snarl at the new arrivals. But when they met Lu Yun's sharp gaze, they involuntarily shrank in on themselves.

"What in the heavens has happened for almost three thousand beings to successfully make it across the dragon gate? What's with the black dragon king? Not only did he not stop the arcane beasts, but he didn't stop any of the cultivators afterwards either?" a dumbfounded Li Yiran muttered to himself.

No one answered him as the top one hundred bore the same expressions.

"According to the rules, we can start selecting our battle servants now, correct?" Li Yiran abruptly came to his senses. "The battles of the Dragonling Ranking are about to begin. We can each choose three servants from the alternative candidates that came after us. These titled dukes can be our battle servants!"

Excitement suddenly gripped him—these were all extremely valuable servants! He'd previously been worried that they'd fall behind the arcane beasts because they wouldn't be able to find satisfactory battle servants. Now it looked like the dragon gate test wouldn't adversely affect the cultivators' chances in the assembly.

Pandemonium engulfed the arcane beasts as they also fought over battle servants.

"You!" The red-haired youth from Ingress Blood Island walked out, pointing at Qing Ting. "You are now my battle servant. If I tell you to go east, you cannot go west, understood?!"

"Remember, my name is Zhan Lingge and I am your master now!" He looked down at Qing Ting with lofty pretension.

"Hmph!" Azureclad snorted. "What do you think you are, Zhan Lingge, to take my baby sister as your battle servant?!"

"So she's your baby sister," sneered Zhan Lingge. "Does Ingress Blood Island lack the right to take a lowly Coiling Dragon citizen for a battle servant?"

"Ingress Blood Island?" Lu Yun frowned, glancing at Qing Ting next to him. She remained coolly composed.

Contrary to the utter mayhem on the arcane beast side, things remained orderly with the cultivators. There was no infighting for battle servants since almost two thousand titled dukes meant more than enough for everyone.

Apart from identifying the top one hundred, there were no other placements on the Dragonling Ranking. There were forty-seven cultivators on it, six less than the arcane beasts. Their true ranks wouldn't be determined until the conclusion of the ranking battles.

Of course, those in the top one hundred now wouldn't necessarily mean they were the final one hundred. Other people had the right to challenge them.

"Sure," Qing Ting smiled. "You need to be strong enough to take me as your battle servant. Come on, let's fight. You're my master if you defeat me!"

Okay, who wants to take bets on the top one hundred getting an ass whoopin' and being robbed now?

Chapter 1418: Robbing to the End

"You're quite a talker, little girl." Instead of flying into a rage, Zhan Lingge smiled faintly. "I can take three battle servants, so I claim you, the Azureclad Duke, and the Crimsonclad Duke!"

He turned around to look at Purpleclad and Bloodclad.

These four dukes were listed together in the Hongmeng. Since he wanted to take two of them as his battle servants, that was setting himself against the other two. At the same time, Zhan Lingge was well aware that some minute changes had occurred in Purpleclad and Bloodclad's mentality.

The latter two were listed in the top one hundred of the Dragonling Ranking while Azureclad and Crimsonclad were not. A gap had thus opened up between the four—possessing the same level of strength was the prerequisite for being birds of a feather.

In other words, Azureclad and Crimsonclad no longer had the right to be on the same footing in the other two's hearts. Everything that'd been expressed earlier had been the final vestiges of their shared histories. Now that the battles of the Dragonling Ranking were about to begin, any friendship that once existed was dust upon the wind.

Purpleclad and Bloodclad would soon select their battle servants as well, so there was no need to offend Zhan Lingge right at this very moment. The two dukes' backgrounds were much less than the youth from Ingress Blood Island.

Zhan Lingge smirked to see the two dukes remain unmoved.

"The three of you can come at me at the same time. I'll beat you until you're satisfied and wholeheartedly willing to be my battle servants." He crooked his finger at his chosen targets. In his eyes, the remaining two dukes were the strongest out of the titled dukes present.

Bam!

A fist smashed heavily into his eyeball the moment he stopped talking. Zhan Lingge shrieked with agony and flew backwards.

Azureclad shifted into motion the second the youth was flung back, but a tiny foot stuck itself out and sent him flying as well.

“That fellow’s mine.” Qing Ting had knocked Zhan Lingge away with one punch and swiftly turned on her own brother with a kick.

Azureclad hadn’t suffered any actual harm. He nodded with a rueful smile, returning to Crimsonclad’s side. She didn’t show any intention of moving. With Qing Ting’s currently strong personality iteration, Zhan Lingge was in for a painful time.

He’d struggled up from the ground and dabbed at the traces of blood by his lips.

“It appears I’ve underestimated you...”

Bam!

Qing Ting stepped forward and kicked him in the face. He shrieked again and hurtled backward.

The scene immediately quieted down. This was a stunning genius in the top one hundred of the Dragonling Ranking, one of the strongest beneath titled kingdom!

Yet he’d been sent flying twice by a seemingly harmless little girl??

“Didn’t your parents teach you to shut your mouth when you’re fighting?” Azureclad’s sword light glowed dimly at the tips of her fingers. She seemed to have made her moves casually, but she’d already called upon the sword’s power.

Zhan Lingge was an absolute powerhouse who could possibly stand toe-to-toe with a third step king. Qing Ting had to face him with everything at her disposal.

He stood up and took a deep breath. “Little girl, you’ve successfully made me—”

Bam!

Qing Ting stepped forward with sword light circling around her body. She lifted her foot and kicked out at Zhan Lingge’s face.

“You little bitch!” he roared. Having been sent flying twice, he would just as soon die of humiliation if he fell to the same thing a third time.

Blood-red radiance blossomed around him as a bloody halberd materialized behind his back and fell into his hand. He swept it at Qing Ting’s diminutive form a second before her blow arrived.

Clang!

Azure light and bloody sparks sprayed in all directions. Zhan Lingge stumbled three steps backward, almost losing his grip on the halberd in the recoil.

“She’s crazily strong!” he gasped, incredulity brimming in his eyes. As strong as the little girl might be, he’d thought that she wouldn’t be on the level of the top one hundred in the Dragonling Ranking. The power she was displaying, however, wasn’t that much weaker than his!

Qing Ting had popped Pills of Creation like candy over the past seven days and absorbed Lu Yun's tutelage when he instructed the other cultivators. Gleaning what she needed from the lessons, her cultivation had bounded forward.

More importantly, she'd been able to trade insights with Lu Yun as well.

Top one hundred in the Dragonling Ranking?

Perhaps she'd reached that long ago.

After taking the upper hand with her move, she didn't let up and rained a furious storm of blows onto Zhan Lingge, attacking him from all directions. Every attack was lethal and every blow targeted his vital points.

They couldn't kill on these premises, but her attacks were so harrowing that the red-haired youth was deeply afraid the rules would miss one of them and allow him to end up dead.

He snarled with fury, wanting to swing his halberd around and counter attack, but Qing Ting was always one step ahead and scattered the trajectory of whatever combat art he wanted to bring to bear.

"AHHHHHHH!!" Zhan Lingge was almost out of his mind. He hadn't been on the losing side of a fight since he became a titled duke, whether he faced ghosts or Immortal Region cultivators. He'd never been so worse for the wear!

Most frightening was that the little girl in front of him seemed to be able to predict what combat arts he wanted to use!

She tapped a critical point on several occasions before he could deploy his combat art, forcing him to stop and almost suffer the backlash of a hastily aborted technique.

After exchanging roughly three hundred moves, Qing Ting seized upon a weakness and bashed her opponent's left shoulder. Zhan Lingge cried out with pain and barely avoided having his shoulder flayed open.

Qing Ting darted forward and kicked him down to the ground, placing her foot on his chest.

"I... lost?" Zhan Lingge couldn't believe it. He'd lost to a battle servant when he'd tried to select her?

"You lose." Qing Ting's breathing was uneven and her long black hair in a bit of disarray, but her bright eyes were locked grimly on her opponent.

"Do you... want to claim me for your battle servant?" he forced out through gritted teeth. If he was taken as a battle servant instead, he would be firmly nailed to the pillar of shame.

"What do I want a battle servant for? I'm not one of the esteemed top one hundred geniuses." Qing Ting tapped her foot on his chest.

Zhan Lingge's face burned. The words "esteemed top one hundred geniuses" seemed to slap him like a giant hand.

"This is a robbery!" she suddenly yelled in his face. "Hand over your seed storage and all of your treasures!"

Zhan Lingge's expression froze.

Chapter 1419: My Good Martial Grandson

Zhan Lingge looked blankly at Qing Ting, not quite grasping her meaning.

This is a robbery?

This is a what now?

"Do you not understand my words?" She repeated herself, "Hand over your seed storage and all of your treasures."

Zhan Lingge came to his senses.

"And if I don't?" he forced out through grit teeth. Being defeated by his would-be battle servant was humiliating enough. If she then robbed him of his treasures, he might as well slit his own throat.

"If you don't? Then I'll..." Qing Ting turned to Lu Yun, who had nothing but a wry smile for her. She'd gotten too addicted to robbing others.

"If you don't, we'll strip you naked and hang you up here!" Qing Di stepped forward with a grimace before Lu Yun could respond. "Qing Ting won't have to do a thing, we'll strip you naked ourselves!"

Zhan Lingge found it hard to process what he was hearing. While he floundered, the one thousand and ninety-three cultivators that'd passed through the dragon gate closed ranks around the cultivators and arcane beasts that'd originally been present.

"We can't kill people here, right?" Seven Slaughters murmured to himself. "But we can break his limbs, strip him naked, then hang him up..."

"How can you be so cruel?!" Zhan Lingge roared. "Fine, fine, I'll hand them over!"

He severed his connection to his seed storage and gave his blood-red halberd to Qing Ting.

A strange shift had taken place in the minds of the cultivators that Lu Yun and Qing Ting had robbed. Since we've already been robbed, who cares about anything else? Let's drag more people down with us!

"It's your turn next!" Qing Ting regarded the other cultivators with a frosty look. "Come here for a fight! I'll be your battle servant if you beat me, but you'll hand over your treasures and seed storage if you lose!"

"What are you doing, Qing Ting?!" Purpleclad shouted her down. "Do you know you're causing disaster for Coiling Dragon City?!"

All of the cultivators present were ranked in the top one hundred of the Dragonling Ranking. Not only were there unparalleled geniuses among them, there were also numerous characters like the Purpleclad and Bloodclad Dukes who couldn't be seen through.

Zhan Lingge wasn't part of the upper echelon; defeating him only meant that Qing Ting was worthy of being listed in the top one hundred, not that she would dominate everyone else!

Indeed, many ranked geniuses regarded her with amusement, not anger. Zhan Lingge? He was just below average in their group.

“Don’t worry.” Azureclad stepped forward and patted his sister’s shoulder. “You’re not alone, we’re your shield.”

“That’s right, all of us are your shield. You can be bold and rob all of the scum here! You want to claim us as your battle servants? Go look at yourself in the mirror first!” Seven Slaughters, Blackclad, and Golden Dragon cursed loudly.

“Just us alone might find it difficult to rob the top one hundred. How about this—hey, arcane beasts from earlier! If you work with us and help rob these geniuses, I’ll gift you some jelly beans for your trouble. How about it?” Lu Yun chuckled. “I still have some of that candy lying around, it should be enough for everyone.”

“Do you mean that?!” Even the cultivators by his side gaped, not just the arcane beasts. They knew what he meant by jelly beans—Pills of Creation!

He’d given them only to Qing Ting, Azureclad, Crimsonclad, Qing Di, and Leng Che earlier. Everyone else had to just take in the pill’s fragrance. Lu Yun plainly meant to use them as remuneration in return for helping rob the top one hundred!

The arcane beasts ferociously fighting to avoid becoming battle servants cried out with excitement.

“Deal! But I want three jelly beans!” Golden Armor used the unfamiliar word instead of the pill’s actual name.

“That’s fine.” Lu Yun nodded and looked at the cultivators again, also giving out three pills to Seven Slaughters, Blackclad, Golden Dragon, and other heavyweights among the leaders.

Twenty-nine hundred and ninety-nine cultivators and arcane beasts, Lu Yun and Qing Ting included, took to the air and surrounded the cultivators and beasts below them. An overwhelming aura bore down on those one hundred beings.

“Are you really going to rob us?” said the venerated enforcer. His expression flickered unsteadily as he studied Lu Yun’s face. Though he didn’t recognize Lu Yun, the venerated enforcer might as well ram his head against a pillar if the vaunted disciple of the Purple King fell to this motley array of cultivators and arcane beasts.

There were more than two thousand titled dukes among the twenty-nine hundred and ninety-nine. This was far from a small number and the one hundred was no match for that combined strength. Qing Ting, Azureclad, Crimsonclad, the mysterious Qing Di, Seven Slaughters, and that seemingly very weak Champion Duke seemed to be the group’s leaders.

Jelly beans? What was that?

“Golden Armor!! Are you going to team up with the cultivators against us?!” rang dissatisfied snarls from the arcane beasts.

“Didn’t you want to claim me as a battle servant just moments ago?” Golden Armor was noncommittal, but firmly remained on Lu Yun’s side and didn’t return to its own kind.

“Azureclad, we...” Purpleclad smiled ruefully and was interrupted before he could complete the thought.

“You are of the top one hundred of the Dragonling Assembly. Crimsonclad and I have been in a different world compared to you since a long time ago.” Azureclad shook his head. He’d sensed Purpleclad and Bloodclad’s attitudes earlier. There would be no mercy shown to his former friends.

Since they thought nothing of previous relationships and permitted Zhan Lingge to do as he would, then there was nothing Azureclad wanted to say more on the matter. He flared his strength, condensing a dense wave of energy in the air. He wasn’t any weaker than Purpleclad and Bloodclad, and was in fact, a hair stronger!

“We won’t have to do anything if you voluntarily hand over your treasures and seed storage. That will save you the humiliation,” Crimsonclad picked up naturally. She’d somehow absorbed bad influences at an unknown point in time.

“Take them.” The venerated enforcer set his jaw and tossed his flying sword and seed storage to Lu Yun.

“Hehehe, my good martial grandson, this is just tempering for your mind and soul. It’ll be hard for you to grow and develop if you don’t encounter some setbacks,” Lu Yun’s voice echoed in the venerated one’s mind. The latter’s expression froze.

When the other cultivators saw him capitulate and not go toe-to-toe with twenty-nine hundred and ninety-nine opponents, they didn’t force the issue either. If they were truly defeated and hung up naked, that would be worse than death. Handing over their possessions didn’t mean they’d lost—it was just out of consideration for the greater picture.

Zhan Lingge wanted to cry. He was the only one out of the group that’d been defeated!

Chapter 1420: No Wonder He’s My Martial Grandfather

The venerated enforcer’s face spasmed. He’d always been slightly contemptuous of his young martial grandfather, feeling that Lu Yun’s only momentous feat was to have sired the Purple King. So what if he was a supplemental king and had broken the monopoly exerted by the Immortal Region and Supplemental Dao Alliance? There were many who could do the same in the Hongmeng, they just didn’t want to make enemies out of the two factions.

But Lu Yun’s actions now completely exceeded the realm of regular understanding. Judging from the current situation, it seemed that he’d robbed every single cultivator and arcane beast that’d leapt through the dragon gate.

They wanted to ensure that others were also robbed so it felt like it balanced out their own losses, didn’t they?

Yet, one or two people robbing nearly a thousand cultivators and arcane beasts? That was a little too ridiculous!

Despite how incredulous it seemed, Lu Yun, Qing Ting, and their host of accomplices did indeed go on to rob all top one hundred geniuses of the Dragonling Ranking and claim all of their treasures. Naturally, there were many cultivators and arcane beasts who refused to comply; they were stripped naked and hung up for all to see—exactly according to what’d been threatened.

Arcane beasts were even worse off for their defiance. Their claws, fur, scales, and any horns on their head were stripped and turned in to a merry Lu Yun. He shared nothing with anyone else. Even Qing Ting could only look on with unanswered eagerness.

All of the top one hundred possessed stunning backgrounds—Purpleclad and Bloodclad included. Claiming any part of this loot would bring trouble down on the instigator's head.

The operation thus concluded, Lu Yun openly took out pills from his seed storage and distributed them.

"These are the jelly beans that he spoke of?!" Bloodclad's jaw dropped. What jelly bean?! These were Pills of Creation exuding the rich power of creation!

"Mhmm, these jelly beans." Qing Ting nodded and brought one out from her robes, delicately placing it on her tongue and closing her mouth around it like she was savoring a piece of candy.

The top one hundred geniuses swallowed hard. They'd arrived at Dragonhollow Mountain more than half a month ago and absorbed a decent amount of creation, greatly enhancing their strength. However, the amount they'd absorbed didn't seem to amount to a hundredth of a single pill!

Envious, jealous, and highly discontent after losing all of their possessions, these geniuses almost had their cultivation spontaneously deviate.

"What if we claimed these geniuses as our battle servants?" Qing Di suddenly raised, quickening the breathing of his comrades and sending a variety of emotions through the top one hundred.

If they became battle servants, then they would well and truly be jokes forever nailed to a pillar of shame. They were supposed to be the peerless geniuses of the realm, third step kings at least when they ascended to titled kingship.

But if they were the battle servants of the latecomers instead, their dao hearts would certainly collapse and they might not even ascend to kingship! Since they'd lost all of their weapons and other treasures, the band of new arrivals absolutely outmatched them.

"Don't push your luck, they still need to battle the geniuses of Dragonhollow Mountain and cement the true Dragonling Ranking. Weaklings like us should refrain from participating," objected the mysterious girl Long Batian. "Or do some of you actually want to fight that group of perverse geniuses?"

"I do!" Qing Di took a deep breath. "The geniuses of Dragonhollow Mountain won't lack for the power of creation—they're the true elites of the realm. I would have no regrets in life if I could battle them, even if I lose."

"The true elites of the Hongmeng?" Dragon Butterfly leaned against Long Batian and mumbled, "You might as well challenge the Champion Duke and Qing Ting."

"Forget I said anything." Qing Di shut his mouth.

"Stay away from me, why are you always hanging around me?" Annoyed, Long Batian narrowed her eyes at Dragon Butterfly. The latter was currently in the form of a beautiful young man—a pleasantly agreeable complement to the girl. Dragon Butterfly also liked staying physically close to Long Batian, a preference that was very awkward for the girl.

“I’ll tell you this, we’re the only ones here who haven’t been robbed by those two devils. Therefore, we need to team up. What if they change their minds and try robbing us? We’ll be able to help each other!” Dragon Butterfly chuckled next to Long Batian’s ear. “And, your Long surname is the character for dragon. My surname is dragon—maybe we were part of the same family fifty billion years ago!”

Long Batian’s ears turned red and she surreptitiously shifted to the side.

Things finally settled down. The top one hundred geniuses sat sullenly off to the side, cultivating without uttering a word. Activity buzzed with the other group—the arcane beasts from the rainbow bridge sidled up to Lu Yun after taking the Pills of Creation and shamelessly requested him to instruct them in cultivation!

Well, not cultivation, since arcane beasts couldn’t cultivate. They wanted Lu Yun to give them pointers in their combat arts and battle methods.

He agreed after a period of contemplation. The remaining arcane beasts and cultivators actually sat down together, conversing with enthusiasm and verifying each other’s cultivation reflections. After robbing the top one hundred together, it felt like they were all in this together. Any conflict that’d existed on the bridge had long been expunged by the Pills of Creation.

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The top one hundred raised eyebrows at each other to see cultivators and arcane beasts sparring and debating each other in high spirits.

“Since when did cultivators and arcane beasts get along so well?” Purpleclad asked with some incredulity.

While the top one hundred clearly distanced themselves from the later arrivals, they didn’t sit with each other either. Cultivator and arcane beast still looked warily at the other.

“Wait, look over there!” Bloodclad’s eyes widened. “That green snake has reached a titled duke level!”

“What?!”

“That fast?? It had a long journey to make before it reached that level of strength. Even if it’s taken a Pill of Creation, it would need a certain amount of time to digest it...” Shock and unease rippled through the top one hundred.

“It’s the Champion Duke,” sighed the venerated enforcer. “He’s teaching them how to easily digest the energy within the pill. These cultivators have probably all made it to the titled duke level thanks to his instruction. He’s different, alright.”

A strange expression floated onto his face. This was his second time meeting his little martial grandfather and it hadn’t taken that long for Lu Yun to reach such heights himself!

“No wonder he’s my martial grandfather and sired someone as incomparable as my master,” he breathed inaudibly.