

Necropolis 1521

Chapter 1521: The Cultivation Method of Three Lives Lu Yun labored under tremendous pressure—anyone else in his position would already be dead on the spot. But since he'd chosen to ascend to titled kingdom next to the Azure Dragon Lake, he was naturally prepared with all manner of contingency. He stepped forward with his right foot, taking just one step.

Boooooom!

An immense explosion accompanied a huge wave from the waters beneath his foot. The order of opposition and power of destruction that'd dispersed was once again present, awakened by his summons!

Six balls of light blazing like miniature suns appeared next to him—the six orders of the highest degree from the chaos. They formed a mammoth Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals that operated at maximum strength. Influence from the six dao palaces also drifted in and out of sight within the orders.

Their combined aura was more than a hundred times stronger than the same formation deployed in the mythological realm!

But faced with a barrage from three thousand true kings, the mighty formation lasted only a dozen breaths before collapsing. The regathered order of opposition and power of destruction also fully dissipated.

From this moment on, Azure Dragon Lake was just an ordinary lake, its waters no different from anyplace else in the Hongmeng. Everything that'd made it different had completely disappeared. A joint offensive from three thousand true kings was enough to raze any place of danger in the Hongmeng.

Ten inches of time appeared in Lu Yun's hand the moment his formation collapsed. He called upon the method of nothing to use his handful of time; the method of nothing could activate the sequence of time!

A wisp of sequence appeared in the void, melding into the ten inches of time.

Boooooom!

A hundred million kilometers of space trembled as Lu Yun's ten inches of time transformed into a leaping river of purple water. It ran through the earth and sky of the third realm and rendered attacks from three thousand true kings into dust—reduced to a footnote in history through the power of time.

"Ten days? That's not too long." When Lu Yun lifted his head, the flow of time around him began to speed up.

"It's the order of time he's gotten water from the river of time in the lost ancient city!" shouted the Yin Potentate. "Break!"

She was a female potentate in a black silk dress. Haughty and aloof, she was stronger than the Terra and Metal Potentates. Of their peers, the Yin and Yang Potentates were the two strongest in the realm.

A streak of black sword light raced from her hand and slashed viciously at the river of time running through the land.

Bam!

The sword light hacked an opening through the river, shaking the waters. Despite that, fear still appeared on the faces of the true kings.

They were all immortal since there was no time in the Hongmeng. They would live forever as long as no one killed them. But when it came to time, even potentates were faced with a limited life span. They would eventually age and die, turning into the dust of the realm.

The river of time in front of them would have that effect on any of them. So even though the Yin Potentate had cleaved it apart with one blow, they still didn't draw near.

It was an instinctive fear deeply rooted in all beings of the third realm.

"Piece of trash!" The Yang Potentate—the Yin Potentate's dao partner—suddenly put away his key and dove from the skies, aiming a fist at Lu Yun's head.

The Immortal King had utilized the order of time to accelerate the solidification of his dao rules. With the job complete, the Hongmeng Tower was already fading away. It wouldn't protect Lu Yun in its absence, so there was no point to the eleven potentates further suppressing the tower.

The Yang Potentate was the first to make his move. Encompassed within his punch was a vast meaning as infinite as the pure seas. He was a hundred million kilometers up in the sky one second and in front of Lu Yun the next.

The river of time crumbled away when the potentate's blow landed on it.

Too strong.

The potentate was so strong that he stood at the apex of the third realm. He was one tiny step away from piercing through the barrier around the Hongmeng. But currently, his strength was infinitely close to the void refinement level of the fourth realm.

The overlord of Ice had passed on the method of nothing to Lu Yun, but the ten inches of time came from the Hongmeng. The Yang Potentate might not have approached if the entire river of time was present; a mere ten inches wasn't enough to deter him.

"I see." A trace of understanding wove into Lu Yun's thoughts as he looked at the Yang Potentate's snarling face. "If there is no time, then there is no changing of the times. Anything would forget their original intent and motivation after all these years."

Once upon a time, the ten divine nations had come to be in order to protect the Hongmeng. They would suppress the ten fissures to safeguard all beings within the realm. But after all these long years and lacking the memories of time, they'd forgotten what their original purpose was and who they were.

Perhaps they'd grown tired or had come to hate their mission. Perhaps they'd changed to pursuit of self interest and now collected the strength of the realm to break through the barrier and escape this prison.

It was what had happened to the Ten Valleys of Evil.

The Dao King hadn't opposed them simply so he could seize the world of immortals, but because the valleys had changed. If it wasn't for the Immortal Region exerting pressure and keeping them away from other matters, the ten valleys might've lived up to their name and become a major pestilence in the Hongmeng a long time ago.

Boooooom!

An earth-shattering explosion sounded. Lu Yun's river of time completely broke apart, but so did the Yang Potentate fly backward. A pair of scarlet hammers had appeared in front of the young man. Though they burned with flames, their core was pale-blue ice.

Everyone saw the blazing hammers of ice in Lu Yun's hands—the Glacial Fire Hammers.

"That's Feng Feifan's weapons of sequence! What's it doing in the Immortal King's hands?!" shrieked the Terra Potentate.

"Feng Feifan is the Immortal King and the headmaster of immortal dao!" called out the Curse King, still standing off against the Dao King. "He used the mistress' cultivation method of three lives to cultivate his past, present, and future selves. Feng Feifan is his past self that was sent to the mythological realm!

"He sired the Purple King in the past. The Purple King is the son of the Immortal King!"

"What?!" Collective gasps of shock sounded through the realm.

The mistress' cultivation method of three lives?

There was no time in the Hongmeng, so it was almost impossible to travel to the past or future. But the mistress of the Hongmeng had done it, and she'd traveled from the historical Hongmeng to the present day world of immortals. The Dao King hadn't been able to find any trace of her no matter where he searched.

"I see." The Fish King in Azure Dragon City finally understood what was going on. His past self! "Then my master will surely show himself for this."

etvolare's Thoughts

Seems like everything's coming to a head... I think we're done with the third realm after this?

Chapter 1522: Coming in Continuous SuccessionThe Immortal King is the Purple King's father!

The revelation sent everyone's heads spinning. Some had thought that even if the Immortal King was related to the Purple King, he was either the king's heir or descendant. But he was actually the Purple King's father??

Jin Naluo was off to the side in the shadows and had once heard Lu Yun make a similar claim, but thought nothing of it. What, he's really the Purple King's old man?!

No one doubted the Curse King's words.

Lu Yun sent the Yang Potentate flying with a swing of his hammers, but he was also suffering tremendously from their clash. The Yang Potentate was a true potentate while Lu Yun was just a ninth step king!

Indeed, Lu Yun was truly a ninth step titled king now, once the strongest level in the Hongmeng. His title was still the Immortal King!

Previously received for his mastery in supplemental dao, he now confirmed it with battle strength. Nine dao rules had taken root in his body. He'd officially set foot on the deviated path and reached its end.

The many numerous ninth step kings present at the scene kept their eyes on the Immortal King. They dearly wished for him to survive. If he did, then they also had hope to become true kings and potentates.

"Kill him." The Yang Potentate's body drifted down in a spiral from the air.

The three thousand true kings looked at each other—they were afraid. Lu Yun had blocked many of their combined attacks when he was still in the superior realm. After he reached ninth step kingship, he'd used his weapons of sequence to force back the strongest potentate in the realm. What was he capable of now?

"Kill!" came a furious yell from the horizon.

An enormous blue crossbow bolt suddenly appeared in front of Lu Yun, circled past his Glacial Fire Hammers, and shot for the center of his forehead.

It was so fast that he didn't have time to react. He didn't even have time to form a thought before the bolt arrived in front of his eyes. At the same time, a ray of brilliant purple-golden light rose from the center of his brows and transformed into a golden pagoda that blocked the crossbow bolt.

Bam!!

The Aer Crossbows, divine weapons protecting the divine nation of Aer that were on par with the Terra Crossbows!

"The ten divine nations have indeed changed." The Army Pagoda slowly grew bigger as the king soldier as well as a hundred and eight soldiers walked out. They were now all true kings, and the king soldier rivaled the rulers of the divine nations. This still wasn't their peak condition, however. They were constrained by the Hongmeng since its orders were scrambled; they couldn't deploy their full strength in the realm.

Despite that, the sudden addition of a hundred and nine true kings by Lu Yun's side gave him an unparalleled boost in strength and confidence.

During this time, the battle remained confined to the air over Azure Dragon Lake without spreading to other areas. Four figures stood in the cardinal directions, sealing away the premises and turning it into another dimension.

The Pill King, Weapon King, Talisman King, and Formation King!

As spirits projected by the four supplemental orders of the Hongmeng, they couldn't take part in the battle, but they could restrict its area of effect. Otherwise, successive moves from a mass of true kings and potentates would've pierced through Azure Dragon Region itself. Even the Hongmeng would quake from the fallout.

The Curse King didn't dare say anything to the four projections and neither did the eleven potentates dare interfere with their actions.

The appearance of the king soldier and others failed to deter those of the ten divine nations. Another ten crossbow bolts whistled in from ten different directions after the Aer Crossbows failed to connect with their mark. The ultimate weapons of all ten divine nations were firing at the same time!

The rulers of the ten nations each wielded crossbows of light. Bolstered by the eleven potentates, there was no limit to the amount of strength that the rulers could bring to bear.

Roaring angrily, the king soldier pointed the pagoda toward Lu Yun to protect his master. He knew full well what kind of power all ten weapons combined would result in. Perhaps they still wouldn't come close to a divine weapon of sequence, but some part of their marvelous strength could circle past the hammers and mash Lu Yun into a pulp.

The Army Pagoda released the strongest power it could currently bring to bear and swept nearly tangible curtains of aureate light in all sides. When the ten crossbow bolts sank into the curtains, it was like they were swallowed by a bog. However, they were still able to release an exceedingly odd strength that instantly broke through the pagoda's defenses and slammed into Lu Yun's Glacial Fire Hammers.

Blood dribbled out of Lu Yun's mouth. His method of nothing was being affected and the hammers were losing some of their potency!

"The ten who crafted the greatest weapons of the divine nations are stronger than the overlord of Ice!" He realized with shock and swiftly thought better of his tiny arrogance. As strong as the overlord was, the ten founders—whether of the ten divine nations or the Ten Valleys of Evil—were even greater!

Even just a singular Violetgrave was the materialization of the Nether Hell! The other nine would be as equally impressive as her.

The three thousand true kings regrouped and rushed Lu Yun.

"Whoever comes up will die!" snarled the king soldier as a blade appeared in his hand. He led his men in a howling charge at the true kings.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Immortal King will soon be dead. Do we kill him, or do we capture him to see what makes him so special?" asked the Metal Potentate. "When I visited Multitude City earlier, I couldn't break its defensive formation."

"Kill him so we can avoid loose ends," the Yang Potentate responded noncommittally. "Whatever makes him special is his alone. If we capture him, that will only turn out badly for us."

"In that case, we will kill him and eliminate all chances of redemption." The others nodded and materialized from the void, attacking Lu Yun at the same time.

"Do you see that, Dao King?" smiled the Curse King. "Lu Yun will still die though you've restrained me."

“That’s not necessarily true.” Glyphs intersected beneath the Dao King’s cross-legged position—a primitive trajectory of the fourth realm. Two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of them formed a cage in the air and trapped him and the Curse King.

A massive roar echoed as soon as the Curse King finished speaking. Amid gazes of astonishment, a blackqilinas large as a purple crystal mountain stepped out of the void and crashed through the eleven potentates’ attacks with a single fore claw.

“The blackqilinfrom the lost ancient city It abstains from the conflicts of the Hongmeng and even gave up a position as the fifth ancestral god, so why is it getting involved now?” The Yang Potentate and others greeted the development with unwelcome surprise.

Next to the blackqilinalso came the azure dragon, white tiger, vermilion bird, and black tortoise ancestral gods.

etvolare’s Thoughts

...because Lu Yun promised it a massive carrot?

Chapter 1523: SourceThe azure dragon, white tiger, vermilion bird, and black tortoise ancestral gods had come with the blackqilinfrom the lost ancient city, the one that’d forfeited its position as an ancestral god.

“Shoo, shoo, go on, get. Don’t hang around that bastard Curse King or you’ll all be in for it.” The blackqilinsneezed explosively and called out leisurely to the three thousand true kings. “You’ve got some nerve, kid! You know this is a deviated path, but you still plunged headfirst into it!”

The blackqilinturned around and harrumphed at Lu Yun. “Your two dao partners are different. One shattered her ninth rule before it stabilized and returned to being an eighth step king. The other took the final step to true kingship before she became a ninth step king. And what areyoudoing?

“Your nine dao rules have stabilized, so it’s almost impossible for you to take that step anymore.” While the blackqilinusually looked befuddled and distracted, he was actually keenly aware of a lot of things.

“Don’t worry, senior, this junior has a plan.” Lu Yun calmed his slightly disorderly qi and raised a cupped fist salute at the blackqilin.He then paused as wisps of goodwill collected from all directions and melded into his body. These were stronger than any goodwill he’d absorbed in the third realm thus far.

It would seem that those watching in the crowds were finally moved by what they were witnessing. Even the blackqilinfelt that the Immortal King had sent himself to a dead end in directly becoming a ninth step king. Yet the king had striven forward without a doubt, shaking them to the core of their being.

“Blackqilin,you’re just the equivalent of a potentate and those ancestral gods are half crippled true kings. What right do you have to stop us?” sneered the eleven potentates. “Don’t think we aren’t willing or are afraid to kill you. You sealed your doom the second you stepped out of the lost ancient city.”

“You’ll have to tread over my dead body first if you want to touch him.” The blackqilinwas massive at several tens of thousands of kilometers tall. The eleven potentates weren’t even a speck of dust in its eyes and it fully suppressed their combined aura.

Battle was joined again.

Although the qilin had said that Lu Yun's path was a dead end, the potentates still didn't dare let the young man walk out of here alive.

Roaring, the black qilin released balls of pitch-black energy from its mouth. Its target was the true kings instead of the eleven potentates!

The true kings were locked in a pitched melee with the king soldier and other soldiers; they hadn't stopped when the ancestral gods appeared on the scene. With the black qilin also attacking them, they were quickly decimated in a frenzied mess of wails and shrieks.

"Piss off or you'll all die here!" the black qilinsnarled.

The azure dragon and others made their move as well, utilizing their core strength of creation, origin, eternity, and truth. These four most marvelous sources of power that defined order itself assimilated as one and blossomed as a lotus flower.

Kaboom!

The eleven potentates were sent flying by the blooming flower as soon as they stepped forward.

"Idiots!" Sitting cross-legged in the air, the Curse King scowled.

"Do you have any other tricks up your sleeve?" The Dao King relaxed ever so slightly and smiled at his opponent.

"I wasn't actually counting on those eleven idiots to take down someone like Lu Yun." The Curse King looked sideways at the Dao King. "Are you disappointed that the mistress of the Hongmeng hasn't appeared?"

The Dao King didn't respond; his heart tightened with sudden anxiety.

Aouuuuuu!

A bright dragon croon sounded over Azure Dragon Region as the dead dragon that the Fish King had previously utilized came to life once more.

"What?? Why is that dead dragon alive again??" Fretfully watching the battle from the walls of Azure Dragon City, the Fish King exclaimed with shock when she sensed the familiar power. She'd used it against Lu Yun before, so she knew it well. But right now, it'd somehow turned into the force of a living dragon!

A dragon that shared nearly the same origin as the azure dragon ancestral god!

The azure dragon hadn't told Lu Yun the truth about the dead dragon, and neither had the black dragon king in the Hongmeng Sea nor the Azure Dragon Divine King.

"You my self of evil!" Busily directing the power of creation in the sky, the Azure Dragon Divine King gasped with dismay.

Self of evil!

The black dragon king was something that the Azure Dragon Divine King had cut off from himself—a replica that'd broken free of his control!

A bird croon, tiger snarl, and tortoise snap followed close behind before a black vermilion bird, white tiger, and black tortoise came on the clouds of black smoke. They were wreathed in dense qi of death, just like a black azure dragon.

“Bastard, bastard, absolutely fucking bastard!” raged the black dragon king in the Hongmeng Sea. He was the owner of the dead dragon corpse—the black azure dragon. He was the new spirit that'd been born in the replica severed by the Azure Dragon Divine King.

But now, that body had shaken off his grasp and was more like a living zombie. A thick chain shot out of the depths of the Hongmeng Sea and confined the black dragon king's soul within the waters.

A ray of black light also floated up from Dragonhollow Mountain; a terrible curse was rising.

This was the Curse King's strength.

The four ancestral gods keened in agony before their bodies turned black and they became one with their selves of evil. Jointly attacking the eleven potentates just a moment ago, they immediately turned around and leapt at the blackqilin.

Caught off guard, the blackqilin's body exploded.

“See, that blackqilin wouldn't have died if you didn't seek help from Dragonhollow Mountain,” the Curse King laughed heartily.

“So you'd cursed Dragonhollow Mountain a long time ago and the Dragonling Assembly and Ranking are all apart of it!” The Dao King's expression flickered uncertainly. Nearly all of the geniuses who participated in historic Dragonling Assemblies were met with a grisly end—this was plainly the work of a curse!

“That's right,” nodded the Curse King. “It's also my doing that there's only Dragonhollow Mountain left out of the residences for the ancestral gods. I used the mountain to curse them all.

“What a pity that there's only Lu Yun on the ranking. I wouldn't need to go to all this effort if it wasn't for that. I would need to levy just one small curse to destroy the root of this Hongmeng.

“But it's not too late, the True King Pact has been formed. I've won over all of the true kings and eleven potentates in the realm, using them as a sacrifice for my curse. This Hongmeng will wither, sooner or later,” chuckled the Curse King. “So does it matter whether I'm on the battlefield or not? It's not you restricting me, but me keeping you in check.”

“Did you lure the Fire Virtue Potentate here too?” The Dao King glowered.

“That mistress of the Hongmeng is about to show herself,” the Curse King suddenly lifted his head. “She was the one who regathered the third realm after the original Hongmeng collapsed and ensured the survival of its foundations. It's all over once she's dead.”

Chapter 1524: He's HereThe blackqilinexploded in a rain of blood and gore. But soon after, the flesh splattered over the ground twitched and wriggled, forming smaller blackqilins.They pawed the ground and snarled, rushing the four ancestral gods and eleven potentates.

The blackqilinpossessed extraordinary vitality—it could spontaneously resurrect even if its nascent spirit and true spirit were crushed, to say nothing of just its body.

However, the four ancestral gods were now living corpses of a curse. They were fully under the Curse King's control. The power of creation, origin, truth, and eternity flooded out at the Curse King's behest, even stronger than when the four ancestral gods wielded them. The blackqilinwas sliced and diced again and again, turning into more miniature versions each time.

The eleven potentates roared with laughter and advanced on Lu Yun. They worked together, facing the man who'd revitalized immortal dao and become the headmaster of its academy with utmost caution.

Even if he was only an ant in their eyes, they were going to bring their strongest strength to bear to brutally squash this nuisance.

Lu Yun waved the Glacial Fire Hammers around, fully preoccupied as the ultimate weapons of the ten divine nations fired on him without pause.

Boom!

The void over Azure Dragon Lake shook violently again, sending dismay through the eleven potentates as they forcefully retracted the attacks they'd yet to send out. They flew back hundreds of millions of miles, staring at the sky above them with shock and anger.

The Hongmeng Tower was present again.

"Look, the Hongmeng Tower is here," chuckled the Curse King. "It wouldn't appear for no reason, its mistress is back."

"No, she's not," the Dao King responded woodenly.

"Hmm?" The Curse King blinked.

"She's given up on the Hongmeng Tower. It would never appear if she was here, I know her." He looked to the banks of Azure Dragon Lake. There were two thousand and nine hundred ninety-nine superior realm cultivators standing there, rays of purple light shooting toward the horizon over all of their heads.

They were the ones who'd summoned the Hongmeng Tower.

The Immortal King's disciples were setting foot into titled kingdom! Using the power created from their ascension, they summoned the Hongmeng Tower from the ten divine nations and sent it over Lu Yun's head.

"If the Immortal King is to set foot onto the deviated path so he can guide the various kings of the realm back to the right way, how can we fall behind as his disciples?" Qing Di laughed loudly. "The Immortal King's disciples disseminate his teachings throughout the Hongmeng, thereby becoming his followers. Today, we legitimize the name that we've given ourselves!"

He'd set foot on his own path and fully emerged from Lu Yun's shadow. Qing Di could even take the proper path, but in this moment, he chose to plunge headfirst into titled kingship and irreversibly walk the wrong road.

"The Immortal King's disciples have received great benefit and favor from the Immortal King. Now that he is in need, of course we can't fall behind others in rendering aid." Qing Ting and Qing Yan laughed delightedly as well.

These stunning geniuses of the Hongmeng didn't even count as ants to the true kings and potentates. They could only protect the Immortal King in their own way by collectively ascending to kingship and summoning the Hongmeng Tower!

The momentum created by two thousand and nine hundred ninety-nine simultaneous breakthroughs was sufficient to bring the Hongmeng Tower itself here! It was attracted to Lu Yun the moment it landed and hovered over his head.

Two thousand and nine hundred ninety-nine tower images also appeared over the Immortal King disciples' heads. A dense array of dao rules shot into the sky, rivaling the scene of when Lu Yun became a titled king.

The sight induced awe.

The Immortal King's disciples had taken the realm by storm over the past three years, but much of the general public felt that they were just recipients of the Immortal King's favor and used his rise to fame to benefit themselves. Today, however, they stepped forward to be his disciples in both deed and name!

"See, she didn't come." The Dao King smiled brilliantly. "The Immortal King's gone to the fourth realm and retrieved weapons of sequence from it. That is outside your scope of expectations and has become a factor that you cannot control."

"The fourth realm?" nodded the Curse King. "My primary body is in the fourth realm."

The Dao King frowned and refocused his attention to the primitive trajectory beneath his feet, battling the Curse King. He knew his opponent had said that on purpose to throw him off balance. He couldn't afford to let the Curse King take action at this juncture no matter what, or all hope would really be lost.

Not even the city lord of the lost ancient city would be able to salvage the situation then.

The Hongmeng Tower's protection blocked the attacks from the ten divine nations, giving Lu Yun a tiny bit of breathing space.

But the crisis was not yet over. Once the two thousand and nine hundred ninety-nine disciples' dao rules solidified, the tower would still leave.

Lu Yun sat down cross-legged and began to derive the qualities of the divine nations' ultimate weapons. He was very surprised that they could chip away at the strength exerted by the Glacial Fire Hammers.

Though the hammers weren't pure weapons of sequence, they contained a trace of its power and were thus far superior to weapons wielded by Nihil World Sovereigns.

“The eleven potentates are able to erode the power of sequence when they use the ultimate treasures of the divine nations. Can it be that within the ghosts—the original enemies of the ten divine nations—there were also existences on par with sequence among their ranks?” He still didn’t know what sequence was and couldn’t see its power. To Lu Yun, “sequence” was just a name and a nebulous theory that outranked “nothing”.

But before he could determine what sequence was, the dusky purple sky darkened into pure black. The disciples who were breaking through and coalescing their dao rules spontaneously solidified their new cultivation levels. The weakest among them had formed seven dao rules, and their strongest—Qing Ting and Qing Di—had formed nine!

The Hongmeng Tower then vanished, once more exposing Lu Yun to an endless rain of crossbow bolts.

“What the heck?? What happened?!” Qing Di roared with surprise. He didn’t feel any happiness or despair at becoming a ninth step king; there was only shock at the sudden conclusion. A strength that continued the power of time had swept through the void and helped them instantly achieve their ascension!

A pure black sky was far out of the ordinary; the sky of the Hongmeng was purple. Some of that color still remained even when tribulation clouds darkened it.

The crowds saw a black figure land from the sky. It approached Lu Yun and stopped right across from him, silently regarding the young man.

The earth and sky quieted down; the crossbows of the divine nations also stilled. Their latest rain of crossbow bolts pierced through the void and entered an unknown world.

“See, he’s here.” A smiling Curse King stood up and put his hands behind his back. “He’s here, which means Lu Yun is dead.”

There was no expression on the Dao King’s face.

Chapter 1525: Future Self
Jaws dropped in the crowd to see the young man in black next to Lu Yun, including those of the eleven potentates. They rubbed their eyes to make sure that they hadn’t seen incorrectly or made an erroneous judgment.

There were two Lu Yuns who looked exactly the same in front of them.

One was in long white robes, while the other was in black brocade robes. Every detail about them was the same, including their aura.

But judging from the Curse King’s expression, the public understood that the suddenly appearing black-robed Lu Yun was here to kill the one they knew.

Some hearts lifted in joy, while some clenched with trepidation.

“You’re here.” Lu Yun nodded at the other him across the way.

“That’s strange, why that choice of words?” smiled the black-robed Lu Yun.

“It’s not like I can say ‘I’m here’, can I?” Lu Yun half rolled his eyes.

“It’s so bizarre, why does everyone think I’m going to kill myself—er, commit suicide?” The baffled black-robed Lu Yun first looked at the Curse King, then at everyone else around them.

“Who knows? Hong thought so too. The Meng who buried you under Mount Cloudcover probably felt the same thing,” Lu Yun responded.

“Just because I’ve become a demon in the future?” frowned the black-robed Lu Yun. “I am still me even when I am a demon so why would I kill myself?”

With that, the Curse King’s expression changed slightly.

“How is the future?” Lu Yun didn’t know what the black-robed version of himself had experienced after being sent through the time passage.

“The future is an empty hole, a lonely world,” answered the black-robed Lu Yun. “All life has perished, leaving only me to search for that thing and bring it back. It’s a pity that it became a spirit as soon as it reached the present.”

“Wait a second, all life perishes in the future?” Lu Yun’s eyebrows raised. “All life?”

“Everything dies and nothing escapes the fate of reincarnation.” Black-robed Lu Yun nodded. “The era I ended up in seemed to be the end of a great cycle, a terrifying instance of devastation. There were no living beings, no order, just some fragmented rules and laws.

“Therefore, I became a demon.” He rose and surveyed the surroundings with a smile. “As glorious as your talent is, as stunning as your cultivation may be, as mighty as you rise to rule it all, nothing escapes that final devastation.

“Everything returns to the origin, everything comes again to the starting point. It all resolves to the beginning and ends up in desolation, buried under the great dao of reincarnation.

“The world that you look to and the era that you peer at are too far away in both distance and time. You would be better served living in the present, fighting over today, and becoming the king of this era.” Black-robed Lu Yun’s words echoed with a beguiling note and spread in all directions.

The morale of countless beings, cultivators, and even true kings began to droop, wither, and fade away.

“Wake up!” roared the Dao King, sending his dao note rolling over the land and breaking apart black-robed Lu Yun’s demonic tones. He took another deep breath and shouted, “Immortal King, your future self is a demon! You can’t let him run free like this!

“The era of great devastation is so far from us that the strongest of the fourth realm cannot glimpse even its shadow!

“There’s something wrong with this future self! If he went to the time beyond the great devastation, how could he have become a demon and cultivate the demonic dao?!” The Dao King’s voice rang in everyone’s ears as if it were the morning bell, but Lu Yun’s expression remained the same throughout.

It was the Curse King who showed some reaction. He’d cursed the great tomb beneath Mount Cloudcover as well, so Lu Yun’s future self should’ve been under his control. Something seemed to have gone wrong.

“You’re right, I mean precisely that.” The black-robed Lu Yun smiled when he heard the Dao King’s words. “Live in the present, fight for the present, and don’t think so far. Nihil and nothing are the true eternity.”

“holy fuck, how come I turn into some religious nutjob in the future?” Lu Yun rubbed his nose. “What did you bring back from the future?”

“The big-headed doll, you’ve seen it already,” said his black-robed self. “The mistress’ cultivation method of the three lives isn’t to collect the dao fruits of the past, present, and future. It’s to send replicas of oneself into the past and future to find two treasures!

“I brought the treasure back from the future, but it turned into a big-headed doll as soon as it reached this era.

“Our past self should’ve gotten his hands on the treasure too and delivered it to you through certain means.”

“Do you mean that brush?!” Lu Yun blinked.

“Yes, the brush. The brushes of the past, present, and future!”

“Does this have something to do with the akasha ghosts?” Lu Yun still recalled how God had said that the akasha ghosts had something to do with him. He hadn’t believed God at first, but now that he knew God was a heavyweight of the fourth realm and a being above Nihil World Sovereign, he was beginning to accept those words.

The black-robed Lu Yun fell silent for a moment, then raised his head to look at the pure black sky. “I would commit suicide right now if it wasn’t for the akasha ghosts. I would kill you, then kill all life in this Hongmeng.

“The akasha ghosts are my resentment and your resentment. I released my resentment through the brush of the future when I obtained it, and they became the akasha ghosts.

“Since the brush of the future drew them, they are not restricted by the past, present, or future. They can appear in any era. Since they were drawn into existence, the layout of absolute death that they project is a real scroll. Anyone who loses themselves in it becomes a person in the painting.”

I now have two of the brushes, Lu Yun suddenly thought. Both his current and future self were him. They hadn’t combined as one yet, so their memories remained separate. But whatever he was thinking was also the thoughts of his future self.

“Find the big-headed doll and turn him back into a brush. The Tome of Life and Death will truly open up to you when the brushes of the past, present, and future are united. It can end the cycle of great devastation!” The black-robed Lu Yun began to fade away as he spoke and turned into a dao fruit that sank into Lu Yun’s forehead.

Lu Yun’s cultivation was finally complete with both his past and future selves in his body.

The pure black sky began to clear u hazy purple firmament once more appeared in everyone’s eyes. Lu Yun’s Glacial Fire Hammers recovered their strength, and he was now peak ninth step king!

"We can continue." He opened his eyes and faced the eleven potentates, three thousand true kings, and the glowering Curse King.

Chapter 1526: Father and SonIn the mausoleum of endless stars over the Hongmeng.

A young boy and girl stood side by side.

"See, I told you not to seal away that future self. You almost messed things up!" grumbled the little girl in a red dress.

The little boy next to her was wearing a purple robe and looked roughly eight years old. He was so exquisite that he seemed carved out of jade; unhappiness lurked in his black eyes.

"How was I supposed to know that! He was wrapped up in so much demonic air when he first appeared and there were soooo many akasha ghosts following him. I thought he was here to kill people! Who knew he didn't have any killing intent in his heart??" The little boy "Meng" glared mutinously at Lu Yun.

The past, present, and future Lu Yuns were all the same person. It was like looking into a mirror when he faced his future self.

"Alright, alright, that's all in the past now." Hong patted Meng's head.

Meng hung his head dejectedly. "I'm never sticking my nose into things again!"

"But his future self seems to be back ahead of schedule?" Hong suddenly frowned, her little face full of anxiety. Though she'd misjudged and Lu Yun's future self hadn't hurt him, his future self should've gone directly to Lu Yun when he returned from his time.

But the future self had skipped the present when it returned from the future. He'd headed for an exceedingly early period, one in which the mythological realm hadn't even existed yet. That'd been a time period extraordinarily earlier than when his past self had traveled to, and he'd waited there until present day.

Perhaps the future self had done something in the past before Meng sealed him in the Hongmeng. Or perhaps he hadn't had enough time to do everything he wanted to do.

With the dao fruit of his future self in his body, Lu Yun's cultivation reached great perfection. His cultivation level of dao immortal as defined in the immortal dao was now flawless without blemish, and his foundations and cultivation path were reworked into a solid, unified whole.

This elevation increased his understanding of the method of nothing and he was even able to try and derive what sequence was!

He could see it now, but he still didn't know what it was. It wasn't used in cultivation, but to activate something. Only when one activated sequence and entered its world could one see to the heart of what it was.

Lu Yun could see the door to sequence thanks to his complete cultivation level, and his cultivation level would increase again next time he visited the fourth realm. He would rise beyond Nihil World Sovereign.

At the moment, he tightly grasped the Glacial Fire Hammers. The fire on the weapons was beginning to extinguish, revealing the frosty nature of the actual hammers. There was a level of meaning in the weapons that the overlord of Ice hadn't comprehended; it now materialized in Lu Yun's hands.

Scowling darkly, the Curse King looked upon his opponent. The eleven potentates also wore snarling rictuses, and some were thinking of retreating.

However, it was common knowledge that they would only have this single chance to kill Lu Yun. If they couldn't grasp it, Lu Yun would come into his own and with his personality, the first thing he'd do would be to bang the drums of war against the ten divine nations.

The divine nations were decrepit and corrupt; their rulers were well aware of that.

The four ancestral gods were the first to shift into action. Being cursed as they were, they had no choice. Or rather, the great curse they'd suffered from after their initial battle with the Fire Virtue Potentate had never been broken.

They were now living corpses with mottled flesh that viciously pounced on Lu Yun.

The blackqilin's body reassembled just in time for it to be thrown out into the distance. It struggled a few times on the ground before an enormous foot from the sky stomped it into Azure Dragon Lake.

A huge giant had appeared after the four ancestral gods.

It was a cyclops wearing primitive garments of animal fur. Brandishing an ax of white bone, he whirled it in frenzied dance at Lu Yun. This was a potentate, an unknown potentate that'd suddenly appeared out of nowhere!

Keeping a firm foot on the blackqilin, its bone ax whistled down onto Lu Yun's head. The momentum that the giant brought to bear rivaled what the eleven potentates had shown on the battlefield.

This was one of the Curse King's trump cards.

At the same time, the eleven potentates summoned their nations' ultimate weapons to them with a wave of their hand. The treasures took shape as different kinds of weapons—the form of these weapons wasn't fixed. It was just that crossbow shaped weapons were the most easily utilized by other cultivators in the divine nations.

Now that the potentates themselves were wielding the weapons, they changed into what the potentates were most comfortable with. The Yin Yang Crossbow, for instance, split into two swords that landed in the Yin and Yang Potentates' hands. The division did nothing to decrease the weapon's strength.

Moving forward without another word, the eleven potentates charged Lu Yun. They still followed the same plan as before—use their full strength to decisively kill this strangely marvelous young man in one blow.

The Glacial Fire Hammers formed a boundary of ice and fire in which the power of order reigned supreme. This was the sequence of ice that belonged to the overlord of Ice.

The power of sequence immediately churned the cyclops' bone ax into pieces and sent him flying into the distance. Silver fire flared over Lu Yun's body and ignited the four ancestral gods.

The living corpses howled and wailed with agony as the disordered hellfire not only consumed existences that violated the Hongmeng, but also ignited the dead. While the living corpses were alive, they were also dead. They were corpses, after all.

The eleven potentates once more threatened Lu Yun, their combined might breaking through his boundary. A mist of blood sprayed from his pores—this was a power that he could not withstand.

He retreated. Step by step, he retreated.

Lu Yun was deploying the Glacial Fire Hammers to the utmost that he could manage. Strands of icy blue chains materialized in the air, criss-crossing into locks that sealed off the air. He didn't know what they were, but he knew that if it wasn't for them, he'd already be dead.

A ray of purple sword light cut through the horizon and smashed through the void in front of Lu Yun. It formed a vacuum that absorbed the eleven potentates' attacks. A young man in purple robes walked through, raising a sword with only the blade and no hilt.

He was so handsome that it was otherworldly, and he bore a strong resemblance to Lu Yun. His eyes, however, were long and narrow like a fox's. A mischievous sparkle glinted out of it at any moment, but for now, it was raging killing intent.

"I will not suffer to live under the same sky as those who would kill my father. If you want to kill my father, I will kill you." Lu Qing's hiltless sword erupted with purple light as he leveled it at the eleven potentates.

Quiet.

Originally belonging to Qing Yu, she'd sent it to Lu Qing at some point in time. He had come back to the third realm with it and stood in front of his father.

The void began to close; father and son stood against the combined offensive from eleven potentates.

"Long time no see, father." Lu Qing turned back and grinned brilliantly at Lu Yun, his towering killing intent melting away in the joy of reunion.

etvolare's Thoughts

This is only their second meeting that's been presented to us, right?

Chapter 1527: To Perish
The Purple King was here.

That legendary man of the Hongmeng, the one idolized by countless beings, had come back to the realm when his father faced certain death.

"That's right, long time no see," Lu Yun chuckled. "How far away from the final step are you?"

"If I don't die in this battle, I will be able to take that step." Lu Qing smiled.

He'd reached peak true king in the chaos, but hadn't been able to ascend as a potentate. He couldn't even glimpse the door to the next level.

After the four ancestral gods and six supremes fought the Fire Virtue Potentate, the path to that cultivation level was severed in the Hongmeng, chaos, and worlds. The Curse King had made sure it turned into a dead end.

In the past, Lu Qing had known that he would need to borrow the Hongmeng Tower if he wished to take that final step. That was why he'd claimed five keys for himself. But he no longer needed them after his father paved the way with goodwill from countless beings in the chaos. Lu Yun had delivered him to the doorstep of the potentate cultivation level.

"If you don't die?" sneered the Yang Potentate. "Purple King, we won't show you any mercy since you've put yourself in our hands."

The goal of the True King Pact was to kill the Purple King, conquer the chaos, and destroy the worlds. Since the king in question had turned up on their doorstep, they would ensure his death today no matter what.

In their eyes, the Purple King was more threatening than Lu Yun. The eleven potentates had sent out countless subordinates over the years, wanting to turn the chaos into their domain.

But they'd all failed to the last, and all because of the Purple King.

Though he was poised to ascend to the next level, he'd yet to take that fateful step. And despite wielding Quiet, he was still no match for a potentate with an ultimate weapon of their divine nation.

Everyone around Azure Dragon Lake held their breath, silently watching the finale that was about to unfold. If the Immortal King won, that would usher in an age of glory for the Hongmeng and the kings of the deviated path would set foot on the proper path.

If the Immortal King lost or died, then their world would wither and die, becoming a stepping stone for the eleven potentates to enter the fourth realm.

The blackqilin struggled out beneath the cyclops' foot and returned to being three hundred meters tall, standing next to Lu Yun and Lu Qing. It was the only potentate on their side.

"There's no need to wait any longer, set up the formation." A second Curse King suddenly appeared. He was also a young man as white as a sheet and wearing black robes.

Aghast, the Dao King stared at the Curse King in front of him.

"It's just a replica, you can have as many as you want. The one in front of you is also a replica," chuckled the Curse King.

A third and fourth Curse King also appeared. Pure black textual characters appeared in the void and assembled into a formation. The power of curse exploded from it, enveloping Azure Dragon Lake.

The blackqilin stuck out its tongue as its body erupted with blistering sores. Rotten flesh fell off in chunks from its frame and it turned into a skeleton before long.

“Oh for heaven’s sake I should’ve accepted the mistress’ favor and become the fifth ancestral god of the realm” The skeletalqilinopened its mouth with a series of loud pops. Its thoughts were very clear and suffused with regret.

Just look at the two tiny humans next to it who remained completely unaffected by the curse! It was a mighty potentate, but it was also the most useless of them all!

Lu Yun took a step forward, sending rows of glyphs out from his foot and arranging them in a massive formation that ensconced the lake, battling the curse formation.

However, the eleven potentates ripped through his formation as soon as it settled into place.

Brows furrowed slightly, Lu Yun waved the hammers around and began using them as a brush to etch formation glyphs. The blackqilinshot out, roaring and snarling. Though it was a skeleton now, it didn’t seem affected and charged straight for the enemy.

Rumble!!

A hundred million tons of water reared up from the lake, exploding in all directions. It also possessed the power of a true king!

But when the waters reached the shores, they were repulsed by an invisible wall—the four supplemental daos. Completely impassive, the four supplemental daos were as if the heavenly dao. The battle over Azure Dragon Lake had nothing to do with them, their only concern was to protect the realm.

They would take no action unless annihilation was imminent.

Lu Qing also blurred into action when the blackqilinran out. He became one with Quiet and turned into an invisible ray of sword light, stabbing straight for the strongest Yang Potentate. Though Lu Qing wasn’t a potentate, his battle strength was on their level.

The Yang Potentate registered the attack and slightly shifted his body, easily sidestepping the lethal blow. He paled with horror as he did so—he saw another ray of light coming from the opposite direction. It was aimed at his dao partner, the Yin Potentate!

Rushing for her beloved, she’d yet to discover the sword light close at hand. She was completely focused on blocking the blow meant for the Yang Potentate.

“NO!!”wailed the Yang Potentate in utter despair.

The Yin Potentate had no idea what was going on and found his exclamation a bit strange. While the attack was very close to her love, he was already poised to dodge it. So why was he so anguished?

A hint of something cool grazed her forehead before her thoughts could travel further down that road. It felt like something had sucked all of the strength out of her body. An eternal quiet wrapped around her mind and she bonelessly plopped into the lake below, sinking to the bedrock.

The Yang Potentate lost his mind.

Lu Qing didn't have the strength to kill his dao partner, but his sword was a weapon of the fourth realm! There was no one who cultivated the sword in the fourth realm, all that was needed was the sword Quiet!

It exceeded Nihil World Sovereign and could open the way to sequence!

One stroke from Quiet was one stroke of sequence!

It'd only pierced through the Yin Potentate's forehead, but that was sufficient to completely shatter her true spirit and forever vanquish her from existence.

A potentate had died, and one from the strongest divine nation of the land!

Grief roiled through the nation of Yin Yang. She was their faith, and someone had cut her down in front of them all.

"AHHHHHHHHH!!" The Yang Potentate howled with madness and erupted with blazing light. He flung himself at Lu Qing, who sank into the void and vanished from sight.

BAAAAAAM!

A huge hole was punched out of the void where the Purple King had stood, numbing the scalps of the other nine potentates.

Chapter 1528: A Plot of of Hundreds of Millions of Years If the Purple King could kill the Yin Potentate, that meant he could kill any one of them!

The remaining potentates hastily rethought their arrogant confidence and no longer dared take this perverse genius lightly. Their killing intent also grew more resolute.

If they didn't kill Lu Yun and his son here today, then the duo would kill them all, just like they'd killed the Yin Potentate!

Thankfully, the Purple King had only managed the deed by using a diversion. If he'd been able to kill the Yin Potentate with one direct blow, then none of them needed to fight anymore. Everyone could just run for their lives.

"Purple King! I will gut your father and slaughter your entire clan for killing my dao partner!" howled the Yang Potentate. The Yin Potentate's body was back in his arms and he carefully put her away, then whirled around and charged Lu Yun with a scream.

The blackqilin wanted to stop him, but shattered into a cloud of bone dust from a single punch.

"So many corpses for me to set up curses with What a shame that if I use the Yin Potentate's body now, the Yang Potentate will sink into madness without a doubt," gently sighed the Curse King across from the Dao King.

"As you can see, the outcome remains unchanged no matter the process or who comes. Even if I didn't enthrall or corrupt them, they would still destroy anything that threatens their status, rule, or life." The Curse King raised an eyebrow at the other. "In their eyes, the best way to stave off future trouble is to reduce this endlessly fertile land of geniuses into a barren desert.

“A potentate in a desert is still a potentate. To them, ruling over a thriving world is no different from administering a desolate landscape. Breaking out of this cage and entering the fourth realm is their true dream.”

The Dao King remained silent and lifted his head to the purple sky.

He'd desperately wanted the mistress of the Hongmeng to come and help Lu Yun through this trial—he'd just wanted to see her, period. But now, he'd rather the Hongmeng go up in flames and everything start anew than to see her appear at this time.

Not only was this plot aimed at Lu Yun, but it was also targeting the mistress of the realm.

The Curse King had easily predicted what Lu Yun would do in the Hongmeng based on his actions in the world of immortals. The so-called True King Pact was indeed fixed on Lu Qing, but the Curse King had purposefully arranged it so that it would force Lu Yun into his current straits.

The process was one thing, the results another. While the process of Curse King and eleven potentates was the same, they wanted vastly different results.

The eleven potentates wanted the deaths of Lu Yun and Lu Qing and the elimination of all latent threats in the realm. They would then be able to use the Hongmeng's strength without restriction and enter the fourth realm with peace of mind.

Meanwhile, the Curse King wanted the mistress of the Hongmeng. He wanted the death of the one who'd created everything in this world. Only with her demise would this Hongmeng world end and the origin of everything fully wither away.

The Dao King could see that as well, but he didn't understand why the Curse King wanted to do this. The latter had his reasons, and plumbing the depths of them wasn't the foremost priority for the Dao King or mistress of the realm.

“She'll come, she has to come,” chuckled the Curse King. “She passed on her cultivation method of three lives to Lu Yun, which makes him the hope of revitalizing the realm. Now that he's caught in a plot of certain death, she'll come.”

“Once she does, everything will be over.” The Curse King laughed gaily, as if a long cherished dream of countless years was finally coming to fruition. He'd ruined the world of immortals a hundred thousand years ago in search of her, turning it into a massive tomb and cursing the immortal dao in pursuit of this goal.

Who would've thought that she'd go to the world of immortals a hundred thousand years in the future instead?

A hundred thousand years ago, the Dao King and Curse King plotted over the ancient world of immortals and commenced a fateful, heaven-shaking war against each other. That had been the cause of the impenetrable shadow over the world of immortals when Lu Yun returned from the great wilderness.

The Purple King had acted, the Dao King had acted, and even Tianqi revealed his true self, but the final winner of that war was the Curse King. Despite his victory, he still didn't attain his dream and found no trace of the mistress.

Who else apart from someone on the level of the Dao or Curse King could erase the memories of everyone in the world of immortals and sever the immortal dao?

His victory in war was ultimately a defeat when he failed to find the mistress of the Hongmeng, but that part of history turned out to be nothing more than one of his innumerable schemes that he'd laid out over the past hundreds of millions of years. Their current situation was also another.

No one knew how many plans and backup plans that the Curse King had plotted out over this interminable timeframe. How many death traps had he set for the mistress of the realm over all these years?

The Dao King raised his head. He still had one hope—the city lord of the lost ancient city.

“Are you waiting for the city lord who surreptitiously came back to life?” The Curse King seemed to be able to see right through the Dao King. “You don’t need to wait for her, the other five city lords have gone to her. She won’t make it out of the lost ancient city alive.”

The Dao King sighed, having no desire to say anything else anymore.

A pair of black and white boxing gloves covered the Yang Potentate’s fists. His weapon had recombined with his dao partner’s and turned into a pair of gloves.

The dense strength of yin and yang swirled over the gloves, piercing through the void when he punched out and landing a blow on Lu Yun’s head through hundreds of millions of kilometers.

Lu Yun crossed his arms in front of his chest to block it, but it was too strong. This was a punch of pure strength, one that discarded all order, rules, laws, and any other definitions. It was just pure, unadulterated strength!

His hammers flew out of his hands and even the Army Pagoda over his head shook, momentarily separating from its master. He hurtled uncontrollably several thousand kilometers backward, his formation runes broken and allowing the Curse King’s great formation to descend upon him again.

The Yang Potentate didn’t give Lu Yun a chance to breathe. He smashed apart the king soldier and troops rushing him, then punched out a second time.

Whoosh!

Sword light flashed through the air. Lu Qing was on the scene again and slashing down on the Yang Potentate’s wrists, wanting to hack his hands off.

“I was waiting for you!” The Yang Potentate suddenly struck out with his left fist, bringing the power he’d stored there right onto Lu Qing’s face.

Bam!

The Purple King’s head exploded, followed swiftly by his body disassembling in the air. However, that gave Lu Yun enough time to collect the Glacial Fire Hammers and Army Pagoda, summoning them back to his side for protection.

“A replica!” howled the Yang Potentate. The Lu Qing that he’d so painstakingly lured to him was just a replica!

“We attack together!” snarled the potentate when he saw his brethren warily fanning out, deeply afraid of being ambushed by Lu Qing. “Kill the Immortal King!”

Aouuuu!

Aouuuu!

Two bright dragon croons echoed through the land as two purple dragons rushed to them from two different directions. Dragon Butterfly and Long Batian!

The big dragon of Redbud Mountain in Redbud Region, and the big dragon of Myriad Dragon Valley in the Immortal Region!

They rushed into Lu Yun’s body the moment they arrived and reinforced him with incredibly powerful strength.

“It’s the Dao King, his trump card has finally come!” Sensing Dragon Butterfly and Long Batian sleeping deep within the two dragons, Lu Yun immediately understood what’d just happened.

Chapter 1529: Piercing the Barrier These two dragons were the second and third greatest in the realm—essentially the azure dragon ancestral god’s younger twin sisters. Their strength surged into Lu Yun’s body and imbued his nine dao rules with renewed power.

The newly formed dao rules that Lu Yun had retracted back into his body materialized once more, throwing off magnificent power and spreading in all directions.

With the Yang Potentate at the vanguard, he was the first to be sent flying with this fearsome surge of strength. His chest caved in from the terrible force.

A hazy purple sword had appeared in Lu Yun’s hands—the Purple Sunrise Sword. It was the ultimate treasure of the Hongmeng that the king soldier had gifted to him in the Army Pagoda.

Though it was an ultimate treasure of the realm, it was of the original Hongmeng and thus many times stronger than modern treasures. It was stronger than even many treasures of the fourth realm.

With his current level of strength, Lu Yun didn’t need to use the Glacial Fire Hammers. Just the Purple Sunrise Sword was enough. He deployed a sword technique the moment it appeared—Dragonrise!

A hazy purple dragon seemed to ponderously lift its head from the depths of an abyss and look toward the horizon.

It was followed by Dragonsoar!

Lu Yun’s sword intent flared into a dragon that glided over the horizon, loftily regarding all in its glorious might. Next, it exploded into ten million rays of sword intent.

This was Lu Yun’s third sword technique and it was nameless.

Nameless, without beginning and without end, but comprehensive of all things in the world and all possibilities!

From dao came one—Dragonrise.

And one begat two—Dragonsoar.

Two gave birth to three—this nameless stroke that was without beginning or end was all life that followed three.

Rumble!

A terrifying sound echoed through the firmament as the Curse King's formation broke. His replica broke apart with a few strokes from Lu Yun and returned to the void.

Lu Yun's final move had created a tiny crack in the air. When the crowd peered at it, they discovered not the spatial turbulence of the Hongmeng but the fourth realm. The Immortal King's three strokes had stabbed through the barrier around the Hongmeng and reached the fourth realm!

Stunned, the ten potentates struggled to process the sight. The three thousand true kings were equally at a loss. A new light gleamed in the eyes of the four ancestral gods that were being manipulated by the curse as living corpses.

Their core consciousness was beginning to fight back against the curse.

With the shattering of the formation, so was the curse afflicting the blackqilin dispelled. It regathered in full size and stuck out its tongue.

"Oh my carrot. You pierced through the barrier around the Hongmeng with a single stroke. This is the strength of the fourth realm—you already have the strength and cultivation level of the fourth realm!"

"How is that possible?!" it yelped. "Those two big dragons would at most propel you to the peak of the Hongmeng. But you'd need more than absolute strength to break the barrier, you'd need a cultivation level of the fourth realm—"

It suddenly shut its mouth, realizing the critical point it'd overlooked.

Lu Yun already had a cultivation level of the fourth realm, he'd only ever lacked strength all along!

"You" It stared, tongue-tied, at Lu Yun.

The ten potentates no longer had the desire to continue. Piercing through the realm's barrier with three strokes had completely shattered their battle intent, killing intent, and confidence!

Even though the Immortal King was relying on the second and third greatest dragons of the realm, he still possessed a cultivation level that was worthy of this strength!

"You may go. I can overlook the matters of the past, but I will kill you if you cause any trouble in the future!" Though Lu Yun's tones were cool, they didn't harbor any hostility.

The Dao King inclined his head.

“To think that it’s true, that he really does possess a cultivation level of the fourth realm. No wonder he dared take the deviated path!” A smile finally appeared on his face. The mistress of the Hongmeng hadn’t appeared and Lu Yun had demonstrated his true strength. The Curse King had lost this round.

“I didn’t anticipate him mysteriously gaining that kind of cultivation level,” sighed the Curse King. “Ah, I see now. You visited the lost ancient city on purpose, Dao King. You didn’t want its city lord to help Lu Yun, but to have her keep the other five in check.”

He’d been so focused on his success this time that he’d overlooked other possibilities.

“Lu Yun wouldn’t have been able to fend off another five city lords and the two dragons wouldn’t have dared draw close,” the Dao King agreed. “Therefore, I had to use a little trick to ensure those five wouldn’t be able to join the fight.”

Directing the two dragons into Lu Yun’s body had been the Dao King’s final ace. He just hadn’t known about the cultivation level of the fourth realm.

Piercing through the Hongmeng barrier in three moves meant that Lu Yun was invincible in the third realm. Nothing would be able to touch him, unless an expert from the fourth realm descended to their world.

It’d be a tall order for the Curse King to find anyone like that for the time being. This Hongmeng world was unique; no one dared touch the origin of the realm apart from certain desperadoes like the Fire Virtue Potentate.

The Curse King slowly faded away, taking the living corpses with him. This scheme wasn’t a complete loss for him since he’d gained the core strength of the four ancestral gods.

Clarity returned to Azure Dragon Lake. The two dragons withdrew from Lu Yun’s body and respectively returned to Myriad Dragon Valley and Redbud Mountain, but he wasn’t made the weaker for it. The strength he commanded in the fourth realm was far greater than what the two dragons had brought him. They’d barely elevated him to void refinement level—an amoeba compared to a Nihil World Sovereign.

He remained standing over Azure Dragon Lake, looking wordlessly up at the sky. Lu Qing stood next to him; the blackqilin had already left with the cyclops dangling from its mouth.

The cyclops had his own thoughts and consciousness and he was a genuine potentate, not something projected out of a curse. Theqilin was going to bring him back to the lost ancient city and study him in great detail.

“Qing’er, you don’t need to return to the chaos. Stay in the Hongmeng,” Lu Yun suddenly said.

“okay.” Lu Qing shook. How long had it been since someone called him Qing’er?

He was momentarily transported back to the mythological realm, to that utopia removed from the world and the life of sheer happiness he lived with his parents and senior sister.

“There is no so-called deviated path,” Lu Yun abruptly shouted, filling every corner of the realm with his voice like it were a dao note.

At ninth step kingdom, he didn't possess the strength for that feat. But he'd just pierced through the barrier around the realm and obtained the acceptance of the Hongmeng's orders. The projections of the four supplemental daos had yet to depart. They added to his momentum and helped his voice carry further.

"When the path to the true realm was severed, the Hongmeng Tower created a shortcut for us, one pristine and without flaw. Through it, we become titled kings through battle strength and can still reach the other shore at ninth step kingdom.

"I will now show you the final segment of this path to true kingdom."

Hummmmm.

His nine dao rules appeared once more.

Chapter 1530: The Mistress of the Hongmeng Lu Yun's words awoke all of the third realm's beings no matter what they were doing, planning to do, or if they were in seclusion unto death.

The little fox and Qing Yu jerked their heads up in the direction of Azure Dragon Region, their backs drenched with sweat.

"I missed it. I was breaking through when he needed me the most" Qing Yu trembled.

"No, he chose to undertake this when you and I were in closed door cultivation." Miao shook her head. "He would've been distracted if we were present. We wouldn't have been of any help in that fight and would only hold him back."

Qing Yu fell silent for a very long time before a smile crept over her face. "He's not too far, he's not too far ahead of me. There will come a day when I stand side by side with him and face all challenges together."

"Me too!" Miao energetically waved her fists around.

Lu Qing was a little nervous and stuck close by his father's side. He'd sailed through the threshold of the next cultivation level in that fight and become the first potentate of the new generation in the Hongmeng. Lu Yun had cleanly absorbed his son's heavenly tribulation with Thunder Palmstrike. Even now, no one realized that Lu Qing had become a potentate.

If Lu Yun was to establish order in this disorderly mess and repair the last segment of cultivation for the Hongmeng, he would certainly attract some sort of terrifying misfortune.

There was also a spirit in the disorder. If he wanted to set things right, the spirit would definitely attack him so it could maintain the status quo.

The battle was not yet over; danger still snaked through the surroundings. At the same time, it only appeared that the Curse King had retreated—he remained quietly observing from the sidelines. The Dao King also remained sitting cross-legged and unmoving in his spot.

A tiny spot of black appeared in the nine dao rules and slowly crept through them like a spreading crack. What'd been dao rules of purple suddenly turned into a jarring black, and Lu Yun's pristine white robes

also morphed into black brocade robes. It would seem that his demonic future self had replaced the present Lu Yun.

“I see now, I see” Meng was as pale as a sheet in the mausoleum of the stars. He began to tremble and his teeth chattered together. “I, I, I I’ve doomed him.”

“What is it?” Hong frowned to see the little boy in this state.

“The cultivation method of the three lives is to ensure that the past is as solid as Mount Tai and stable, whereas the future self is nimble and agile, knowing all cause and effect through the changes that are to come.

“His future self traveled to the past to sever the source of our present disorder!

“The era that he returned to was the most jumbled time period of them all. The spirit of disorder was also born then. If I hadn’t stopped the future self and sealed him under Mount Cloudcover, he would’ve already killed the spirit of Hongmeng’s disorder and we wouldn’t be in such a mess in the first place!”

Regret, distress, and all manner of negative emotion flourished in his heart. Hong reached out and knocked him unconscious with a chop to the neck.

“I told you not to do anything and now look at you. See? You only made things worse.” She dropped Meng on the ground and looked down at Lu Yun. “There’s a good saying in Lu Yun’s homeland—what is lost at sunrise can be gained at sunset. It may not be a bad thing that his future self didn’t cut down the source of disorder in the past.

“After all, he cultivates the disordered hellfire” Her eyes turned into crescents from the force of her smile. “Oh Curse King, you probably never thought that when you persuaded Meng to suppress Lu Yun’s future self—so you could keep the source of disorder safe—that would end up benefiting Lu Yun instead. Disorder is exactly how he found his own dao!”

The source of disorder had taken shape as a spirit and if the muddled situation of the Hongmeng continued, it would one day materialize as a potentate of disorder. Even the potentates of the divine nations would have to bend the knee then.

But the source of disorder was so strong that it’d essentially formed an ‘eye’ of disorder in the Hongmeng after all these eons. It was completely removed from the world and found it beyond difficult to materialize outside. It would need to undergo another degree of time as lengthy as the period from the shattering of the original Hongmeng to present day.

But that didn’t mean that the source of disorder lacked the strength to fight back.

The spot of black was its manifestation; it would erode Lu Yun’s dao rules and turn him into a disordered entity. If he became an existence that violated the realm’s orders, that would ensure that disorder lived on in the Hongmeng.

Now that the last section of the cultivation path was complete, a brand new order was confirmed. All confusion would slowly dissipate from the realm and the source of disorder would be annihilated under the new order. As it possessed a tiny bit of its own thoughts, the source of disorder would never allow this to happen.

It wouldn't have touched Lu Yun if he hadn't gone after the source of all that was wrong in the realm and sought to build a new order. But since he'd brought the fight to the cause of it all, the disorder would naturally fight back.

"Are you attempting to corrupt me so that I also become something that violates the rules of the realm?" Lu Yun raised his head and looked noncommittally at his black dao rules. A layered tone of entrancement edged his words; he sounded like a demon from the deep.

"I can sense the strength in you that can devour disorder," the spirit's voice sounded like a young child just learning to talk. "If I permit you to continue, you will find and kill me even if I don't come for you."

The era that the future self had visited had existed before the mythological realm. That was when the spirit was born and though it wasn't fully developed yet, it was inexplicably powerful to Hongmeng denizens.

"Your spirit has come into being through long and arduous effort, I never thought of killing you. My Disordered Hell lacks a spring and you're the perfect choice." Lu Yun continued to look over his dao rules.

"Disordered Hell?" The childlike voice paused, confusion seeping in.

Lu Yun sent up a silver bead from his hand, one that gradually expanded until pure silver radiance surrounded his dao rules.

"What is this place?!" Some terror gripped the spirit. "These flames stay away from me!"

Lu Yun was now pure black and blazed with demonic flame. This was the demonic dao he practiced in the future; it contained the endless disorder that he'd absorbed under Mount Cloudcover.

When he opened his arms, the silver disordered hellfire swallowed his dao rules. The source of disorder had infiltrated his dao rules, so the hellfire followed the disturbance to its core.

The Curse King showed himself once more, but he didn't do so to attack Lu Yun.

A faint smear of a figure had appeared in front of Lu Yun's Disordered Hell—a young girl dressed as a man. She casually held Lu Yun's Glacial Fire Hammers and looked at the Curse King with amusement.

The mistress of the Hongmeng.

The legendary mistress had finally come.