

Necropolis 1541

Chapter 1541: Teaming Up “In response to the great one, this humble one is Dishan Yin, a descendant of the Di Clan,” Longshan Yin transmitted back.

What. the. fuck?

“You’re a descendant of the Di Clan?” Lu Yun took a deep breath. “Which Di Clan?”

“Your Mightiness, there is only one Di Clan in the fourth realm.”

Longshan Yin’s real name was Dishan Yin and the Dishans were a branch of the Di Clan. They weren’t the main branch, but they shared the same roots. He’d survived the extermination of his clan and established the Longshans thanks to the Thunderstruck Wood.

“Originally from the Hongmeng?” Lu Yun asked.

“Yes!” Longshan Yin responded truthfully. “The Di Clan in the Hongmeng that perished to protect the immortal dao was the last of the Di bloodline. Her Highness, the princess, was the daughter of the Hallowed Emperor.”

“Di Ling?” Lu Yun suddenly thought of the girl who’d stood guard in the tomb of immortal dao. Her surname was that of the Di Clan, and “Ling” was the same character for “grave” in Violetgrave.

Plainly, the clan’s survivors that’d entered the Hongmeng had done so under Violetgrave’s protection.

A vein throbbed at Longshan Yin’s temples; he was losing control of his emotions. While he didn’t know Lu Yun’s true identity or precisely what kind of existence his patron was, he didn’t dare conceal anything from a Nihil World Sovereign.

Fury from such a personage would be more than sufficient to fully erase the last ember of the Di Clan. His ancestor—the clan’s last Nihil World Sovereign—was buried in the tomb in front of him. Hope for the clan’s future was right in front of him!

“What’s happening, Dragonmountain World King?” Hoarfrost was the first to notice Longshan Yin’s fluctuating emotions.

Fire Divine subconsciously looked around when he saw that Longshan Yin was a bit off balance. Fear promptly flashed through his eyes.

He’d seen Lu Yun.

Or rather, Lu Yun had let the world king see him. If he didn’t want Divine Fire to see him, then the latter wouldn’t see him even if he was jumping up and down in front of the world king.

Divine Fire suddenly felt like a prancing clown when he saw Lu Yun. Enter the great tomb in the void, obtain the legacy within, and then seek revenge on a Nihil World Sovereign?

That might just be the greatest joke beneath the heavens!

Divine Fire almost fainted dead away.

“That’s enough of that, both of you stand up straight. You will team up with the two world kings and open the tomb. Leave the rest to me,” Lu Yun sent to them and released a hint of consciousness to calm their emotions.

“You can stop guessing, Longshan Yin,” he transmitted separately. “The Di Clan has been reborn and is now my subordinate. I’ll send them and Princess Di Ling to Dragonmountain Clime before long.

“But the caveat is, you need to obtain your ancestor’s legacy. Otherwise, what is reborn will just be my puppets and not the clan that once dominated the Boundless Planes.”

Longshan Yin’s hands balled into fists and he forced his emotions to stay under control.

“Gentlemen” Divine Fire spoke up. “Since the Dragonmountain World King is here, the four of us should have a very easy time breaking apart this tomb.”

“Huh?” Hoarfrost paused.

“That will do!” Roastwave said. “The four of us working together can open it and block the gazes of the other world kings hiding in the shadows.

“They’re just a pile of loose sand. If we four don’t fight amongst ourselves” He took a look at Divine Fire and Longshan Yin.

Roastwave was friends with Hoarfrost, their brotherhood forged through life and death. Though they weren’t attached at the hip, they could absolutely trust the other with their back in crucial moments.

The gains to be had from the tomb were too great and both of them had been tempted long ago. The risks had been too great and forestalled any concrete action. If the four of them could ally together, they might be able to pull off the heist.

They’d only been three before, but the situation was flipped on its head with the addition of Longshan Yin. Though he’d just broken through, his cultivation progressed by the second and he was far removed from the easy target for the Divine Fire World King that he’d once been.

His current level of strength commanded respect from the other two as well.

Longshan Yin snuck a surreptitious glance at Lu Yun, who nodded back at him.

“Alright, then the four of us will work together!” Hoarfrost floated into the air.

“Hold on!” A man in silk robes suddenly appeared and approached the four world kings with a smile. “Fellow daoists, can I have a spot on this trip to the tomb?”

“A major World Manifest?” frowned Divine Fire.

This was the man who’d spoken to Lu Yun earlier, the one who hadn’t wanted to be friends. He was a major World Manifest who wasn’t far from Void World King.

To the cultivators of the fourth realm, however, one step away was one step too many. Something on the level of World Manifest could never enter the circles of Void World Kings. When the latter fully released their power, a World Manifest was nothing but an ant.

“Ahem!” The man grew a bit awkward to hear Divine Fire’s aloof reply.

“What did you call me?” Hoarfrost’s face sank. “You called me fellow daoist?”

A razor-sharp aura brimmed from his body. He wouldn’t have bothered in ordinary times, but right now, he needed to establish his might and intimidate the Void World Kings in the surroundings who’d yet to reveal themselves.

The man in silk robes also felt that he’d been a bit rude. Even if he had a stunning background, he was only a major World Manifest at the end of the day. Speech was no longer an option, however, since the Hoarfrost World King had locked onto him. He was as if a fly in amber, even his thoughts slowly petrifying.

“Forget it!” Divine Fire suddenly huffed. “This person must have an incredible background if he dares to call us fellow daoist. There’s no need for us to stir up further trouble at this point.”

Hoarfrost looked askance at him. Divine Fire’s personality was as explosive as his title might indicate. If it was up to him, this upstart would already be a pile of ash in normal times.

“Very well then.” Hoarfrost nodded and released the man, punting him away. “I will show you mercy this time. If you dare disrespect me again, I will kill you even if you are the son of a Nihil World Sovereign!”

He whirled around and walked up to the tombstone, closely followed by Roastwave, Divine Fire, and Longshan Yin.

“Are you alright, my man?” Lu Yun merrily walked over to the man in silk robes.

“Eurp!” He shook his head slightly and fumbled through his robes for a pill. Though his background was indeed impressive, he was no son of a Nihil World Sovereign. He was a formidable supplemental dao master.

Chapter 1542: The Cultivation Method of Soul Force
No one else dared approach the man in silk robes after the Hoarfrost World King sent him flying. They were deathly afraid of angering a Void World King.

“So it’s you.” The man calmed his roiling blood and waved a hand when he recognized Lu Yun. “You’ve got some nerves, kid. Aren’t you afraid of offending a world king?”

Lu Yun shook his head slightly. The four world kings had approached the entrance to the tomb and was ignoring everything happening beneath them.

“At least you’ve got a good eye.” The man stood up and shook himself off. His wounds were completely healed. “Those four are dead without a doubt, look at them opening the tomb like brainless fools! Are they complete idiots?!”

He was so bitter that he was calling Void World Kings idiots! In his hometown, he called Void World Kings “fellow daoist” when he wanted to make their acquaintance. But calling a world king an idiot was to have a death wish even at home.

And he was hardly at home now.

Everyone around him shuddered and kept their distance from the impudent man who didn't treasure his life. It was only a matter of time before punishment came for him.

"Oh?" Lu Yun paused and carefully observed the tombstone that reared up like a colossal mountain. It seemed perfectly fine; he didn't see anything dangerous about it.

In fact, he could see where its flaw was and how it could be opened. If he could see it, then the four world kings with their experience and perception could naturally see it as well.

"That's fake!" Gray ripples oscillated through the man's eyes and a door seemed to open within them.

There's definitely something different about this guy! Lu Yun adroitly picked up on the change. He'd given instructions for the Divine Fire World King to rescue the man in silk robes. Lu Yun had already realized then that this man was quite uncommon.

The man was a supplemental master at the very least, and a very strong one. His cultivation level far exceeded Lu Yun's and it was unknown which discipline he specialized in.

The supplemental daos in the fourth realm were as voluminous as the open sea. Despite being stronger than the Dao King in the Hongmeng, Lu Yun counted as someone who'd only just set foot into this field when he was in the fourth realm.

Though his perception and judgment were remarkable enough to identify the tomb, he was wholly unfamiliar with the supplemental daos of the fourth realm. What he'd deduced in Dragonmountain Clime was just an introduction.

That the man in silk robes dared call a Void World King his fellow daoist indicated that there was something extraordinary about him.

"The Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor was crafted by the Hallowed Emperor's good friend—the Cloud Sovereign, a supplemental sovereign of the Nihil World Sovereign. Though the Cloud Sovereign has passed on, will a mere Void World King be able to break apart a great tomb created by such a supplemental sovereign?" sneered the man in silk robes.

"I am Feng Feifan. I don't believe I've had the chance to learn your name," Lu Yun introduced himself once more. Strictly speaking, this wasn't a fake name. He'd used it when he was in the mythological realm and become a real being of that time.

The man took a deep look at Lu Yun and said slowly, "I am Xing Wuliang."

"Xing Wuliang" Lu Yun memorized the name and nodded slowly.

Xing Wuliang:

"Have you not heard of me before?" He was waiting for Lu Yun's face to light up with recognition and for the young man to fawn over him, but no such response was forthcoming!

Lu Yun shook his head blankly.

“No wonder It looks like my name has yet to be known throughout the Boundless Planes. That’s fair, I’m only ninth step in my supplemental dao and still a step away from grandmaster. It’s normal that you haven’t heard of me,” Xing Wuliang replied noncommittally.

“Uh huh.” Lu Yun nodded.

The cultivation levels in the fourth realm were defined more granularly than in the Hongmeng. One started at the first step, eventually reaching ninth step. Post ninth step made one a grandmaster, and supplemental dao was also an all encompassing category in the fourth realm. There were plenty of subcategories, but the four of equipment, pill, formation, and talisman remained the undeniable titans.

There was no formula dao in the fourth realm and ninth step supplemental masters were only a step away from grandmaster. They were lofty personages in the fourth realm that even Void World Kings would treat with utmost courtesy.

Most importantly was that while supplemental dao was complimentary to cultivation in the fourth realm, it also had its own unique cultivation system. One could progress through different cultivation levels of supplemental dao.

The fourth realm had progressed through so much time and history that even the destruction of the original Hongmeng didn’t mean much to it. Everything was possible in such a long period of time and all of it could progress to its highest peaks. Supplemental dao had long since departed from certain restraints and become its own system.

Lu Yun’s supplemental dao was rudimentary because he wasn’t familiar with how to cultivate it. His formula dao could derive many things, but it couldn’t derive the supplemental cultivation system of the fourth realm.

There hadn’t been a single supplemental cultivator in Dragonmountain Clime.

“I’m a ninth step supplemental master, and a ninth step formation master!” Xing Wuliang pointed at himself.

“Mmhmm.” Lu Yun nodded.

Xing Wuliang:

He suddenly felt very defeated, but then another thought struck him. “Can’t blame you for this, your Eastern Planes are a poor area deficient in supplemental dao. None of you know how to use it either!”

He smirked proudly again when his thoughts traveled here.

“A poor area deficient in supplemental dao?” Lu Yun blinked.

“That’s right, your supplemental dao has been locked away,” responded Xing Wuliang. “As for why heh heh heh.”

He chuckled and didn’t explain further.

“Because we don’t want that Hongmeng to grow and develop again?” Lu Yun asked probingly.

“You know? So you know of some things, kid.” Xing Wuliang looked at Lu Yun up and down. “Your supplemental dao potential is uncommon, you just haven’t been taught the right cultivation method”

He thought of how Lu Yun had easily determined the mountain was a tomb the first time he saw it. Judging from their exchange, this Feng Feifan really hadn’t known about the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor then.

An amusing notion suddenly occurred to him.

“If I pass some cultivation methods onto you” Xing Wuliang stroked his chin.

“Does that mean I need to take you for my master?” Lu Yun asked subconsciously.

“Well, no. Those old guys have wandered off the right path a long time ago. They stop at nothing to prevent that Hongmeng from revitalizing, and my master happens to be at odds with them.” Xing Wuliang thought for a moment and transmitted the rest. “I’m going to teach you a cultivation method for soul force and help you officially set foot through the doors of supplemental dao cultivation. But you must swear to never reveal that I passed this method on to you!”

Lu Yun looked at Xing Wuliang with surprise, having no idea what the man was thinking.

“Heh, don’t look at me like that. You’re not afraid of offending the Hoarfrost World King and approached me anyway. That proves you’re no simple character either. I can tell that you’re highly skilled in supplemental dao, but you circle around the outside of the door.

“You only know a few basic refining methods, but you don’t know anything about its cultivation. I’ll pass on the most basic method of soul force cultivation to you and we can be friends, alright?”

Xing Wuliang hadn’t planned on getting to know Lu Yun, but a few gestures from the young man had spoken of his worthiness to be considered differently.

“Alright,” Lu Yun agreed without hesitation.

Xing Wuliang sent a cultivation method into Lu Yun’s mind with a flick of his finger.

“What the your soul force is so strong! You How is this possible? You, you you?” Xing Wuliang took the opportunity to gently probe Lu Yun when he sent the method in and discovered with great shock that the young man’s soul force was as boundless and vast as the seas. He just hadn’t been able to utilize the strength due to a lack of a proper method.

“Is it that strong?” Lu Yun closed his eyes to digest the “Three Thousand Soul Daos”. While it was a very ordinary rudimentary method, that also meant it was full of possibility to give rise to stronger methods.

Unbidden, he sank into careful perusal of the three thousand soul daos.

Frowning slightly, Xing Wuliang quietly watched his new acquaintance.

“Those old creatures once laid down a massive curse formation together. Anything from the Eastern Planes isn’t able to cultivate soul force, even if they go to other planes.” He stroked his chin thoughtfully. “But he’s done it. Is he not from the Eastern Planes?”

Chapter 1543: Seventh Step Soul Force “Boring, how incredibly boring. I’d wanted to see what would happen if someone from the Eastern Planes cultivated soul force.” Xing Wuliang pouted, highly dissatisfied.

It hadn’t been a completely altruistic move for him to pass on the “Three Thousand Soul Daos” to Lu Yun. That was such a common and basic method in the fourth realm that it was of no loss for Xing Wuliang to teach it to someone else.

“Hmm?” He lifted his head, discovering with shock that a crack had opened in the tombstone at some point in time. Dense tomb qi filtered out of the small opening, indicating that it was truly being opened for the first time.

The four Void World Kings hadn’t activated any of the killing formations or false layouts!

“That’s weird. Before I left, master told me that at least eight Void World Kings would have to die before the tomb could be opened. The blood of a Nihil World Sovereign can also dismantle the killing layout in the tombstone. So how come the four of them are enough to easily open the tomb?” Xing Wuliang’s jaw dropped.

“Maybe they have a shared destiny with this tomb.” Lu Yun opened his eyes with a smile. “Thank you for the ‘Three Thousand Soul Daos’, Brother Xing. I am now officially a supplemental dao cultivator.

“This is one of my tokens. If Brother Xing ever encounters trouble you can’t handle, you can search me out with this token.” He handed a leaf to Xing Wuliang, who took it with a dumbfounded look.

“Are you really someone from the Eastern Planes?”

“Well, not really?” Lu Yun scratched his head. He was a life form from the Hongmeng—the worlds, to be more exact. He wasn’t a being of the fourth realm.

What he was unaware of was that in Xing Wuliang’s eyes, it was even more impossible for life forms from the Hongmeng to cultivate soul force.

“No wonder.” Xing Wuliang casually put the leaf away, thinking nothing more of it. He didn’t explain further.

He did indeed have a powerful background; there was also an ancient and powerful inheritance reinforcing him, so he knew a little more than the typical person might about certain locales in the realm. Xing Wuliang didn’t give serious thought to Lu Yun’s words.

A shared destiny with the tomb? Absolute nonsense.

But the tomb was indeed open and the four world kings, as well as numerous other beings, had gone inside. The other world kings hidden in the shadows could no longer sit still. They came out of hiding and followed the crack in.

“Are you not going in?” Xing Wuliang was quite surprised to see Lu Yun remaining still.

“I told you that that tomb has a shared destiny with those four world kings. No one else will be able to touch what’s inside apart from them.” Lu Yun shook his head. His greatest reward for this trip was the “Three Thousand Soul Daos”. To him, being able to direct his soul force through cultivating that method,

and then truly entering the supplemental dao cultivation of the fourth realm was the most important matter at hand.

The tomb of a Nihil World Sovereign?

He himself was one. What was the point of robbing another one's tomb?

Lu Yun was right, to a certain degree. The tomb did indeed have a shared destiny with the four world kings. Or more precisely, Longshan Yin.

Lu Yun had determined earlier that the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor would appear not long after Longshan Yin became a Void World King. That meant to say that the tomb was appearing because of Longshan Yin.

Lu Yun couldn't enter the tomb, nor did he want to. If he did, unexpected changes might arise.

Di Ling and the others in the world of immortals were tightly connected to Lu Yun, so the Hallowed Emperor wouldn't do anything to him. The architect of the tomb, however? That was another story entirely.

His plans targeted the descendants of the Hallowed Emperor. Once someone with the ability to open it and obtain the legacy inside appeared, the tomb would naturally manifest.

If Lu Yun dared enter it, the Cloud Sovereign's preparations would go up in a fiery blaze.

"Are you not planning on going inside?" Lu Yun was equally surprised to see a stoic Xing Wuliang.

"Its manner of opening is too strange." The man shook his head. "I'm not going inside until I reach true World Manifest."

He'd been full of confidence that he would be able to sweep through the tomb if he worked with the four Void World Kings. But not only had the world kings not seen that he was a ninth step formation master, they'd almost killed him.

Xing Wuliang was weaker than regular major World Manifests, so there was no way he would enter the tomb by himself. He wanted to go with Lu Yun, but that was a lost cause since his new friend didn't have the desire to make the trip.

"With your skill in formations, Brother Xing, you'd reap great rewards if you followed any of the world kings in," Lu Yun chuckled.

"Forget it." Xing Wuliang drooped, deflated. "You've never cultivated soul force, have you? I'll give you some pointers."

Lu Yun studied the other's face carefully; he could read some slight changes in Xing Wuliang's emotions. Xing Wuliang's soul force was infinitely close to grandmaster level. If he'd really wanted to hide his emotions, it would be very hard for Lu Yun to glean anything.

Xing Wuliang shared some key points and things of note, imparting a new level of understanding to Lu Yun.

"How strong is your soul force now?" Xing Wuliang asked after a moderate period of time.

“Third step,” Lu Yun answered. “My soul force is now at the third step.”

“Third step isn’t enough!” Xing Wuliang took out something that looked like a massive daikon radish. “This is a treasure that can manipulate and strengthen soul force—the Profound Nineroot. Your soul force is strong enough that if you eat it, you’ll break through to seventh step.”

Lu Yun jumped with shock. Ascending from third straight to seventh step! This was an incredible treasure, but Xing Wuliang had just casually brought it out like this!

He definitely comes from an impressive background.

“It’d be such a waste to just eat it,” Lu Yun grinned wryly. “It’s better to refine it into a pill, whether in terms of potency or effect.”

“I can’t do it, only a pill grandmaster would be able to refine this treasure. There’s a supplemental grandmaster in the Eastern Planes who can do it, but he’s been sealed into an ice cube and can’t refine anything.

“Don’t talk so much. Eat it, raise your soul force to seventh step and enter the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor with me!” Xing Wuliang said. “There are so many treasures in the tomb and any of them are worth more than this Profound Nineroot. Treat this as your compensation!”

Lu Yun chuckled ruefully and swallowed the meter long “radish”.

Hummmm.

Purple-golden brilliance flooded from his body and raised enormous waves in his consciousness. A tremendous vortex of soul force manifested in his consciousness, becoming the core of his mind.

A soul force vortex!

Soul force would condense into a vortex when it reached the seventh step. Lu Yun had broken through the moment he ate the treasure!

This treasure would be worth more than the entire Hongmeng if it was found there! Lu Yun almost jumped with shock when he made some quiet calculations. This Profound Nineroot could enhance the soul force of a Nihil World Sovereign—it was a heaven-defying treasure!

He looked at Xing Wuliang in a new light—the leaf from the Karmic Tree that he’d gifted earlier seemed a little inadequate. Even if it was a token that could compel a Nihil World Sovereign to act.

“Seven step soul force is enough, let’s go!” Ignoring whether or not Lu Yun had agreed, Xing Wuliang flew toward the tombstone.

Lu Yun remained on the spot and thought for a moment, then hid all of his strength and used only soul force. This amount of soul force was already frightening enough in the fourth realm. True World Manifests wouldn’t dare irritate a seventh step supplemental master.

Lu Yun skipped on formation glyphs and followed Xing Wuliang.

Chapter 1544: Evil Corpse
The entrance to the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor was located in the center of the tombstone. It'd become a gaping hole after the concerted efforts of four Void World Kings—not a hole in the mountain, but one in the void.

Spatial fissures usually healed at varying speeds after they were hewed out. The opening in the void, however, remained there and didn't change as time went on. Instead, it slowly turned red as fresh blood seeped out of it.

Clearly, innumerable life forms had died inside.

The appearance of the tomb alarmed countless people in the fourth realm; more than a hundred million souls native to the Broken Primeval Plane alone had come.

Scarlet blood trickled out of the hole in the void and pooled on the mountainous tombstone, collecting as a river of blood that followed the mountain down.

"They're complete idiots to go charging in like that! Do they think they're Nihil World Sovereigns?!" Xing Wuliang curled his lip at the crowds frantically rushing in out of fear that they'd fall behind others who were already inside.

"They are idiots indeed." Lu Yun nodded. None of the dead had fallen to lethal layouts in the tomb; they'd all died to the spatial turbulence in that big hole.

He was at a loss for words.

Fragments of space churned through spatial turbulence, but those fragments weren't lethal to denizens of the fourth realm. Thus, they fought each other to be the first to set foot into the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor. This was the final resting place of a Nihil World Sovereign! All those treasures inside were available for the taking!

Blinded by greed, the first batch of beings to charge in were instantly churned to pieces by the turbulence. If they survived, they promptly plotted and schemed against each other, resulting in another large group of casualties.

Altogether now, there were at least several hundred million dead.

Beings of the fourth realm were enormous and they reverted to their original form upon death. Some broken or ripped limbs were as large as a Hongmeng world.

"Is that fellow daoist Xing Wuliang ahead?" came a greeting as Lu Yun and Xing Wuliang observed the large hole. A figure in blue arrived before them as soon as the voice reached them.

Lovestruck delight flashed through Xing Wuliang's eyes when he saw who it was. The newcomer was a girl in blue who looked roughly sixteen years old. A hint of youthful innocence marked her delicate features.

"We meet again, fellow daoist Wuliang," she chuckled.

"You're here too, Brightheart World King!" Was that a blush on Xing Wuliang's face? "Ahem, let me make some introductions. This is my good friend Feng Feifan, a seventh step formation master!"

Xing Wuliang quickly quashed his emotional shift and pulled Lu Yun over.

“Greetings to the Brightheart World King!” Lu Yun raised cupped fists at the girl.

Brightheart responded in kind and smiled widely. “I was wondering how you would dare barge into this tomb. So it’s due to Master Feng.”

In the fourth realm, supplemental masters who reached seventh step were named with the “master’ honorific in front of their name. They received immense courtesy everywhere they went.

“I must naturally attend when something as momentous as the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor emerges. I am so far from the next level that I cannot even see it clearly. Hence, I wanted to try my luck here and maybe punch through that layer.” Brightheart was quite candid and upfront about her intentions.

“Since the two of you are strong formation masters, why don’t the three of us travel together?” She looked at Lu Yun, knowing that Xing Wuliang wouldn’t turn her down. Therefore, Brightheart was only asking for Lu Yun’s opinion.

No wonder this Xing Wuliang called those four Void World Kings fellow daoist, Lu Yun thought. It looked like high level supplemental masters occupied very high positions in the fourth realm.

“This humble one would never decline the Brightheart World King’s request. What do you say, Brother Xing?” Lu Yun chuckled.

“That would be wonderful!” Xing Wuliang’s eyes brightened. The three moved forward together.

Lu Yun and Xing Wuliang’s company had been rather dull when it was only the two of them and they didn’t exchange many words. The atmosphere was much more lively with the addition of the Brightheart World King. Of course, most of it had to do with Brightheart and Xing Wuliang’s conversation. Lu Yun listened quietly off to the side.

They discussed only mundane matters, such as Xing Wuliang conscientiously inquiring if Brightheart had eaten yet. Lu Yun firmly repressed an eye roll at the question. No one eats at your cultivation level, alright?

Spatial shards abounded in the giant hole leading into the tomb. Hardly concerned, Brightheart released a surge of blue energy from her hand and cleaned up the premises within a few quick breaths. The shards plastered themselves against the sides of the hole as smooth walls, fully stabilizing the opening.

Lu Yun was rather surprised by this casual gesture. It was very easy for Void World Kings, but none of the ones that’d entered beforehand had done so.

“I obtained a cultivation method early on that requires collecting goodwill when I cultivate. Thus, I did as many good deeds as possible when I cultivated. I eventually perfected the method, but couldn’t shake off the habit,” Brightheart explained with a smile when she noticed the look on Lu Yun’s face.

“Ah, I see.” The method that required collecting goodwill likely had something to do with the once five hells. In the present day, only the Karmic Tree could collect goodwill and condense it into virtue.

Though he possessed the five hells, their legends still flourished in the fourth realm. It wasn't out of the ordinary that the Brightheart World King had access to a method like this.

Actually I think I've developed that habit too. The thought occurred to Lu Yun when he dwelled on the matter more. He also noticed that Brightheart didn't conceal her emotions as they talked. Everything was out in the open.

The uncommonly dangerous opening was now a safe passageway for beings below Void World King. The crowds were dense inside, and they all bowed to Brightheart when they noticed what she'd done.

Wisps of goodwill gathered from all directions and melted into her body.

"Careful!" Up ahead, Xing Wuliang suddenly shouted and pointed with his finger, releasing three thousand formation glyphs and forming them into a shield-like formation in the air.

Boom!

The shield shuddered and broke apart as a bloody hand reached out from the other end of the passage. It swiped at the beings in the tunnel. Since the tunnel was roughly fifty kilometers across, it could hold an impressive number of people when it was backed. The bloody hand filled the tunnel and crushed innumerable lives.

"Idiot woman!" came an angry shout. "We didn't repair this area because we wanted to use the spatial turbulence to stop the evil corpse. Now you've gone and let it out!"

The Roastwave World King was very irate.

Necropolis Immortal – Chapter 1545: Spatial Storm Immortal

"Hmph!" snorted the Brightheart World King, not taking what the Roastwave World King said to heart. She opened her arms and sent out a swirl of jade-green energy, whisking away all of the beings in the passageway. She then grabbed a gust of wind and slashed at the evil corpse.

The corpse was only a hand and nothing else. Plainly, it'd evolved from the severed hand of an incomparably strong existence. However, just the hand alone was on par with a Void World King!

Brightheart's blade of wind scraped out a metallic sound when it connected with the evil corpse, whereupon she flew backward out of the tunnel.

A furious roar came from the hand as it also flew back from Brightheart's fearsome blow.

"Feifan, work with me to set up a formation!" Xing Wuliang shouted and flung his arms open, releasing formation glyphs from his body. They assembled in the air with great speed as numerous defensive formations.

He knew that the evil corpse wanted to escape from the tomb and devour a massive amount of beings in the Boundless Realm to grow a new body. That couldn't be allowed to take place. If so, everything would fall onto the Brightheart World King as her retribution.

There were no further sounds from the end of the passageway. The Roastwave World King and others weren't here to do charity—the lives of other fourth realm denizens had nothing to do with them. All they wanted were the treasures in the tomb.

The evil corpse was too strong and ripped through three thousand formations like they were paper. Xing Wuliang had set them up in a flash; they were capable of holding a new Void World King at bay. But, it only took a slight wave of the hand to crush several hundred at a time.

Lu Yun made his move as well. If he wanted to, he could destroy the hand in the blink of an eye. He refrained from doing so, however, since he'd sensed that if he deployed the strength of a Nihil World Sovereign in this tomb, he would be repulsed by the entire tomb.

Either the tomb would destroy him, or he would destroy the tomb. Or, the two of them would destroy each other in mutually assured destruction.

There was no other possible outcome.

Everything within the tomb rejected the presence of a Nihil World Sovereign; cultivators of that level were unable to enter the tomb. Lu Yun was present only because the Tome of Life and Death was concealing his presence.

He began setting up formations as well. Seeing as his mastery of formations was far less than Xing Wuliang's, he wasn't able to set up the advanced formations of the fourth realm. Everything he knew now was a result of his deductions in Dragonmountain Clime or recorded in the rudimentary Three Thousand Soul Daos.

"Only spatial fragments formed by a spatial storm can stop it! Set up spatial formations!" he roared at Xing Wuliang as he busily etched formation glyphs.

"Got it!" Xing Wuliang snapped to attention when he heard Lu Yun's words. The hand's greatest counter was the power of space. They'd be able to slow the hand down if they set up spatial formations.

Xing Wuliang immediately set up three massive spatial formations and slammed them down on the hand. The hand only needed to shake slightly to shatter them all to pieces.

He brooded darkly, that hadn't had any effect!

Lu Yun completed his formation as well and sent it drifting toward the hand.

Bam!

The hand used the same method to destroy Lu Yun's formation, the difference being that Lu Yun's formation disintegrated into a small spatial storm when it shattered. Churning with spatial fragments, it whirled toward the hand.

A horrified keen came from the hand and it rapidly retreated, like it'd been electrocuted.

"The owner of the hand died in a spatial storm!" Lu Yun connected the dots.

The tiny spatial storm couldn't possibly have caused any harm to the hand, but a sense of fear had emanated from it nonetheless.

It was afraid!

What countered vicious ghosts was often their cause of death. Even if it wouldn't fully eliminate them again, it would still frighten them into retreating.

"Forget the order or power of space! It's enough for a destroyed formation to turn into a spatial storm!" Lu Yun roared. His hands furiously etched glyphs in the air and formed formations without foundation, creating two new arrays to crush the hand with.

The evil corpse possessed only instinct and no intelligence. Since it'd been frightened by Lu Yun's formation, it would only retreat and not attack the formations anymore.

Xing Wuliang quickly adjusted his strategy and set up similar formations.

"We'll kill it here then!" Brightheart had returned. Her blue robe was stained with blood and her hair a bit messy, but her eyes remained bright.

She summoned the spatial fragments that she'd stuck into place and formed a giant blue tornado in front of her. It sucked all of the spatial fragments into a massive spatial vortex.

A crimson eye abruptly opened in the palm of the giant hand and it stared, horror-stricken, at the spatial storm. The sight was a reminder of how it'd been churned to pieces, leaving only a hand intact at the end of its life.

The hand went crazy and shrieked with anguish, wanting to return to the other side of the passage and further into the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor. However, there was also a spatial storm on that side now as well.

Lu Yun and Xing Wuliang had set up three thousand spatial formations and ruined them all, creating a spatial storm. Though it was far from the one under Brightheart's control, it was sufficient to slightly fend off the evil corpse.

Indeed, the corpse subconsciously shrank back when it touched the second spatial storm and was promptly engulfed by the enormous vortex.

"Not enough!" Brightheart shouted. "The spatial fragments in the vortex aren't enough to fully kill it! Keep setting up spatial formations, the two of you!"

She abruptly turned into a gust of blue wind and sank into her vortex, trying to prevent the corpse from rushing out.

Xing Wuliang didn't hesitate to bring out something that looked like a Rubik's cube to Lu Yun. Formations flowed from it as it twisted and turned, creating endless spatial fragments.

"This is a connate treasure of the fourth realm!" Lu Yun immediately recognized it. Connate treasures were just as precious in the fourth realm and this cube was far superior to Revered Rednote's Fire Virtue Orb.

Xing Wuliang sent a spatial formation into the cube, replicating it with every gyration of the treasure.

The hand's screams dwindled inside the storm until they finally disappeared. Brightheart reappeared in human form, her body drifting listlessly to the ground. Xing Wuliang didn't have time to put the cube away before he sprang forward to catch her.

Necropolis Immortal – Chapter 1546: Star Sect Immortal

Lu Yun brought the floating cube into his grasp with a wave of his hand. Xing Wuliang ignored his actions, focusing on finding the right pills to heal the Brightheart World King's wounds.

She'd been heavily injured after meeting the evil corpse with a direct blow, then worsened the damage when she transformed into wind to elicit a spatial storm. The backlash had recoiled straight onto her and deepened her injuries.

Thankfully, Xing Wuliang carried a large sum of healing medicine on him. Otherwise, Brightheart would've had to withdraw from their venture and leave the tomb.

Lu Yun began carefully studying this connate treasure of the fourth realm while his two companions were preoccupied. It was very similar to the Yin Yang Formation Orb of the world of immortals as both could release an infinite number of formations.

They differed in that the Formation Orb treated formations as the yang side and feng shui as the yin. Yin and yang were both one entity and clearly distinct. The Formation Orb was a connate treasure that had formed this way due to a separation between the daos of formation and feng shui in the world of immortals. Additionally, the art of feng shui had been lost.

But in the fourth realm, feng shui and formations were still two sides of the same coin and feng shui remained known to all. The realm's connate treasures were born containing both; there was no separation between the two.

The cube encompassed everything, projecting formations that incorporated every manifestation of nature and every single possibility. No matter what formation it was, the cube could replicate it without end once the formation was sent into the treasure.

"What a nice treasure indeed," Lu Yun sighed and tossed it at Xing Wuliang.

"You're not tempted to keep it?" Xing Wuliang put the cube away and looked deep into Lu Yun's eyes, noting that they remained clear without a hint of greed or anything else.

"Treasures have their own spirits and only those with a shared destiny or the highly virtuous may obtain them. This treasure does not share a fate with me," Lu Yun chuckled.

"Pfft." Xing Wuliang curled his lip. "It shares a fate with you if you can get your hands on it, and it doesn't if you can't take it. Virtue? I recall that the Divine Fire World King likes to subjugate others with virtue. Whoever has the stronger fist is the more virtuous."

Lu Yun smiled without a word. After he'd given Divine Fire a thorough beating, the latter had changed his habit of dominating others with virtue. He never mentioned the notion again.

"I have another treasure here that you can use for now. You can give it back to me when we get out. Er if you're still alive then. If I'm the one dead, you don't need to return it." Xing Wuliang fished out a vivid blue orb and tossed it at Lu Yun.

“a Water Virtue Orb.” Lu Yun nearly went cross-eyed staring at the ball.

Revered Rednote was a true World Manifest, but he’d commanded the strength of a Void World King with a Fire Virtue Orb.

A Water Virtue Orb was on the same level as a Fire Virtue Orb; they were both ultimate treasures of the five virtues. How could Xing Wuliang so easily lend out something of this caliber to a stranger he’d just met?

“Heh, don’t think too much, my soul force brand is in that Water Virtue Orb. You won’t be taking it away from me, not with seventh step soul force,” Xing Wuliang cackled. “If you’d had a few decent treasures just now, you might’ve been able to help some.”

“I did help some, alright?” Lu Yun rolled his eyes. “If it wasn’t for what I said, both you and your crush would’ve died here.”

“crush.” Xing Wuliang took a look at Brightheart sitting cross-legged in the air, slowly recovering from her wounds. He blushed brightly and fell silent.

Lu Yun lowered his eyes to the Water Virtue Orb in his hand. It was azure blue and seemed to nurture a world of water. The sound of waves rose and ebbed from the orb.

This Xing Wuliang throws money around like it’s worth nothing. Something that Revered Rednote sees as his heart’s blood is probably nothing but trash to him. Tossing it to me like this? I wouldn’t be willing to lend this to a complete stranger. Lu Yun toyed with the treasure as he waited for the Brightheart World King to recover.

He understood full well that Xing Wuliang had only brought out this treasure because he realized how dangerous the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor was. They’d encountered the hand of an evil corpse before entering the tomb proper and almost died. It was very possible that other terrors would lurk in the depths of the tomb.

After eating the Profound Nineroot and raising his soul force to seventh step, Lu Yun was a high level formation master worthy of being hailed Master Feng.

“I’ll give you something else too.” A grave expression appeared on Xing Wuliang’s face. “This has much to do with my faction. If you learn it, you’ll be an outer disciple of my faction. I’ll teach it to you if you’re willing. If not, pretend I didn’t say anything.”

“I’m willing!” Lu Yun nodded. There was no reason for him to decline as he ardently wished to learn everything about the supplemental daos of the fourth realm to increase his strength. He also wanted everything about the realm’s cultivation methods and battle techniques.

Xing Wuliang was someone who carelessly gifted Profound Ninetroots and Water Virtue Orbs. He naturally would have the right to accept new disciples for his faction. Though Lu Yun hadn’t helped in a significant way earlier, he’d identified the crucial point to handle the evil corpse. He’d been the one to suggest breaking spatial formations into spatial fragments and creating a storm out of them.

Someone with this level of perception and judgment was certainly an unparalleled supplemental dao genius.

Xing Wuliang took another close look at Lu Yun before giving him a scroll. The General Principles of the Star Sect Formations!

“My faction is called the Star Sect. It’s the biggest one in the Central Planes and it sits in the World Plane.” Xing Wuliang lifted his head with some pride. “The sect’s disciples travel throughout the Boundless Planes and are strictly forbidden from bullying others through influence. You are not allowed to use the sect’s name even if you offend an overwhelming enemy.

“Our enemies, our mess.”

Lu Yun nodded.

“This is the medallion of Star disciples.” Xing Wuliang handed over a black medallion to be worn at the waist. “As for the rest of the sect’s rules, you may read them for yourself if you are lucky enough to become an inner disciple. You should refine the medallion—it will destroy itself upon your death.”

“Does this mean that as an outer disciple, I don’t necessarily have the right to visit the sect at the World Plane?” Lu Yun grinned wryly.

“The sect has at least eight hundred million, if not a billion outer disciples like you. Some spend their entire lives falling short of the lowest bar,” Xing Wuliang spoke meaningfully. “My senior brother gifted me only the same principles and medallion back in the day. I made it into the sect through my own abilities.

“I think you can do the same.” He flashed a grin at Lu Yun and spoke in much gentler tones after seeing the young man refine the medallion.

“What a strange sect.” Lu Yun discovered after refinement that the medallion was only an identity token, representing his right to visit the World Plane. Everything after that was up to him.

There was also a restriction inside the medallion that if he passed on The General Principles of the Star Sect Formation to anyone else, the restriction would immediately activate and kill him. Since he wasn’t an official disciple, he had no right to recruit disciples for the sect.

“Only a sect like this can survive in the Boundless Planes.” Brightheart had mostly recovered from her wounds and opened her eyes.

Necropolis Immortal - Chapter 1547: Wielded a Sword

“And, I’m not his crush. I won’t have anything to do with him before he becomes a Void World King.” The Brightheart World King still looked a little wan.

Xing Wuliang mouthed inaudible gibberish while Lu Yun nodded with a rueful smile. So the world king had heard what he’d said earlier!

Some inspiration had come from their conversation, however. Ancient sects often fell to corruption. Either the senior council rotted from within or genius disciples threw their weight around without cause, bullying others through status and influence.

A system like the Star Sect's could not only maintain a steady source of new recruits, but could also prevent disciples from turning cocky and self assured, thereby staving off a gradual decline in the faction. There was likely also another system governing the senior council and core of the sect.

Brightheart's wounds had taken a turn for the better, but hadn't fully healed. She sat down to continue recovering and Lu Yun returned his attention to The General Principles of the Star Sect Formations.

He fully read through it after a while and closed his eyes to digest his findings.

"Do you only have the general principles of formations?" Lu Yun suddenly asked Xing Wuliang.

"Eh?" The man gaped with a lack of understanding.

"Are there only the principles of formations in the Star Sect?" The trio had retreated from the passageway and created a tiny pocket of space in the outer world. Too many people traveled through the tunnel at any given time and even Void World Kings appeared occasionally. It was too likely that someone would scheme against them there.

"The Star Sect is inclusive of everything and naturally has other methods, but the basic soul force method is the Three Thousand Soul Daos that I sent to you earlier." Xing Wuliang misunderstood that Lu Yun wanted more cultivation methods. "You'll receive more advanced methods after you master that one. As for cultivation methods... you started off your path with supplemental dao, so you don't have the right to receive cultivation methods yet."

Lu Yun shook his head. "That's not what I mean. Do you have any general principles of pills, talismans, or refinement, or the like?"

"Oh, um..." Xing Wuliang thought for a moment. "I have one of talismans as well. What do you want that for?"

"For cultivation, of course," Lu Yun responded matter-of-factly. "My soul force may only be seventh step, but it's so strong that it's as vast as an ocean. I should be able to cultivate several supplemental daos at the same time and not have them interfere with each other, so I'd like to give it a try."

"Here you go!" Xing Wuliang didn't hesitate before handing over The General Principles of the Star Sect Talismans.

"If you succeed, I'm bringing you back to the sect as soon as we leave the tomb!" Xing Wuliang was reconsidering his new recruit in light of the latter's immense consciousness.

Though Feng Feifan's soul force wasn't advanced, it was so powerful that the sect would never relinquish a genius like him. As long as his new friend didn't betray the sect, the Star Sect would accept him even if he was one of the most evil villains in the Boundless Planes.

In a similar vein, no one had asked Xing Wuliang about his background when he joined the sect.

Delighted, Lu Yun quickly accepted this new overview and began studying it closely.

He opened his eyes again after an indeterminate period of time and heaved a long exhale. He'd fully grasped the Star Sect's basics in formations and talismans. Supplemental dao of the fourth realm was deployed via soul force, and the two that comprised of formations and talismans were starkly different.

It was very difficult for fourth realm denizens to practice multiple disciplines at the same time, but some peerless geniuses could manage it. The current Lu Yun could naturally do so as well.

Xing Wuliang also practiced formations and talismans concurrently, which was why he carried the general principles of both on him.

“Well?” he hastily asked when he saw Lu Yun open his eyes.

“Success!” Two types of soul force appeared over Lu Yun’s body—one of formations and one of talismans.

“Wonderful, fantastic, perfect!” Xing Wuliang gushed with praise. “You are my junior brother from henceforth and we go back to the sect as soon as this is over!”

Brightheart had fully recovered from her wounds and she smiled faintly as she looked at Xing Wuliang and Lu Yun. Though she wasn’t of the Star Sect, she had a bit of a relationship with it.

Lu Yun didn’t turn down his new acquaintance as he wouldn’t return to the Hongmeng before the withered wood was taken care of. He also wouldn’t be staying long in the Star Sect, just in case he brought trouble to them as well.

“We can enter the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor now.” Brightheart stood up. “Don’t worry, you two will be fine with me here.”

.....

There weren’t that many people outside of the tomb on their return trip. Most had taken the passageway inside.

There was still blood in the tunnel as the tomb wasn’t a safe place. Everyone who entered it knew of this fact. It also looked different from when the trio first visited it.

The spatial fragments and storm had disappeared. It rang with emptiness, but gusts of chilly yin wind blew at any time. Lu Yun surreptitiously opened the Spectral Eye and discovered that there were many vicious ghosts wandering the premises. However, the ghosts only dared attack weaker beings. They scattered when Brightheart appeared.

Past the tunnel was an enormous black space. A dense trace of resentment and unwillingness still lingered in the air. This was plainly where the big hand had dwelled before. But since it’d been eliminated, the great danger in this area was no more.

“Where should we go now?” Xing Wuliang remained at a loss after carefully observing the feng shui and terrain of the premises.

The space had changed into a world complete with its own laws, rules, and orders. But apart from the tunnel behind them, there was no other entrance or exit around.

This world had been scoured clean—even the dark red dirt beneath their feet had been turned over for several thousand kilometers, ensuring that there wasn’t so much as a rock left.

“There should’ve been a doorway there, but someone destroyed it.” Lu Yun suddenly pointed ahead of them. “It wasn’t the earliest batch who did it, but the next batch. The one who entered just before us.

“Come with me, we should be able to repair the door if we work together.”

Brightheart looked at the young man with surprise. Both Xing Wuliang and her hadn’t seen through the secrets of this place, but he had.

“You want to fix the door? You’ll have to get through me first!” An angry shout rang out as a ray of light flashed in front of Lu Yun’s face.

“You court death!” Brightheart stepped forward and crushed the light with her hand. She sent out a fearsome surge of strength from it and waved a man out of the void.

He was dressed in a combat uniform and wielding a sword.

Chapter 1548: SwordThere were no sword cultivators in the fourth realm—not even beings that wielded swords.

After the original Hongmeng shattered, sword dao died out in the fourth realm. Plainly, the man in front of them wasn’t a local.

That made him a Hongmeng being, and one from another Hongmeng world than the one Lu Yun hailed from.

After the original Hongmeng broke apart, its countless fragments took root in the fourth realm. Each of them regrew into a complete Hongmeng world with the worlds of the first realm, chaos, and itself. The worlds expanded in all of them and gradually swallowed the second and third realms.

Apart from the Hongmeng world doomed by the Curse King, the others developed in thriving fashion and produced stunning powerhouse upon stunning powerhouse. The previous iteration of the Hadal Hell, for instance, had been refined from nine Hongmeng worlds that’d grown to the level of the fourth realm.

“When did Hongmeng creatures get so cocky as to block the way of a Void World King?” Xing Wuliang sneered and stepped forward to stare down the man in black.

Fourth realm denizens possessed a natural superiority when they met Hongmeng beings, like that of a dragon considering an ant. Even a Void World King from a Hongmeng world was still inferior to those from the fourth realm.

Wielding a sword was a hallmark of a Hongmeng being.

No matter which Hongmeng world it was, the way of the sword proliferated. The sword was the sharpest of all weapons and the absolute king. When Quiet appeared in the fourth realm, it absorbed the realm’s sword dao and caused fourth realm denizens to be unable to walk the way of the sword.

Without sword dao, swords were meaningless to the realm’s inhabitants.

Even as a treasure, Quiet was definitively stronger than Nihil World Sovereigns as the latter couldn't cultivate sword dao either. That held true even though Quiet had fallen to the Hongmeng and very possibly existed no more.

Most importantly was that there was a faction called the Sword Clan in the fourth realm—a clan manifested from a connate divine sword. They were one of the strongest clans in the Hongmeng and possessed a Nihil World Sovereign. The supplemental grandmasters of the realm didn't refine swords out of fear that they'd offend this clan.

Although sword dao in the third realm propagated from the original Hongmeng, the Sword Clan couldn't be bothered with ants. Their authority didn't extend so far, either.

"Which Hongmeng are you from?" Brightheart asked the newcomer.

"Hmph!" snorted the man. "The Central Hongmeng, of course!"

Smack!

Xing Wuliang slapped him across the face.

"Bullshit, the Central Hongmeng's been cursed and almost none of its beings can pierce through the barrier to enter the Boundless Planes. How dare a minor World Manifest claim to be from there?!"

"Speak! Where are you from?!" Xing Wuliang roared. He was a major World Manifest and could subjugate the other's will through soul force alone.

Indeed, the man spewed out a mouthful of blackish-red blood when Xing Wuliang shouted. His gaze dulled, but just when he was about to say something, his head exploded like a rotten watermelon, scattering his soul to the four winds.

"What a terrifying restriction, I didn't even realize there was one in his brain." Brightheart frowned faintly.

"He comes from a strong background. Only the Hongmeng worlds that've grown to the level of one of our planes possess this kind of restriction."

According to Lu Yun's understanding, Hongmeng worlds that'd grown to the level of a plane were ones that'd reached the fourth realm. The so-called Central Hongmeng was the one he was from. The core fragment of the original Hongmeng was there and in the Great Ancien, that had been the center of the Boundless Planes.

That locale was still called the Central Hongmeng.

"These Hongmeng people grow bolder by the day. Since there's an opening in this tomb, everyone has the right to explore this area and their lives are in their own hands. But blocking the way forward prevents others from seeking their fortune!" Xing Wuliang grew irate at seeing traces of man-made destruction on the door.

"It's repairable." Lu Yun looked over everything closely. He'd felt some kinship with the sword-wielding man at first, but that feeling swiftly dispersed when the latter claimed to be from the Central

Hongmeng. These guys from other Hongmeng worlds are probably scheming against my Hongmeng as well.

He deployed the Dragonsearch Invocation, utilizing its power to project the original form of the destroyed door. The combined form of the Dragonquake Scripture was forbidden in the Hongmeng, but it wasn't a taboo in the fourth realm.

In fact, there were probably many in the realm who didn't know anything about it.

"This is incredible soul force!" Brightheart didn't recognize the method; she was just marveling at Lu Yun's strength.

The Dragonsearch Invocation slowly materialized the broken door in its original form—it was a spatial transportation door that worked in both directions.

"There's a bit of spatial order left here. I'll travel through space while you set up the formation!" Lu Yun condensed his soul force into a spatial bridge and set it up on the two sides of the door.

Too strong.

Though Lu Yun's soul force level was seventh step, the actual strength of his soul force was Nihil World Sovereign. He was exerting less than a hundred millionth of it!

Rumble!

Xing Wuliang swallowed hard when the void shook. He leaped into action and set up a formation according to the door that was projected, repairing what had been broken.

Since the door worked both ways, there had to be another one on the other side. The Void World Kings that'd passed through wouldn't destroy that one, since that would preclude them from returning.

It was because that door still existed that there was a mark of spatial transportation preserved on this side. That was how Lu Yun could travel through and Xing Wuliang repair the broken threshold. The other beings that'd entered the area crowded around, waiting for the door to be repaired.

Hummmmm.

After roughly a thousand breaths, a faint ripple oscillated through the void and a hazy blue door appeared in the air.

"Let's go!" Lu Yun bounded through as soon as it solidified.

Xing Wuliang and Brightheart looked at each other. It seemed that something incredible had appeared on the other side! They quickly followed suit, but their field of vision was suffused by shining golden radiance the next second.

Golden swords flitted through the air, piercing through any heads they came across.

"Swords?? How?!" Xing Wuliang gasped with incredulity.

"It's not the Sword Clan, it's just swords! There's sword dao here!" Brightheart exclaimed as well.

She'd just finished speaking when a thousand swords came for their heads.

Chapter 1550: Poisonous Tumor Reeling from shock, Xing Wuliang closed off the pores and openings of his body. His soul force would have to be his eyes and ears for now.

Lu Yun once more released the world of water virtue from the Water Virtue Orb and brought it down around them, isolating the trio from the strange gray fog.

A wordless Xing Wuliang restored his bodily functions.

“Just how much soul force do you have, kid?! When I use the orb, I exhaust all of mine in less than a hundred breaths!” He looked Lu Yun up and down. “Or have you eaten some other incredible treasure?”

He’d been startled by his new junior brother’s soul force when he passed on the Three Thousand Soul Daos, but to think that’d only been the tip of the iceberg!

“Some things are affected by innate talent,” Lu Yun chuckled. “My potential is stronger than yours, it’s just that I’ve never cultivated supplemental dao before.”

“Perverse monster!” Both Xing Wuliang and Brightheart cursed.

“Come on, come on, we need to get going. We’ll be targeted by that thing in the center once we catch its attention!” Brightheart put thought of rescuing others out of her mind. That would only result in her own death.

“No, we need to go right to the center and piss it off!” A cold light shone in Lu Yun’s eyes. “That thing doesn’t belong to this tomb. The Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor was created to preserve the Hallowed Emperor’s legacy and await the one who shares his destiny. As dangerous as this place might be, no undead should be here!

“We’re going to take it out!” he declared with finality before running off.

“Lunatic!” Xing Wuliang grit his teeth and chased after his junior brother. Lu Yun had the Water Virtue Orb on him and could release its strongest power. There was nothing he could do other than follow the young man.

Brightheart set her jaw as well and chased after them.

“You’re not thinking you share a destiny with the Hallowed Emperor, do you?” she asked, seemingly jokingly.

“We’ll know once we head inside.” Lu Yun responded noncommittally. “But if we excise the poisonous tumor inside this tomb, the emperor and Cloud Sovereign’s spirits will thank us if they’re still around!”

It didn’t matter if they did, to be honest, as long as the tomb no longer rejected Lu Yun. He wanted to be able to release his power without the tomb blowing up the next second. Once he eliminated the danger and obtained the tomb’s approval, he would be able to do whatever he wanted in here.

There were certain things of interest to him as well that he wished to check out.

Sounds of fighting traveled through the fog—the young man with the sword hadn’t left. He was fighting whatever was in the gray murkiness. As the fog grew ever denser, Lu Yun contracted the world of water virtue by a tiny bit.

“This is a pill to recover soul force!” Xing Wuliang suddenly handed a pill to Lu Yun with grave solemnity.

“Huh.” Lu Yun popped it into his mouth and swallowed it, recovering some of his moderately depleted soul force.

“Is that a huge mountain ahead of us?” Xing Wuliang murmured uncertainly as he looked at a patch of fog that seemed thicker than the rest.

“It’s a coffin,” Brightheart responded. “A coffin hovering in the air. The young man with the sword on his back is fighting whatever’s crawled out of it. That thing is the source of the gray fog around us.”

Since she was stronger than Xing Wuliang, she could naturally see more than him.

“Bastards! What are you doing here?!” the young man roared angrily when he saw the trio. His tone shifted into surprise with his next words. “Hang on, you can deploy the world of water virtue from that orb?”

The world was still keeping the gray fog at bay and keeping the trio safe.

“Good, very good! You have incredible soul force at just seventh step. catch!” The young man flung his hand out and threw his Metal Virtue Orb across the world of water virtue. “As strong as the world of water virtue is, it’s less than the world of swords from the Metal Virtue Orb. Ah, I turned the world of metal virtue inside the orb into one of swords because I sent my sword dao into it. If you have energy to spare, deploy the world of swords to help me!”

The young man’s sword once more shot out of its scabbard as he clashed with a mammoth gray creature. It released gray fog at every second and dimmed the surroundings.

“Okay.” Lu Yun nodded and flooded the Metal Virtue Orb with his soul force after he caught it. Golden sword upon golden sword blossomed out of the orb while he concurrently retracted his soul force in the Water Virtue Orb.

He could easily keep both orbs activated at the same time, but that feat would be insanely out of reach for regular fourth realm beings. He didn’t want Xing Wuliang to actually think he was a freak as he still wanted to go to the Star Sect and learn the fourth realm’s methods.

The world of swords instantly illuminated the vicinity when it erupted, the sword dao within vaporizing all of the gray fog. That also enabled Xing Wuliang and Brightheart to clearly see the source of the fog.

It was a gray humanoid figure wearing tattered armor; they could glimpse gray bones through the cracks in the armor.

“This armor is very old and probably goes back to the era of the original Hongmeng!” Widely read, Xing Wuliang quickly identified their opponent.

“This thing mutated from one of the immortal race’s powerhouses, the ones that ruled the era before the original Hongmeng shattered!” panted the young man as he sent the gray zombie reeling with a mighty slash of his sword. “This zombie looks like it was one of their generals in life and was buried after his death. Someone must’ve dug him up and sent him here to breed zombies.”

The young man could kill three Void World Kings with one stroke, but he was a bit out of his depth against the zombie. His incomparably sharp sword felt like a dull blade thudding into hay when he connected with it.

The result was the same when the golden swords of the world of swords crashed into it.

Unbidden, Lu Yun released the Metal Virtue Orb and let it hover in the air to protect Xing Wuliang and Brightheart. He took a step out of the world of swords.

“What are you doing?!”

“Get back here!” the two gasped with horror.

“Stay here, I’m going to help!” Brightheart quickly followed Lu Yun out of the cocoon of safety. As a Void World King, she wouldn’t be zombified by the fog.

She turned into wind the moment she left and charged the gray zombie. It was pointless to give instructions to Lu Yun, he must be confident of his chances if he dared come out. Helping the young man eliminate the zombie was the most pressing task.

“Shit, I’m the most useless one out of the bunch!” Xing Wuliang waved the cube around, but didn’t know what to do. “Eh? Where are you going?” he asked reflexively when he saw Lu Yun head for the coffin instead of the zombie.

“The source of the fog is the coffin and not the zombie. Taking care of the coffin will disperse the zombie.” Lu Yun observed the coffin for a long moment before turning back. “Lend me your cube.”