

## Necropolis 1631

### Chapter 1631: Life is the Most Worthless

Lu Yun took a deep breath and nodded slowly. He knew what becoming one with the mountain meant—death. The Sky Sovereign King had used his life, his own body, to block the darkness that would invade the known expanses. He was dead.

“Don’t tell anyone what I just told you, including the Sun Sovereign King.” Lu Yun thought for a moment. “Nothing good will come from more people learning of this matter.”

“I understand,” Yueyi inclined her head. She knew how to weigh up the importance of something. Compared to her blank paper and holes metaphor, it was far more likely that her martial grandfather had spoken to the truth of the world.

“I’ll pass formula dao onto you so you can teach the rest of the Luminaries,” Lu Yun continued. “The people of your faction will innately refuse to listen to anything I say. It would just have the opposite effect. Only when one of their sovereign kings personally teaches them will it inspire motivation.”

“I see,” Yueyi chuckled ruefully. She had indeed wanted Lu Yun to be their teacher as according to what she knew, or rather the bits and pieces that her master had spoken of, Lu Yun had created formula dao.

The creator of a dao personally teaching others would see much better results than others filling in the position.

Formula dao gradually percolated through the fourth realm these days. As a faction that focused intensely on disseminating all sorts of dao in order to corral order, the Luminaries had detected formula dao the moment it appeared.

When the Great Brahma visited the Star Sect, he’d ostensibly come for Xing Chen’s head. In reality, his mission was to gather intelligence on formula dao. Yueyi’s later return had paused the Sun Sovereign King’s plans for the sect.

His original list of priority targets had been Ingress Sword Island, then the Sword Clan, and finally the Star Sect. The first had been assimilated by the Luminaries and the rest were no longer a problem, so there was no need for further action.

Lu Yun began teaching Yueyi formula dao, unexpectedly taking ten years for it. While he taught his martial grand disciple everything he knew, so did formula dao continue to advance in the Star Sect. Thus, his curriculum was constantly updating.

As a sequence expert, Yueyi’s abilities to comprehend and accept new ways of thinking were unparalleled. She could even draw inferences from other cases and deduce concepts that weren’t yet present in formula dao, thereby giving feedback to the great dao. Not only were these ten years a period in which Lu Yun initiated a new pupil, but they were also a time in which a sequence expert joined the group deriving formula dao.

“Formula dao is incredible!” Ten years later, Yueyi finally took a break and stared dumbly where she sat, unable to come up with any other words. “I... see the threshold of the ninth level of sequence now,” she murmured after a long period of time.

She'd already accessed eight levels and was second to only the Sky Sovereign King. With her potential, eight levels should've been the peak of what she could reach in this lifetime. There was no hope for her to advance further.

She could see the ninth door thanks to formula dao, making another breakthrough possible. Although it was almost hopelessly far away, she had a new goal to strive towards.

Yueyi looked up at her martial grandfather. "So this is formula dao?"

"Yes," Lu Yun nodded. "But there are many types of formula dao and all sorts of branches. What you are skilled in should be formula theory—the branch that deduces all sorts of laws and orders.

"You can now teach others the various basic theories and formulas of formula dao. If Luminary disciples wish to specialize in a discipline, they can travel to the Eastern Cluster.

"An academy will be established there before long. It will be open to everyone in the fourth realm and every student will be treated equally. Formula dao in the Boundless Planes originates in the Star Sect, so let's have it flourish in the Eastern Cluster."

"You..." Yueyi stared at Lu Yun, not knowing what to say. There was nothing left in the Eastern Cluster anymore, just a lone Central Hongmeng—an existence that the Luminaries were most wary of.

The Central Hongmeng was formed from a fragment of the original Hongmeng and could very well grow back into one. It would absorb and suppress the fourth realm's orders then, but its ideals ran counter to the Luminaries. Once it appeared, it would invalidate everything the faction had striven for in the new epoch.

The original Hongmeng was a failure since it'd once been destroyed. It would solve no problems if it reappeared, but instead, create an easier target for the creatures of the darkness and result in greater disaster.

"I've recreated the Dragonquake Scripture," Lu Yun said calmly. "But I've also given up on recreating the original Hongmeng. It lost once—no matter the reason, it still lost. If it reappears, that's only the beginning of another end."

Yueyi stared intently at him, then broke out in a smile. "I believe you."

"Mhmm," Lu Yun nodded. "I will create an academy of formula dao in the Eastern Cluster and disseminate formula dao from it so that the dao prospers throughout the fourth realm. However, the Luminaries can no longer disturb the Central Hongmeng." He ended with a sharp crack of his voice.

"Three times, the Luminaries entered the Central Hongmeng, and three times we failed. The matters of that Hongmeng have nothing to do with us anymore." Yueyi understood Lu Yun's meaning. "The Sky Sovereign King entered the Central Hongmeng the first time in search of the seeds of nothing. He returned heavily injured and became one with the mountain not long thereafter.

"The Sun Sovereign King conducted the second attempt. He was also heavily injured and almost perished. The third time was me, and my outcome was hardly any better. The greatest plotter in the Central Hongmeng comes from the unknown expanses.

“Martial grandfather, your enemy has never been the Luminaries. In fact, many in the known expanses view us as their enemy—a situation that was also caused by the creatures of the darkness.”

“Pfft, is it not because you want to exterminate others at the drop of a hat?” Lu Yun half rolled his eyes. “The Sun Sovereign King killed the Quiet Sovereign King, didn’t he? And your plans this time are to destroy the Sword Clan?”

“Xing Chen of the Star Sect destroyed the Snowsword School, but no one says anything about that,” Yueyi chuckled wryly. “Life is the most worthless thing in the Boundless Planes. The weak are food for the strong and the law of the jungle reigns. No one will pity the weak—if you don’t want to die, you must grow stronger.”

“The Boundless Planes are too big. There is no unifying rule, order, or ethic in this realm. Who cares about the life or death of another?”

“Is that why the Luminaries wants to imitate the original Hongmeng and conquer the fourth realm?” Lu Yun started.

“That is the root cause of why we’ve become the enemy of so many people. While no one cares about the life or death of another, we all yearn for freedom. Who wishes to be ruled by others? Some slight instigation was all it took for us to become a public enemy. Well, of course, some of our methods were a little too extreme.”

### **Chapter 1632: A Mental Dao Academy**

Lu Yun left Mount Astronomia with a heavier heart than when he’d entered it.

The mountain kept a large patch of darkness under control. Other than an absence of light, he couldn’t see what else the darkness contained. At the same time, he thought of another land of darkness—the source of yin spirits in the chaos sea and world of immortals.

Lu Qing had once held down the fort in the chaos sea, overseeing the source of endless yin spirits. The place that’d devoured the Nihil and Sanguine Hells was the same land of darkness! In other words, the ghosts of the Hongmeng and yin spirits of the world of immortals were all from the same place.

When Lu Yun arrived at Mount Astronomia ten years ago and saw the darkness for the first time, he had found it vaguely familiar. While he taught formula dao to Yueyi over the past ten years, he’d also been deducing anything he could about the land of darkness.

He’d finally come to some answers about the darkness in the chaos and world of immortals. More importantly was that the sun and moon on Mount Astronomia was a reflection of the ones in the chaos. Therefore, the darkness that was beneath the chaos sea was even more terrifying than what the mountain kept at bay.

“Are we the paper or the holes in the paper? Is the darkness the truth of the world, or a poisonous tumor eating away at the truth?” Lu Yun took a deep look at the unknown before leaving without another word. He was going back to the Eastern Cluster and building a Dao Academy there.

He’d already outlined his general plans for it—he would build something like Soul Dominion so everyone practicing formula dao could enter it with soul force replicas. They would be able to cultivate and

practice there. Only one's cultivation level in formula dao was relevant; it didn't matter how strong the primary body was.

He'd also identified the teachers for the academy—his ten Yama Kings. Their grasp of formula dao was second to only Lu Yun and Qing Yu's. Since their existence depended on the Tome of Life and Death, the treasure bestowed unlimited wisdom upon them. As the joint collective derived formula dao, so did the Yama Kings in the Hongmeng learn the formula dao of the fourth realm and reach astounding heights with it.

Lu Yun's source of supplemental dao was his Yama Kings, so it was an easy task for them to practice formula dao.

"What a pity that it's so difficult to build a world of the mind like Soul Dominion... Though I've crafted something similar, but when it comes to the fourth realm..." Lu Yun tugged up one side of his mouth in a half smile.

In the cosmos of the world of immortals, he'd sent his body of the world into the immortal dao to turn it into a world of the mind. Immortals who exceeded peerless immortal realm could enter the cosmos with their mind and refine a star for their dao fruit.

However, there was only one body of the world—the organs of the world had almost cost God his life when he created them from the five altars. Each world could only have one set of organs, so it was almost impossible to create another set.

"It's not entirely impossible," an otherworldly voice suddenly sounded in Lu Yun's ears.

He blinked and turned around to see Mo Yi dressed as a man.

"What are you doing out here??" he almost stammered. He'd shut off the passageway between the Disordered Hell and the fourth realm so that sequence experts wouldn't sense her existence.

But here she was, jumping out of her own accord.

"Nothing's going to happen to me just because I've come out." Mo Yi wanted to giggle at Lu Yun's long face. "My senior sister was hauled back because she was too over the line. She challenged the rules and orders of the world of immortals at every second. No one in the fourth realm can do anything to me if I refrain from doing the same."

"Seeing the Dao King's nervous expression, I thought..." Lu Yun pursed his lips.

"The Dao King? Che?" Mo Yi burst out laughing. "He gets nervous when I so much as yawn."

Lu Yun held his forehead.

"Wasn't our plan to create a world of immortal dao to suppress the orders of the fourth realm?" Mo Yi looked at Lu Yun. "If you create a mental Dao Academy that allows only soul force to enter, isn't that the prototype for a world of immortal dao?"

"But if I want to make one of immortal dao, I need to have seeds of nothing. Those seeds..." Lu Yun shook his head. Whether it was creating a world of immortal dao or of the mind, both required seeds of nothing for their foundations. He'd yet to determine where they were.

As for the Dao Academy of the Eastern Cluster, he wanted to create that in conjunction with the spirit of Argent Snow. He wanted to see if the spirit could craft something like the Soul Dominion in the cluster.

If not, he would build a physical academy and figure out the one of the mind later.

“I don’t have seeds of nothing, but I have seeds of creation.” Mo Yi opened her hand and sent up eleven seeds of creation. They glowed with a soft hue in the air. “Violetgrave has cleansed these. While they’re less than the seeds of nothing, they can absolutely create a world of the mind,” she chuckled.

“That’s right... we still have the seeds of creation!” A smile blossomed on Lu Yun’s face. “Then I leave this to you! I’m going to train!”

Mo Yi’s expression froze and she looked dumbly at Lu Yun. “I.... I actually like leaving work for other people too...”

“Then... let’s have the Dao King do it? He seems more suited for the job and he’s pretty skilled in formula dao, right?” Lu Yun hadn’t discovered traces of the Dao King before, so he didn’t know what the man’s true level of strength was. But if he had the right to follow at Mo Yi’s side since the original Hongmeng, that meant he was no simple character.

Not even the Curse King had been able to easily take him out. He’d been held to a stalemate in the Immortal Region and couldn’t freely act as he would.

“When you two layabouts get together, you’re seriously...” The Dao King walked toward them with a sullen expression.

“Seriously what?” Lu Yun grinned broadly.

“Not good enough to accomplish anything!” he huffed. “Fine, give me the eleven seeds and I’ll build that world and Dao Academy of the mind for you.”

“What’s your cultivation level?” Lu Yun looked at the Dao King with surprise. He still saw the man as a true king of the Hongmeng, even now.

“I once gave the Sky Sovereign King a few pointers when he reached a bottleneck at eight levels of sequence. He then set foot into the ninth level,” the Dao King answered after thinking it over. “Do you want to ask next why I don’t take care of the darkness?”

“Ah Zhi probably knows about the darkness too, but she hasn’t gone either. Everyone has their own considerations.” Lu Yun waved his hand. “Just build that Dao Academy for me.”

### **Chapter 1633: A Crazy Mo Wusheng**

After tossing all of his plans and work to the Dao King, Lu Yun took his leave. The abandoned Mo Yi and Dao King looked ruefully at each other.

“He’s washed his hands even more thoroughly this time.” The Dao King looked at Mo Yi and mumbled, “You need to help me!”

Mo Yi winked at him. “You’re the one who agreed to do it. And, the prototype for the mental Dao Academy is the world of immortal dao that you once mentioned, so of course this is your responsibility.”

Stupefied with disbelief, the Dao King stared at her.

“Alright then, I’ll be off now. There are many creation seeds in the fourth realm—if these eleven aren’t enough, you can take more from others!” Mo Yi waved her fists around. “A full thirty-six seeds were invested when that one built Soul Dominion. So... good luck!”

She stuck her tongue out at him and left.

The Dao King didn’t know if he should cry or not.

“When that one created Soul Dominion, formula dao was not yet in existence. Many creation seeds were wasted in the process due to improper or inefficient usage. That will not be the case here since I am skilled in formula dao—I can definitely create a mental world that exceeds Soul Dominion with just eleven seeds!” Confidence shone out of his face as he looked at the eleven seeds in his hand.

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“Where are you going?” Mo Yi quickly caught up to Lu Yun.

“I don’t know,” he shook his head. “The fourth realm is so big that there should be many places for fortuitous opportunity and cultivation. I’ll go wherever my feet take me.”

“I know of a place where you can go.” Mo Yi grinned when she saw how lost he seemed. “And it’s the perfect place for you right now.”

“Where?” Lu Yun brightened. He really had no goal in mind at the moment—it was the first time he’d been this way since birth.

He heavily disliked a life without purpose, but he didn’t know how to find purpose. Leaving construction of the mental world to the Dao King was something he’d planned for ahead of time. He could build a physical Dao Academy with World-Manifest-level strength, but a mental one for formula dao cultivators was beyond him.

“The original Hongmeng!” Mo Yi responded seriously.

“Nope.” Lu Yun turned her down flat. “I know myself too well. If I go to the original Hongmeng and form karmic ties with the inhabitants there, I’ll try to find a way to change history. I’ll either end up changing the present or creating an entirely new future with unexpected repercussions.”

“But you also created history when you were in the great wilderness...”

“That was different,” Lu Yun shook his head. “I followed the course of history when I led humanity to new heights during the great wilderness and created human dao. Although human dao was destroyed in the end, immortal dao succeeded it. It was a story of natural succession.

“If I go to the original Hongmeng and befriend the people there, I’ll try to save them. But they and their world are ultimately meant for doom.

“In that case, I might as well not go.”

Mo Yi paused, having no new argument to bring to bear.

“Fine then, I won’t force you. I actually wanted you to go to the original Hongmeng for a rescue mission, but I guess they’re dead with no recourse then,” Mo Yi said with disappointment after a long moment.

“Why don’t you save them?” Lu Yun asked.

“I can’t. If I make a move, I’ll end up the same as my senior sister—hauled back by the time guards,” Mo Yi sighed. “My senior sister was taken back to the original Hongmeng, and I would be...”

She didn’t continue.

“Mm, I see, you’re not part of the original Hongmeng.” Lu Yun nodded. “But you don’t need to take the past to heart. What’s past is past, they will never come back.

“However, if there comes a day in which you find even those right in front of you are no longer, that will be when true regret sets in.” Lu Yun raised cupped fists to Mo Yi. “I take my leave. My destiny is up to myself and not the road that another paves for me.”

He turned around and left, leaving Mo Yi standing quietly in the air. She contemplated deeply before looking in the direction of the Eastern Cluster. “I have already lost a great deal. If I lose you too, I will truly have nothing.”

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Lu Yun traveled through the unbounded fourth realm for a year before reaching the Southeast Cluster.

“Hahaha!! Feng Feifan, I finally have you!” An unhinged voice exploded by his ears as a gray-robed Mo Wusheng popped into existence in front of Lu Yun. He was bedraggled, his hair disheveled, and he clutched a shriveled soybean in one of his hands.

He hadn’t believed that Lu Yun was the manifestation of a soybean and had searched for Feng Feifan for a full year before finding him.

“How dare you make a fool out of me, Feng Feifan! I’ll beat you up before taking you to Mount Astronomia!” Mo Wusheng rolled up his sleeves and charged Lu Yun.

Bam!

An enormous blood red hand descended from the sky with a boom, slapping Mo Wusheng away.

“Please go, sir. I’ll take care of him.” The blood demon appeared in front of Lu Yun.

Lu Yun had come to the Southeastern Cluster because the blood demon had brought his men here, but who would’ve thought that he’d run into Mo Wusheng as soon as he arrived?

The latter naturally had no idea that Lu Yun had already visited Mount Astronomia with Yueyi. The appearance of such a powerful Nihil World Sovereign raised the blood demon’s attention and he blocked the crazed blow.

“Alright!” Lu Yun jumped with shock. Mo Wusheng hadn’t wanted to just beat him up with that blow. If it’d landed on him, he would’ve died.

“Who goes there?!” Silver radiance erupted in all directions when a silver stick appeared in Mo Wusheng’s hands.

“Hmph!” snorted the blood demon. He shook his hand and manifested a pagoda—the Army Pagoda!

As one of the experts under the original emperor’s banner, the blood demon had naturally trained with soul weapons. His weapon of choice was the Profound Pagoda that God had created. After finding himself again, he could wield it with ease and comfort.

One hundred and eight soldiers formed in the air the second the pagoda emerged. Each of them brandished different weapons and hurled themselves at the oncoming silver radiance. Meanwhile, the pagoda itself shot out and spun in the air, smashing down on Mo Wusheng’s head.

### **Chapter 1634: So Damned Hard**

“A Profound Pagoda!!” roared Mo Wusheng. He raised his weapon high and smashed it down on the Profound Pagoda. Far from being a regular Nihil World Sovereign, he’d been ranked toward the top of the Argent Snow Hero Ranking and was extremely strong.

Though he wasn’t honored with a title in the Luminaries, he rivaled the Great Brahma.

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Boooooom.

A tremendous collision sounded and terrible ripples wove through the air, spreading in all directions. The Profound Pagoda and Argent Snow domains were both shattered by the horrific surge of force.

The blood demon gushed blood from numerous cracks snaking through his body; Mo Wusheng was even worse off. He exploded, shattering his soul in the process. The blood demon was stronger than Mo Wusheng in terms of absolute strength, but the latter had gone mad. In the ten years that he searched for Lu Yun, he’d developed internal demons that enabled him to employ a level of strength he should never have access to.

When that strength combined with Argent Snow, they gave rise to an awful force of destruction that consumed itself when the two soul weapons collided. Their copies of Argent Snow and the Profound Pagoda also broke apart.

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“Lunatic!” Blood spewed from the blood demon’s mouth—it wasn’t a manifestation from the dao of blood that he cultivated, but fresh blood from his core essence. His injuries were so serious that he was vomiting blood.

“...wait! Sir Lu Yun!” He gasped with dismay when he saw that the terrifying oscillations had ripped massive spatial fissures in the void around them. Lu Yun had completely sealed off his Nihil World Sovereign cultivation realm, leaving only World Manifest to call upon.

His master hadn’t been able to offer any resistance when the fearsome shockwaves bowled over him. Lu Yun vanished on the spot.



“What happened here?!” Situated in the far off Central Cluster, Yun Zhongzi suddenly appeared on the scene. He looked ominously at a blood demon still vomiting blood. “Where’s Lu Yun?!” he demanded harshly.

The blood demon’s face was pale and he hastily scanned the recovering void with a blank look.

“I...” he stammered, not knowing what to say. He didn’t know if Lu Yun was still alive or not.

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Within the Hongmeng, the ten Yama Kings and beings with their names written on the Tome of Life and Death, including the Infernum, spat out a mouthful of blood at the same time.

“Master has been gravely injured, but he isn’t dead! His karmic ties to us are flickering—he must be in a very dangerous situation!” Yuying shot to her feet, ignoring her own severely damaged nascent spirit. She operated formula dao at a furious pace to determine where their master was, then smacked her forehead without forewarning.

Bam!

She toppled to the ground in pieces and swiftly resurrected on the spot.

“Master is fine... but where has he gone? Why didn’t I fly to him after I destroyed my physical body?”

“Since master is fine, he will return at some point. We cannot let the two mistresses know of this!” Xingzi declared. “One of them is overseeing the development of formula dao and the other is fighting over the Hongmeng Tower. We cannot disturb them at the moment!”

The other eight nodded in agreement. In Lu Yun’s absence, the ten Yama Kings were the esteemed overseers of the kingdom of hell. Even his disciples didn’t outrank them.

Of course, Qing Yu and the little fox also sensed what had happened, but they possessed strong wills. Since Lu Yun’s Yama Kings and Infernum were still alive, that meant he was also alive.

What they didn’t know was that if the Yama Kings and Infernum were injured at the same time, it meant their master wasn’t far from death.

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The collision of two Nihil World Sovereigns at full strength pulverized even their soul weapons. When a mere World Manifest was caught up in the fallout, death was the only possible outcome.

Thankfully, Lu Yun was quick on his feet and darted into the first spatial fissure that formed next to him; his consciousness immediately darkened. When he came to, his first impression was a bothersome hubbub by his ears. Someone was chanting something.

“The voices... seem to be praying. Damn it, my connection to the Karmic Tree has been severed. I can’t determine their emotions.”

His head hurt so much that it felt like it would split down the middle. His body was burnt to a crisp, like lightning had struck him, and he wafted the smell of charred flesh. His consciousness couldn’t maintain itself and he drifted back to sleep after a while.

“Weird, what’s beneath me? It feels so damned hard,” was his lingering thought.

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“Preceptor, is that really an immortal on the altar??” asked a man in yellow robes embroidered with golden dragons and a crown on his head. He snuck worried glances at the towering altar placed in the middle of Truecloud Nation.

He was Truecloud’s ruler—Xia Xu, and he addressed an elder with a wan complexion in daoist robes—Preceptor Situ Lang.

“There’s no doubt about it.” Situ Lang grew even paler. The gods had answered his prayers and sent an immortal from the heavens to resolve Truecloud’s extinction crisis, but the thing on the altar more so resembled a piece of charcoal than an immortal.

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According to the will emanating from above, the immortal had indeed come to them and the charcoal was indeed human shaped.

“Immortals must travel through anti-reversion passages and face numerous difficulties if they are to come to a lower world. This immortal was likely harmed by the thunder tribulation in the passage and is recovering,” Situ Lang offered weakly after prolonged thought. “The immortal needs prayers and goodwill for recovery. All Truecloud citizens shall pray with all their might that the immortal may wake up before disaster descends!”

A burnt immortal had arrived on the eve of Truecloud Nation’s annihilation. Situ Lang was trying to make the best of a hopeless situation—it was better than having no hope at all.

“This is... goodwill!” Lu Yun groggily emerged from his comatose state. Though his connection to the Karmic Tree had been severed, he was attuned to the presence of goodwill and retribution after all this time with the tree.

“Strange, why is there a tiny bit of goodwill coming from my butt? Forget it, my Method of Life and Death can make use of it!” Lu Yun quickly gathered the minuscule amount of goodwill he sensed and operated the method, seizing all bits of available goodwill from whatever was beneath him.

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### **Chapter 1635: Immortal Myriadtree?**

Lu Yun usually employed merit for cultivation—the condensed form of goodwill. He normally wouldn’t bother with the insignificant amount of goodwill emanating from his butt.

But now that his connection to the Karmic Tree had been severed, his meridians drained, and the six paths of his nascent spirit almost completely withered away, this tiny hint of goodwill was the sweet rain of life to a parched land.

“Hold on!” Something registered to him. “Six paths of my nascent spirit? My nascent spirit’s gone back to being the six paths?? The Tome of Life and Death is still with me, it didn’t leave...”

“So this means I should be in a Hongmeng world... one that’s yet to develop to the fourth realm.

“And what’s that beneath my butt? It’s hard, pokey, and generates goodwill. Eh, whatever, I guess. I’ll let it be for now.” Lu Yun put thought of everything out of his head and focused on absorbing the goodwill beneath him.

However, he’d forgotten that since he didn’t actively command the Tome of Life and Death at the moment, goodwill wouldn’t automatically congregate to him. He was taking it away from somewhere else.

He also failed to detect the overwhelming resentment beneath his butt.

“Seriously, what is wrong with me? What was I doing watching two Nihil World Sovereigns fight?” When he recovered slightly, he could sense that qi filled the air around him. He couldn’t absorb qi in his current condition; the only thing he could make use of was the occasional goodwill that he took from underneath him.

Lu Yun had grown used to the identity of a Nihil World Sovereign in the fourth realm. Though he’d later sealed that cultivation level away and operated as just a World Manifest, he still instinctively kept some world sovereign habits.

Watching two Nihil World Sovereigns fight, for example. He’d stood by and observed them without a care in the world.

“Thank goodness I was quick on my feet. Otherwise, I would’ve been crushed to death and there’d be no coming back from that.” He could feel his condition steadily improve, but the goodwill emanating from beneath him was beginning to decline. This was a dissatisfying turn of events.

“I wonder what’s beneath me that it continuously gives off goodwill?” Though Lu Yun was curious, his brain wasn’t functioning very well at the moment. While he was on the path of recovery from nearly dying, he didn’t have effort to spare for much else.

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“It’s been a month, one entire month! Why hasn’t the immortal woken up? The preceptor hasn’t returned from Ruina Immortal Nation either...” Xia Xu stumbled beneath the altar, his eyes threatening to roll back in a dead faint. Increasing numbers of citizens had died in the past month and the terrible beast tide continued from all directions. They were now less than fifteen hundred kilometers from the capital—Cloud City.

While fifteen hundred kilometers might be an incredibly long distance to mortals, the beasts could cross it in the blink of an eye! If it wasn’t for Preceptor Situ Lang and Protector of the Nation Marquis Cloudwind, the nation would already be in tatters.

Only Marquis Cloudwind stood against the tide now. The preceptor had traveled to the depths of the Ruina Sea in search of ingredients that would cure the immortal’s injuries. The Truecloud ruler had entered the battlefield a few times, but his presence only served to enrage the beast tide. There was nothing he could do but watch from the capital.

Whoosh!

Pale gold sword light arced through the sky as a bedraggled Situ Lang fell down from the air. He was missing an arm.

“I’m back, I’m back! Thank heavens I’m back in time!” Clutching a flask of gold jade with his remaining arm, he tripped his way to Xia Xu. “This is from the center of Ruina Immortal Nation, the—”

His liege snatched the flask from his arm before he could finish; Xia Xu jogged over to the altar. Situ Lang smiled ruefully and wasn’t angry. Instead, he fished out a small pill bottle, carefully poured out a pill, and placed it in his mouth to recover from his wounds.

The altar had been built out of immortal stone and should’ve been indestructible, but was now fractured and cracked, like something had smashed into it. A bema was located in its center and completely shattered while a human-shaped piece of charcoal quietly lay atop the fragments.

If it wasn’t for the slightest hint of breath coming from it, everyone would think it was dead.

“The anti-reversion passages of the world of immortals are simply terrifying! They burned an immortal to a crisp!” Xia Xu unstopped the flask and released a dense fragrance that surrounded the altar.

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“Eh?!” Focusing on operating the Method of Life and Death, Lu Yun’s attention was suddenly caught by something. “It’s the Immortal Myriadtree! This is strength from the tree—but how?!”

His sleeping immortal force stirred to life in his body and began circulating throughout. Beams of milky radiance rose in his consciousness.

“This is sap from the Immortal Myriadtree, but I’ve already refined it into my body of the world and sent it into the cosmos around the world of immortals. Why is it here?”

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His heart sank. “Can it be... that I’ve traveled through time again... and gone back to the past?”

“No, no!” His mind was growing clearer. “While the Immortal Myriadtree I refined was a connate spirit root, it was at most on the levels of the worlds. It hadn’t reached the Hongmeng—it hadn’t even reached the chaos!”

“The strength of this Immortal Myriadtree is infinitely greater than that one. My true cultivation level is minor World Manifest and my injuries were caused by Nihil World Sovereigns. Regular trees should have no effect on me, but...”

“Oof, it’s getting stronger!” Lu Yun shoved everything out of his mind and hastily called upon the Method of Life and Death, furiously absorbing the new strength.

He wouldn’t be able to absorb any other power in his current condition, but the Immortal Myriadtree was the source of immortal dao. As the headmaster of immortal dao, Lu Yun naturally possessed an echo of it in his body.

With the tree being present, it resonated with the immortal dao in his body and sent its power throughout his being. Though it facilitated his recovery, his injuries were so severe that he couldn't fully heal for a while.

However, recovering even a ten-thousandth of his previous form was sufficient for him to sense the world around him. His powerful consciousness spread out after a hundred breaths and blanketed the land five thousand kilometers around him.

"No wonder the goodwill has been dwindling." He assessed the situation as soon as he released his consciousness. "How dare pathetic monsters dare slaughter human cities? You court death!"

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### **Chapter 1636: Another World of Immortals**

Boooooom.

Lu Yun's consciousness operated combat arts with a fury and raised a mental storm within five thousand kilometers. It instantly froze all of the beasts ravaging the land. They toppled over—dead.

.....

"Eh?!" Xia Xu was still holding the flask of gold jade and felt a gentle breeze brush past him before the dying cries of thousands of beasts traveled into his ears.

He looked around wildly, at a complete loss.

"Your Majesty!!" An impassioned voice rang through the air. "Your Majesty, the beast tide has receded. No, the beast tide has been destroyed!"

"It's, it's been taken care of? Just like that?" Xia Xu's jaw dropped and his eyes snapped to the top of the altar. He stared for a long time before coming back to his senses. "My deepest thanks to the august immortal for saving the nation!"

He dropped to his knees and kowtowed fervently to the charcoal Lu Yun.

"Thank you to the august immortal for saving our nation!" Beneath the altar, Situ Lang and the soldier that'd come with the report also fell to their knees and banged their heads against the ground.

"Bring another ten flasks of this sap to me." Lu Yun's will floated upward and reverberated in Situ Lang's mind. At the same time, the preceptor's wounds were spontaneously healed. His missing arm regrew and his cultivation took a step forward, breaking through the bottleneck that had stymied him for a hundred years!

Waves of shock rose in his heart—this wasn't the methods of an immortal!

Situ Lang hailed from a notable faction that could communicate with cultivators of the world of immortals. His was one of very select few who had the privilege to do so in Myriadsea World. Thus, he had a general idea of what immortals were capable of.

They could heal his injuries with a wave of their hand and regenerate his arm, but they couldn't do so with a simple whisper of consciousness.

“Yes... understood!” He flattened himself against the ground and responded with trepidation. At the same time, he was also rather resigned. It’d almost costed his life to obtain that single flask of sap from the Immortal Myriadtree. If he was to go again... he probably wouldn’t be coming back.

As he woefully considered his future, he discovered that there was a bit of silver radiance twinkling from his personal sword.

“Go on, then,” Lu Yun’s will boomed again. He didn’t know the language of this world, but he’d easily picked it up when his consciousness swept through the premises.

“Thank you, great immortal!” Situ Lang was overjoyed. He knew what the silver radiance meant—it was the immortal’s own strength!

.....

“Myriadsea World?” Lu Yun digested blankly. “Is this a world in the fourth realm? But they cultivate immortal dao here, and it’s a version that’s exactly the same as that of the world of immortals!”

He was still physically weak, but his consciousness was on the road to recovery. When he blanketed the nearby five thousand kilometers with his mind, he’d immediately sensed the presence of immortal dao.

The humans of this world cultivated an immortal dao that was divided into the qi, core, spirit, and void realms. It was a system that was exactly the same as the world of immortals. In fact, Lu Yun half suspected that he’d fallen into a world overseen by the world of immortals...

But he knew that this wasn’t the world of immortals he knew, and that the world that Xia Xu had muttered about wasn’t a reference to his home. It was another world of immortals that he wasn’t aware of.

What was most stunning of all was that there was an Immortal Myriadtree here!

The Immortal Myriadtree was the original source of immortal dao. That had held true even in the mythological realm and eras far older.

“I should make a full recovery if I have another ten flasks of sap.” Lu Yun quietly operated formula dao to ascertain the current situation. Constant nurturing from the immortal dao had partially mended his consciousness. He could just barely manage to operate formula dao so that he could derive the karmic relationships around him.

This was the formula destiny branch of the dao. It’d further enhanced his overall command of formula dao when it emerged, and Lu Yun could now infer any karmic repercussions having to do with him.

“There is time here, so that makes it different from the Central Hongmeng. Ah, good, this world’s flow of time is the same as my own. I haven’t traveled to the past or a future era. I’m just in a corner of the fourth realm.”

Lu Yun relaxed slightly at his findings. Though he couldn’t determine where he was and why this was a world of cultivation with a world of immortals above it, it was good enough to know that he was still in the time period that he belonged in.

He was traveling through the Boundless Planes for trials and experience, as well as teaching formula dao to others. It didn't matter where he tempered himself. As long as he was alive, his Yama Kings and Infernum would be fine. Qing Yu and the little fox would also be at ease and continue about their business.

"This world... can potentially be the foundation for the immortal dao to traverse the fourth realm! If I can direct the immortal dao in the Central Hongmeng into this world, I can build a bridge of immortal dao to the fourth realm!"

He continued his calculations and heaved another sigh of relief to find that there was no formula dao in this world's immortal dao. If even formula dao had been present, he'd have to start questioning the basics of his existence.

"But the cultivators here are much stronger than the ones in the world of immortals. They're on par with immortals in the chaos cultivation realm," Lu Yun gasped sharply at the discovery.

"So... what level are their immortals then? Hang on a second, am I sitting on a... corpse?"

He suddenly realized that the rock hard thing supplying goodwill to him over the past month seemed to be... an immortal's body!

"I see! I'm afraid that this kingdom's ruler and preceptor mistook me for the unlucky bastard under my butt!"

The corpse he was lying on was most likely an immortal from their world of immortals. He'd just arrived on the altar when Lu Yun appeared out of the sky and smashed him comatose. The goodwill from before had been prayers from the Truecloud citizens to this immortal.

"He was an immortal, but he was at most on par with common rank cultivators in the Hongmeng. He might've been saved after a World Manifest like me crashed onto him, but that would require prompt medical attention. After a month... he's deader than a doornail," Lu Yun sighed with regret.

"So their immortals have to go through anti-reversion passages to travel to a lower world? Don't they have protocols of ascent and descent?"

"Ah, yes, while immortal dao exists in this Myriadsea World, it doesn't rule the world. Those beasts cultivated monster spirit dao, and it'd developed to an extremely sophisticated level!"

His mental storm had shredded their souls because of this difference. As an immortal, he would always stand on the side of immortal dao when it clashed with monster spirit dao.

### **Chapter 1637: Seeds of the Immortal Tree**

"Immortal dao doesn't rule this world, but the Immortal Myriadtree exists here..." Lu Yun felt an incoming headache and subconsciously slipped back into a deep sleep.

After an unknown period of time, the immortal dao in his body awakened once more and erupted with a force that was ten times stronger than the first time. It filled Lu Yun's meridians like an enormous river, sculpting a body for him.

What had been a humanoid piece of charcoal slowly began to fill out with flesh and blood. A milky white radiance enveloped Lu Yun's body as wisps of immortal force gathered together, following the newly grown meridians.

Lu Yun heaved a sigh of relief. He couldn't die now and could facilitate his own recovery. Most importantly, he discovered that the immortal dao of the Myriadsea World was somehow converging on him and connecting with his immortal dao.

"This isn't an effect that ten flasks of Immortal Myriadtree sap can bring to bear... What the heck has Situ Lang done?" Lu Yun extended his consciousness outward.

.....

Xia Xu, Situ Lang, and Marquis Windcloud stood with pained expressions on the altar. They were the only three people left of Truecloud Nation. Everyone else had been captured or surrendered. The only territory belonging to the nation was this tiny altar.

Twenty thousand rays of sword light hovered in the air around the altar. Cultivators in blue daoist robes stared expressionlessly at the three.

"Everyone in Truecloud Nation can be pardoned, but your crimes are too heinous to be forgiven!" Their leader was a young man who looked eighteen years old. His features were gentle and delicately formed, but for the moment, he brimmed with violence.

"Situ Lang!" he shouted. "I let it go when you stole a flask of sap last time because you are a disciple of Truecloud Sect and your nation was facing a crisis. How dare you return and steal the great tree's seed?! You are vile, despicable, and wholly beyond redemption!"

"It involves more than just you this time, Situ Lang, your Truecloud Sect must pay the price as well!"

Though the young man roared with indignation, the twenty thousand Ruina cultivators behind him didn't make a move. The pillar of milky radiance in the center of the altar was strength from the immortal dao. It should be the reason behind Situ Lang stealing the seed.

As opposed to lecturing Situ Lang, the young man's words were more for the unknown immortal behind the three. Everyone knew that an immortal had arrived in Truecloud Sect to hold back the tide of beasts. Everyone also knew that the sect only had themselves to blame for the beast tide.

The monster spirits were marshaling their strength as this very second and were preparing a fresh offensive.

No one imagined that Situ Lang would be so brazen as to steal the seed of the Immortal Myriadtree at this time!

Situ Lang wanted to burst into tears. He didn't know why the tree's seed had landed in his hand either. He'd only wanted tree sap, but the fully formed seed had suddenly flown to his hand for some reason. Though tremendously surprised, he hadn't dwelled on the matter and fled Ruina Immortal Nation with the ten flasks and seed.



Ruina Immortal Nation could've overlooked his theft of tree sap, but the seed was much too important. In Myriadsea World, each seed could form a world of immortals. This particular seed had long been reserved by a major cultivation sect on Unsullied Immortal Island.

The island's sole world of immortals was immensely overpopulated and they desperately needed a second world. These seeds required thirty thousand years to bud, and the latest had been stolen at the last second by Situ Lang!

Ruina cultivators immediately flew into a rage and chased the preceptor back to Truecloud Nation, occupying its territory. The young man speaking was the Ruina crown prince, Dongfang Ao. Infinitely close to becoming an immortal, he was the second strongest powerhouse in Myriadsea World. He quickly suppressed Truecloud Nation and took full control.

If Xia Xu hadn't known that the immortal on the altar was quite extraordinary, he would've surrendered a long time ago and handed Situ Lang over.

The altar was the foundation of the nation and could communicate with Truecloud Sect's world of immortals. The nation could be rebuilt as long as the altar wasn't destroyed. In addition, powerful protections surrounded the altar. Only true immortals could shake them; regular cultivators would be hard pressed to scratch them.

"Your Highness, I have no desire to give offense in this matter. My sect can pay double the price for the tree's seed!" Lost in steadily brightening immortal light behind them, Situ Lang snapped back to his senses and took a deep breath.

"Double the price?" A strange light flickered in Dongfang Ao's eyes. "Unsullied Immortal Island is paying a hefty price."

"The Truecloud Sect will pay double of whatever they're paying!" Situ Lang declared. "When we bought our seed, we spent thirty million immortal stones..."

"Hahaha!!" Dongfang Ao roared with laughter. "The Truecloud Immortal King did indeed spend thirty million immortal stones, but this time, Unsullied Immortal Island is paying three hundred million!"

"If Truecloud Sect wishes to purchase it, you need to pay six hundred million," he sneered.

The Truecloud Immortal King was one of the few immortal kings in Myriadsea World, but Unsullied Immortal Island also possessed an immortal king of their own. If Ruina Immortal Nation didn't handle things properly, they could easily offend two immortal kings.

Though they also possessed immortal kings, it was never a good thing to offend another.

"Have your king come meet me," a dignified voice suddenly echoed in Dongfang Ao's mind.

"You're the immortal from Truecloud Sect..."

"I said, have your king come meet me." The voice was so magnificent that it reverberated mightily beneath the heavens. All Ruina cultivators fell down from the sky, like dumplings falling into a pot of water.

"You!" Dongfang Ao snarled. "Even if you're an immortal from Truecloud Sect, you can't—"

“They are still alive, for now. If you blather on for one more word, I’ll kill them all.” Lu Yun grew irate. He could tell that Dongfang Ao was peak void realm and on the cusp of reaching immortality. He was a peak chaos sovereign.

In other words, a gnat to Lu Yun.

Dongfang Ao gnashed his teeth and left with his flying sword.

### **Chapter 1638: Immortal Slaughter Formation**

Previously lost and directionless, Lu Yun found his purpose after arriving in this bizarre world. He was going to absorb its immortal dao and raise it to become the world’s defining dao. He would then use his body as a medium to receive the immortal dao from the world of immortals in the Hongmeng and have it traverse the fourth realm.

He didn’t know how strong the immortals in this world were—whether they were of the Hongmeng level or the fourth realm. But so far, he seemed to reign supreme in Myriadsea World with just the cultivation level of a minor World Manifest.

What he needed to do now was to establish his authority and ensure that everyone feared him. He needed to conquer and tame, including the world of immortals that governed this world.

.....

Crack crack crack!

As crisp snaps rang out, bits of Lu Yun’s charred body crumbled to the ground to make way for newborn skin. His pristine naked form was wrapped in a ball of milky radiance. Though he wasn’t completely healed, he could use one ten thousandth of his strength. That was enough to bring him back to a Hongmeng potentate level.

The milky radiance dissipated in the next second; Lu Yun’s immortal force coalesced a simple long white robe over him. There was an indistinguishable corpse beneath his feet—the immortal that he’d smashed to death.

Normally speaking, that would make the immortal one of Lu Yun’s Infernum. But in this strange world, the unfortunate soul wasn’t claimed by the Tome of Life and Death. He was completely dead.

Xia Xu, Situ Lang, and Marquis Windcloud paused with confusion when they saw the body beneath Lu Yun’s feet.

“This is the Truecloud Sect immortal that you’re looking for.” Lu Yun indulged in a thorough stretch and continued apologetically, “This seat was gravely injured and had no say in landing on this altar.

“Although this seat has solved the issue of the beast tide and thus repaid the karmic debt of my manner of arrival, your ensuing troubles are also a result of my presence. This debt must be repaid as well.”

He thought for a while before saying, “I will reconstruct Truecloud Nation for you if you are willing to follow my banner. I can also help your Truecloud Sect grow stronger. If you aren’t willing, I’ll destroy the Ruina Immortal Nation right now and take care of this problem once and for all to repay this debt.”

His tones were peaceful and wholly without threat. If he wanted to conquer this world, he needed to establish a foundation. In his eyes, since he already had a karmic relationship with Truecloud Nation and Truecloud Sect, they could be his base of operations.

The caveat was that they had to be wholeheartedly willing. If not, the slightest reluctance could fester into enormous uncertainties down the line, just like the once Longshan Yin.

“Um...” Xia Xu, Situ Lang, and Marquis Windcloud looked at each other. Though they’d immediately understood what’d happened when they saw the corpse, it was another thing entirely to hear Lu Yun’s explanation.

“We are willing to follow milord!” Situ Lang was the first to respond. “But the Truecloud Sect...”

“It is enough that the three of you are willing to follow my banner. We can deal with the sect later.

“Mm, I have nothing on me and nothing to bequeath to you three. There’s twenty thousand Ruina cultivators on the ground—take whatever you want from them,” Lu Yun coughed and finished lamely. He couldn’t communicate with the kingdom of hell or Disordered Hell at the moment; his inner world and seed storage were equally off limits. He was stark naked like a newborn baby and had no gifts to offer his new subordinates.

“Ah... won’t we cause trouble if we take Ruina’s belongings?” Xia Xu answered hesitantly.

“Are you afraid?” Lu Yun chuckled at a Xia Xu who’d lost all traces of his majestic authority.

“We caused trouble a long time ago.. ahem!” Situ Lang coughed dryly. “But to take their belongings when they’re down, it’s a bit..”

“Like what bottom feeders do?” Lu Yun grinned. “Us cultivators need to fight for every scrap we get. We fight with the heavens, the earth, and other cultivators. This unending path of immortality is created through struggle.”

Xia Xu and the others nodded with half understanding, but were prevented from looting their opponents when a dense rain of sword light howled through the air.

A million cultivators descended and surrounded the altar. Not only did they brim with power, but they also formed an enormous formation that melded with the world. Dongfang Ao stood at the forefront, coolly staring down at Lu Yun from the air. He’d changed into azure battle armor and leveled a glacial blue halberd at Lu Yun.

“Has the king of Ruina Immortal Nation come?” Lu Yun asked him.

“Hmph!” Dongfang Ao snorted. “So what if you’re a Truecloud immortal? My nation’s Immortal Slaughter Formation once executed three immortals that disturbed Myriadsea World. You still have a chance for survival if you surrender and quietly come with us, or else...” He brandished his halberd and elicited a loud hum from the void.

A million cultivators deployed their strength and resonated with the formation. Various images and projections rose from the array and overlaid each other—the formation was an uncommonly strong immortal-grade formation.

“I want to see the king of Ruina Immortal Nation. Have him come meet me.” Lu Yun flourished his sleeve.

Boom!

The void shuddered as the especially strong Immortal Slaughter Formation instantly broke apart. A million cultivators tumbled down from the sky like dumplings dropped into a pot of boiling water.

Dongfang Ao was still poised in the air, his halberd pointing at Lu Yun.

“Go on, have your king come see me.” Lu Yun flourished his sleeve again and sent Dongfang Ao away.

Xia Xu and the marquis were tongue-tied with shock. Though Situ Lang expected the scene, he still found the sight incredible.

“Alright, we’re not bottom feeders now, but straight up bandits.” Lu Yun chuckled at Situ Lang. “These million cultivators are all in the core realm. Tie them all up—they’ll be the core strength of our Truecloud Nation in the future.

“Truecloud Nation? Truecloud? Cloud, as in the character ‘yun’? Heh, good place. This is a good place,” Lu Yun roared with laughter.

Xia Xu and the marquis looked at each other with dawning joy. Defeating Ruina’s formation with a simple wave of his hand—that made their savior at least an immortal king! There was only one such person in the Truecloud Sect.

Xia Xu and the marquis didn’t count as sect members, they were just servants overseeing Truecloud Nation for the faction. They didn’t bear any true loyalty toward the sect. Thus, they were overjoyed to attach themselves to a stronger thigh.

### **Chapter 1639: The Order of Immortal Dao**

“Understood!” Situ Lang rushed off the altar and rounded up the one million cultivators, as well as the twenty thousand from earlier. Previously under heavy occupation, Truecloud Nation bounced back from the attention. Her armies arrived at the altar and methodically took inventory of their new captives.

“Milord... Truecloud Nation is directly subordinate to Truecloud Sect. Since it belongs to you now, should we change the kingdom’s name?” Marquis Windcloud looked to be twenty-eight years old and his cultivation had reached peak spirit realm. He would set foot into the void realm with a little more effort and be able to refine the energy of the world.

Anyone who could advance to this step possessed immense willpower or was a tremendous genius. Though the marquis was such a genius, his status and background relegated him to being a servant. While he oversaw the million cultivators of Truecloud Nation, he possessed no standing whatsoever. Thus, he’d never receive any void realm cultivation methods and would find it almost impossible to progress.

“Change the nation’s name?” Lu Yun cocked his head with thought. “No, Truecloud Nation is a good name.” He looked the marquis up and down. “Do you hold a grudge against the Truecloud Sect?”

Xia Xu’s expression flickered with surprise.

“Yes,” Marquis Windcloud answered without skipping a beat. “My younger sister was smart and had great potential. She was selected for the sect thirteen years ago and I received word of her death three months past. I want to investigate her death, but... hah.”

Marquis Windcloud also qualified to enter the Truecloud Sect with his level of potential, but someone had taken his spot many years ago. With the mysterious death of his sister, it fanned renewed flames of resentment toward the sect.

However, Truecloud Sect was the master of Truecloud Nation and her two vassal nations. Since the sect possessed a world of immortals and an immortal king, that made it one of the strongest factions in Myriadsea World.

In comparison, the marquis was less than an ant to the august gathering. Situ Lang and Xia Xu were both aware of his circumstances, but there was nothing they could do about it.

Lu Yun sized him up and nodded. “Here is a void realm—er, here they come again. This is getting annoying.”

He lifted his head to regard the three immortals that’d come at some unknown point in time. Three empyrean immortals glared murderously back at him.

“As I thought, their immortals are on a Hongmeng level,” Lu Yun nodded to himself. “Immortals from Ruina Immortal Nation?”

“Hmph!” snorted their leader—a bearded man in black robes. “Don’t think you can do as you want in Myriadsea World just because you used a few tricks to destroy the Immortal Slaughter Formation. This is no place for immortals, so you will come with us to the world of immortals!”

“Hmm?” Lu Yun blinked. “Go to the world of immortals?”

“Correct!” sneered the man. “Anyone who becomes an immortal must ascend to a world of immortals and endure the tests of the anti-reversion passages before they can enter a lower world again.

“You have no traces from a world of immortals on you, so you’re not from one of our worlds!”

The man regarded Lu Yun coolly and took out a medallion. It glistened with immortal light that bounced off the etching of an unfamiliar creature. The creature was dragon shaped with a turtle shell, leading with a phoenix head and armed with tiger claws. It looked like an amalgamation of the four divine beasts.

A terrifying aura exuded from the etching and pounced on Lu Yun. If it wasn’t for his core essence being a World Manifest, he would’ve been subdued by the beast even if he was a peak Hongmeng potentate.

“Who are you?” Lu Yun frowned at the three empyrean immortals. Though their strength was quite ordinary, their medallion was far from it. The medallion represented their status.

“You you you—the Medallion of Sequence can’t suppress you??” The leading immortal jerked with shock and he rapidly backed up.

“You’re the guardians of sequence! The legendary guardians of sequence!” Marquish Windcloud shrieked. Xia Xu treated his outburst with baffled incomprehension; he’d never heard of the name before.

“Sequence?!” That was the only word Lu Yun honed in on—sequence!

What kind of damned place is this, why is the word “sequence” appearing here?? Is it the same sequence as the one I know?

Lu Yun shot into the air before anyone could react and dashed to the leading immortal, grabbing the medallion from his hands.

“Roar!!” The medallion seemed ready to come alive as a snarling beast the moment Lu Yun laid hands on it.

“Method of nothing!” he shouted.

Hummmm.

The method of nothing from the overlord of Ice, the one that could access sequence, immediately activated.

A lilac haze appeared around Lu Yun’s body—the sequence of time. It was swiftly replaced by a milky radiance—the light of immortal dao. He quickly discovered that the medallion was quieting down, that the savage beast within also bowed its head to him.

“The sequence of immortal dao?” Lu Yun blinked, suddenly understanding what sequence was.

Sequence wasn’t a rule or a great dao, but an existence that defined what they were. It provided a certain rhythm to all things, preventing them from falling into disorder. Whether it was the six orders of the highest degrees or the four supreme orders, all were such cases.

It could be further divided into various categories and orders, such as the order of time. This order wasn’t the power of time, but a way to define it so that time would operate according to a reliable pattern.

Countless orders wove together to form sequence—an even stronger order born from the collective. Once sequence crystallized, it collected all of its orders to create a world of sequence.

Great daos intersected with each other and laws congregated in a world of sequence. When sequence was activated, its power could be used to access the laws and daos under its jurisdiction.

Lu Yun had been able to utilize the sequence of time prior to this and exile certain powerhouses into time because the laws and great daos of time were present in its world of sequence. And now, he saw the sequence of immortal dao in the medallion in his hand.

The sequence was incredibly weak and hadn’t formed a world yet. In Lu Yun and Mo Yi’s plan, the world of immortal dao they wanted to create was the world of immortal dao sequence that would keep the orders of the fourth realm under control.

Their immortal dao was yet to reach the fourth realm, so although it'd formed order, it hadn't evolved to sequence.

The immortal dao of this tiny Myriadsea World has already formed sequence??

Lu Yun couldn't process what he was seeing.

### **Chapter 1640: The Fifth Disciple**

Immortal dao was one of many great daos in Myriadsea World. In fact, it was only a very small dao among the sea of daos. But it possessed its own sequence??

Lu Yun looked blankly at the bearded immortal in front of him, who also looked back at him with stupefaction.

"What's going on here?" Lu Yun murmured.

"That's what I'd like to ask you too..." the mystified man responded.

Lu Yun abruptly understood that there was something very significant about the world he'd crashed into. This was no run-of-the-mill world in the fourth realm. He had a bold conjecture brewing in his mind, but it was so shocking that he didn't dare follow it to the end. He shook his hand and slammed the three empyrean immortals to the ground.

"I know you're nearby, Dongfang Ao. Have the king of Ruina Immortal Nation come meet me. If it's not him next time, I'll pay a visit to his kingdom instead," Lu Yun declared coolly.

Quietly observing from the shadows, Dongfang Ao was drenched in cold sweat. He hadn't thought that the immortal from Truecloud Sect would be so ferocious that even guardians of sequence couldn't take him down!

He left without a peep.

"So where were we?" Lu Yun landed on the ground and turned to Marquis Windcloud.

"Nothing in particular..." The marquis finally comprehended why Situ Lang had bowed his head to this personage at first light. Guardians of sequence were mighty presences that maintained the immortal sequence of Myriadsea World. Even the Truecloud Immortal King of the Truecloud Sect would bow and scrape before them.

But their mysterious savior had taken their medallion instead?

"Really?" Lu Yun looked at him with a half smile. Though he couldn't accurately pinpoint emotions anymore because he lacked the Karmic Tree, he could still tell what the marquis was thinking.

"Please help me take revenge, milord!" Marquis Windcloud suddenly fell to his knees before Lu Yun and kowtowed resoundingly.

"You are dismissed... rebuild Truecloud Nation for me," Lu Yun chuckled with a look at Xia Xu.

"Understood!" Xia Xu jumped to attention. Rebuilding the nation did indeed require the personal attention of her former ruler.

“Remember, this kingdom is still called Truecloud Nation, but it is the Truecloud Nation of the Immortal Lord.” Lu Yun waved a beam of immortal light into Xia Xu’s body.

Overjoyed, the man kept up a profuse litany of thanks as he retreated.

“I’ve scanned an area of fifteen million kilometers around the altar and find your potential to be the best.” Lu Yun took his measure of Marquis Windcloud. “I am not an immortal from your world, but from an even wider arena. I wish to establish immortal dao here and I need a spokesperson. Are you willing to take me for your master?”

“Disciple Qi Fengyun greets the master!” The marquis knelt to the ground almost as soon as Lu Yun finished speaking and kowtowed gravely. His title Windcloud were the same characters as his name Fengyun.

“Good, very good,” Lu Yun nodded approvingly. “You are now my fifth disciple from this moment forth. However, unlike your senior brothers and sisters, I won’t be teaching you combat arts or cultivation methods. I will teach you only one great dao.”

Qi Fengyun’s expression dimmed when he heard that Lu Yun wouldn’t be teaching him combat arts, but immediately brightened at the thought of learning a great dao. In Myriadsea World, very few could reach the existence of dao.

Lu Yun stretched out his hand and pointed at the center of Qi Fengyun’s forehead, transmitting the fundamentals of formula dao into the latter’s mind. His newest disciple froze into place as basic formulas and elementary calculation methods swirled in his thoughts.

Rumble—

Thunder boomed from his body and the milky radiance of immortal light shot into the sky. Void realm!

Perceived void realm!

He’d been peak spirit realm to begin with and only a hair's breadth away from the void realm. Since he lacked void realm methods, he’d been stuck on the precipice without an optimal opportunity to ascend.

Now that he received formula dao, he immediately used it to derive his void realm path and broke through in one fell swoop. With his entrance to perceived void realm, the energy of the world flooded his body and all Truecloud cultivators could see a pillar of immortal light rising into the heavens.

.....

“What in the heavens?! That bastard Qi Fengyun broke through?!” Truecloud Mountain, home to the Truecloud Sect, was located four hundred thousand kilometers away from Truecloud Nation.

Their leader, the Truecloud Immortal King, had comprehended his dao on the mountain and created the sect upon reaching enlightenment. He’d later been grievously injured and lost one of the sect’s world of immortals, so the faction could only be called the Truecloud Sect.

At the moment, there was a young man with a vicious expression within the sect that glared murderously in Cloud City’s direction.



“So what if you ascended? I beat you almost to death before and you’re still my dog even after you enter the perceived void realm.” The young man stood up and shouted, “Men! Have that Marquis Windcloud come meet me!”

“Young lord!” A spirit realm cultivator walked up to him with an unpleasant expression and handed a jade slip to the young man.

The young man paused, his expression changing drastically when he scanned the jade slip. It recorded recent events in Truecloud Nation—from the beast tide attacking the nation to Crown Prince Dongfang Ao visiting three times.

“Bastard!” howled the young man as he crushed the jade slip in his fury. “That person is certainly not Immortal Longcloud from the Truecloud Sect world of immortals! Investigate who this filth is, how dare he provoke Ruina Immortal Nation!”

He was Xia Wan, son of the sect leader. Qi Fengyun’s younger sister had met her death at his hands.

“Young lord... Truecloud Nation has already rebelled,” the spirit realm cultivator reported apprehensively.

Xia Wan immediately quieted down instead of calling for immediate, brash action. He’d eliminated Qi Fengyun’s sister because her potential had been too heaven-defying. It’d gravely threatened his position and Xia Wan was no fool.

“Then let Ruina destroy Truecloud,” Xia Wan muttered. “Guardians of sequence? They’re just Ruina’s dogs.”

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“My deepest thanks to master’s teachings!” Qi Fengyun fell to his knees and kowtowed once more after the energy of the world finished flooding his body.

“You grasped formula dao with the fastest speed possible and determined your own path... I didn’t think wrongly of you!” Lu Yun smiled. “Very good, I have a mission for you. Go to Ruina Immortal Nation and have her king come meet me.”