

Necropolis 1551

Chapter 1551: A Compass Draws a World
Xing Wuliang threw the cube to Lu Yun without hesitation.

“Thank goodness I’m able to help a little.” Smiling with contentment, he sat down with ease of mind in the world of swords and casually watched the others outside.

“Are all Star Sect members this useless?” Glaring at Xing Wuliang, the young man with the sword directed his question to the Brightstar World King.

Brightstar blushed furiously. She had feelings for Xing Wuliang, but her main focus was on cultivation and how to grow stronger. As a result, she’d reached Void World King ahead of him. His cultivation level had remained static because he was focused on supplemental dao, so the two hadn’t ended up together despite their fondness for each other.

Her mention of becoming dao partners with Xing Wuliang if he reached Void World King wasn’t a joke, but a promise. If it wasn’t for this, he would probably still be a minor World Manifest.

“Xing Wuliang’s not that useless,” she responded absentmindedly as she fended off the zombie, then realized she’d misspoke.

The young man smacked his forehead and slashed forward again, sending the zombie back. Unfortunately, it remained unharmed and rushed back with unquenchable zeal after flying several thousands of kilometers out.

It wanted to eat these two Void World Kings.

It would eat these two, then eat more until it ate Nihil World Sovereigns. It would then claw back from death and return to the world of the living.

Lu Yun held the Rubik’s cube aloft and stared at the coffin that towered like a mountain. It was at least forty-five thousand kilometers tall and an ugly crack scarred its surface. That was likely where the gray zombie had climbed out.

The coffin was also gray, but no fog wafted from it. That didn’t fool Lu Yun. This coffin was the source of everything.

“Destroy the coffin?” He shook his head. It was forty-five thousand kilometers tall and at least a dozen kilometers long. Though these dimensions didn’t amount to much in the fourth realm—a Void World King could crush it with a finger at their full size—Lu Yun could tell that there were other secrets to the coffin.

What was buried inside wasn’t the gray zombie, but a world! If they only destroyed the coffin, what was sealed inside would still crawl out without end until they ultimately destroyed the tomb!

The mammoth being that Lu Yun had noticed before wasn’t this gray zombie, but the true existence buried within this coffin.

“Do I go in?” He looked hesitantly at the cube. “Or do I block it with formations? If the world buried in the coffin is a different one from this tomb, I can utilize my strongest strength to suppress it. But if my judgment is wrong, I’ll be instantly dead.”

He filled the cube with his soul force. It was a treasure ranked higher than the five orbs of virtue, but the cost for utilizing it was even smaller. Even Xing Wuliang could easily call upon it.

Kerchunk.

The cube started rotating and changing as Lu Yun infused it with soul force. The lackadaisical Xing Wuliang sat bolt upright, staring at his junior brother with incredulity.

“Is potential really that important? My master said that I’m a peerless genius, so what does that make Feng Feifan?” he murmured to himself.

The cube had more than one form, but he’d been able to make use of only its first form. Now in Lu Yun’s hands, it was displaying its second form.

A drawing compass?

Indeed, the cube had turned into a drawing compass. The development shocked even Lu Yun. Whether a drawing compass or Rubik’s cube, neither of them existed in the Hongmeng, chaos, or world of immortals. Only the mortal world—Earth—possessed these things.

“Civilization prospered to its utmost in the original Hongmeng, so it’s not a total surprise that things like drawing compasses and Rubik’s cubes appeared.” Lu Yun realized what’d happened upon further thought.

These connate treasures were born out of rules and order. In other words, they were objective existences formed by the subjective thoughts of living beings. Rules and orders copied the creations of life to form these treasures, and all of these connate treasures were far more powerful than the original cube or compass.

Most of them came with their own order and rules, ones that could be used by living beings to make the treasures their tools.

Lu Yun sent the compass into the air with a wave of his hand and had it draw a circle. The circle became a world, a true world that was the same as the Hongmeng worlds and others in the fourth realm.

He paused with surprise. The five orbs could also project worlds, but those were the only worlds within the orbs. This compass, on the other hand, could draw a second world, a third, a fourth, and more after the first. As long as he had the strength to do so, he could draw an endless number of worlds.

Lu Yun swallowed hard and directed the compass, which directed the world, to swallow the coffin.

Bam!

The world exploded the second the coffin fell into it. It’d burst because it couldn’t contain the coffin’s weight.

“What what kind of existence is this coffin?!” he gasped. It wasn’t that the world from the compass was too weak, but that the coffin was too heavy. A real world had proven insufficient to hold it!

“Ah, we’re in the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor. The worlds I draw come from the void within the tomb. If I was in the outside world and drawing something from the Boundless Planes, then I might be able to contain it.”

Despite that, Lu Yun waved his hand again and drew another nine world prototypes, linking them together and sending them over the coffin.

He would envelop it this time instead of swallowing it. Since he could fit it in a world, then maybe he could cover it and cut off its connection to the tomb.

Craaaaaack.

The coffin was covered, but continuous pops rang crisply through the air as the nine worlds shattered one after another.

“Aha, the source inside the coffin is an incomparably strong world that’s a hundred times stronger than a world drawn by the compass.”

A small world couldn’t contain a large world, no matter the manner.

“Then I’ll block the crack!” Lu Yun began drawing another world, wanting to see what would happen if he filled in the crack instead.

Boooooom!

A large hand reached out from the ugly fissure before he could finish the first world and grabbed at the compass.

Chapter 1552: Ingress “As I thought!” Lu Yun sneered at the development and cocked his arm back with the Water Virtue Orb, smashing it on the gray hand.

Bam!

The orb crashed into the large hand before it could close around the compass.

Craaaaaack.

Grayish-yellow liquid spurted out as the orb shattered the hand. The compass successfully finished drawing a world and stoppered the crack on top of the coffin, resulting in an immediate decrease of the gray fog in the area.

The gray zombie lost its mind and pounced on Lu Yun; it seemed that it would lose its source of strength once the crack was sealed off. However, the zombie disintegrated into dust before it could reach its target.

The young man with a sword and the Brightheart World King gaped at Lu Yun. The two of them had fought together for so long, but hadn’t inflicted the slightest wound on the zombie. Meanwhile, the kid that seemed to be only in the true void realm had vanquished it as soon as he took the field?

The gray fog that could turn the living into zombies was well and truly dispersing.

“What happened here?” Brightheart asked with trepidation now that they had some breathing space. “Why are things like this?”

The young man with a sword was closely assessing Lu Yun. He could clearly see that the unexpected newcomer was in the true void realm!

That was Lu Yun’s real cultivation level after putting away the Tome of Life and Death; it was the strength he could bring to bear after piercing through the Hongmeng barrier. Since he couldn’t deploy the strength of a Nihil World Sovereign in the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor, he had to return to his origins and utilize only the cultivation level that he’d won for himself.

Of course, he couldn’t change the fact that the Tome of Life and Death became his nascent spirit whenever he was in the fourth realm. When the book activated and the six hellfires burned, he would still be a Nihil World Sovereign. His consciousness and body were that of a Nihil World Sovereign, but his cultivation level receded to the true void realm after he put the treasure away.

In other words, he was a Nihil World Sovereign with strength in the true void realm.

This was obscured from outsiders; they simply thought that he was in the second cultivation level of the fourth realm system. However, his soul force was already at seventh step, and it was stronger than a grandmaster’s! He could utilize even connate treasures!

This kind of insane genius can’t go to the Star Sect!

“How did you do it?” The young man sheathed his sword and stared unblinkingly at Lu Yun with eyes that glittered like the stars.

“Was that hard?” Lu Yun asked with utmost innocence. “Anything’s easy with a connate treasure in hand. Ask senior brother Wuliang if you don’t believe me, right, senior brother?”

Lounging in the world of swords, Xing Wuliang’s nerves thrummed with alarm when he saw the look in the young man’s eyes. This Void World King from the Hongmeng wanted to take one of the Star Sect’s disciples!

He charged out of the world and planted himself between Lu Yun and the youth. He grinned brilliantly, “How are the methods of my Star Sect, honored World King?”

The young man arched a brow and chuckled merrily.

“You can keep the Metal Virtue Orb. If the inclination strikes you one day, you can come to Ingress Blood Island for a visit.” He undid the gourd at his waist and poured himself a generous mouthful before heading deeper into the tomb.

Xing Wuliang paused, then set his jaw. “Junior brother, this ‘Horizon’s Edge’ is a personal treasure that master gave to me. I can’t give it to you. But I can give you the Water Virtue Orb as a greeting gift!”

Ingress Sword Island had gifted the Metal Virtue Orb to Lu Yun, one that could release an extremely strong connate world like the world of swords. If Xing Wuliang didn’t express a similar sentiment on the spot, he really would have this genius slip right through his grasp. He’d handed over the sect’s formations, talismans, and the medallion, but that didn’t mean Lu Yun had to become a Star disciple.

If he changed his mind, all he needed to do was to release his memories of the sect's methods and have the medallion detonate itself.

However, Lu Yun remained unmoved and kept his eyes fixed on the disappearing young man.

Ingress Sword Island?

There was an Ingress Sword Island in the Hongmeng as well. Or rather, that's what it'd been called when the faction had been first established. Its name had shifted to Ingress Blood Island sometime along the way.

It was one of the Ten Valleys of Evil.

The name "Ingress" touched a chord in Lu Yun's heart.

I'd thought that if Ge Long and the others really were building a faction in the Hongmeng or any of its worlds, they would call it Emerald Palace or Golden Ao Island or something like that. But he used his own name instead?[1]Lu Yun frowned in deep thought.

He didn't seek confirmation from Ge Long as the latter was overseeing hell and holding down the fort in the world of immortals. He was Lu Yun's right hand man and more important to his master than the ten Yama Kings.

But now, Lu Yun was certain that Ge Long—no, he should be rightfully called Daoist Ingress—was one of ten ancestors of the Ten Valleys of Evil! He'd surpassed "nothing" and entered sequence. He'd built Ingress Blood Island in the Hongmeng, but his relationship to Ingress Sword Island in the fourth realm was unknown.

Was Daoist Ingress the founder of Ingress Sword Island, or was the founder one of his disciples?

Regardless, it was an incredibly strong faction. Wielding swords in the fourth realm? That young man had just been a Void World King, but he had the ability to modify the Metal Virtue Orb and change its innate world of metal into one of swords!

He might really not be a being from the Hongmeng.

It'd been too long since Quiet was lost from the fourth realm and certain rules had been broken in that time. It was just that many people's customary patterns of thought yet existed, so they didn't acknowledge certain new rules.

Perhaps the sword wielders of the fourth realm had long broken through certain restraints, but they were just all viewed as people of the Hongmeng by their own kind.

Xing Wuliang's heart spasmed painfully to see his new junior brother stare wordlessly after the young man with the sword.

"Actually, junior brother, the Horizon's Edge" was the cube that'd turned into a compass, and it was sitting in Lu Yun's hand.

"This is senior brother's personal treasure, how could I possibly take it?" A smiling Lu Yun transformed it back into a cube and handed it to Xing Wuliang. "Don't worry, senior brother, I've already agreed to

return to the Star Sect with you. I'm not the type to change my mind. If I see the young man with the sword again, I'll return the Metal Virtue Orb to him."

He put the orb away with a wave of his hand, but said nothing about returning the Water Virtue Orb to Xing Wuliang. After all, the man had given it of his own free will. Lu Yun hadn't forced him to do anything.

1. Ao is a large marine turtle in Chinese mythology. He was thought to have lived in the South China Sea during the time of the formation of the world. When the goddess Nüwa, creator of mankind, was repairing the sky after a disaster, she chopped off Ao's four legs and used them as supports. ㊦

Chapter 1553: Grandmaster "But senior brother, while this coffin has been sealed away, it hasn't been fully taken care of yet." Lu Yun stroked his chin with contemplation and changed the topic.

"What's the point of taking care of it? We're here to hunt for treasure, not do good deeds." Xing Wuliang heaved a slight sigh of relief to see that Lu Yun really didn't intend to head to Ingress Sword Island.

"This isn't purely a tomb." Lu Yun shook his head. "This is the land of inheritance for the Hallowed Emperor. Though it holds his body, it also holds his legacy!"

Brightheart's eyes lit up. "You don't mean"

"This coffin is plainly a cancerous tumor from outside and is eating away at the tomb at every second. If it destroys the tomb, it destroys the legacy," Lu Yun continued. "If we excise these tumors, we might win the tomb's approval and share the spoils!"

"If I'm seeing things correctly, this was once an enormous garden. All sorts of strange and exotic plants flourished here, but the coffin and gray fog destroyed everything." Lu Yun looked down at his feet where a withered plant root drifted.

The coffin hadn't been truly resolved. It was still a poisonous tumor on the premises, just prevented from releasing its fog and turning everything into zombies. But as time went on, the things inside would break through the seal from the compass world and ravage the tomb again with fog.

"The coffin isn't the source, what's inside is the source," Xing Wuliang suddenly spoke up. There seemed to be another pair of eyes opening within his pupils, ones that swayed with strange ripples.

Lu Yun's eyes were the size of dinner plates; when Xing Wuliang displayed his innate abilities, not even Lu Yun could see through him.

He was right, coffins were just a tool to bury the dead. No matter how strange that one was, the dead buried inside was the source of everything.

Lu Yun could clearly see that this coffin forty-five thousand kilometers tall buried a world—a massive world that not even the compass could contain.

"How do we take care of it?" Brightheart wasn't well versed in feng shui. She looked at Xing Wuliang, who looked at Lu Yun.

Lu Yun held his forehead.

“Coffins should go where they belong.”

“Where do coffins belong?” Brightheart didn’t understand.

“A tomb!” answered Xing Wuliang. “This coffin is from another tomb. It inspires backlash from this tomb because it doesn’t belong here. If we use this environment and lay down a tomb within a tomb according to the principles of burial, we’ll solve all our problems when we bury this coffin!”

A tomb within a tomb!

“Since it’s a tomb within a tomb, we have to use a mother and child layout. The Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor is the mother, the tomb within a tomb is the child!” Lu Yun and Xing Wuliang looked at each other with the appreciation of finding one of their kind.

Xing Wuliang’s eyes within his real eyes were still open.

“I have a feeling, senior brother, that if you bury this coffin, you’ll become a grandmaster!” Though Lu Yun was a Nihil World Sovereign, there was no hierarchy when it came to learning. Whoever grasped understanding first was the teacher. Xing Wuliang’s supplemental dao, particularly of formations and talismans, was superior to Lu Yun’s. He well deserved the senior brother honorific.

In the same vein, nearly all of Lu Yun’s current understanding of the fourth realm’s supplemental dao came from Xing Wuliang. The latter had scribbled his own notes in the margins of *The General Principles of the Star Sect Formations* and *The General Principles of the Star Sect Talismans*.

“Alright!” Xing Wuliang had the same premonition. It hadn’t been long since he’d set foot into ninth step soul force, at least according to the standards of the fourth realm. But now, he had a sense that he was about to break through again.

Bury the coffin and his soul force would reach grandmaster level!

“Lend me your hand, junior brother!” He hovered in the air and directed changes in this world’s topography.

The world inside the tomb was boundless without end, but also connected to multiple other worlds. Those worlds were as if different burial chambers, and people that entered this area immediately jumped into another world without hesitation.

The fourth realm’s supplemental dao was a very expansive field. Lu Yun had yet to make a thorough study, so he couldn’t derive many things even with formula dao. There was also no formula dao in this realm.

The way of burial had much to do with the dao of formations, separating it into distinct sections of feng shui and formations.

The *General Principles of the Star Sect Formations* recorded only rudimentary formations and didn’t even mention feng shui. Meanwhile, Lu Yun could only set up tombs of the third realm and not the fourth, which was why he had Xing Wuliang do the deed.

The second Xing Wuliang buried the coffin, he would be rewarded by feedback from the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor and reach grandmaster level. Thus, Xing Wuliang started his preparations with Lu Yun helping him off on the side.

Or rather, Lu Yun was learning about the formations, feng shui, and burial of the fourth realm. Advanced formations required high level soul force, but Lu Yun's was so formidable that certain qualitative changes had taken place in it.

Hummmm.

After a loud reverberation, a world that'd been eroded by gray fog cleared up. A dense vitality flooded out of an unknown source and filled the world.

The tomb in front of them fully took shape. It was a simple and even somewhat crude affair, but even the simplest of tombs were a tomb that could bury this coffin. A coffin was a seal for what was inside, and what lay inside was what truly needed to be buried.

Xing Wuliang ascended to grandmaster level without fanfare. Outsiders couldn't tell what'd changed about him, but he was now a supplemental grandmaster in both formations and talismans.

"Congratulations to senior brother for becoming a supplemental grandmaster!" Lu Yun raised a cupped fist salute. Supplemental grandmasters were exceedingly respected in the fourth realm. Nihil World Sovereigns would also show him enormous courtesy now.

There were no supplemental kings in the fourth realm, grandmaster was the highest title for supplemental dao.

Xing Wuliang took a deep look at Lu Yun and remarked, "Junior brother Feng must've benefited greatly as well."

"Not much, not much," he twinkled merrily. "My soul force is eighth step now."

And not just eighth step! Excising this tumor meant that he could use his full strength in the tomb now. Whoever dared provoke him would face the wrath of a Nihil World Sovereign.

Of course, no one would dare give them trouble with Xing Wuliang next to them.

"We should also take care of this tomb. Otherwise, latecomers won't know what took place and will just dig up the coffin again," Brightheart said worriedly.

"Don't worry, they'll never be able to do it!" Lu Yun laughed with delight. The second he could use his full strength when the tomb was completed, he'd slipped the coffin away with the Gates of the Abyss.

Chapter 1554: You're Stronger Than Me Lu Yun was utterly delighted!

It was his first time being so happy and jubilant since arriving in the fourth realm. His connections to the Hongmeng and world of immortals were currently paused, and he'd even blocked his ties to hell. He did so out of a faint hope that he would be able to prevent the misfortune of the withered wood from affecting the third realm and his home.

He'd sent that coffin into a world of his own making; a world crafted by a Nihil World Sovereign was sufficient to contain the coffin. Something uncommonly horrifying was inside, so powerful that it could dismantle the Cloud Sovereign's plans since the sovereign was dead. It wouldn't have the same luck with Lu Yun, however, since he was a living Nihil World Sovereign.

When he took a closer look at what was inside the coffin, Lu Yun was overcome with joy and he could barely keep his emotions under control.

Xing Wuliang and the Brightheart World King could only conclude that Lu Yun was floored by his good fortune when they saw how happy he was. Indeed, vaulting to eighth step supplemental master in one go was something that anyone would celebrate.

Clarity returned to the world, as well as some vitality. The herbs and flowers that'd been here, however, were gone forever.

In other words, there was no value to this place.

Enormous transportation doors connected the tomb realms to each other, but their destinations were so varied that not even Lu Yun could clearly determine where all of them led to. There was no trace of the Divine Fire World King and others to be seen, and neither could Lu Yun discover where they were.

Most of his attention was on the thing inside the coffin, anyhow. He absentmindedly followed Xing Wuliang and Brightheart out of their current world.

Brightheart's concerns were well placed. When those who arrived later saw only a tomb standing in the middle of the empty world, they dug up the tomb for lack of anything else to do. Unfortunately for them, or not, it was as empty as its surroundings.

There seemed to be an endless number of worlds in the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor. Lu Yun and his companions traveled through no less than one hundred and eight worlds on their journey. All of the worlds were empty, looted of everything they contained. Those that weren't possessed entities very similar to the coffin they'd vanquished.

It always fell to Xing Wuliang to excise these poisonous tumors, and they ran for their lives if they encountered something beyond their abilities. There was no end of benefits for the Star Sect disciple as he fully solidified grandmaster-level soul force during this adventure and took another great step forward in his cultivation.

Supplemental grandmasters were as if an ocean in the fourth realm. There were big oceans and small oceans, but an ocean was an ocean. Xing Wuliang was slowly shifting from a small ocean to a big one.

Lu Yun's soul force also reached ninth step, making him someone noteworthy in the Boundless Planes. No one would even consider making trouble for the trio now, not with their combination of strength.

The Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor was so vast that although many people entered, it was still a drop in the bucket compared to what the tomb could contain. It would take a heavy dose of luck to come across someone else in here.

But sometimes, the most unexpected was the most commonly seen.

When the trio set foot into the one hundred and ninth world, they came across a teeming mass of living beings and the blinding glow of infinite gems and precious materials. This seemed to be where treasure was stored.

An enormous blazing sun was embedded into the void, casting light over this world. Fiery illumination revealed piles of connate treasures jumbled together like trash, too numerous to attempt to count. Items that were even more powerful than connate treasures lurked in the air as indistinct shadows.

Lu Yun's heart spasmed painfully; Brightheart and Xing Wuliang went slack jawed with incomprehension.

Everyone here was fighting over the treasures, their eyes bloodshot as they feverishly shoved item after item into their robes. But for some reason, the amount of items available didn't decrease, no matter how many treasures were claimed.

There were tens of thousands of doors in the void, seeming to indicate that everyone would end up here no matter what path they took through any combination of tomb realms.

Lu Yun reached out with both hands and dug them into Brightheart and Xing Wuliang's shoulders. His fingers were so tightly embedded in them that he'd broken their skin. If it wasn't for this, they would've already rushed up to fight over the treasures.

But they couldn't claim these treasures, no one could.

The Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor was the Hallowed Emperor's land of legacy. Anyone who took anything from the tomb would be enslaved by it, completely lose their sense of self, and become a puppet of the tomb's next master.

The next master should be Longshan Yin, but he wasn't under Lu Yun's control.

Longshan Yin had joined Lu Yun's banner only because the latter was a Nihil World Sovereign. He wanted protection from such a strong being and for that protection to extend to his family members—the last bloodline of the Di Clan in the fourth realm.

That was his only tie to Lu Yun.

When Longshan Yin rose to Nihil World Sovereign himself and stood at the peak of the realm, he would immediately break away from Lu Yun—but this wouldn't be a betrayal. It was just a function of him becoming equal to his former benefactor.

Enslaving Longshan Yin had never crossed Lu Yun's mind. If so, he wouldn't have let Longshan Yin enter the tomb. All of the treasures here were a trap that not even Longshan Yin could influence. Whoever took a single one would be touched by the tomb's karmic repercussions and forever be the tomb's puppet to guard the new master.

Apart from Lu Yun, Xing Wuliang, and Brightheart, there was only one other person here who wasn't grabbing things in a frenzied rush.

The young man with the sword on his back.

He crossed his arms in front of his chest and looked over the scene with a cold sneer. The Ingress Sword Island disciples that'd come with him had completely lost their minds—they busily crammed treasures into their bags and laughed with loud abandon.

“We meet again!” Lu Yun dragged his two companions over and greeted the young man with a smile.

“You’re ninth step now?” The young man looked at Lu Yun with surprise. “Looks like you’ve discovered the secrets behind those things.”

“It’s a pity that we can’t touch the treasures here no matter how many poisonous tumors we cut out,” Lu Yun sighed softly. This place had been set up first, things like that coffin had come later. There was no connection between the two.

“Are you not tempted?” The young man wasn’t terribly surprised by the fact that Lu Yun had to restrain his two companions.

“No matter how good a treasure is, we’d need to be alive to use them.” Lu Yun shook his head. “You’re not tempted either, senior brother.”

“You call me senior brother?” The young man graced Lu Yun with a strange look.

“You’re stronger than me, so it makes sense that I call you senior brother,” Lu Yun chuckled with great sincerity.

“Hahahaha!” the young man laughed heartily. “That’s right, I’m stronger than you, so you should call me senior brother. How about you come back to Ingress Sword Island with me?” He extended an invite again.

“No.” Lu Yun shook his head. “I’m going to the Star Sect.”

The young man:

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I’m a little eh... as to why the young man didn’t save his fellow disciples...

Chapter 1555: Too Big

“What’s so good about the Star Sect? They’re just a bunch of powerless supplemental masters. The unorthodox paths don’t amount to much in the fourth realm.” The young man used “fourth realm” and not Boundless Planes, thereby confirming his identity from the Hongmeng and that the Ingress Sword Island was in the third realm.

“Because I’m also a powerless supplemental master!” Lu Yun smiled radiantly as a supplemental grandmaster and Void World King dangled from each of his hands.

The young man’s lips quirked into a smile.

“What might I call senior brother?” Lu Yun asked with a smile.

“Jian Juexian,” the young man gave his name.

Lu Yun did a double take. Jian... as in sword. Jue... as in the end of something. Xian... as in immortal? Sword End Immortal? Is he sure he's not actually called Immortal's End?

One of Ge Long's swords was called Immortal's End.

Lu Yun opened the Spectral Eye and took a very careful look at Jian Juexian. The young man was definitely a real living being and not the manifestation of a treasure or sword spirit. But there was also the shadow of Daoist Ingress on him. Or perhaps Ingress Sword Island was one of the daoist's legacies?

"Feng Feifan," Lu Yun responded with his current moniker.

Jian Juexian looked Lu Yun up and down before inclining his head. "Are you really not going to come with me?"

"Nope." Lu Yun shook his head, the look in his eyes resolute.

"Keep the Metal Virtue Orb. If you ever change your mind, you can use it to enter the island." Jian Juexian returned to watching people fight over treasures. "What's the point of obtaining these worldly possessions?"

Lu Yun maintained a death grip on his companions and shook his head gently. "This isn't them, they can't control themselves."

"They wouldn't lose control if there wasn't greed in them." Jian Juexian understood what his new friend meant. "Even the tiniest bit of greed will be infinitely magnified by this world's layout, becoming raging desire that cannot be slaked. How do we break it?"

"Supplemental masters... have very limited power," Lu Yun responded hesitantly.

Jian Juexian stared at him.

"Breaking the layout will mean destroying the tomb," Lu Yun continued. "That means the end of the Hallowed Emperor's legacy—a Nihil World Sovereign's legacy!"

"Each Nihil World Sovereign finds their own path. There are hundreds of millions of Nihil World Sovereigns in the fourth realm, and no path has ever been the same as another." Jian Juexian flicked a sideways glance at Lu Yun.

"...hundreds... of millions..." Lu Yun's eyes bulged.

"Do you know how big the fourth realm is?" Jian Juexian chortled when he saw Lu Yun's expression. "This is the intersection of boundless time and space."

He reached out a hand and made a circle with thumb and slender index finger, raising it into the air. "Do you see this circle?"

Lu Yun nodded.

"You see the fourth realm through this circle. The space inside my fingers contains hundreds upon hundreds of millions of clusters of planes like the Eastern Planes. And this is just one circle."

Lu Yun didn't know how big the Eastern Planes cluster was, or how many planes it contained. He'd traveled from Ice to Fire and then the Broken Primeval Plane, crossing about a dozen planes in between. He'd been wandering through a tiny section of the Eastern Planes all along; a dozen planes wasn't sufficient to be called a cluster.

"There are four hundred and eighty million planes in the Eastern Planes cluster." Jian Juexian studied Lu Yun's face intently. "And it's only a small cluster in the fourth realm. Are a hundred million Nihil World Sovereigns a large sum for the fourth realm?"

"No, not at all." Lu Yun's throat was a bit dry. The fourth realm was so big, too big for his comprehension. Despite being a Nihil World Sovereign, he wouldn't make it out of the circle of fingers even if he spent the rest of his life traveling.

"Too big... the fourth realm is too big," Jian Juexian murmured to himself. "Even someone who's activated sequence doesn't know what this fourth realm is really like.

"So is it a pity?" he asked again. "The Hallowed Emperor is just the hint of a speck of dust in the endless fourth realm. Is it a pity to destroy his legacy?"

"Yes," Lu Yun answered quickly. "It would be a tremendous pity and sinful waste."

Jian Juexian's jaw dropped. Lu Yun didn't elaborate, instead focusing on everyone else on the scene. Greed and desire intersected in the air, a concoction of negative emotions bubbling to the fore and forming a faintly visible face in the void.

As it sharpened into focus, it became a human face that nobly lorded over everything in its purview.

Lu Yun and Jian Juexian's hackles went up the moment the face appeared.

"Can you use your full strength?" Lu Yun suddenly asked.

"I can't," Jian Juexian responded subconsciously, then looked at Lu Yun with surprise.

"I can." Lu Yun grinned radiantly. "Take care of these two for me, they're my ticket to the Star Sect."

He loosened his grip on Xing Wuliang and Brightheart, pushing them into Jian Juexian, who stared blankly back at him. The two were unconscious.

A pair of ice-blue hammers blazing with flame appeared in Lu Yun's hands, whereupon he began to grow bigger.

"I'll suppress this tumor and you destroy it. You'll be able to use your full strength then," he called out to Jian Juexian. The young man with a sword was also a Nihil World Sovereign.

The face growing out of the negative emotions was also a poisonous tumor. This was a very sophisticated scheme that could ruin all of the layouts in the tomb. Once it came into being, it could seize control of the tomb and its legacy, creating a new Hallowed Emperor and even Cloud Sovereign.

This strangely brilliant plan made anyone who entered this world lose their reason. The resulting power of greed and desire was also its intended outcome, one that was effective against Nihil World Sovereigns.

This was a layout of certain death, ergo, the Cloud Sovereign would never be its maker. In a land reserved for a legacy, he would leave a ray of hope no matter what, preventing this land from becoming a true zone of death.

The plotter hadn't counted on two freakish abnormalities wandering it—Lu Yun and Jian Juexian were completely unaffected.

Lu Yun was going to break the layout before it fully materialized and solidified. The Glacial Fire Hammers could deploy their full strength only in the hands of a Nihil World Sovereign, and the method from the overlord of Ice was one that could activate sequence.

The doors to sequence opened with a rumble and the boundless order of time intersected as purple chains. They manifested a world that was solely of time.

The Glacial Fire Hammers and method of nothing deployed at the same time, making room for the purple chains to extend from the world and churn toward the sharpening face.

Jian Juexian reeled with disbelief.

Chapter 1556: What Do I Want the Hammers For?

"He's... opened the doors to sequence." Jian Juexian stared dumbly at Lu Yun, unable to process the sight. "No, that's not his own strength. He's opening it with the two divine weapons in his hand!

"...there's only one person in the Eastern Planes who can activate sequence." His eyes darted around in rapid succession.

The overlord of Ice.

The Eastern Planes was a tiny cluster within the fourth realm, existing only because the core fragment of the original Hongmeng had come with the origin of the fourth realm and become the Central Hongmeng.

Since the Central Hongmeng had the potential to develop into the original Hongmeng and was the birthplace of the fourth realm, many in the realm viewed it as a thorn in their side. If it wasn't for the overlord's sudden appearance and personal stewardship over the Eastern Planes, it was highly likely that someone would've destroyed or taken the Central Hongmeng and the fourth realm's origin a long time ago.

Even so, there were many parties constantly scheming after the source of their realm. The Central Hongmeng was also exiled to the most barren part of the plane cluster. So when Jian Juexian witnessed Lu Yun open the doors to sequence, a variety of possibilities flashed through his mind.

No wonder he isn't willing to go to Ingress Sword Island, the legendary overlord of Ice is a powerful supplemental grandmaster!

Jian Juexian had mistaken Lu Yun for the overlord himself.

"But he shouldn't be the overlord in the flesh, this should be one of his replicas," murmured Jian Juexian. "Legend has it that he ran afoul of an existence who can also access sequence and was sealed away in eternal ice for it. This is most likely one of his replicas."

If this Feng Feifan was a replica of the overlord of Ice, that would explain why his soul force was so abnormally strong at a low level. The overlord's body and grandmaster-level soul force were both sealed away, and his soul force couldn't leave his main body like a replica could.

Lu Yun didn't know anything about this. It was his first time activating the sequence of time and his first time seeing it. Rays of sequence stitched themselves into strings of chains, which then interwove with each other to become a world.

In his eyes, this world of time was as if an enormous and intricate machine. The purple chains were its structure.

This is sequence?

Lu Yun still couldn't understand it. Why did it look like this? Was sequence the chain form of order? Or the world that the chains formed?

Despite his lack of comprehension, he was able to fully utilize the chains. He couldn't do anything to the mammoth face in the sky despite it being incomplete, but once the chains snaked out, they wrapped around the face and dragged it into the world of time.

Exile!

Exiled into time. This was what the overlord of Ice had wanted Lu Yun to do to the withered wood. Though Lu Yun was now able to open the doors of sequence and exile things into time, that was all he could do. He couldn't actively utilize the sequence of time in his battles.

The face vanished, as did the world of time.

Lu Yun swayed and plummeted from the sky. His consciousness and strength were completely depleted. The six hellfires blazing outside the Tome of Life and Death could rush into his body and fill it, but they couldn't dispel the fatigue from him.

Thump!

He fell in a heap in front of Jian Juexian and flashed a weary smile at the man. With the banishment of the face, the beings that'd been claiming treasures toppled over. Their loot moved back to their original places as streaks of light.

It was as if nothing had happened at all.

"You're not the overlord of Ice." Jian Juexian threw Xing Wuliang and Brightheart to the side as he looked at a limp Lu Yun on the ground. "The overlord wouldn't be such an idiot."

Lu Yun rolled his eyes. "I wanted to suppress the face and have you take care of it, but those chains didn't listen to me and just dragged it off. And when did I ever say I was the overlord of Ice?"

He looked at the frosty blue hammers in his hands. The last ember in them had extinguished and they were now hammers of ice through and through, but they were still called the Glacial Fire Hammers.

"You didn't, it was my speculation." Jian Juexian suddenly quirked his lips in a half smile and yanked the hammers out of Lu Yun's hands. "Come find me at Ingress Sword Island if you want the hammers!"

Chuckling, he vanished from sight with a neat turn of his body.

“Hammers? What do I want the hammers for?” Lu Yun twitched his lips and waited for some strength to return. He operated the method of nothing and materialized the two hammers back in his hand, then tossed them into a world he’d created.

He shuffled over to the unconscious Xing Wuliang and rummaged through the latter’s robes, locating a few bottles of qi recovery pills and cramming all of them into his mouth. Some color finally came back into his face.

In another tomb realm, Jian Juexian couldn’t help but curse loudly, “Those bloody hammers! He’s a Nihil World Sovereign now and I’m still stuck at Void World King. There’s no way I can keep his treasures under control!

“I need to find some tumors to cut out.” He swiveled his head around, fixed his eyes in a certain direction, and vanished from sight again.

.....

The beings in this world slowly came to their senses after an indeterminate period of time.

“What just happened?” Xing Wuliang felt a dull ache in his shoulder, but didn’t see anything when he glanced at it. “Uhh, uhhh...” His mouth went dry when he saw the treasures present.

“You don’t remember?” Lu Yun asked.

Xing Wuliang shook his head, his eyes fixed on the mountains of treasure. However, the previous madness that’d glinted in his look was nowhere to be found.

“Don’t do anything.” Brightheart had also come to and she swung her head back and forth, then slapped the back of Xing Wuliang’s head. The man shuddered with horror. His mentality was not yet worthy of grandmaster-level soul force.

While some could control their desires, others charged forward with abandon once more.

“Are we really not going to take any?” Xing Wuliang swallowed hard.

“We won’t be able to leave if we do.” Lu Yun shook his head slightly.

The chaos from earlier didn’t repeat itself as many left with palpitating hearts. Anyone who could make it here was no fool; they’d realized something was amiss in the tomb after exploring it for so long.

This world was obviously a trap and whoever jumped in would drown in misfortune. They’d been affected by the face earlier and succumbed to their greed only because it’d been magnified infinite times beyond compare.

Chapter 1557: The Seed of Nothing

Xing Wuliang and Brightheart fled the world with Lu Yun in tow. There were too many treasures in this tomb realm and they were afraid that they wouldn’t be able to control themselves if they stayed.

At the same time, they were well aware that anyone who took anything would become enslaved to the tomb and never find salvation. Therefore, the only thing they could do was run.

Naturally, they weren't the only ones fleeing.

Since Lu Yun had exiled the poisonous tumor to time, the original order in that world had recovered. Anyone who touched a treasure would truly be trapped for eternity this time.

"I think we can leave," Brightheart suddenly said. "Wuliang's become a supplemental grandmaster, but his mind cannot harness his soul force yet. There's no point in staying here any longer."

It was futile to explore further since they couldn't claim any of the treasures, unless a being stronger than the Cloud Sovereign razed the tomb to the ground.

Lu Yun did not rival the Cloud Sovereign. The latter was a formidable supplemental grandmaster whereas Lu Yun's soul force was only at ninth step. In addition, the sovereign was a Nihil World Sovereign of illustrious repute. He was much stronger than Lu Yun.

Lu Yun had come to help Longshan Yin obtain the tomb's legacy, but after taking a closer look at the layouts, he was comfortable that these poisonous tumors wouldn't affect the bigger picture. Though Longshan Yin would endure some trials, he would still obtain everything he should as long as he wasn't an idiot.

Given the state of affairs, Lu Yun wanted to leave too.

"We can't!" Xing Wuliang denied resolutely. "My master didn't send me here to have me break through to grandmaster."

"Hmm?" Brightheart looked at him with surprise.

"The creation seed!" came the astounding response.

Lu Yun's heart skipped a beat. The creation seed?

Eleven nodes in the Hongmeng had formed eleven seeds that slipped into the chaos and gave rise to the nine sacred lands.

"Hang on!" Something occurred to Lu Yun. The story that the creation seeds were spatial nodes of the Hongmeng was something that he'd heard in the chaos. But he was no longer that ant gazing upon the mighty third realm with awe; the Hongmeng was something he could crush underfoot.

There were no spatial nodes in the third realm. Plainly, the creation seeds came from somewhere else.

He'd forgotten to consider the matter when Violetgrave took the eleven seeds. To hear Xing Wuliang say the name now made Lu Yun realize that this matter was more complicated than he thought.

"You mean... this place has something to do with creation seeds?" Brightheart gasped.

"Yes!" Xing Wuliang nodded. "Creation seeds are derived from seeds of nothing and this tomb was crafted from one of the shards of the original Hongmeng."

Lu Yun listened quietly without saying anything in return.

“According to my master, this Hongmeng shard must contain a creation seed since it’s close to the original Hongmeng!” Xing Wuliang’s voice rose with emotion. “If my guess is right, the young man with the sword is also here for the seed!”

“What’s a seed of nothing?” Lu Yun asked. “Does it have something to do with Nihil World Sovereigns?”

Xing Wuliang glanced at Lu Yun and shook his head. “Nihil is the highest level of existence in the Boundless Planes, it is the equivalent of nothing. Nihil World Sovereigns have comprehended nihil, which is why it appears in their title.”

Lu Yun nodded, he knew all that. He was coming to understand that the peak of the fourth realm was nothing, and that one had to enter sequence if they wanted to progress further.

“The seed of nothing is the origin seed of the Boundless Planes. We were born from nothing and the process of becoming something was facilitated by the seed.

“Creation seeds are derived from the seed of nothing and are another process of evolving from nothing to something. In other words, every creation seed is another way for the Boundless Planes to exist. Controlling one of them means controlling part of the Boundless Planes!”

Since he viewed Lu Yun as his junior brother, Xing Wuliang held nothing back in his explanation. Of course, none of this was a secret as anyone with a bit of status in the fourth realm would know what he was talking about. What they didn’t know, however, was that there was a creation seed inside the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor.

Lu Yun paused, taken aback at how important creation seeds were.

“How many creation seeds are there?” He thought back to the eleven that possessed the power of earth, air, fire, and water, as well as metal, wood, water, fire, and earth, and finally the ones of yin and yang. The power that exuded from them was likely just a surface phenomenon.

“No idea.” Xing Wuliang shook his head. “The original Hongmeng stood firm at the beginning of the Boundless Planes. No one knows how many creation seeds came from it. Some say that the seeds are keys to opening sequence, but who knows?”

Lu Yun nodded wordlessly. “So you’re here to locate it?”

“I wouldn’t dare dream of that, I’d be fighting Nihil World Sovereigns for it. I just need to find out where it is and report back to my master.” Xing Wuliang thought for a moment. “My master is very strong and can use certain methods after he sees the seed through my eyes. He’ll be able to take it that way.”

Lu Yun was reminded of the other pair of eyes in Xing Wuliang’s pupils. So that wasn’t an innate talent, but his master’s eyes!

I wonder if they can see me. Lu Yun subconsciously glanced at Xing Wuliang, who happened to meet his eyes at the same time.

“What is it?” Xing Wuliang asked when he saw his junior brother’s expression.

“Nothing.” Lu Yun shook his head. “Are you confident in finding it?” He was suddenly very interested in creation seeds again.

He hadn't had time to study the creation seeds from the chaos, and while he'd obtained a seed in the mythological realm, the stories then had been that the seeds were harbingers of misfortune. Therefore, Lu Yun had sealed it away with his own dao fruit.

Indeed, these seeds were unlucky for weaker beings as they were a bonafide world!

"Nope." Xing Wuliang shook his head. "My master gave me a treasure to help locate it, but I can't activate the treasure even though I'm a grandmaster now."

He brought out something with a flip of his hand, something that made Lu Yun's heart clench painfully.

A luopan!

A luopan of heaven and earth!

Lu Yun had once possessed one as well, refined from the Ten Orientations Stone of Yin and Yang. It later melded into his replica for the two to become the night sky of the world of immortals and make the immortal dao whole.

He was seeing it again, it looked exactly the same as Lu Yun's and even bore a trace of the Dragonquake Scripture!

Chapter 1558: An Abnormal World

"Your master created this luopan?" Lu Yun asked after a brief pause. This luopan was also refined via the Dragonquake Scripture, but it wasn't the one that he'd crafted. This one was older and exuded an air of primitive simplicity. Who knew how long it'd been around?

"I don't know." Xing Wuliang shook his head.

Lu Yun didn't say anything and took the compass of intersecting white and black from the man's hands. A luopan of heaven and earth required the Dragonquake Scripture or Dragonsearch Invocation to operate. For someone unfamiliar with either, the compass was just scrap metal to them.

Not even a supplemental grandmaster at Nihil World Sovereign would be able to operate it, to say nothing of Xing Wuliang.

"Did your master teach you the method to use it?" Lu Yun asked.

"No," Xing Wuliang chuckled wryly. "He only said that if the creation seed shares a destiny with the Star Sect, there will naturally come a person who can use the luopan to find the seed. If not..."

"Junior brother Feng, would you like to try?" Inspiration struck the man. Feng Feifan could master the Water and Metal Virtue Orbs, as well as his Horizon's Edge. Perhaps the young man could also utilize the compass to find where the seed was hidden!

Lu Yun toyed with the treasure in his hands. The Dragonquake Scripture was taboo in the Hongmeng—the Central Hongmeng. He hadn't intended on using it even after becoming a potentate and piercing through the realm's barrier.

The Central Hongmeng's legacy came from the original Hongmeng. In that case, the Dragonquake Scripture had likely been taboo also during that age. Where and who it came from had long been relegated to a mystery of time.

Wait a second!

Lu Yun abruptly recalled that there were two others living in his Disordered Hell—Mo Yi and the Dao King. They were from the original Hongmeng and were notable personages within it. Perhaps they knew something about the Dragonquake Scripture.

To think was to take action, and Lu Yun quickly projected a replica into the Disordered Hell.

“Are you here to ask about the Dragonquake Scripture?” Mo Yi leisurely fished by the side of a small lake, releasing every fish she caught. It was no end of entertainment for her, and the fish seemed perfectly happy to be caught again and again.

Life forms were appearing in his sixth hell.

“Yes,” Lu Yun nodded.

“The Dragonquake Scripture is taboo in the Hongmeng because it destroyed the original Hongmeng,” Mo Yi answered gravely. “The orders of the Central Hongmeng are that of the original Hongmeng, so the Dragonquake Scripture is not permitted to appear in the Central Hongmeng either.”

“The Dragonquake Scripture... destroyed the original Hongmeng?” Lu Yun's mouth went dry.

According to what Hong had told him, the original Hongmeng was the core of the fourth realm and oversaw the realm's hundreds of millions of planes. It was a regal existence that reigned over all, much like the relationship between the world of immortals and Earth.

But the Dragonquake Scripture had destroyed it? That was too far-fetched. What kind of method was this scripture?

“You practice the method yourself. What would happen if you operated it at full strength in the Central Hongmeng?” Mo Yi lifted her eyes to Lu Yun.

“Um... probably half of the Hongmeng's dragons would answer my call and enter my body.”

“There you have it,” Mo Yi nodded. “There was one such person back in the day who used the Dragonquake Scripture at full strength and collected half of the dragons in the realm to ward off enemies.

“His intentions were good, but... the half of the Hongmeng that lost their dragons turned into the weakest parts of the realm. His battlefield became an opening into the Hongmeng, and the realm split apart from that weakness until finally...

“An enormous bang sounded as the Hongmeng shattered into shards drifting through the fourth realm. He should've been a hero, but he became our greatest sinner instead.” Mo Yi tilted her head up to where the Dao King sat cross-legged in the air. He didn't move, seemingly in meditation.

“To prevent tragedy from happening again, he split apart the complete Dragonquake Scripture into the Dragonsearch Invocation, Dragonshift Method, and Dragonspike Litany. No one imagined that Fuxi would find them in the chaos and bring them back to the worlds,” Mo Yi sighed. “Then you returned them to their origin and recreated the Dragonquake Scripture.”

“The three-eyed race passed down the Dragonquake Scripture. Fuxi was dead in the chaos then,” Lu Yun frowned.

“The three-eyed race?” Mo Yi giggled. “What three-eyed race? That’s Fuxi’s true form. He has the body of a snake and the head of a human, with a vertical eye in the middle of his forehead. That’s the third eye apart from his regular two.”

Lu Yun paused, dazed. Zhuo Bufan had ended the three-eyed race when he killed the man he’d pursued. Nothing had been left of him, and Lu Yun hadn’t seen a second person from that race since, whether in the chaos or Hongmeng.

So Mo Yi was telling him now that the three-eyed man who’d caused no end of trouble in the chaos, slipped into the Inception Sacred Palace, and sworn to eliminate the inception sacred race was Fuxi himself?

“The Dragonquake Scripture is forbidden within the Central Hongmeng and unaccepted by its orders. Anyone who practices it is plagued with misfortune,” Mo Yi said slowly as she looked at Lu Yun. “Fuxi used a secret art to collect his evil self and had him practice the Dragonquake Scripture, then become one with the Hongmeng, chaos, and worlds. He formed a karmic relationship with all three realms, one of life and death with you, and ultimately died in your place.

“His remaining two bodies died in lieu of your dao partners, to whom you passed on the scripture to.”

Lu Yun’s heart spasmed painfully.

“Why... why must we revitalize the Dragonquake Scripture?!” Lu Yun’s voice was a bit hoarse.

His dao came from Fuxi, and he’d walked the path that Fuxi had laid out for him during the past thirty-three great devastations. Only, at that time, he hadn’t seen Fuxi’s three corpses.

“Because Fuxi discovered that only with the Dragonquake Scripture will the original Hongmeng reappear in the fourth realm.” Mo Yi continued to look upward, out of hell and through the tomb outside into the vast fourth realm.

“Why must we have the original Hongmeng reappear in the world? Is it only out of lingering sentiment from those of the original Hongmeng?” Lu Yun murmured.

To exist was to be rational. The original Hongmeng was no more and everything now had formed a new order. Must they resurrect the old order to replace the new?

“Do you think the current fourth realm is normal?” Mo Yi refocused her gaze on Lu Yun. “Is it normal? Is this a normal realm?”

Lu Yun blinked.

“You are a Nihil World Sovereign, so do you see a normal state of existence? Or do you see an empty realm devoid of everything?” Mo Yi’s lips curved upward.

etvolare’s Thoughts

1. Don’t tell me Lu Yun went back in time and destroyed the original Hongmeng at some point. His future self could’ve totally done it.
2. So Fuxi created the big bad enemy for his own realm and family. He is such a prankster lol, and couldn’t he have told his fam about this crazy plan first?

Chapter 1559: The Future Would Never Come

“On your first visit to the fourth realm, you saw a neverending void. There was no life or vitality unless those terrifyingly big life forms came right up to you. At that time, you were still an immortal beneath the immortal dao.” Mo Yi continued as Lu Yun remained silent, “Do you think that kind of realm is a normal realm?”

“The realms are subjective existences beneath order. They supply life with a place to rest! What happens if an ant goes to the fourth realm?”

“...it would die,” Lu Yun replied automatically.

“That’s right, it would die,” nodded Mo Yi. “Ordinary life forms die immediately after they enter the fourth realm because there’s nothing here. There is no qi or any other sort of strength that life needs to sustain itself.

“Therefore, is such a realm a regular realm?”

Lu Yun sank into deep contemplation, turning over some new lines of thought in his mind.

“When the original Hongmeng was whole, it oversaw all of the orders that existed or not in the fourth realm. Any place that subjective thought could reach was a paradise for life,” Mo Yi explained. “When the original Hongmeng fell, the orders of the fourth realm began to decay and the realm itself receded from one that supported life to a huge space devoid of order. True nothing, in other words, which then invaded other worlds and assimilated them into nothing.

“Thus, Fuxi wished to revitalize the Dragonquake Scripture and use it to return the original Hongmeng into being, so that it can continue suppressing the fourth realm’s boundless orders.

“Do you understand now?” She looked at Lu Yun. “Did you not see any of this in the thirty-three eras that you traveled through?”

“...no.” Lu Yun shook his head. “I only saw the degree of past and future that my future self could see. Anything that was too big was empty to my future self.”

An ant at the bottom of a mountain couldn’t see the mountain in its entirety. It could only go off the pebbles and determine that the pebbles were the whole of the mountain. What they were discussing now would’ve been the ant’s mountain to his future self. He wouldn’t have been able to see it.

Mo Yi:

“If I’d known this would happen, I would’ve taught you the cultivation method of the three lives later,” she remarked glumly. That had been a miscalculation on her part.

She’d passed the method onto Lu Yun through the little fox. Miao had received Mo Yi’s complete command of the immortal dao, resulting in tremendous benefits.

This was also what Hongjun had once meant by the cause being in the future and effect in the past.

After traveling to the present day world of immortals from the great wilderness, the little fox had received Mo Yi’s entire legacy. Due to this string of events, Hongjun enlightened the muddleheaded little fox of Qingqiu Mountain back in the great wilderness.

“No, it was perfect timing.” Lu Yun shook his head. “The original Hongmeng never reappeared in the thirty-three eras that I traveled through. No one ever told me to use the Dragonquake Scripture to revitalize it.

“The Dao King always died on your behalf and you emerged gravely injured. I could never see where you went after that,” Lu Yun said thoughtfully. “Our present cycle is different from the thirty-three previous cycles.”

“Maybe you succeed this time?” Mo Yi proposed.

“I don’t know. The future is no more, so each of our steps now is the future.”

The future would never come, and the past could never be. Now was eternity.

“You’re right. Mo Yi nodded. “The Dragonquake Scripture doesn’t exist in the fourth realm, so the luopan you just saw should be something left over from the original Hongmeng. The Star Sect is likely a feng shui sect from then.”

Naturally, she knew what Lu Yun wanted to know.

“You can go take a look at the Star Sect, there should be some more legacies and traditions there remaining from the original Hongmeng. But don’t activate that luopan,” she warned.

“Are you worried the sect is corrupt?”

“The Star Sect received only part of the inheritance from a sect of the original Hongmeng. They might not be the original people of the sect.” Mo Yi shook her head. “Coming here to search for the creation seed is a false flag, locating the Dragonquake Scripture is the true task.

“You’ve cultivated the Dragonquake Scripture, so you think everything you’ve experienced is just a coincidence. It might actually be a scheme against you.”

Lu Yun nodded. Xing Wuliang had gifted him the Profound Nineroot, then the methods of his sect, then even the Water Virtue Orb so he would join the Star Sect. And now he’d brought out a luopan of heaven and earth?

Things had taken a suspicious turn a long time ago.

“You can go to Ingress Sword Island as well.” Mo Yi knew everything from her position in the Disordered Hell, just as Ge Long had once seen through Lu Yun’s eyes when he sat in hell. If Lu Yun wanted her to see what was happening, she would see it.

“Is he really Ge Long—Daoist Ingress?” Lu Yun smiled wryly.

“It’s him.” Mo Yi nodded. “If you let him go back, he will revert to being that great personage who can slice through a world with one stroke—the first sword sovereign of the original Hongmeng.”

Lu Yun:

“It would seem that people in the world of immortals and great wilderness all have amazing backgrounds.” He gnashed his teeth with how everything was developing.

“That’s right,” Mo Yi nodded again. “Some of them were ultimate sovereigns of the original Hongmeng, some of them are powerhouses of the fourth realm who know the truth. ...how did they fare in the past thirty-three cycles?” she asked with sudden curiosity.

“I cursed them all to death. Every last one of them.”

Mo Yi:

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After his conversation with Mo Yi, Lu Yun knew what he should do and how to do it.

He would visit the Star Sect since he was very interested in the original Hongmeng. It’d been suddenly destroyed, not eliminated by the times. Perhaps there might be fragments of the Dragonquake Scripture there. His version was a compilation of the three methods; he possessed nothing more than the scripture itself.

After being passed around in the original Hongmeng for so long, the Dragonquake Scripture would’ve certainly given rise to other methods and techniques. Lu Yun was also very curious about those.

He didn’t ask who the enemy had been or who’d utilized the Dragonquake Scripture that ended up destroying the realm. If they were still alive, that might attract their attention. Lu Yun currently had no desire to provoke them—they’d certainly all set foot into sequence, at least.

“Well?” Xing Wuliang asked as soon as Lu Yun opened his eyes.

Lu Yun read nothing amiss from the man’s emotions. Plainly, he didn’t know that all of this was a scheme against the Dragonquake Scripture.

But those eyes in his eyes...

“I can’t,” Lu Yun sighed softly. “A special method seems to be needed to use this thing and I don’t have it.”

etvolare’s Thoughts

Oh my gourd it really is baby Ge Long. Too bad this version can’t throw his head around.

And wtf, Lu Yun cursed them all to death. Was it because his future self is a demon? But the Dao King's right, something's still really weird there. How did Lu Yun cultivate demonic dao when everything had been destroyed?

Chapter 1560: Be Careful of Your Shadow

Lu Yun returned the luopan to Xing Wuliang as they conversed.

"Darned shame." Xing Wuliang wasn't surprised to receive the compass again.

"Do we leave? Or keep going?" Brightheart asked them.

"Keep going!" Xing Wuliang set his jaw. "Though we can't take the treasures in the tomb, we'll still reap a lot of rewards if we keep excising the tumors in here!"

He looked at Brightheart; she hadn't gained anything yet because she hadn't had the chance to take action. Cutting out the poisonous tumors not only raised soul force, but cultivation level as well.

Lu Yun was a Nihil World Sovereign and Xing Wuliang only interested in supplemental dao, so the rules of the tomb could only increase their soul force.

Since he couldn't use the luopan to locate the creation seed, Xing Wuliang turned his attention to collecting some benefits for the Brightheart World King.

"Eh? Hang on!" He realized something and looked at Lu Yun with surprise. "Why is your soul force close to grandmaster level... What happened in the world we were just in?"

"Some things did indeed happen. I took care of them." Lu Yun nodded.

"What a pity that I was blinded by greed." Xing Wuliang smacked his lips and put the matter out of his mind, focusing on finding other worlds.

There remained a tiny bit of hope in his heart that he had a shared destiny with the creation seed and he'd be able to see it. Like his master had said, he would be able to take it as long as Xing Wuliang could lay eyes on it.

In the meantime, Lu Yun wasn't reluctant to spare the effort for Brightheart. She'd resolved many dangers for them along the way, but hadn't gained anything for her troubles. When he observed the world king's emotions, he noted that she was a tiny bit eager for improvement of her own, but not at all dissatisfied.

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Upon entering the next world, the trio's hearts thudded with dread. Compared to the previous world, this one was much like a tomb.

Dark, sinister, and gusting with yin winds. Ghosts abounded to the Spectral Eye and a dim sun hung listlessly in the air, casting an even bleaker hue over the scene.

There were corpses on the ground, and quite a few of them. They'd all been decapitated with one move, but only headless bodies littered the premises.

“Let’s go back to the previous world!” Lu Yun’s expression turned unpleasant. He saw a familiar figure in the distance—a familiar body.

The Roastwave World King!

The Roastwave World King had died here!

The Hoarfrost World King was also headless on the ground not too far away, his body devoid of life and information. Lu Yun’s Spectral Eye couldn’t read anything about his death.

“We can’t.” A bitter taste rose in Xing Wuliang’s mouth. “The door we came through has vanished, we can only forge ahead.”

Lu Yun turned back to confirm that the door that’d delivered them to this world had indeed disappeared and been replaced by pitch-black darkness.

“Beware of the shadows beneath your feet,” came a voice from the other side. “All of them died to their own shadows. Don’t release your power here, the stronger you are, the stronger your shadow!”

Lu Yun followed the voice to see four people with their backs to each other, warily scanning their surroundings. They were World Manifests and they occupied an area without any shade. Bizarrely enough, there were no shadows beneath their feet despite the dim sun’s illumination.

Lu Yun suddenly reached out and chopped his hand in Brightheart’s direction.

Thud!

An inky-black shadow fell heavily to the ground and vanished beneath the shadow of a mountain with a light roll.

The Brightheart World King’s shadow!

Her face was ashen; the shadow beneath her feet had disappeared and there was a new streak of blood on her neck. If Lu Yun had been any slower, she would’ve died according to the manner they’d just learned about.

“Idiot! I just told you to keep your cultivation under wraps. Are you that eager to announce that you’re a Void World King?!” sneered the one who’d spoken in the quartet.

“The shadow of a Void World King... Tsk tsk tsk, we’re in for it now,” scoffed a burly man with a thick mustache. He leered nastily at the trio. “But that woman will die before we do. Shadows kill their masters first before killing others.”

Frustration and guilt assailed Brightheart. She’d kept tight control over her cultivation level and strength, subconsciously relating it only when the four issued their warning. The second she’d done so, her shadow had burrowed out of the ground and almost killed her.

Is Feng Feifan that strong?

He’d sent a Void World King’s shadow flying with one blow!

She snuck a look at Lu Yun and saw that he had one hand cupped around the Metal Virtue Orb, and the other cupped around the Water Virtue Orb. She didn't ask any further; the two orbs combined would send her flying, to say nothing of a minor shadow.

Xing Wuliang jumped with shock as well and took out his Horizon's Edge, sealing away his strength. But when he lowered his head, he noticed that his shadow was long gone.

"Why is yours still here?" He pointed dumbly at Lu Yun's feet.

"Probably because it doesn't dare come out." Lu Yun stared downward. "A true void realm shadow will only be eaten by the others if it comes out, wouldn't you say so?"

His shadow nodded with all seriousness.

Xing Wuliang:

Brightheart:

The four men standing with their backs to each other:

"How about it, wanna go for a quick walk?" Lu Yun asked hesitantly when he saw the expressions of the others.

His shadow rapidly shook his head!

Are you shitting me?! You display the strength of true void realm cultivator, but you're actually a Nihil World Sovereign! You'll pop me like a balloon if I run off! A real man would stay put, so I'm staying put!

The shadow very resolutely shook his head.

"Are the shadows a tumor too?" asked Brightheart.

"No." Xing Wuliang shook his head, somehow imitating Lu Yun's shadow. "This is a real burial chamber, not one of inheritance. If my guess is right, there should be Di Clan members buried here."

He took a deep breath, his eyes darting around cautiously at every second. Shadows targeted their primary bodies first when they escaped.