

## **Necropolis 1571**

### **Chapter 1571: Imperial Seal**

“So you spared him because he’s Daoist Ingress’ heir?” Lu Yun snorted. “The Chan Sect and Jie Sect aren’t exactly on friendly terms. You’re obviously dead, but your replica is alive in the worlds!”

“I died in order to enter the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor so I could set up my layouts and obtain the Imperial Seal. As for the Chan and Jie Sects... The Jade Pure One and Daoist Ingress were just recreating in the great wilderness what they once experienced in the original Hongmeng.” Yun Zhongzi regarded Lu Yun carefully. Since the young man knew him and had taken out Daoist Ingress’ sword, he must have an incredible connection with the legendary personage.

Yun Zhongzi quickly ran through everyone his replica had met in the worlds, but couldn’t place the person in front of him.

Feng Feifan?

Of the Feng Clan?

Was he one of Fuxi’s descendants or an heir?

“Did you create the world filled with treasures? That doesn’t belong to the tomb.” Lu Yun recalled that Yun Zhongzi was a fanatic about refining items. He could copy all sorts of weapons, equipment, and even connate treasures.

A world with piles of precious baubles? That’d been too ridiculous. Only the person in front of him could create so many treasures.

Blushing faintly, Yun Zhongzi didn’t respond. He had indeed created that world and filled it with imitations.

“Recreating their experiences in the original Hongmeng?” Lu Yun suddenly seized on something that the man had just said.

“Who are you?!” Yun Zhongzi abruptly demanded. “I’ve already given my name since we are to have a frank conversation, but you? Who are you? There was no Feng Feifan in the great wilderness!” He cut to the chase and named the proper era in the worlds.

“Do you remember Lie Shan?” Lu Yun replied with a careful look at the man’s face.

Yun Zhongzi immediately looked constipated. He fixed a glare at Lu Yun and sneered, “Flame Emperor Lie Shan of the human race? Stop joking around. He’s the result of Fuxi borrowing the mistress’ power to summon someone from the future.

“Setting aside his identity, Lie Shan is so young that he’s less than a thousand years old. He wouldn’t be a Nihil World Sovereign even with ten lifetimes of cultivation. Right now, he’d at most be a more powerful potentate in the Hongmeng.”

Lu Yun nodded. He had indeed reached only potentate level in the Hongmeng during the last thirty-three cycles. He'd been able to pierce through the barrier, but hadn't been able to set foot into the fourth realm.

According to what was to come, those nearest and dearest to him would start to be caught in traps meant for him and die in his stead. His final ending was to sit alone in the void, watching over the gradual decline of the immortal dao.

But now? He was an abnormality, one that was raising a decently sized wave in that long, unchanging river. It was up to him whether or not the wave could overcome this era.

"I am indeed Lie Shan and I saved a strand of your soul force in the great wilderness. Your soul should've regrown by now and be cultivating in the world of immortals, integrating into the immortal dao." Lu Yun nodded, certain that the man in front of him was Yun Zhongzi.

The twelve golden immortals of the Chan Sect had been crippled and their acupoints destroyed by Daoist Ingress' disciples. Only Yun Zhongzi had been spared—proof of his uniqueness.

Yun Zhongzi stared dumbly at Lu Yun, not knowing what to say. The Nihil World Sovereign that he'd spent all of his efforts luring into his trap was the Flame Emperor of the human race? One of the most important personages around and his personal benefactor?

What was he supposed to do now??

According to Fuxi's plans, Lu Yun should be busy creating an empire in the Hongmeng, preparing to welcome the immortal dao into the third realm so it could traverse the land. But he was in the fourth realm instead? And a Nihil World Sovereign?

The plan had gotten out of control.

"Some things are a bit difficult to explain... You're here for the Imperial Seal? What is it?" Lu Yun could guess what Yun Zhongzi was thinking.

In the past thirty-three cycles, Lu Yun hadn't had the Tome of Life and Death. He'd used another method to resurrect Yun Zhongzi and the others. He'd ultimately been the cause of death for them as well, but the name "Imperial Seal" still sent Lu Yun's heart racing.

The treasure that he'd wielded in those past cycles had been a jade seal. He'd used it to revive the demon gods of the great wilderness. Since he'd lacked the Tome of Life and Death, he'd also lacked hellfire and the kingdom of hell. Regardless, everything he'd possessed had been extremely potent.

The seal had been the source for Qing Yu's Heavenly Palace and formula dao. It'd been the treasure stored in the Han Dynasty tomb on Earth, not the Tome of Life and Death.

In the past thirty-three cycles, he'd always obtained the seal. But in the thirty-fourth, the seal had turned into the Tome of Life and Death. Thus marked a change in trajectory for the entire cycle.

So when Lu Yun heard the words "Imperial Seal", his heart pounded for a strange reason.

Yun Zhongzi remained quiet, staring at Lu Yun for a long while before finally saying, “I almost retrieved it when I entered the great wilderness, but I failed because something appeared. The Imperial Seal is meant for you—it is the jade seal of the Hongmeng emperor.

“Since you’ve become a Nihil World Sovereign, that means the mistress has told you many things,” Yun Zhongzi took a deep breath. “Fuxi’s mission was to recreate the broken Dragonquake Scripture, and mine was to give you the seal of the only emperor of the original Hongmeng—also the ancestor of the Hallowed Emperor.”

He had his ways of communicating with the outside world, so he’d been able to confirm during this time that he was indeed speaking with Lu Yun, the legendary Flame Emperor of the human race!

“The legacy of the original Hongmeng is held within the seal. Since your mission is to reforge the original Hongmeng with the Dragonquake Scripture, the Imperial Seal is a very necessary tool!” However, Yun Zhongzi’s expression turned dire and despair blossomed through his mind.

“But why do you have the withered wood on you... The resentment of everything in the original Hongmeng, all of the beings of an epoch are in it...” Color drained from Yun Zhongzi’s face and he resembled the dead that he truly was. “You are doomed to fail with that wood on you...”

Lu Yun frowned, Yun Zhongzi was right. He’d also possessed the withered wood in the past thirty-three cycles and its existence had caused everyone around him to die.

“It won’t be the case this time.” Lu Yun shook his head. “It’ll work this time, trust me.”

Yun Zhongzi’s pallor improved slightly when he thought of Lu Yun’s method of nothing and the icy hammers.

“Though this wasn’t exactly how the original plan was and it’s a bit later than we decided, it’s not too late to retrieve the Imperial Seal for you!” Yun Zhongzi said solemnly.

etvolare’s Thoughts

I gotta confession -- whenever I read Yun Zhongzi’s name, I think of zongzi, rice dumplings. A thousands of years old talking rice dumpling, everyone.

### **Chapter 1572: Cloud Sovereign**

Since Yun Zhongzi was certain of Lu Yun’s identity, so was Lu Yun certain of his. Mo Yi sat in his Disordered Hell—he would always believe her.

In the future, she would die because of him, just as the Dao King had died for her in the past thirty-three cycles. Though everything was different now and progressed down an unknown trajectory, Mo Yi was still Mo Yi. Nothing about that had changed.

Yun Zhongzi was certain about Lu Yun’s identity either because of Mo Yi or Hong. Only those two knew of the young man’s true cultivation level.

Lu Yun sank into deep thought as he regarded his visitor. Since he’d journeyed through the past cycles, he knew how strong the Imperial Seal was. If he obtained it now, it would be like adding wings to a tiger.

But...

When he caused Mo Yi's death in the previous thirty-three loops, it hadn't been because of an enemy coming for him. Mo Yi had died to ensure mutual destruction with the existence taking shelter inside the seal. She'd sacrificed herself to completely root out latent danger in the treasure.

The owner of the seal—the emperor of the original Hongmeng—slept within it.

At that time, Lu Yun hadn't known what the Imperial Seal was or who its owner was. Over the course of those previous cycles, his strength reached unfathomable levels. If it wasn't for his future self being one of his replicas, he wouldn't have been able to see that version of himself at that time either. Many things would've remained obscured from view.

It wasn't until Lu Yun connected the many glimpses and hints gleaned throughout the various cycles that numerous truths sharpened into focus for him. He was utilizing the combination of Jian Juexian, Yun Zhongzi, and Mo Yi's words to determine what the traces he'd seen in the previous cycles meant.

While it remained to be seen if there were certain parties who wished to use him as a cauldron to revitalize the emperor of the original Hongmeng, it was very true that Mo Yi had died to ensure the emperor's demise.

"Why me?" Lu Yun suddenly asked. "Why did you guys choose me? I was just an ordinary tomb raider on Earth, why did Fuxi choose me?" He looked closely at Yun Zhongzhi and carefully enunciated each word.

"Why you? Because you are the Flame Emperor of the human race," responded Yun Zhongzhi. "We chose the Flame Emperor. We chose the one who created human dao and propelled the human race to rule the great wilderness. You are the Flame Emperor."

"And why am I the Flame Emperor?" Lu Yun was still confused. He was the very definition of average boringness, yet Fuxi had picked him out of the masses when he looked down at the planes through the river of time.

He'd set up his plans with Lu Yun in mind and designed everything from the Han Dynasty tomb to the world of immortals, the end of the West Sea in which Lu Yun repaired the immortal dao, then the trip back to the past to become the Flame Emperor.

Lu Yun had thought that with Fuxi's death, the one who'd come from the past wasn't Fuxi, but the three-eyed man in search of the Dragonquake Scripture.

Then Mo Yi had told him that the three-eyed man was still Fuxi, that it was his self of evil. Everything had still been part of Fuxi's plans.

What was notable about the past thirty-three cycles was that in those, Lu Yun had been pushed along every step of the way. Every single one of his moves had been calculated in advance for him.

This time, he walked his own path. Just as countless people cultivated the same great dao, none of them did so in the exact same fashion. Lu Yun employed a wholly different method to travel the road that Fuxi had paved for him, resulting in a handful of different outcomes from before.

However, he'd still become the Flame Emperor and he'd still pioneered human dao. Those general milestones hadn't changed from the previous loops. So had it once been, so would it still be.

Lu Yun looked at Yun Zhongzi; Yun Zhongzi looked back at him.

“What do you think?” Yun Zhongzi smiled. “Why do you think Fuxi chose you?”

Lu Yun paused.

“I don’t know how much you know, but since you’ve become a Nihil World Sovereign, the mistress, Hong, and Meng should’ve told you certain things,” Yun Zhongzi continued. “Fuxi’s primary self died and his evil self created the sect of tomb raiders, passing down the Dragonquake Scripture.

“When it came to your generation, you were the only one left. Your accomplishments in feng shui surpassed your forebears and eclipsed what Fuxi could’ve accomplished at your age. Thus, he chose you.

“I would’ve done the same if it were up to me.”

Lu Yun: .....

“So it was because I was that good.” He rubbed his nose narcissistically.

Yun Zhongzi: .....

“I suppose you could put it that way,” he chuckled wryly. “You weren’t the only one. Fuxi’s chosen many others in the past, but they were all eliminated for various reasons. You weren’t the only one, but you should be the last.

“A Nihil World Sovereign at less than a thousand years old...” he concluded through clenched teeth.

“Are you one too?” Lu Yun asked.

“Of course I am, but I wasn’t before. After the birth of the new epoch, I cultivated anew with the new orders of the fourth realm. I’ve reached peak Nihil World Sovereign now.” Yun Zhongzi nodded.

“Are you also a supplemental grandmaster?”

“Yes.” Yun Zhongzi nodded.

“The one who built this tomb is called the Cloud Sovereign. He was the Hallowed Emperor’s good friend.” Lu Yun’s mind was spinning from all the revelations.

“Also known as me,” Yun Zhongzi winked.

Lu Yun: .....

Even if he was somehow blessed with three brains, he never would’ve guessed that the hand in the shadows, the one behind all the troubles in the tomb, would be the one who built it!

As a powerful supplemental grandmaster himself well versed in feng shui, tombs represented many different things to Lu Yun. To ordinary people, they were just what they seemed.

“This Broken Primeval Plane is where the emperor of the original Hongmeng died and the new epoch started. His Imperial Seal was left here as well. The Hallowed Emperor and I built this tomb in order to find it.

“On the surface, this tomb appears to bury the Hallowed Emperor. Underneath it all, however, which is the world you’re in right now—it buries the emperor of the original Hongmeng. The Imperial Seal has been called to the tomb.” Since Yun Zhongzi was certain that he spoke to Fuxi’s heir, he held nothing back. The seal was meant for Lu Yun to begin with.

“The Hallowed Emperor is one of the original emperor’s descendants. He used his bloodline to coalesce the original emperor’s true body, then dismantled himself to leave traces of the emperor of the original Hongmeng...” Yun Zhongzi explained.

“Which means that the original emperor buried here is formed from the Hallowed Emperor’s body. But in doing so, that erases all traces of the Hallowed Emperor’s existence from the world!” Lu Yun gasped.

Anything that ever existed would leave traces in the world. Where there were traces, there would be karma. As long as that held true, one stood a chance for rebirth even if the soul scattered and true spirit vanished.

But if the Hallowed Emperor used his own corpse to manifest the emperor of the original Hongmeng, he would become the latter in form and essence. That would summon the original emperor’s soul back and the Hallowed Emperor... would completely disappear.

Not even the Tome of Life and Death could save him then.

“That was the only way to find the hidden Imperial Seal,” Yun Zhongzi sighed, his expression less than pleasant.

“The emperor died in battle, did he...” Lu Yun suddenly thought of something else that Yun Zhongzi had said.

“Yes, there was an enemy in those times, and they still exist. The ones who attacked the original Hongmeng still spy upon us.” Yun Zhongzi regained his calm. “I’m sure you’ve already met them.”

“The Curse King??” The name immediately sprang to Lu Yun’s mind. He’d previously viewed the akasha ghosts as his greatest enemy, but it turned out that he was the one who’d created them. They contained all of the resentment and malice of his future self.

The brush hadn’t existed in the past thirty-three cycles, so Lu Yun’s future self hadn’t been able to release his resentment. It’d become entangled with the dao fruit and returned to Lu Yun’s primary self.

That had been one of the primary reasons why he’d ultimately failed.

### **Chapter 1573: Blood Sovereign**

Lu Yun hadn’t known who his enemy was until the Curse King appeared. Everything from the great wilderness to the world of immortals, and from the chaos to the Hongmeng, was from the Curse King’s hand.

Even the chaos tribulations of the second realm and the Fire Virtue Potentate that’d nearly destroyed the original Hongmeng were his work.

With what Lu Yun now knew of the situation, the Curse King might not be one singular person. He possibly represented a group, a world, or even a new order. After all, he sought to destroy the immortal dao and Central Hongmeng, which would completely destroy hope of the original Hongmeng returning.

“Perhaps,” Yun Zhongzi sighed, then laughed ruefully. “You’ve filled out your wings and departed from the path that Fuxi laid out for you. Us old farts from the last epoch don’t seem to be of much use in the trials to come.

“What were once our enemies will have to be met by you.”

Lu Yun nodded, not taking Yun Zhongzi’s mention of the enemy to heart. His true goal was to escape the endless cycles, to leap out of the river that ran in a circle. For now, he was just a wave in the river. There were many like him, but they never amounted to true change in the end.

He couldn’t see who’d created the river—they were too big, like Mount Zhou. Lu Yun was just an ant at the foot of the mountain; a pebble was his entire world.

“What should I do if I want the Imperial Seal?” Lu Yun took a deep breath.

In the last thirty-three cycles, he never succeeded recreating the original Hongmeng. If he was to change things this time, he had to complete what he hadn’t before.

Yun Zhongzi smiled.

“The Imperial Seal is already in the tomb, but you’ll need the creation seed first if you want it.”

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Yun Zhongzi didn’t mention the Jade Pure One again, or why he and Daoist Ingress were reenacting events of the original Hongmeng in the great wilderness. Neither did Lu Yun ask.

He could, however, make an educated guess. The events of the original Hongmeng likely followed the trajectory of the realm’s growth. If they wished to recreate the realm, they had to restore the original Hongmeng’s growth trajectory first. The worlds needed to show the same progression.

Someone who’d suppressed all races and created human dao had wielded the Imperial Seal in the original Hongmeng. Lu Yun had most probably been imitating him in the past cycles, and that person had likely been the emperor of the original Hongmeng.

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Yun Zhongzi had crafted the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor. But once the Hallowed Emperor was buried here and used his bloodline to manifest the original emperor, he completely ceased to exist. It was like he’d never come into being.

The Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor therefore became the Tomb of the Original Emperor.

When faced with the emperor of the original Hongmeng, Yun Zhongzi could no longer control the tomb—despite being its creator. All he could do was to create layout upon layout to erode it, converting anyone who fell into them as one of his tools to obtain the seal.

That was why whoever excised the poisonous tumors would be rewarded by the tomb, but also be fully caught in the trap. All of this was a function of Yun Zhongzi's original plans.

It wasn't enough to have a Tomb of the Original Emperor if they wanted to obtain the Imperial Seal. Thus, the Hallowed Emperor died with a creation seed on his body. Only its power could truly attract the seal, and the treasure was now incorporated within the seed.

Of course, word of the creation seed had been spread far and wide so people would come and fall into Yun Zhongzi's traps. This wasn't the tomb's first emergence, but it was the first time it'd manifested after sensing Longshan Yin's existence. He wasn't just the descendant of the Hallowed Emperor, but of the emperor of the original Hongmeng as well.

Since the Hallowed Emperor no longer existed, that made the legacy inside the tomb a bequeathment from the emperor of the original Hongmeng.

Once Yun Zhongzi left, this world returned to its original form. Though he could no longer control it, dangers still abounded. All of his replicas in the tomb congregated to where the primary self was; he would retrieve the Imperial Seal for Lu Yun even at the cost of his own life.

The tomb where the emperor was buried was the core of the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor, its air dyed red with endless bloody light.

A layout without Yun Zhongzi overlooking it was even more perilous than before.

At the tomb's establishment, four powerhouses who'd once followed the emperor of the original Hongmeng sensed the summons and transformed themselves into burial mounds standing guard in the four cardinal directions. Protecting their master's final resting place, the Shadow Sovereign, Corpse Sovereign, Blood Sovereign, and Fog Sovereign had also perished in the Broken Primeval Plane. They, too, were heavyweights who'd reached the peak of dao.

During this adventure, Lu Yun happened to pass through the location that the Shadow Sovereign guarded. If it wasn't for Yun Zhongzi's various layouts and usage of Xing Wuliang's shadow to break the Shadow Sovereign's shadow dao, Lu Yun wouldn't have made it through so easily.

Yun Zhongzi had shattered the Corpse Sovereign's layout with the Roastwave World King's body, a layout which was then completely ruined by Lu Yun's dao of herding corpses.

Only the Blood Sovereign and Fog Sovereign remained. Where bloody light danced ahead of them was the Blood Sovereign's domain.

"Heh heh heh, you've finally come here, brat!" A piercing shriek came from ahead the moment Lu Yun set foot into the light. Boundless radiance condensed into a scarlet body that blocked the young man's way.

Yun Zhongzi followed behind Lu Yun; he'd given up using Roastwave's body and now inhabited an unknown Nihil World Sovereign's body. He'd gone to a great deal of effort to lure a personage of this level into his traps. If it wasn't for Lu Yun's arrival, he never would've brought it out. This body came with a stunning background that not even the current Yun Zhongzi was willing to antagonize.



Lu Yun, however, ignored his follower. He stared unblinkingly at the abruptly appearing Blood Sovereign, his eyes growing wider and wider until he cursed loudly.

“Oh what the fuck?! Why is it you?? You’re the Blood Sovereign who’s reached the peak of blood dao?” Lu Yun pointed at the Blood Sovereign with a shaking finger.

“That’s right, that is indeed this grand one!” The Blood Sovereign clenched his jaw, then deflated and sank to one knee in front of Lu Yun. “Greetings to the young master.”

The blood demon!

When Luo Houluo and Darkriver combined into Asura, Daoist Ingress had suppressed him with the four evil coffins. Asura had then followed Lu Yun back to the great wilderness and then again to the world of immortals as the blood demon!

Yun Zhongzi gaped, unable to process the sudden revelation. The Blood Sovereign was... the infamous blood demon? And they were on the same side?

They’d fought each other for an indeterminable period of time; Yun Zhongzi had never been able to shatter his blood formation. But it turned out they knew each other from the great wilderness?!

“Why is it you?” Lu Yun chuckled ruefully.

“Why isn’t it me?” The blood demon sighed and stood up. “Yun Zhongzi almost obtained the Imperial Seal back in the day, but the treasure was supplanted by another existence. That existence sent me to the great wilderness and split me into two!

“Part of me entered the Blood Sea and became the blood demon. The other part entered the world of celestials to become Luo Houluo. Then... for various reasons, my two selves combined as one. I was Asura and the blood demon, ultimately joining the young master.”

The existence he spoke of was the Tome of Life and Death. If it wasn’t for the book, then Yun Zhongzi and Fuxi would’ve sent the Imperial Seal back to the great wilderness.

“Young master came here, so my true spirit came back with you,” the blood demon laughed wryly.

He’d been overseeing grand affairs in the world of immortals just one second ago, his cultivation level having reached a sovereign in the chaos. He was about to set foot into the Hongmeng, but had been mysteriously pulled to his master and somehow became the Blood Sovereign beneath the banner of the original emperor.

Ah, no. Since the Blood Sovereign had been subdued by the Tome of Life and Death, he was the Blood Sovereign beneath Lu Yun’s banner.

Yun Zhongzi stared wordlessly.

“So... uh... now we only have the Fog Sovereign to deal with?” Lu Yun cocked his head quizzically.

“The Fog and Shadow Sovereigns, and the Corpse Sovereign are all the same. They’re all dead and without intelligence. They operate based on instincts according to the rules present,” explained the

Blood Sovereign. "If young master wishes to obtain the Imperial Seal, you must eradicate them with brute force."

etvolare's Thoughts

This is one helluva throwback. Do you guys remember the blood demon chasing Lu Yun, causing the ruins at the West Sea to blow up, throwing him to the great wilderness? That guy.

### **Chapter 1574: Fog Sovereign**

The Blood Sovereign had reversed life and death, struggled free from death, and become a living soul thanks to the Tome of Life and Death. However, his three peers remained dead. The Shadow Sovereign, Corpse Sovereign, and Fog Sovereign were the most terrifying vicious ghosts in the Tomb of the Original Emperor and also its guards.

They had been guided into manifesting their forms by the tomb's rules, as opposed to exercising their own thoughts and consciousness. The three were truly dead, having completely dispersed upon the wind and their true spirits scattered. No one would be able to resurrect them unless they also controlled all of life and death in a manner similar to the Tome of Life and Death.

And yet, the sovereigns were more terrifying in death than they had been in life.

The living possessed thoughts, intelligence, judgment, and consideration of gain and loss. The dead was just the dead and blindly followed fixed rules.

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The Blood Sovereign retracted his bloody radiance and took a position next to Lu Yun.

Murky gray fog shrouded their way ahead, filling the entire world while shadowy figures moved inside. It was wholly different from the bloody light and shadows of earlier. Though there were shadows inside the new fog as well, they were eclipsed by boundless killing intent and violent auras that flooded the area.

Not even Lu Yun dared venture in. The fog emitted by the poisonous tumor near the entrance came to mind—an enormous coffin sealing away an unknown world. The fog it exuded could turn the living into zombies.

Those zombies, including the ones that Jian Juexian killed, had vanished without a trace after the fog dissipated.

"That coffin..." Lu Yun looked at Yun Zhongzi.

"Is the Fog Sovereign's coffin. His great dao is buried inside," Yun Zhongzi answered gravely. "I didn't think that he can so strong without his coffin."

"He was the strongest out of the four of us," the Blood Sovereign nodded in agreement. "I, the Shadow Sovereign, and the Corpse Sovereign together are no match for him."

"Are all of you Nihil World Sovereigns too?" Lu Yun asked.

“Yes, all of us are, including the Hallowed Emperor. He cultivated the fourth realm’s methods anew to become a Nihil World Sovereign and attempted to suppress the realm so its orders would stabilize, but we failed,” sighed the Blood Sovereign. “If he hadn’t severed his own cultivation, he wouldn’t have died here.”

Nihil World Sovereigns were the strongest entities of the fourth realm, but they were just ants to the denizens of the original Hongmeng. In that epoch, only fourth realm beings who’d activated sequence had the right to ascend to the original Hongmeng.

“Then there’s nothing to be afraid of if he’s a Nihil World Sovereign.” Lu Yun manifested the Glacial Fire Hammers with a shake of his hands.

“The Fog Sovereign can crush the overlord of Ice with a single hand,” Yun Zhongzi frowned.

The overlord of Ice was a definitive genius of the new epoch and had reached peak Nihil World Sovereign. He’d utilized certain loopholes to open the doors to sequence. Lu Yun could just manage to see his full body, which meant that the overlord could smash him with a single hand.

But since the Fog Sovereign could crush the overlord with a single hand, that meant he could squash Lu Yun with a single finger.

Lu Yun paused, looking disbelievingly at Yun Zhongzi.

“Who’s the overlord of Ice?” A confused Blood Sovereign was unfamiliar with the being. “Is he strong?”

“About the same as you,” answered Yun Zhongzi. “But we might stand a chance thanks to the withered wood!” He looked at Lu Yun. “The resentment of an entire epoch and the original Hongmeng lurks within the wood. You can use it against him.”

Lu Yun shook his head. “I don’t know how to use it, and this thing’s too uncanny. If I don’t get things right, it might eat you and the Blood Sovereign instead.”

Those around him had been cursed to death thirty-three times already. Lu Yun didn’t want the withered wood to succeed yet another time.

“How did the Fog Sovereign die?” he asked the Blood Sovereign.

“Someone... crushed him to death,” answered the Blood Sovereign despite not wanting to review the moment. “Not only him, but the same happened to me, the Corpse Sovereign, and Shadow Sovereign.”

“Well, I can’t do that, so it has to be a head-on fight.” Lu Yun had wanted to use the sovereign’s cause of death against him, but when a single hand had ended the sovereign’s life?

That meant a display of overwhelming strength, something that Lu Yun didn’t command. His only recourse was to find the one who’d killed the Fog Sovereign, but that person would likely also kill Lu Yun as soon as he appeared.

He’d been the enemy and murderer of the original emperor, which also made him Lu Yun’s enemy.

“I think I can continue setting up layouts and slowly erode the Fog Sovereign’s... eh? Eh? EH??” Yun Zhongzi trailed off with incredulity.

Thirty-six golden armored warriors had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Sparkling with aureate radiance, they all rivaled Lu Yun—Nihil World Sovereigns! Without further ado, they charged into the fog with loud war cries.

The Blood Sovereign shrugged nonchalantly. He'd spent some time by Lu Yun's side and was used to seeing the bean soldiers method.

Thirty-six golden warriors were annihilated the moment they rushed into the gray fog. Lu Yun threw thirty-six soybeans to the ground again and summoned another thirty-six warriors, who charged forward in the same fashion.

The same sequence of events occurred again.

And again, and again, and again...

Since all six hellfires were gathered in his body, Lu Yun's death arts were operating at their highest levels. He was able to summon golden-armored warriors without pause, so long as the soybeans remained in his hands.

Wave after wave of fearless warriors rushed into the fog, gradually increasing their duration of survival before returning to the void. Finally, sounds of fighting traveled out of the fog.

"It's time!" Lu Yun stretched out his right hand and splayed his fingers. Bolts of black lightning danced on his palm—the thunder tribulation that he'd collected from the Thunderstruck Wood, thereby turning it into a section of withered wood.

Though a large portion of the heavenly lightning had dissipated and a majority negated when it attacked Lu Yun, he still retained a decent portion in the form of a thunder bead circulating around his nascent spirit. This was his trump card and the source of his confidence in traveling through the fourth realm.

He deployed Thunder Palmstrike and transformed the bead back into lightning, directing it as a stream into the gray fog.

"Roar!!" An enormous human face slowly floated out of the fog and snarled with outrage. "How dare you betray the emperor, Blood Sovereign!"

It opened its mouth and released a pillar of gray air at the sovereign.

"If the emperor was here, he would not stop us from entering the tomb to recover the seal." The Blood Sovereign remained unmoved and summoned a ball of white flame with a wave—Hadal Bonefire.

### **Chapter 1575: Imperial Seal**

Hadal Bonefire wasn't a Blood Sovereign creation, it was something he'd obtained from the Hadal Hell.

The Hadal Hell was formed out of nine Hongmenges that'd grown to the level of the fourth realm. One who possessed the Hadal Bonefire was the master of a Hongmeng world—at least a Nihil World Sovereign.

After the blood demon severed his past and started anew, the Hadal Bonefire naturally became his personal treasure; it was one of the strongest flames in the Hongmeng. The blood demon had further

created a powerful replica after finding the Hadal Bone Method within the flame. When the replica appeared, it easily blocked the Fog Sovereign's attack.

"I am alive, Fog Sovereign, and you are dead. That makes you less than me!" howled the Blood Sovereign as he scattered into bloody light.

He didn't waste time conversing with the Fog Sovereign since the man was dead. It wasn't the real sovereign in front of them, just the dead spirit of his great dao. To guard the tomb of the original emperor was his only motivation and duty.

The Blood Sovereign was weaker than the Fog Sovereign, but the former was unfettered and sentient. That was something that the Fog Sovereign could never measure up to.

"Bastard!!" raged the giant face.

Lu Yun's black lightning bombarded the sovereign's core essence and sought to shatter his great dao, but the Fog Sovereign's great dao was a ball of undefined fog to begin with. Lu Yun could kill the zombies skulking inside it, but he was hard pressed to harm the sovereign himself.

It wasn't that the black lightning wasn't strong enough, but that Lu Yun was so much weaker than the sovereign.

Once the last bolt of lightning smote the fog, Lu Yun brought out the Glacial Fire Hammers again and activated the sequence of time. Purple chains interlaced with each other and churned toward the Fog Sovereign's face.

Thirty-six golden warriors appeared at the same time, infusing Lu Yun with their strength.

Rumble—

The door to the sequence of time creaked open another inch, permitting more purple chains to stretch out from the mysterious world. Lu Yun could see clearly this time that thirty-six thousand purple chains rushed out of the world of time.

"I think a thousand chains came out to shatter the face in the world of treasures, so this means I'm thirty-six times stronger than before." Lu Yun suddenly understood that the combined effect of all the golden warriors was to temporarily strengthen him thirty-six times greater than his usual level of power.

The Fog Sovereign roared with indignity. Chains encircled his massive face and were dragging him into the world of time. Alarm bells rang in his mind and he shook violently, summoning billows of gray fog from all directions and condensing them into a hulking body beneath his face.

Four heads, eight arms, and thirty thousand meters tall!

This was the Fog Sovereign's true form.

His eight arms opened wide and dug into the void.

Creeeeeak!

The void remained whole; the chains wrapped around his head began to tear.

“What?!” Yun Zhongzi and the Blood Sovereign were flabbergasted. As powerhouses of the original Hongmeng, they’d all set foot into sequence and knew what the purple chains represented.

But the Fog Sovereign could break free of them! This wasn’t the strength of a Nihil World Sovereign anymore!

In fact, the Blood Sovereign was frightened out of his wits. Once the chains of order caught their target, only absolute strength or an even stronger order could break them.

The implications were too horrific.

“He’s... recovered his strength?” The Blood Sovereign suddenly looked at Yun Zhongzi. “What have you been doing here that he’s recovered his strength?”

“I... I don’t know why either.” Yun Zhongzi was just as lost.

He knew full well how strong the Fog Sovereign had been in the original Hongmeng—this had been one of the strongest powerhouses by the emperor’s side. Yun Zhongzi wouldn’t be afraid of him if he was in peak condition, but as of now, he was only a Nihil World Sovereign.

The Fog Sovereign didn’t continue attacking after he struggled free; he merely looked frostily at Lu Yun and the other two.

Lu Yun wasn’t faring as well as his opponent—his golden armored warriors shattered to pieces and he reeled with grave injuries. He was as pale as a sheet and the doors slammed shut on the world of order.

He stared fixedly at something behind the Fog Sovereign. Two other figures were slowly coming into view—also men with four heads, eight arms, and thirty thousand meters tall. The Corpse Sovereign and Shadow Sovereign!

They remained quietly on the spot, neither attacking nor moving.

“Blood Sovereign, are you sure that you wish to betray His Imperial Majesty?” the Fog Sovereign asked coldly.

“His Imperial Majesty has fallen and I am merely carrying out his last wishes!” the Blood Sovereign bit off his words. He brimmed with scarlet light, likewise revealing a body with four heads and eight arms. However, he didn’t seem to compare to the other three.

They’d somehow returned to their prime in the original Hongmeng, whereas the Blood Sovereign was just a Nihil World Sovereign who’d cultivated the orders of the fourth realm anew.

“Let him go if he wishes to go,” came another voice. A slender figure gradually resolved itself in the gray fog released by the Fog Sovereign.

When Lu Yun saw the figure, his heart skipped a beat and he inwardly cursed to himself.

Longshan Yin!

He’d obtained the legacy of the tomb!

If he'd only received the inheritance of the Hallowed Emperor and attained the potential of a Nihil World Sovereign, that would place him on equal footing with Lu Yun. They would be peers and could still be friends.

But since he'd received the legacy of the original emperor—the only emperor of the original Hongmeng, his family was worthy of being called the Di Clan by itself! No longer just an offshoot, he denoted the main clan.

Longshan Yin's mentality had likely undergone certain changes as a result of this and he now loftily regarded Lu Yun from above.

"We meet again, World Sovereign." Longshan Yin appeared as he had before, yet he regarded Lu Yun with a markedly different attitude. Condescension hadn't crept into his gaze, but none of his previous humility could be found either.

Most importantly was that a seal of pure gold hovered over his head. Nine coiled dragons were etched on it, so vivid it was as if they were alive. One character was emblazoned into the void beneath it—di for emperor!

This character was cursed in the Hongmeng. There were those who called themselves king, potentate, sovereign, saint, and others, but no one dared call themselves emperor!

The great emperors of the first realm were colossal jokes—bloody corpses strewn over their world's dao. The source of all this was this emperor—the great emperor of the original Hongmeng!

Someone had cursed him and all of his descendants.

"Greetings to the young emperor!" The Fog Sovereign and other two respectfully withdrew their forms when Longshan Yin appeared and took a knee on the ground as humans.

They were alive again.

In the past thirty-three cycles, Lu Yun had used the seal over Longshan Yin's head to resurrect the powerhouses of the great wilderness. The latter now used the same treasure to revive the Fog Sovereign, Corpse Sovereign, and Shadow Sovereign.

"Longshan Yin." Lu Yun frowned at the man.

"No, I am not Longshan Yin." He shook his head. "From now on, I am Di Yin, the only heir of the original emperor!"

"World Sovereign, you will take your men and leave Imperial Clime. The descendants of the original emperor will not be the pawns of another."

etvolare's Thoughts

Okay, although we knew this was coming, I'm still sad it's come to this. I'd thought maybe, mayyyybe Longshan Yin would still be on friendly terms with Lu Yun...

**Chapter 1576: The Same Imperial Seal**

“World Sovereign, you intrude on my ancestral tomb and covet my ancestor’s treasures. I should break you into a million pieces for the offense and scatter your true spirit, but you once saved me and my kin from Revered Rednote. You safeguarded the bloodline of the emperor of the original Hongmeng. For that, your merits offset your faults.

“You and I no longer share karmic ties from henceforth. I will also spare the three outside.” Di Yin looked solemnly at Lu Yun.

Lu Yun inclined his head in return.

Di Yin was correct. Since he’d obtained the legacy of the original emperor, he’d completely activated the strand of Di bloodline in his body and risen from the most lowly offshoot to the direct heir of the emperor.

Everything in the tomb was his.

“As for the two of you... Blood Sovereign, I will not stop you if you wish to leave. After all, you died in service to the emperor. Cloud Sovereign, you were close friends with the forefather. His legacy has resurfaced from the shadows because of you. If you are willing to stay—”

Yun Zhongzi shook his head before Di Ling had a chance to finish. “This simple daoist is used to the life of a recluse with no fixed occupation. The great emperor once wished for me to be his strategist of the state, but I declined. You...”

Di Ling didn’t make further offers when he heard the response, he knew Yun Zhongzi spoke the truth.

“We take our leave.” Yun Zhongzi turned to take the Blood Sovereign and gravely injured Lu Yun with him.

“Ohe moment.” Lu Yun waved a hand and glanced at the Imperial Seal hovering over Di Yin’s head.

Yun Zhongzi paused, looking quizzically at him.

“I want to get to the bottom of something once and for all,” Lu Yun murmured. “Those thirty-three cycles I saw... and the ones I didn’t... were they loops of the same cycle... or new life repeating the events of the past?”

“What??” Yun Zhongzi, the four sovereigns, and Di Ling gaped when they heard him.

“All things become one!” Lu Yun suddenly opened his arms and whistled.

“Hmm?!” Di Ling’s eyes widened with shock.

“All shall return to one!”

Hummmm.

Purple-golden radiance blasted into the air from Lu Yun’s body. The Imperial Seal over Di Ling’s head shuddered violently and began to slip free from his control!

“How is this possible?” Not only was Di Ling shocked beyond belief, so were the others.

“As I wander through the heavens!”



The Imperial Seal floated up from Di Ling's head and began spinning in the air.

"I alone return true!"

Boom!

The Imperial Seal roared with a dull boom as figures walked out of it, drifting down into Lu Yun's body. There were thirty-three of them in total!

They weren't true life forms, just images. The Imperial Seal landed in his hand as Lu Yun's expression turned forebodingly dark. Indeed... Just as the Dao King had initially warned him and suspicion gradually crept up on him, here was definitive proof.

The thirty-three cycles he'd seen hadn't been true eras of different times. They were all a loop of the same exact cycle!

When his future self journeyed through thirty-three instances of great devastation, he hadn't dared to really talk to the versions of him in those eras. What if he caused some changes in that era that filtered through to present day?

Those versions of himself also later erased their memories of meeting him.

But since he'd visited the eras, he didn't return empty-handed. He'd left a tiny mark in all of the future versions of him, so that they would leave an image in the primary self's strongest treasure when they returned to it—the Imperial Seal!

That was how Lu Yun wanted to gather conclusive evidence to verify either one of his terrifying speculations.

Thirty-three Lu Yuns walked out of the Imperial Seal—thirty-three marks hidden within the treasure. Thirty-three of them meant thirty-three repeats!

"So there we have it, the thirty-three great devastations I saw weren't the result of continuously traveling backward in time, but a simple reshaping of history.

"Someone went to great lengths to show me past history and craft the illusion of a great devastation, a grand beginning, and the development of life occurring in a progressive cycle. None of that exists! We've never advanced beyond our current cycle!

"No wonder I couldn't get those thirty-three cycles out of my mind. The so-called great devastation isn't the end of life as we know it, but resetting our entire cycle from the beginning." Lu Yun lifted his head.

"Who's behind this and why did he do it?"

The Imperial Seal was unique—it was the only treasure that wasn't destroyed when time began anew. Lu Yun had refined it again and again, sending his image into it and thus preserving thirty-three copies of himself.

Lu Yun's heart trembled while Di Yin was overcome with awe.

He'd seen multiple Lu Yuns walk out of the seal; the incantation the young man had recited had plainly been the mantra to activate the treasure. It didn't come from the emperor of the original Hongmeng, but from an even more ancient existence.

Though Di Yin had also seen the incantation in the Imperial Seal, he hadn't been able to give voice to it.

"This is yours." Lu Yun tossed the seal to Di Yin after collecting his thirty-three images and left. The one who'd endured thirty-three great devastations had been himself! Not someone who looked like him from another lifetime, but him, just him!

An omnipotent existence had him in the palm of their hand. And not just Lu Yun—everything that existed within the limits of their understanding was the unknown entity's plaything.

However, he had the Tome of Life and Death this time, so everything was going to change. Perhaps... the reason why he'd failed so many times wasn't the withered wood, but the Imperial Seal. After all, it'd remained the same through all these loops.

.....

Di Yin's expression flickered rapidly as he looked at the treasure in his hand.

"Young emperor, should we eliminate them?" asked the Fog Sovereign as he looked at his master's face.

"No." Di Yin shook his head. "You haven't fully come back to life yet and will disperse as dust if you leave the tomb. Everything can wait until after you've fully resurrected."

"Can we... bring back His Imperial Majesty?" the Fog Sovereign suddenly asked hopefully.

Di Yin remained silent for a long moment. "The emperor is not dead."

.....

Outside the tomb, Lu Yun reconvened with Jian Juexian, Xing Wuliang, and the Brightheart World King. Yun Zhongzi and the Blood Sovereign had already left, and Lu Yun needed to quickly move his men out of Dragonmountain Clime. Di Yin would kill them if they remained there for too long.

The only thing that put him at ease was that the Fog Sovereign and others couldn't leave the tomb.

"Why didn't you take the Imperial Seal?" Mo Yi asked with puzzlement.

"There's no need," Lu Yun shook his head slightly. "In all those countless reincarnations and loops, the Imperial Seal has always remained the same."

"What does that mean?" Mo Yi's eyes widened.

"That I would fail again if I took the seal, nothing about the ending would change," Lu Yun took a deep breath. "Perhaps not taking it is the key to changing everything."

etvolare's Thoughts

Wow, it's been a long time since we've had such a crazy twist, did everyone follow that?

When Lu Yun's future self first shows up and sprouts the mumbo jumbo, the Dao King snaps everyone out of it and says that since his future self is a demon, we shouldn't be taking what he said at face value.

Once future Lu Yun melded with primary Lu Yun (he's the dao fruit, after all), Lu Yun gets all of his memories. That's how we know future Lu Yun travels to the very far past and meets up with his future self from the era before the one we're in. They meet up with more future selves etc. and goes on for thirty-three cycles. That builds an impression that we've been living the same lives thirty-three times over (every blade of grass, every heartbeat was the same) while Lu Yun fails again and again. That things are different only because of the Tome of Life and Death this time.

But in this chapter, we learn that while the cycles are true, it's been repeats of the same era. Lu Yun has been failing, but just in his lifetime. So that begs the question, why this trick? (And proving the Dao King right. Things were screwy with future Lu Yun, but not because he wanted to lie to present Lu Yun, but because he himself was also lied to.)

I'd love to know too lol. Does the big bad guy want to make it feel inevitable that Lu Yun will fail, because he's already done so thirty-three times? Is that so important that he wanted to create this illusion...?

#### **Chapter 1577: A Minor Character**

Light danced in Mo Yi's eyes as she listened to Lu Yun, but she didn't offer an opinion of her own. Lu Yun relayed all of his speculations to her in an uninterrupted stream.

She quietly digested them, then said heavily, "Your path now has strayed from what Fuxi laid out for you. You are now your own true person, not someone's puppet or tool.

"You accomplished that from the very beginning, and now you've journeyed through thirty-three reincarnations and seen thirty-three endings. You've also seen thirty-three failures, which means all of our paths were wrong.

"What you should do now is follow your own path and proceed according to your own thoughts and plans. Don't be affected by our interference. We've already failed once—or rather, sixty-six times."

When Lu Yun spoke of failure, he meant it in terms of him failing to make a change in their cycle. For Mo Yi and the others, failure had come first upon the destruction of the original Hongmeng, then again when their plans for Lu Yun failed.

"Perhaps I really should exile this withered wood into time." Lu Yun's replica in the Disordered Hell summoned the section of wood to him with a flip of his hand.

It looked very ordinary—just a simple piece of wood.

"In the previous thirty-three attempts, did you obtain the five hells and manifest the Disordered Hell?" Mo Yi quickly asked when something occurred to her.

According to Fuxi's calculations, Violetgrave would collect the five hellfires and give them to Lu Yun, then have him create the last hell. Those were plans that would take effect after he reached the fourth realm.

To their great surprise, he'd gained the Hadal Hell when he was in the world of immortals and used his own strength to collect the other hells. Though this was the result that Fuxi wanted, it'd come too early.

"No," Lu Yun shook his head. "Though I obtained the hell of human dao in the previous loops, the others didn't come into my possession for various reasons. Violetgrave wanted to give me the Nether Hell, but she was the first to die.

"The node in the space over the world of immortals would suddenly explode and swallow her. She would be gone without redemption," Lu Yun recounted with an unpleasant expression.

He knew that if he traveled to the world of immortals now to find Violetgrave, she would suffer certain disaster. All of it stemmed from him—the withered wood in his hand. She would be fine if he didn't go. Her death was also out of a desire to protect Lu Yun; no one else was able to kill her otherwise.

"So you're already halfway there, the Disordered Hell has appeared on your watch." Mo Yi smiled brilliantly when she saw Lu Yun's expression.

"Perhaps." Lu Yun's replica lifted his head, a motion echoed by his primary body outside. They looked to the endless fourth realm—the unknown spots of the realm.

"What a shame that we've never been the main characters." He'd taken in what he could when he experienced the thirty-three reincarnations. Some existences had been so big that he hadn't been able to see them, but from what he could see, neither he, Mo Yi, nor anyone else was the main character.

Even if these countless reincarnation cycles were a nefarious scheme, they weren't one aimed at Lu Yun and those he cared about. They were caught in a plot for someone else and were just minuscule fish in a vast river. Lu Yun was one lucky enough to leap over the surface and glimpse part of the truth.

Fish were fish at the end of the day. They were no dragon or mythical beast in the waters. He and his were pitiful bugs swept up in the riptide. But now, Lu Yun sought to soar to the nine heavens and transform into a dragon! He would stir up this unchanging cycle and struggle free from endless reincarnation!

The cycles seemed endless, but there had to be a beginning and an end. Lu Yun's future self had wanted to investigate the very beginning, but he'd only been able to see thirty-three repeats.

The road to even earlier resets had been severed.

Lu Yun's thirty-three future selves had needed to erase their memories, but they hadn't done so because they'd witnessed some part of the grander plan—it'd just been a hunch that this was the correct course of action.

Lu Yun... was likely a minor character as well. Though this character had traversed space and time to witness the truth of the endless reincarnations, it wouldn't attract attention from the major players.

"You're taking all of this easily," Mo Yi smiled. "I think we should focus on facing our own enemy first. We should revitalize the original Hongmeng, suppress the fourth realm's orders, and ensure that it won't remain an empty void."

"Mhmm," Lu Yun nodded. The fourth realm wouldn't always be an empty void because there would come along a powerhouse to repair it in another tremendous fashion.

But to him now, every step he took was his own future. No matter what those previous worlds had turned into, the one he was in now was a blank canopy of possibilities. Why did he have to wait for a future savior to enter his world?

Recreating the original Hongmeng, or suppressing the fourth realm's orders through another method, would be his success this time.

.....

"We're finally out of that forsaken place!" Xing Wuliang heaved a loud sigh the second they left the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor.

The tombstone outside was drenched in blood. Countless beings had died on the premises, but the area was calm again. If it wasn't for Xing Wuliang's now grandmaster-level soul force, he would've thought that everything that'd happened was just a dream.

"What a pity that we didn't get anything." Jian Juexian smacked his lips.

Lu Yun glared at him. "Didn't get anything?"

"I mean the Brightheart World King!" Jian Juexian corrected without missing a beat.

"A new experience is also quite valuable to me, at least my mental state is one step closer to Nihil World Sovereign," Brightheart chuckled. "Wuliang's soul force is in the grandmaster level. Once his mentality reaches the same level, we will have reaped rich rewards from this venture."

"You really like to see the good in things, huh?" Jian Juexian flicked a glance at Lu Yun. "Are you sure you're not coming back to Ingress Sword Island with me?"

"If I did, everyone there would have to call me forefather," Lu Yun responded half jokingly.

"Forget it," Jian Juexian curled his lip and then raised a cupped fist salute. "Folks, we'll meet again in the future if we have the chance to."

He vanished from sight as a streak of sword light.

"Are you really coming back to the Star Sect with me?" Xing Wuliang looked at Lu Yun with a complicated expression. He understood now that Lu Yun was no ordinary person, but the sect accepted all comers when it came to disciples.

"Yes." Lu Yun smiled. "I'm very interested in the Star Sect's supplemental methods. The General Principles of the Star Sect Formations and The General Principles of the Star Sect Talismans have only whetted my appetite."

etvolare's Thoughts

Well, I suppose it's no longer a joke, the Tome of Life and Death really is the real MC!

**Chapter 1578: World Star**

Xing Wuliang took a close look at Lu Yun before nodding. "The Star Sect cares not about the backgrounds of our disciples, but you are one of us once you walk through the doors. You may never betray us, otherwise..."

His voice trailed off.

"I know." Lu Yun nodded.

"Then let us be on our way." Xing Wuliang inclined his head and left with Lu Yun. Brightheart had already left by herself. She didn't travel with Xing Wuliang, but neither did he mind.

She wasn't his dao partner yet and the distance between them was increasing. It was already so big that he despaired at ever bridging it. She was infinitely close to Nihil World Sovereign!

"You just need to raise your mentality so that your mindset is on par with your soul force. You'll possess strength on par with a Nihil World Sovereign then, which means a chance for the two of you." A merry Lu Yun clapped his shoulder.

Xing Wuliang nodded dejectedly.

.....

The Boundless Planes were infinitely large.

Separated into known and unknown expanses, the colossal unknown expanse hadn't been fully explored even when the original Hongmeng still existed. Now that it'd fallen, the known part of the realm was continuously eroded by the unknown.

Dangers abounded in the mysterious unknown and Nihil World Sovereigns were no exceptions to possibly dying in them.

There were only a few known factions residing in the unknown expanses. And of them, only their names and signature combat arts were known, such as the Corpse Refiners.

The known expanse of this locality was in the center and thus called the Central Planes. The name was simply a nod to its geographical location, not a sign of status or authority. Within it, the World Plane was one of the major planes. The Star Sect was located in it and ruled over the entire plane, as well as several others close by.

It was easy for Xing Wuliang to return to the World Plane since he was a Star Sect member and a disciple of a Nihil World Sovereign. He naturally carried treasures on him that were similar to portable transportation formations.

Despite that, those only brought him to the World Plane and not immediately to the sect's doorstep.

A scintillating display of multicolor radiance scored the void of the World Plane instead of filling it with pure black. All of the worlds here were connected to each other, forming kaleidoscopic ribbons of rainbows that floated in the air. There didn't seem to be a speck of vacant space in the entire plane.

Living beings inhabited the ribbons and countless flight treasures traveled between them. Those were products of the finest and most exquisite supplemental craft. Even ordinary beings without the ability to

enter the fourth realm would be able to journey the Boundless Planes if they owned one of these treasures.

Lu Yun sighed with appreciation. Compared to this plane, the Eastern Planes were indeed remote, impoverished backwaters. Since the core fragment of the original Hongmeng had landed there, all of the powerhouses in the fourth realm had come together to seal that cluster away. Whether supplemental dao or powerful combat arts—all were forbidden from being shared with those planes.

The Eastern Planes cluster was the most barren of the known expanses. It had only one Nihil World Sovereign—the overlord of Ice—and he was sealed away. All of this was to prevent the fourth realm's combat arts and methods from entering the Central Hongmeng, so that it wouldn't rise and become a second original Hongmeng.

No one wished to be ruled by another.

When he saw the awe in Lu Yun's eyes, Xing Wuliang asked, "Has junior brother never seen this before?"

"No," Lu Yun responded honestly. He'd never seen such a sight in even the thirty-three loops of their time. Perhaps such prosperous scenes had existed in all of those reincarnation cycles, but he'd never seen them.

In the Disordered Hell, Mo Yi and Dao King regarded the outside world with a complicated expression.

"If the fourth realm flourishes with such thriving vitality, there is no need for the original Hongmeng to return," Dao King murmured as he gazed upon the World Plane. "If order has dispersed, we just need to find another method to re-establish order."

"Mm." Mo Yi inclined her head. Lu Yun had told her that he hadn't recreated the original Hongmeng in all thirty-three cycles, that a later descendant would eventually corral the orders of the fourth realm and bring them under control.

Perhaps this was the reason why.

The fourth realm was never this prosperous in the last epoch; supplemental dao never reached these heights. To connect numerous planets with each other as brilliant ribbons of rainbow? That wouldn't have been possible in the era of the original Hongmeng.

The Star Sect sat in the middle of the plane—the heart of where all the ribbons led. Each dazzling ribbon stretched infinitely in every direction, connecting worlds to each other. Weaker life forms took shelter in them while stronger life forms viewed them as convenient bridges.

Lu Yun and Xing Wuliang were stronger life forms. They strode along the ribbons and soon came to the Star Sect.

The sect wasn't on a planet, but a massive star. The star was bigger than all of the planets around it and a hundred million times bigger than the true form of the overlord of Ice.

"The World Star!" Lu Yun called out subconsciously when he saw it.

"Correct, that's the World Star." Xing Wuliang nodded. "It is the only world star in the known expanses of the Boundless Planes. The World Planes are named after it, and it is the foundation of the sect."

Xing Wuliang didn't find it odd that Lu Yun could identify the World Star. Everyone in the Boundless Planes knew of it and countless parties had schemed after it at various points in time. But despite it all, the World Star still remained the sect's territory.

Lu Yun's expression shifted rapidly before returning to normal.

"You're back, Xing Wuliang!" A voice hailed them the moment they set foot into the star's vicinity.

"I hear that you visited the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor. What did you find?" A man in long black robes stopped in front of the two.

"I will report my findings to my master, of course, so what are you doing getting in my way?" Xing Wuliang responded brusquely.

"...Xing Wuliang, how dare you talk to me like this?" The man blinked incredulously. He was Xing Lang and the head disciple of the sect's younger generation. He was everyone's senior brother and a powerful supplemental grandmaster.

If he asked Xing Wuliang a question, the latter should respond with nothing but the answer.

"How, how dare you!" Taking a moment to react, Xing Lang raised his hand to slap Xing Wuliang across the face.

### **Chapter 1579: Xing Shenzuo**

Xing Lang's slap was swift, vicious, and swung with an air of practiced familiarity. It obviously wasn't his first time hitting out like this.

Bam!

He exploded before he could touch Xing Wuliang.

"Hmph!" A brooding Xing Wuliang sneered. "I'm also a grandmaster too now, do you think you can do anything to me with just a replica? Let's go! We're going to see master."

The other pair of eyes in Xing Wuliang's pupils vanished, he was just himself again.

Only Xing Lang's replica had blocked them at the sect gates. Thus, he couldn't do anything to a Xing Wuliang whose soul force had reached grandmaster level. However, Xing Wuliang didn't dare linger around either. Not only was Xing Lang's primary self a supplemental grandmaster, but he was also a powerful Void World King. If his primary body rushed to the scene, he would beat Xing Wuliang black and blue without breaking a sweat.

"People have the nerve to beat you on sect grounds??" Lu Yun found this impossible to believe.

Xing Wuliang had incredible potential and should at least be a core disciple in the Star Sect. The other pair of eyes in his pupils was quite obviously a safety measure that a powerful Nihil World Sovereign had left on him. And yet, someone had dared stop him in front of the faction's doors and even wanted to slap him?

This was... a little crazy.



“That was Xing Lang, the senior brother of the younger generation. He’s a powerful supplemental grandmaster and a Void World King!” Xing Wuliang pulled Lu Yun behind him as they transported into the World Star. “Once you join the sect, don’t provoke him at any cost. He won’t kill you, but he’ll beat you and show no mercy!”

“His father is a powerful Nihil World Sovereign and a sect elder. He often hit my master when they were young!”

Lu Yun: .....

“After you join the sect, you will become a true disciple if my master is willing to take you. Your name will also be changed to Xing Feifan,” Xing Wuliang changed the topic.

The disciple divisions of this faction were similar to other sects—outer, inner, true. Xing Wuliang was a true disciple.

“Are there any powerhouses in the sect who’ve set foot into sequence?” Lu Yun asked.

“Yes!” came an affirmative answer.

Lu Yun’s heart skipped a beat. Jian Juexian had said that there wasn’t anyone who could activate sequence since the dawn of the new epoch. The one closest to succeeding was the overlord of Ice. Anyone else who had was most likely from the last epoch or original Hongmeng.

Meanwhile, Yun Zhongzi had mentioned that the heritage of the original Hongmeng existed in the Star Sect.

“What, you want to learn from someone who’s activated sequence?” Xing Wuliang joked.

Lu Yun nodded seriously. “They’re probably the only ones who can teach me.”

Xing Wuliang: .....

“Damn you’re full of it. Let’s go meet my master first.”

The World Star was a massive star that functioned like Earth in the mundane worlds, but it was so much bigger. On the inside, it appeared similar to any other planet. White clouds scuttled across blue skies as birds chirped and flowers waved in the breeze. It was a picture of peace and tranquility.

A modestly sized mountain rose in front of them; clear rivers ran down luscious mountainside. A large clearing lay in front of it, on which a dozen young men in blue robes were meditating with crossed legs.

They quickly rose to their feet when they sensed Xing Wuliang’s arrival.

“Greetings to senior brother Wuliang!”

“You’ve finally come back, senior brother. Senior brother Wuchou of Moqiu Mountain bullied us often when you were gone.”

As they chattered to Xing Wuliang, Lu Yun gained a rough understanding of his new faction. The Star Sect wasn’t a sect in the traditional sense of the word; numerous parties vied for power in a complicated web of relationships. Mighty Nihil World Sovereigns created abodes in the various mountains of the

World Star and left their legacies inside. Xing Wuliang's master Xing Shenzuo was the owner of Shenzuo Mountain.

Given the multitude of groups in the sect, conflicts were a natural course of action. Thus, Xing Lang had dared to slap Xing Wuliang within sect territory earlier on.

Of course, conflicts were also limited to certain behaviors. One could fight, but one could not kill. Any conflict that grew out of hand would be punished by sect rules, and anyone who dared kill a fellow disciple would be doomed for eternity.

.....

"Alright, alright everyone. Junior brother Wuchou is just testing your cultivation. I need to visit master first before I can spend time with you." Xing Wuliang waved his hand to pacify his junior brothers.

Though these young men were also Star Sect disciples, their identities were very different compared to Xing Wuliang's. His senior brother had found him elsewhere in the Boundless Planes, whereupon Xing Wuliang had made it into the sect through his own strength.

On the other hand, these young men were born and bred in the World Star. They'd received their status upon birth.

Shenzuo Mountain was named after Xing Shenzuo as its former name had long been lost to time. Xing Shenzuo was a middle-aged man with black hair and a black beard. He favored black daoist robes, and he was a Nihil World Sovereign who was also a powerful supplemental grandmaster.

Lu Yun looked intently at him for a moment, subconsciously comparing him to the overlord of Ice. Xing Shenzuo was weaker than the overlord, but much stronger than Lu Yun.

"This disciple greets the honored master!" Xing Wuliang bowed to Xing Shenzuo.

"I know what you have encountered in the tomb. You may collect your reward from your senior brother." Xing Shenzuo's tones were gentle as he sent Xing Wuliang floating out with a wave of his hand.

"You must be Feng Feifan." The man looked at Lu Yun.

"Yes." Lu Yun nodded, looking once more at Xing Shenzuo. His eyes... were not the ones that were present in Xing Wuliang's.

Lu Yun frowned inwardly to himself.

"The eyes in Wuliang's pupils are not mine," Xing Shenzuo chuckled, seemingly having read Lu Yun's mind. "Your condition is very strange as you are in the true void realm, but you are also a Nihil World Sovereign."

Lu Yun didn't find it odd that Xing Shenzuo could see through him. This was a supplemental grandmaster and they were in his home. It wasn't surprising that he noticed something that Jian Juexian hadn't.

Not to mention that Lu Yun hadn't planned on concealing his strength. Since he wanted to join the Star Sect, he couldn't hide parts of himself. Ordinary Nihil World Sovereigns may not be able to see through Lu Yun, but a heavyweight of sequence surely could.

“Think of it as a fortuitous occurrence,” Lu Yun smiled. “May I join the Star Sect?”

“With your potential, of course,” Xing Shenzuo nodded with a smile. “But I can’t teach you, only someone who’s entered sequence can. Does that suit your wishes as well?”

Rumble!!

A massive explosion shook the air before Lu Yun could respond.

“Xing Wuliang, how dare you destroy my replica?! The whole sect will think I’m a pushover if I, Xing Lang, don’t hang you up for a beating of your life!”

### **Chapter 1580: Mount Buzhou**

Xing Lang was here. Rather than let Xing Wuliang off the hook after he returned to his master’s mountain, Xing Lang had decided to bring the fight to him.

Lu Yun took a surreptitious look at Xing Shenzuo—he held his forehead with his hand and a wry smile played at the corner of his lips. Xing Wuliang had said that his master had been beaten up by Xing Lang’s master when they were young. If Xing Shenzuo also couldn’t stand up to Xing Lang, then Xing Wuliang would still suffer a beating despite being a grandmaster.

“Are... you not going to do anything?” Lu Yun looked askance at Xing Shenzuo.

Though Xing Wuliang wasn’t his most beloved head disciple, it would be a direct slap to his face if one of his disciples was beaten black and blue right in front of his master’s residence. Xing Shenzuo couldn’t possibly be unmoved.

“And what would I do?” Xing Shenzuo flicked a sideways glance at Lu Yun and wagged his head. “It’s a sign of his own ineptitude if Xing Lang boxes his ears. He won’t die, so he can just get Xing Lang back when he grows stronger.”

Lu Yun half curled his lip. He could sense a trace of panic from Xing Shenzuo’s emotions—the man was likely traumatized from all the times that Xing Lang’s master had beaten him.

“It’s also not a bad thing to be thrashed a few times. Constantly lording it around like he does will get him killed sooner or later. It’s a good thing for him to learn that there’s always someone stronger or smarter than him.

“Alright, let me take you to the expert who’s set foot into sequence.” Xing Shenzuo rose to his feet.

“Is this powerhouse someone from the original Hongmeng?” Lu Yun’s breathing sped up from nerves.

Someone who’d set foot into sequence was stronger than Nihil World Sovereigns. Though he’d obtained the cultivation level and strength of one from the Tome of Life and Death, he didn’t understand sequence at all.

While he could utilize the method from the overlord of Ice and open the doors to sequence, that didn’t mean he was any closer to grasping the next level or understanding what the mysterious world of sequence was.

“No,” Xing Shenzuo answered with surprise. “How would someone from the last epoch be in the Star Sect?”

“Um... true.” Lu Yun scratched his head. “Then it’s someone from this epoch?”

“Yes.” Xing Shenzuo nodded.

“Ah, I must’ve remembered things incorrectly.” Lu Yun’s expression shifted as the Tome of Life and Death in his nascent spirit trembled slightly, repelling a tiny ripple from his mind.

In the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor, Yun Zhongzi had told Lu Yun that the number of Nihil World Sovereigns who’d set foot into sequence could be counted on two hands. But when Lu Yun reached the Star Sect, his memories spoke of no one from the new epoch accessing sequence, that the strongest of them was the overlord of Ice.

His memories had been quietly modified at some point in time.

This had once happened in the world of immortals as well, in which everything that survived from the war a hundred thousand years ago had their memories altered or erased. Lu Yun had just gone through a similar experience.

If he hadn’t asked that question and caused the Tome of Life and Death to reverberate from the wrongness of the answer, his memories would continue to be modified.

Activating sequence was a very important affair, and having someone do it from this era signified a vastly different meaning from someone doing it in the original Hongmeng. If no one from modern times could do it, then it would be a tremendous blow to the confidence of current day life forms.

“What’s wrong?” Xing Shenzuo looked at Lu Yun.

“Nothing... I just think it might not be a good idea for senior brother Wuliang to be thrown around like this.” Lu Yun flinched with pity to hear Xing Wuliang’s anguished yelps.

“It’s better to be beaten now than to be killed in the future.” Xing Shenzuo’s cheeks spasmed before returning to normal. “You know what the sect’s rules are. Disciples are on their own when it comes to trouble they cause in the outside world. No one from the sect will rush to their rescue.”

Lu Yun hummed with thought. “And if their rival comes to us to cause trouble?”

“Comes to us?” Xing Shenzuo started. “Do they have a death wish? The Star Sect will overlook a disciple’s death in the outside world because that is due to their own lack of skill. But if they come to our doorstep...” He suddenly glared ferociously at Lu Yun and grumbled, “Don’t insult me via innuendo. We go to pay our respects to the expert!”

If it hadn’t been for that expert giving explicit instructions to bring Feng Feifan to her if he came, Xing Shenzuo would’ve already thrown Lu Yun out. Causing trouble elsewhere and having it follow them home... wasn’t that what was happening to Xing Wuliang right now?

Lu Yun smiled.

Xing Shenzuo waved a hand and changed the surroundings around Lu Yun, bringing into view a towering mountain that soared into the clouds. It was so tall that its peak couldn't be seen and it made Lu Yun feel as minuscule as an ant. An ant wouldn't be able to see the mountain in its entirety, but Lu Yun could for some reason, thanks to certain rules.

"Mount Buzhou!" His heart skipped a beat when he read the name.

There was a Mount Buzhou in the great wilderness as well. Everyone had thought it'd fallen when Gonggong rammed it with his head, but that was just a plot to hide the mountain from prying eyes. It was now situated in the center of space over Earth, holding down the fort for the path leading to the chaos.

Hongjun sat at its peak, and here was another Mount Buzhou in front of Lu Yun! It looked exactly the same as the one in the great wilderness, just many times greater. When Lu Yun attempted to use formula dao on it, he realized that he couldn't derive anything about the landmass.

"Come on up since you're here," came a lazy voice from the mountain. It seemed that the speaker was half asleep.

Lu Yun froze when he heard it—it was very familiar.

"Xing Shenzuo greets the Star Sovereign King." The man quickly bowed and didn't dare lift his head.

"Sovereign King" was the honorific that beings of the fourth realm hailed those who'd accessed sequence. The king soldier and others in the Army Pagoda also called the forefathers of the Ten Valleys of Evil "Sovereign King".

"You may go. Feng Feifan can come alone."

A surge of strength welled up from the foot of the mountain and sent Xing Shenzuo elsewhere. Lu Yun chuckled wryly and made his way up by foot.

"What should I call you?" he asked as he climbed. "Yu Hengluo? Ah Zhi? Or Your Sovereign Majesty?"

"Yawn!" The person yawned mightily before mumbling, "I'm just me, so call me by whatever you want."

"You created the Star Demon Sect in the world of immortals, didn't you? You didn't actually fall into a trap, but used the power of time to escape from one?"

"Yaaaaawn." Ah Zhi couldn't contain herself. "I entered a trap and also escaped from one. I traveled to the great wilderness in a dream, and if I'd stayed there any longer, I would've died in the Central Hongmeng."

She appeared in front of Lu Yun, looking the same as she had in the great wilderness. She wore a purple silk dress, blinked wearily through sleepy eyes, and reclined on a spider's web to look weakly at Lu Yun.

"If it wasn't for the mistress traveling through space and time to request my aid, I wouldn't have bothered with those things. Wouldn't you say so, little sister Mo Yi?"

etvolare's Thoughts

Ah Zhi was one of the primordial beings on the mountain in the great wilderness, also a Fate Spider? Destiny Spider? I can't recall what I called her. Yu Hengluo was Wayfarer's disciple and had her skin peeled off her in the Skinning Hell when they explored a tomb. There became two of her when time mysteriously got messed up in that tomb. Lu Yun didn't know how to fix her, so he put both of her away in a special space, which she then later disappeared.

That's what I recall of her, please chime in if you've got more details.