

## **Necropolis 1651**

### **Chapter 1651: Jian Bu'er**

The Curse King had a mysterious background—he seemed to be a denizen of the darkness. To Lu Yun, he was everywhere and anywhere. He didn't seem predisposed to leaving Lu Yun alone. No matter where Lu Yun was, there was also the Curse King.

And here he was again, this time stronger than the replica that Yueyi had killed. The presence of a great dao wrapped around him; it was the same as the one around the girl in an outfit of feathers. Plainly, they were from the same place.

Compared to the Curse King, the girl seemed more real to Lu Yun. For reasons unknown, the Curse King imparted an intangible feeling, as if he shouldn't exist.

The powerhouses of Myriadsea World hadn't joined forces to eliminate demonic dao, nor had they moved against Boxun. No one could kill him by themselves either. However, the Curse King and feathered girl had easily trapped him within Black Demon Mountain. They even possessed the strength to kill him.

But if he didn't try to flee, they would only keep him trapped on the mountain and not kill him.

Lu Yun didn't know if the Curse King had discovered him, but the latter's presence gave him a great deal of pressure.

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"Leave my life behind?" Boxun ground his teeth. At the same time, he knew that the enemy had no intention of touching him after delivering that threat. He'd wanted to run away from a possible encirclement. But since they wouldn't kill him, there was nothing for him to be afraid of.

However, the Curse King's next words drastically shifted his expression.

"Now, hand over the Demonic Vine," the Curse King chuckled. "The foundations of demonic dao should not be wasted on this lowly variant. Black demonic dao? How dare you call it demonic dao!"

"What?!" Boxun flew into a brief rage before forcing his emotions under control. "Curse King, is it? We detected you the moment you entered Myriadsea World. Who would've thought that you'd come make trouble for me when I left you alone?"

A strange smile appeared on Boxun's face and the Curse King arched his slim eyebrows. He waited to see what the demonic king would do next.

Boxun manifested his true form of four heads and eight arms, collecting the origin power of earth, air, fire, and water. The Demonic Vine slowly twined around him.

Boom!

The four elements exploded into four different demonic daos—black demonic dao, blood demonic dao, slaughter demonic dao, and berserk demonic dao. He also split into four Boxuns, all of them flinging out a hand to converge the four daos in the air and blasting through the boundary confining the mountain.

“Can you stop me if I want to leave?” The four copies roared with laughter and sped off in four different directions, vanishing in the blink of an eye.

Boxun was already heavily injured by the Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals and didn't dare be drawn into battle. He'd manifested the four great demonic daos just to give himself a chance to escape.

Everyone knew of the Curse King's terrible might; he was absolutely among the top five in Myriadsea World. When aided by the mysterious girl, there was no chance of Boxun's survival.

“Looks like he still doesn't understand,” the Curse King sighed. “He knows my title is the Curse King. Does he not realize that the curse part means, well, curses?”

He spread his arms apart with a solemn expression and chanted as he hovered in the air. Profound notes streamed from his lips and formed minute ripples that gradually seeped into the void. His voice built in volume until it rang through the land.

Black ripples undulated in all directions like the waves, smashing the void and shattering the great dao.

Bam!

A hundred million kilometers in the distance, Boxun's four bodies manifested at the same time and exploded. Infinitely close to death, the four recombined as one and crashed into the ground at a particular spot.

“A curse...? When did you plant a curse in me?!” he roared with horror. The Demonic Vine had materialized around his body and kept him protected. It was why he wasn't already dead.

“I am the Curse King and wield curse dao. Do I need an actual curse if I wish to curse you?” The Curse King appeared in front of Boxun with a single step and lovingly patted the demon king's face.

“You can't have the Demonic Vine!” Boxun grit his teeth as a black light shimmered before his dantian—a warning sign of a self-detonation.

Puff!

The Curse King slapped Boxun's dantian and broke apart the light, also smashing the demon king's body apart as well. Demonic King Boxun, an inhabitant of Myriadsea World for countless eons and the domineering wielder of demonic dao was... dead.

At the moment of his death, a black demonic light erupted from the Demonic Vine as it transformed into a demonic dragon to flee.

“Little fellow, I know that a bit of spirit and intelligence has developed in you. In that case, you should know that it's impossible for you to escape my control.” The Curse King chuckled gently and reached for the demonic dragon.

“And who are you to say if the Demonic Vine can leave or not?” came a cold sneer. White light streaked in from the horizon. It'd been impossibly far away, but arrived before the Curse King could form a second thought.

It was a ray of sword light as momentous as a world, and it severed the Curse King's arm as soon as it arrived.

The Curse King's slender brows knit together and he looked to the horizon.

"Jian Bu'er, do you want to die?!" When he drew himself upright, his severed arm had already regrown.

The Demonic Vine was gone without a trace.

"You bet, I'd had enough of living a long time ago. Why don't you come and kill me?" answered a lackadaisical voice. An extremely disheveled young man appeared with loose, matted hair and a scraggly mustache. His long gray robes were unkempt and stained; he yawned widely and regarded the Curse King with a very impertinent look.

"Come on then, let's go! Come kill me!" He dragged a rusty longsword behind him and wiped his nose with a section of sleeve that seemed like it'd been white at some time. "Come on come on come on! I can't wait!"

He suddenly stabbed forward with his rusty sword and came for the Curse King's head.

The Curse King huffed out a note, but before it was complete, he felt something sticky and cold fall into his mouth.

"Eurp!" He immediately understood what it was and bent down to retch.

"Hahaha, I admit that I can't beat you, but I can disgust the soul out of you! Hahahahaha!!" Jian Bu'er's hearty peals of laughter echoed around the land for a long time.

### **Chapter 1652: I'm Going To Be Your Wife When I Grow Up**

The Curse King didn't calm down until after he spent a long time dry heaving. Killing intent danced in his eyes when he looked to the horizon, but there was nothing he could do about Jian Bu'er.

Widely regarded as the second strongest in Myriadsea World, Jian Bu'er was unwilling to occupy that spot. Thus, he called himself "bu'er"—not second. Since he was the beholder of sword dao in this world, his surname was naturally "jian" for sword.

He was a muddle-headed eccentric one step short of living in a madhouse. It was a mystery what filled his mind and what he would do next. He followed his heart in whatever he did, so no one felt that he'd joined the fray in order to claim the Demonic Vine. He'd done so purely because he felt like it.

Though he'd said that he was no match for the Curse King, he'd actually beaten the latter up when the Curse King first arrived in Myriadsea World. While others may take his parting shot as more of his usual ramblings, it was an insult to the Curse King's ears.

"Hmph!" the Curse King snorted and left.

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Demonic King Boxun was dead.

The news stunned Myriadsea World. Although many powerhouses had died over the years as they vied over the world of sequence, it was the first time that someone on the late demonic king's level had fallen.

Though he wasn't as heaven-defying as Jian Bu'er, he was solidly top ten in Myriadsea World.

His death prompted the beholders of other great daos to divvy up demonic dao as spoils. Immortal dao, master spirit dao, and shamanic dao were first on the scene; they walked away with the lion's share. And so it became that the territory of demonic dao's influence became an enormous battlefield. Countless cultivators joined the war, a war that was theirs alone.

The masters of great dao were the chess players—they set up strategy and deployed troops, but rarely did they take the field themselves.

The matter of Dongfang Mo threatening the tiger of Black Mountain was common knowledge. Demonic King Boxun's death had something to do with Dongfang Mo as well, so the general understanding was that Boxun had been injured in one of Dongfang Mo's schemes.

Everyone knew that he was no longer the decrepit master of immortal dao that he'd once been.

Despite the land available for the taking, these powerhouses were more focused on the Demonic Vine that was now hiding in a corner of the world. Whoever obtained and devoured it would tremendously strengthen their own dao by incorporating it. Their great dao's sequence would also grow stronger.

There were two ways of creating a world of sequence—refining Myriadsea's laws and rules, then the world itself, and changing its core sequence to the great dao's sequence. The other option was to devour other great daos to enhance one's own, then use the great dao's sequence to forcefully change Myriadsea's sequence.

Lu Yun had derived the first choice with the help of the six orders of the highest degree. No one else knew about it, but all of the dao masters had been trying various methods to achieve the same goal. Their overt and covert struggles operated without end, and the schemes against immortal dao were but a small part of the battles in Myriadsea World.

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"What do you plan to do now, little vine?" The disheveled Jian Bu'er sat on a reef in the depths of the Myriad Sea and regarded a little girl with resignation.

"What else can I do? I can't let someone else eat me." The little girl wore a black dress that was framed by black hair. She was fair-skinned, but her eyes and lips were black. She seemed to be eight years old and regarded her future with certain fatalism.

"Why don't you go find Dongfang Mo?" Jian Bu'er yawned lazily. "He's the only one that's a bit less annoying in Myriadsea World. His immortal dao encompasses everything, including demonic dao. So he won't eat you, and he occupies Ruina.

"If you hide in Ruina, none of the trash out there will dare do anything to you."

“Psht, you just want to get rid of me!” The little girl was the human form of the Demonic Vine. She shot a vicious glare at Jian Bu’er. “You listen up, Jian Bu’er, you need to take responsibility for me. You’re not getting rid of me!”

“I, what, you?” Jian Bu’er’s jaw dropped. “What did I ever do to you?”

“You need to take responsibility!” The girl set her lip mulishly. “If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t be sentient or take human form. So you need to take responsibility for what you’ve done to me!”

“Then, er... want me to escort you to Ruina?” Jian Bu’er mumbled as he stared at the boundless waters.

Though they seemed calm on the surface, as still as a mirror, currents surged beneath and gathered in the direction of Ruina. Ruina was their origin and their ultimate destination.

“Bu’er, don’t you think this Myriadsea World is... a little fake?” The girl sprawled on the reef and propped her chubby cheeks up with her hands.

“Yeah, it’s too fake.” Jian Bu’er tugged off his filthy shoes and dropped two grimy feet into the refreshing waters. “The sea also exists in the outside world. It’s not as endless as the one here, but there’s fish, shrimp, and crabs in it. You can wander through it as you would, it’s not lifeless like this one.

“I really want to go home.” He stared off into space.

“I really want to see the outside world too.” The girl swung her legs and slowly leaned over to Jian Bu’er, resting her head on his shoulder.

The setting sun dyed the waters hues of gold and red, painting a tranquil picture out of Jian Bu’er and the Demonic Vine.

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“I see, so the vine has taken form and become the new beholder of demonic dao!” A shocked voice echoed in the air.

Jian Bu’er furrowed his brows and lifted his head to see a stunned muscular man staring at the little girl, his bushy beard quivering with surprise.

“Wu Di, I’ll kill you if you continue showing your ugly face around me. Don’t think you really are invincible just because your name is a homophone for invincibility,” Jian Bu’er snorted as he swept a glance at the newcomer.

Wu Di was the beholder of martial dao in Myriadsea World. He’d created the martial dao sequence and was a powerhouse even stronger than Demonic King Boxun. Regardless, he was still on his guard when facing Jian Bu’er.

“Heh heh heh, hand over the Demonic Vine, Jian Bu’er. Now me, I’m not asking for much, just one of her legs. The leg of a human-shaped Demonic Vine will enhance my monster spirit dao by thirty percent.” A merry Black Mountain Tiger approached from another direction. He was the beholder of monster spirit dao.

“Oh yeah? Looks like you’ve got a death wish too.” Jian Bu’er rose to his feet and summoned his rusty sword to his hand. He’d stuck it sideways into the reef. “Although killing you two will make this stifling world even more lonely, I can’t just let you eat my younger sister, can I now?”

“Not younger sister, wife! I’m going to be your wife when I grow up!” the Demonic Vine corrected solemnly.

“Ahem!” Ready to launch into another round of tough talk, Jian Bu’er almost choked on his own spit when he heard the vine’s words.

He coughed and was yet to form words when the Demonic Vine demanded angrily, “What, do you want to cast me aside after you’ve had your way with me? You’re a scumbag!”

“I, hey, what now?? Where did you learn all this random crap at your young age?” Jian Bu’er stared, tongue-tied.

“Hmph!” The vine pouted so heavily that one could rest a wine jug on her curled lip. “I’m not young, it’s been thirty billion years since I’ve taken human form!”

Jian Bu’er had traveled to Black Demon Mountain once, thirty billion years ago. He’d seen the Demonic Vine then and taken advantage of the demonic king overlooking him to awaken sentience in the vine. He’d helped her develop intelligence and eventually transform into human form.

Jian Bu’er had enlightened her on a lark, never imagining that the newly woken vine would latch onto him and constantly repeat that he needed to take responsibility.

Demon King Boxun hadn’t known about any of this, not even to the day he died.

During the thirty billion years, Jian Bu’er occasionally slipped into the mountain to teach the vine combat arts and cultivation methods. Naturally, these were all demonic dao creations that he’d stolen from other demons.

After thirty billion years, the Demonic Vine had attained some small success in demonic dao. Still, she was nothing when facing the Curse King.

### **Chapter 1653: A Bet**

“Listen to you talk!” Jian Bu’er flew off the handle and glared at the Demonic Vine. “This is how much you’ve grown in thirty billion years?? I like big boobs, big boobies alright?? Just look at you!”

“I’m still young! When I grow up, I’ll certainly become the type you like. I’ll have big boobs, big boobies!” The vine crossed her arms and gestured in an exaggerated fashion.

Up in the air, Wu Di, Black Mountain Tiger, and two more hidden in the shadows—the feathered woman and Wu Xian, beholder of shamanic dao—wordlessly rolled their eyes. However, they weren’t surprised.

This was exactly the kind of randomness they expected from Jian Bu’er.

“This Jian Bu’er is weird and the second strongest in Myriadsea World. Other than the Sea Lord, no one can do anything to him,” Wu Xian said quietly. “If he’s protecting the Demonic Vine, then all of us combined won’t take it from him.”

“Why do we need to take it?” cackled the tiger. “I just want one leg. One of her legs is enough to feed my Monster Spirit Lotus.”

“We can take all of it and carve it up between us,” leered Wu Di.

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“It looks like you’re completely ignoring what I said.” The smile slid off Jian Bu’er’s face to hear the conversation around him and sharp killing intent flashed through his eyes.

Demonic dao centered on the Demonic Vine and every bit of her body was crafted from the sequences of that great dao. If any part was broken, her human form would be completely ruined. It would be almost impossible to recreate it.

“How is a bunch of men not embarrassed to be attacking a little girl?” a voice suddenly rang out. Dongfang Mo leisurely materialized in the air with a sword in his hand, loftily peering down at the dao beholders beneath him.

“How dare you show your face, Dongfang Mo?” Wu Di sneered at the newcomer. “Are you not afraid that I’ll lead my men and stomp over your Ruina and whatever Immortal Nation?”

“I can save you the trouble, I’ll destroy immortal dao first and then go self detonate at your Martial Mountain,” Dongfang Mo replied merrily.

Black Mountain Tiger involuntarily shuddered. He was reminded of Dongfang Mo fervently hacking down the Immortal Myriadtree not too long ago. The tree that had covered all of Ruina was down to a bare trunk. Previously populated by throngs of citizens, Ruina Immortal Nation was now empty.

“Your era ended when the Hongmeng shattered,” Wu Di couldn’t help himself. “Your immortal dao is the last hope of the Hongmeng era, but you—”

“Why should I keep fighting when my family is gone?” Dongfang Mo sneered. “My name is Dongfang Mo, the ‘mo’ of the end of the road. Since I have reached the end of my road, I might as well die with everyone.

“I don’t care, my death is worthwhile if I take one of you with me.”

Wu Di narrowed his eyes, debating his chances of killing Dongfang Mo. The latter was only middle-of-the-pack in Myriadsea World. Wu Di was stronger than Boxun, so Dongfang Mo was no match for him. No one had been able to touch him only because he’d occupied Ruina all this time. Since he’d voluntarily left the region and shown himself elsewhere, they wouldn’t mind eliminating immortal dao—a threat that could occupy their most crucial zone.

Jian Bu’er sank back to a seated position upon seeing the latest development. He cocked his head at the show playing out above him.

“Aren’t you going to help?” the vine grumbled. In her eyes, since Dongfang Mo was here to help, Jian Bu’er should be protecting him.

“There’s no need,” Jian Bu’er shook his head. “Dongfang Mo’s gotten stronger, and not in terms of cultivation level. He’s gotten stronger on a fundamental basis—his core essence. Wu Di is nothing compared to him.”

“Oh, okay then.” The Demonic Vine also craned her neck upward at the happenings above them.

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A great battle immediately broke out in the firmament. Wu Xian, Black Mountain Tiger, and the feathered woman sealed off the void to prevent Dongfang Mo from escaping. Wu Di struck with full force, charging his opponent.

As the beholder of martial dao, Wu Di wielded martial dao and was the dao ancestor, the sequence ancestor of Myriadsea World. Every one of his techniques, moves, and stances fully illustrated martial dao.

Martial dao was the path of martial strength! A dense collection of punches encircled Dongfang Mo, blowing a hole right through the void.

“The foundations of immortal dao are weak, but Dongfang Mo shouldn’t be this weak... should he? He died from one move?” Wu Xian and the tiger looked blankly at each other while considering the hole in the air.

“Probably... not? If Dongfang Mo really is this weak, how could he have threatened me last time? You should’ve seen how fierce he was when he chopped his own tree. It was one ax after another!”

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“How many moves do you think Dongfang Mo can hold out?” The Curse King leered at Lu Yun and took a casual seat next to him on the altar.

“Have you had enough phlegm?” Lu Yun snorted.

The Curse King glared at him, a hint of frostiness rising in his expression. Eating a mouthful of Jian Bu’er’s phlegm was an extraordinary mark of humiliation, one that would never wash away as long as Jian Bu’er remained alive.

Even with the Curse King’s composure, he wanted to rampage with madness seeing that Lu Yun and laid it all out in the open.

“Don’t think of running your mouth, Lu Yun,” the Curse King sneered. “I didn’t get you in the fourth realm, but you are fully in my grasp in this world of sequence. I can do whatever I want to you—you’re just a major World Manifest.”

“Alright, then let me tell you how long Dongfang Mo can hold out,” Lu Yun shook his head with a sigh. “The Sea Lord is the strongest in Myriadsea World, Jian Bu’er is second, Dongfang Mo is third.

“These three are one tier, the remaining beholders of martial dao, shamanic dao, monster spirit, formation, talisman, and all that junk—including the woman who was with you, is another tier.

“Wu Di will lose everything within three hundred breaths. He’ll be doomed!” Lu Yun concluded seriously. “As for you, you’re just another replica. A replica wants to do whatever it wants?” Lu Yun hooted with laughter and the altar beneath his feet lit up gently.

“This joke isn’t funny at all.” The Curse King rose and stomped his foot.

Craaaack!

The altar of immortal stone beneath Lu Yun’s feet crumbled away into dust.

“See, your support is gone.” The Curse King spread out his hands and grabbed Lu Yun’s neck, lifting him into the air. “Let’s make a bet. If Dongfang Mo really can defeat Wu Di in three hundred breaths, I’ll let you go. If he doesn’t defeat Wu Di as soundly as you say, or if he loses, I’ll snap your neck. How about it?”

At the Curse King’s cultivation level, the relationship between body, nascent spirit, soul, and true spirit meant nothing to him. If he snapped Lu Yun’s neck, it would truly be broken. His soul would be scattered to the wind and his true spirit dissipated.

“Sure,” Lu Yun grinned broadly. “It’s already been a hundred breaths. Wu Di will be wiped out in another two hundred!”

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Within the depths of the great ocean.

Dongfang Mo’s counterattack arrived the moment that Wu Di’s punches faded away. A ray of immortal radiance swept toward Wu Di. All sorts of immortal dao cultivation methods poured out like a waterfall, drowning him in a split second.

“As I thought, I’m ten times stronger than before with the change in the dao’s foundations. I’m also practicing formula and spirit dao now, so I can defeat Wu Di in three hundred breaths!” Formula dao operated rapidly within Dongfang Mo’s body, analyzing the situation in front of him. “I’ll defeat the beholder of martial dao with the fastest speed possible and make an example out of him! If possible, I’ll take down everyone who’s come here today!”

Dongfang Mo had fully released his power. One ray of immortal light contained three thousand schools of immortal arts. He’d only used three rays to pierce through all of Wu Di’s martial dao methods. The fourth ray crushed his body, and the fifth ray detonated him.

Dongfang Mo thoroughly defeated Wu Di by the two hundred and ninety-fifth breath.

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“It looks like you lose,” Lu Yun chuckled, still hovering in the air.

“No, you lose,” the Curse King brooded. “My breathing is a bit faster than normal people. It’s already been three hundred and one breaths with me!”

Crack!!

He snapped Lu Yun’s neck in half.

## Chapter 1654: The Great Art of Slaughtering Immortals

“You could’ve gone anywhere, but you chose to come to this world of sequence.” The Curse King threw Lu Yun’s body aside with a relieved smile. “If I want to kill you here, you won’t even have a chance to run.

“Did you think I was like the others and would waste time mouthing nonsense before killing my enemies, giving you time to prepare?” His smile deepened. “No, I’m the sort to proclaim my victory over your lifeless body.”

He sat down next to Lu Yun’s corpse and nattered on, repeating his delight in finally triumphing over his long-time rival.

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“Though the spirit has dissipated from the Myriad Spirit Root of the World, no one can see through it when I use it as a replica,” snorted Lu Yun as he took a seat on one of the growth rings of the Immortal Myriadtree in Ruina.

After Qi Fengyun obtained the spirit root by defeating Xia Wan, Lu Yun had fashioned it into a replica and placed it on the altar in Immortal Nation to sit there in his stead. His injuries had healed, so what would he remain on the altar for? To be an easy punching bag for others?

He immediately sensed danger when he saw the Curse King in Myriadsea, so he’d moved to the safest place in the world—Ruina.

Ruina Immortal Nation was a floating island on top of Ruina. The real Ruina was a massive cavern beneath the sea. It was the source of the sea and its final resting place. No one knew what was within it—no one who ever ventured in had made it out alive. Even the floating island had brimmed with danger before the Immortal Myriadtree descended.

Upon the tree’s arrival, all of the island’s dangers had retreated. According to Dongfang Mo’s speculations, those dangerous entities had gone back to the true Ruina.

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“See, I was right, Wu Di is no match for Dongfang Mo.” Jian Bu’er smiled as he caressed the Demonic Vine’s face. The vine closed her eyes in enjoyment, not minding the grime and filth that covered his fingers.

“But Wu Di is still one of the first powerhouses to come to Myriadsea World. It won’t be that easy for Dongfang Mo to kill him.” Jian Bu’er continued to observe the fight taking place above them.

Wu Di’s piecemeal body slowly gathered back together and reformed into a tall and bulky being. His presence was weak and his face wan; he stared aghast at Dongfang Mo.

Dongfang Mo’s expression was calm and he didn’t speak to Wu Di. A sixth ray of immortal light formed in his hand.

“Bastard!” Wu Di yelled and whirled around.

Fully formed, the sixth ray hovered menacingly above Dongfang Mo's palm. He scanned those beneath him with a noncommittal expression. "This art is called the Great Art of Slaughtering Immortals. It means to kill myself before I kill others. If I can kill even myself, is there anyone in the world that I dare not kill?"

"Retreat!" Wu Xian, Black Mountain Tiger, and the feathered woman looked at each other before leaving. Five rays of light had been all that was needed to defeat Wu Di. With a Jian Bu'er on the ground, they would not be obtaining the Demonic Vine today.

They wouldn't even be able to draw near it.

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Dongfang Mo stood in the void and looked down at Jian Bu'er. Long hair fluttered around the former's handsome features and his white robe billowed in the wind. He was dashing and refined with a coolly composed air.

Jian Bu'er was messy and dirty. His gray robe had been a white robe at some point and now showed signs of transforming into black. The contrast between the two men was quite stark.

"My wife." Jian Bu'er pointed at the vine. "Future wife."

"Mm," Dongfang Mo nodded. "I wouldn't be here if not for you saving me when I first arrived in Ruina. I will not harm her."

"I can tell you have a good character." Jian Bu'er nodded. "Don't know if the same goes for your junior brother though."

"Lu Yun?" Dongfang Mo blinked. "He's fine. At least, he won't take your wife—future wife."

The Demonic Vine pulled a naughty expression at Dongfang Mo.

"Sword dao is done for, it can't challenge the Sea Lord. What if I switch to immortal dao instead?" Jian Bu'er asked solemnly.

"Then you would be first among all sword immortals," Dongfang Mo responded.

Jian Bu'er shook his head, he didn't care about that. "Will I be able to leave this world if I practice immortal dao?"

"When Myriadsea World becomes a world of pure sequence, it will naturally expel all living beings. But, without the protection of a corresponding great dao, those beings will be vaporized as they're expelled." Lu Yun appeared in the void and smiled at Jian Bu'er.

"A soybean replica?" Jian Bu'er gaped at Lu Yun's sudden appearance.

On the ruins of the altar back in Immortal Nation, the yammering Curse King suddenly widened his eyes at Lu Yun's corpse.

"He's not dead? Then this... damn it, it's the Myriad Spirit Root of the World!" He ground his teeth and snorted before leaving with a flourish.

He wouldn't do anything to Immortal Nation. So what if he destroyed it? Dongfang Mo and Lu Yun would be able to build seven or eight new ones in a second as long as they were alive. Additionally, with how insane Dongfang Mo had been, he would charge to the world of curse dao in return and exterminate curse dao's foundations.

The Curse King's primary goal in Myriadsea World was to build a world of curse dao sequence. Immortal Nation was just fringe territory for immortal dao. Nothing would happen to the dao if the nation was destroyed.

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"So I can leave if I practice immortal dao and wait for immortal dao to refine this world?" asked Jian Bu'er. "Then I might as well swear loyalty to the Sea Lord and help him refine this place."

The Sea Lord was the strongest being in Myriadsea World. This world had originally just been a world of sequence, not Myriadsea World. It became thus after the Sea Lord appeared and refined the dao of a myriad seas, thereby evolving myriad sea sequence.

Thus, he was the most likely candidate to complete his world of sequence.

"He won't do," Lu Yun shook his head. "You must refine Ruina if you want to refine all of the sequences in the world. The Sea Lord has been able to refine ninety percent of available sequences because this world's origin is Ruina."

Since immortal dao occupied Ruina, all Dongfang Mo needed to do was to leave a replica in Ruina Immortal Nation to ensure his sovereignty. No one would be able to eliminate him then. With him modifying the foundations of immortal dao, melding spirit dao into it, and practicing formula dao himself, his strength had bounded forward and he was second to only Jian Bu'er.

Meanwhile, the Sea Lord had refined ninety percent of the sequences in Ruina to create the myriad sea sequence, turning this world of sequence into a massive ocean. All of the remaining great daos in the world fought over the rest of the ten percent.

Thus, it was easy to imagine the Sea Lord's prowess.

### **Chapter 1655: Sea Lord**

"No wonder, so that's why I haven't been able to refine all of the sequences here," a soft murmuring built around them as the sea frothed with agitation.

Poof!

Lu Yun's golden-armored warrior transformed back into a soybean at almost the same time and vanished without a trace.

"Running off just like that? Are you afraid that I'll kill you through your replica?" The sea shook as boundless sea waters gushed forth, slowly coalescing into human form.

The speaker was a middle-aged man in long blue robes with long hair and a long beard. He looked in Ruina's direction when he appeared, smiling at Lu Yun through the void.

Lu Yun shrugged nonchalantly; the Sea Lord did indeed have the power to crush him through his replica alone.

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“The Sea Lord!” The Curse King and feathered woman abruptly appeared in the void and stared at the newcomer.

“Damn it, the sea is a manifestation of his body! No wonder there’s no life in it!” gasped the feathered woman.

“We must refine the endless Myriad Sea if we want to kill him, he’s invincible otherwise.” The Curse King also wore an extremely unpleasant expression on his face. He’d been searching for an opportunity to curse the Sea Lord and had set up countless curse formations in the area.

They’d all failed without exception; it wasn’t until the Sea Lord revealed himself that the Curse King realized what his core essence was. He’d melded his great dao and sequence into the world!

The Sea Lord was dao and sequence—he’d converted his life form into the shape of sequence and reached a perfect assimilation between dao and sequence. If one wanted to kill him, one would have to first destroy all of the sequences in Myriadsea World and evaporate every single drop of water in the sea.

Jian Bu’er, Dongfang Mo, and the Demonic Vine stood up at the same time to look at the Sea Lord. The vine was gravely serious now and her presence built rapidly, forming a black tornado. Black demonic dao, blood demonic dao, slaughter demonic dao, and berserk demonic dao gathered around her, coming together in a sequence of pure demonic dao.

In her current state, she was more than a hundred times stronger than before and far stronger than the late Boxun. Having returned to their own worlds, Wu Di and the others shuddered with dread when they looked back at the Demonic Vine. She could certainly beat them all to a pulp with her own strength alone.

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“So you three and the little fellow from earlier did this on purpose to lure me out, huh?” The Sea Lord immediately understood the situation when he saw the vine building her strength, but didn’t mind the scheme.

He occupied ninety percent of this world’s great daos and was the undisputed strongest beneath the heavens. The Demonic Vine was nothing in his eyes.

“That’s right, we carefully plotted and meticulously set all this up so we could bring you out of hiding.” Lu Yun’s primary body approached them through the waves. Each step he took released a formation glyph; they melded into the void and formed something like a spider web. “Although your primary body has become part of the myriad sea great dao, making it impossible for us to completely erase you, killing you is another matter. All we need to do is to destroy all of your thoughts and consciousness to make you as good as dead.”

Above Ruina, the final section of the Immortal Myriadtree's stump crumbled away. The immortal dao that was its core essence shot into the sky and melded into the new tree on Lu Yun. The power of the Six Royals gathered on him to form the Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals.

This final section of tree stump had contained the tree's most fundamental strength; it'd been saved for the Sea Lord. When the new tree projected the six orders of the highest degree during its growth, Lu Yun had borrowed the orders to operate formula dao and calculate a variety of situations—including the truth behind Myriadsea World.

The Sea Lord had fully refined the world, but he hadn't been able to turn it into a world of his sequence. He couldn't penetrate the last bit of Ruina.

Thus, he'd opened the world to all and called for other great daos to take up residence. They would become his food so he could strengthen himself and pierce through the final part of Ruina. An untold number of great daos had been devoured prior to Jian Bu'er and Dongfang Mo's arrival, and the remaining great daos purposefully left behind as bait. The Sea Lord also pointedly displayed weakness to the public so that others could see hope of defeating him and refining the world.

However, he'd never expected that immortal dao would occupy Ruina the second it arrived. Dongfang Mo had also hid in Ruina all this time, providing no opening for the Sea Lord to attack.

With Demon King Boxun's demise, Jian Bu'er had appeared in the flesh and taken the Demonic Vine to the boundless sea. All of it had been done to pique the Sea Lord's interest. The ownerless Demonic Vine was on his doorstep with all of demonic dao—he was compelled to devour her to strengthen himself.

Since Dongfang Mo was also here, the Sea Lord would definitely take full advantage of the opportunity. Immortal dao was rooted in Ruina—if he could devour it through Dongfang Mo, he could occupy Ruina and make it his.

Combined with the potential threat that was Jian Bu'er... it was the perfect chance for the Sea Lord to advance his goals and eliminate his enemies all at once. Thus, he'd appeared in his primary body so that he could devour demonic and immortal dao, then refine Ruina and turn the world into his world of sequence.

He had no need for the rest of the great dao trash that was floating around. Thus, there was no need for him to hide anymore. It was time to deploy his full strength.

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"Do you think you'll confine me with just a tiny Thousand Obliteration Formation of the Six Royals?" the Sea Lord chuckled as he looked at the power floating around Lu Yun.

"Nope," Lu Yun shook his head. "But you might've had a chance of winning if you were even a tenth as decisive as the Curse King and killed me the second I spoke.

"My dao is complete now and you... you will die."

He spread out his arms.

Boom!

A towering tree rose with a rumble behind him. It was bigger than the previous Immortal Myriadtree and held up the world. Its roots transcended space given that part of them were planted in Lu Yun's dantian and another part under Ruina.

The vast immortal dao released extraordinary immortal light that churned through the void like an unending river. This part of the void wasn't large—just sixty thousand kilometers across—but there was nothing present apart from imd!

"A new Immortal Myriadtree," the Sea Lord looked on darkly.

### **Chapter 1656: The Dao of Hell**

"You want to kill me with just that?" Though the Sea Lord's expression was grave, contempt marked his tones.

"Of course not, just the tree isn't enough," Lu Yun nodded. "But I do have what is needed to kill you."

He manifested a meter-long piece of withered wood with a flip of his hand. It looked very ordinary and nondescript, its surface covered in so many cracks that it looked like it would shatter at any second.

The Sea Lord screamed when he saw the wood.

"What!! What is that doing in your hand?! No wonder a bunch of ants like you dared scheme against me!!" He went berserk the second he saw it and dispersed as massive waves, trying to flee in every possible direction. The mighty Sea Lord didn't even have courage to do battle when he saw the withered wood; running away as fast as possible was the only thought on his mind.

"Heavens above, what're you doing with that thing??" Jian Bu'er and Dongfang Mo yelled as well, but they didn't react as exaggeratedly as the Sea Lord. Only the color drained from their faces.

"A corpse... the corpse of the tree spirit... a corpse that bears the endless resentment of the World Tree is in your hands." Dongfang Mo was as white as a sheet. He finally understood why Lu Yun had suggested this plan and had been so highly confident that they'd be able to defeat the Sea Lord. The tree spirit hailed from the original Hongmeng and was the divine tree that'd supported the entire third realm. When its carcass inexplicably appeared out of the blue one day, the original emperor had understood what was to come in the future.

Despite being exiled into time, the wood frequently reappeared at various periods. Even the Sea Lord and powerhouses from various locales of the unknown expanses knew of it—a sign of how terrifying it was.

"No, no, it's changed from the Thunderstruck Wood to a piece of regular withered wood. The terrifying resentment imbuing it has vanished." Jian Bu'er quickly discovered something odd about the item in front of them. The Sea Lord also paused and rematerialized, his face flickering darkly through various expressions.

The new Immortal Myriadtree had formed a boundary with the power of the Six Royals, sealing off the area completely. Immortal dao reigned supreme within and all other great daos were silent—this was a world of pure immortal dao.

As infinite as the Sea Lord was, he was also segregated from Myriadsea World by the six rays of immortal light. Weakened by at least ninety percent in this world of pure immortal dao, he couldn't break through its constraints.

"You're right, I should kill you... Thankfully, it's not too late to snuff out a mere World Manifest like you!" The Sea Lord called upon the dao of the sea in his body and charged Lu Yun with a punch. "I'll exile this corpse back into time after I kill you. Only time will subdue this demonic thing!"

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Radiance of six different colors rose from Lu Yun's side when the fist drew near him; six flames appeared at the same time and circled around the young man. The Sea Lord's fist left as quickly as it came and the endless waves he'd manifested around him were vaporized the second they formed.

The Sea Lord reeled back with shock; six hellfires burned quietly on the withered wood in Lu Yun's hands.

As it were, Jian Bu'er, Dongfang Mo, and the Demonic Vine were all bait—the true hunter was Lu Yun. The Tome of Life and Death had refined the boundless resentment on the wood, leaving it the perfect host for hellfire.

Hellfire's strongest capabilities were now available to him when he called upon the six hellfires through the withered wood. Slowly, the world of immortal dao turned into one of hellfire. The Sea Lord grit his teeth and furiously released his dao of the sea, trying to evade the omnipresent flames.

Hellfire's innate ability was to counter dead entities, but when it was released to its fullest capacity, the strength that it exploded with was sufficient to destroy everything.

Everywhere it passed through was hell.

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"Hot damn, hellfire eh? So this is the legendary hellfire," Jian Bu'er muttered. "He's turned that terrifying demonic wood into the root for hellfire. It's said that hellfire is rootless, but not anymore, it seems."

"If he can take care of the Sea Lord himself, what does he want us for?" The Demonic Vine was baffled and confused. She'd been ready to put on a great show in front of Jian Bu'er, but the weakest among them had been enough to resolve the problem?

"We're bait, of course," Dongfang Mo answered haltingly. "If we weren't here and had undertaken all this ourselves, would the Sea Lord attack us with his core essence?"

"But the kid's subdued the five hells and created a sixth one himself... he's manifested the theoretical hell of order! If he'd cultivated hell dao and accessed the sequence of hell to turn Myriadsea World into a world of hell dao sequence, then..."

“Wherever he stepped would be hell,” Jian Bu’er finished for him.

“But instead, immortal dao has become one with hell dao. No, wait, he’s melded his hell dao into immortal dao and made it one of the daos beneath immortal dao!” Dongfang Mo realized with shock.

“No wonder his new immortal dao is so frightening and my strength would grow more than tenfold after I changed the foundations of immortal dao and set foot on the path of the new one....

“This dao of hell can absolutely dominate immortal dao and conquer the Endless Planes...”

Dongfang Mo and Jian Bu’er fell silent while the vine looked on curiously.

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Hell dao!

Lu Yun’s core strength came from hell dao. After the Tome of Life and Death conquered and obtained the Hadal Hell, hell dao took root in Lu Yun’s body. Whether it was the death arts or hellfire, all were a part of hell dao.

Now that the six hells were complete and fully formed, Lu Yun’s dao reached a realm of great perfection. This was his dao, one that he’d formed step by painstaking step. Six hellfires circulated around him—combined into one black flame that split into six pillars of flame to surround the Sea Lord.

Although hell’s existence was a known factor, as were hellfire and the Tome of Life and Death to some, there had never been hell dao.

“Other than the death arts from the Tome of Life and Death, I’ve never derived any combat arts that belong solely to hell dao. You’re the perfect target to practice the combat arts of hell on!”

### **Chapter 1657: Take Your Sword Back, I Walk My Own Dao**

“You want to use me as your whetstone?” The Sea Lord recovered his composure and coalesced his true self again, showing himself as a middle aged man with a solemn face. Both his hair and beard were blue, and he wore a long cerulean robe. He wielded a frosty blue bident and was a... mermaid instead of human.

Rather than legs, a blue fish tail waved around for his lower body. Its blue crystalline scales glistened with a glassy sheen thanks to hellfire. Each gleam of light sparkled with the glyphs of sea dao.

Endless waves rose and fell once more over the water’s surface, keeping the Sea Lord safe. His personal weapon was the bident in his hand; it was a connate treasure formed from the dao of the sea. Though the local vicinity had been isolated from the outside world, the blue bident still supplied endless power from his great dao to the Sea Lord.

“I’d like to see how strong the combat arts of your hell dao can be. If I devour your hell dao, my great dao will immediately reach the apex. I won’t even need to refine Ruina to build a world of sea dao sequence!” The Sea Lord threw his head back with hearty laughter. “My only fear is that your hell dao isn’t strong enough, that it’ll be blunted against its whetstone!”

They were in a world of immortal dao—one that had almost become a world of immortal dao sequence. Lu Yun had incorporated his hell dao into immortal dao long ago, thereby improving each dao by their

association with each other. Their combined might was undefinably immense. Added to that the still growing Immortal Myriadtree which deployed the boundless power of the Six Royals, that meant the orders of the highest degree bolstered Lu Yun at the same time and raised his strength to unprecedented heights.

Of course, he still possessed a fatal weakness—his true strength was too weak. He was only a major World Manifest and thus, a gnat compared to a sequence expert like the Sea Lord. However, he was in fine fettle and manifested the combat arts of hell dao from his hand.

“Is that so?” he sneered. “In that case, eat this. Dragonrise!”

The first stroke of Dragonrise!

Aouuuuu!

A piercing dragon croon emitted from his hand. Purple Sunrise—the ultimate Hongmeng treasure that was the weapon of the king soldier—slashed down on the Sea Lord with its keen edge. The sword was an ultimate treasure, but it hadn’t been born from the current Hongmeng. It was one nurtured by the original Hongmeng and therefore many times stronger than connate treasures in the current fourth realm.

The sword dao within it had undergone an earth-shattering change. It wasn’t Lu Yun’s sword dao anymore, but sword dao of hell dao!

Just like the immortal dao, hell dao encompassed everything and could assimilate anything. It’d taken in sword dao and added it to immortal dao. Dragonrise now manifested as a demonic dragon from hell!

Rumble!

Inexhaustible hellfire wreathed around the hell dragon and pounced on the Sea Lord.

“I might be wary if it was Jian Bu’er delivering this stroke, but you? Not at all!” The Sea Lord’s metal bident twirled in the air and drew a circle, releasing myriad sea dao and expelling immortal dao, forming a circle sixty meters across that was a world of the sea. Just like the concentric world of immortal dao around it, there was nothing else in the inner circle other than sea dao!

The Sea Lord thrust his bident at the hell dragon.

“This blow is named Myriad Sea!” roared the Sea Lord. “Of Myriad Sea Dao! This move is where Myriadsea World comes from and the combat art that I’ve created within that world!”

Rumble!!

Cerulean blue radiance circulated, manifesting a hundred million kilometers of sea that converged on the lord’s bident.

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“Ruina!!” Dongfang Mo yelled when he saw the move. “The Sea Lord’s Myriad Sea move is an imitation of Ruina to create one himself!”

He finally understood the depths of the Sea Lord's horrific capabilities. Though the latter hadn't entered Ruina, seawaters formed by sea dao constantly probed the locale, attempting to discern the nature of its strength.

Of course, Dongfang Mo himself had never entered Ruina either, but he was familiar with its power. This Myriad Sea move copied roughly half of the profound meaning found within that zone. He knew that when Myriad Sea truly manifested Ruina, that would be when sea dao fully occupied Myriadsea World and turned it into one of sea dao sequence.

Lu Yun wanted to use the Sea Lord as his whetstone with which to practice the combat arts of hell dao, but so was the lord using Lu Yun to help him practice his myriad sea dao. In fact, with the Sea Lord's experience, he'd probably guessed that the Demonic Vine was a trap to lure his primary self out, but he'd still emerged without hesitation.

Life had been too peaceful for the Sea Lord throughout all these eons. He was invincible within Myriadsea World—no one could even scratch him. He needed pressure and motivation from a strong enemy. He needed a sense of danger threatening his great dao. Thus, he'd come with all of his thoughts, will, and core essence to either capture the enemy in one fell swoop or die to their hand.

Such was the courage of leaving no potential of retreat for oneself, just as Dongfang Mo had sought to go down with the various dao beholders a few days ago.

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Boooooom.

Dragonrise crashed viciously into Myriad Sea. The hell dragon shrieked with anguish and broke into pieces, dead on the spot. However, the terrifying sea churned forward with overwhelming sea dao and advanced on Lu Yun. It crushed immortal dao wherever it passed through, devouring the other great dao.

Overburdened groans sounded from the Immortal Myriadtree as the Sea Lord also grimaced, propelling himself through water with his fish tail.

Lu Yun's struck a second time—Dragonsoar!

A second hell dragon appeared and soared into the heavens with unquestionable momentum. An even more expansive will blossomed from Lu Yun's body, the imperious mandate of a liege surveying all that he ruled over.

"From dao comes one, and one begets two?" Contempt thickened on the Sea Lord's face to see Lu Yun's second move. "I'd thought you were an actual character of note, but you use the dao that describes the birth of life to fashion your hell dao?"

He continued with Myriad Sea, following up with a second instance before the first had faded away. Lu Yun's Dragonsoar was likewise destroyed.

The young man struck out with a third stroke—nameless.

This move was nameless, without a surname or given name, without an end or beginning. Eternal and constant, it was the culmination of all of Lu Yun's accomplishments, reflections, and theories of sword

dao, meaning, and realm. Even some sequence experts wouldn't be able to match Lu Yun when it came to sword dao and his accomplishments on this path.

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"His three strokes depict the truth behind the beginning of life and the mysteries of existence. There is none other like him at these heights," Jian Bu'er sighed with emotion.

"What a pity that he is still less than the Sea Lord," Dongfang Mo heaved with regret. "His cultivation level and mindset is only superior compared to his peers. Among them, he is the undisputed peak. In fact, there are those higher level than him and those who've initially set foot into sequence who are less than him.

"But the Sea Lord still looks down at him. Prepare for action. If this is all he has, then the three of us still need to act." Dongfang Mo gravely regarded the fight.

"But if there are no other contingencies in place... we'll fail as well." Rust flaked off Jian Bu'er's sword as the light of a sword peeked out from beneath the discoloration.

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The nameless stroke had been destroyed and Lu Yun no longer held his sword. However, Myriad Sea had also been cut apart.

"Is that it?" The Sea Lord wasn't smiling anymore. The last stroke had reached cultivation levels beyond the young man to hack apart Myriad Sea. It was proof that Lu Yun was an unparalleled genius. If he could improve to the Sea Lord's level, then any one of the first three strokes would've killed the latter.

"Where's the next one?" asked the Sea Lord. If a fourth stroke cut through his Myriad Sea again, it would help him identify the flaws in his move and cement hope of manifesting Ruina.

"There's only three," Lu Yun sighed. "My sword is no longer in my hand, so my sword dao is broken."

"You have that right. Since you no longer hold your sword, you are unqualified to wield it or further pursue sword dao," the Sea Lord nodded.

"Take your sword back, I walk my own dao." Lu Yun pointed gently at Purple Sunrise hovering in the air. It rang with a reluctant note before disappearing in the void.

### **Chapter 1658: Pettiness**

The Sea Lord's pupils constricted violently.

"How am I to walk my own way if I keep borrowing yours?" Lu Yun took a deep breath and flung out his arms. Immeasurable, pure silver light blossomed from his body with an air of pacifying the world and mapping out all things.

It was the presence of order!

This was the path that Violetgrave had once pointed out to Lu Yun. It'd only ever existed in theory since no one had been able to successfully walk it. The order of hell dao!

The Hadal, Nether, Sanguine, Nihil, and Abyssal Hells had been present long ago, but a great dao that tied them together had never operated—because the most fundamental order of hell had yet to appear.

Lu Yun built the Disordered Hell once the hell of order manifested, fully evolving the sixth hell. Hell dao formed only when the six were complete. This was Lu Yun's dao. The six hells projected images into the void around him and slowly revolved around the young man, enveloping him with their presence.

“Sea Lord!” Lu Yun roared. “This is the first combat art of my hell dao—the Hadal Hell Dao!”

Bam!

He blasted out with a punch. Hadal Hell Dao wasn't a great dao, but a tremendous combat art! An art that took the name of dao!

The localized world of immortal dao trembled as the immortal dao that'd been swallowed by sea dao exploded forth, recoiling onto sea dao and tunneling out of it. Lu Yun's punch smashed right into the Sea Lord's bident.

The latter never imagined that Lu Yun's battle strength would increase more than a hundred times after he lost his sword and his sword dao was broken. How was this possible?! He'd felt that Lu Yun was a decently capable young man, despite the fact that the lad still couldn't match him even when bolstered by the six orders of the highest degree.

This punch, however, rewrote the Sea Lord's understanding of the situation.

Bam!

The punch dented the metal bident and smacked it onto the Sea Lord's face. Blood sprayed out of his face; his nose caved in from the misshapen pieces of his weapon. Lu Yun's second punch arrived before he had a chance to react.

The second blow came from Nether Hell dao!

It was a similarly shaped punch, this time accompanied by images of the Nether Hell. Instead of being pure Nether Hell dao, it was overlaid with strength from the Hadal Hell. This second move was the two combined!

The second punch crashed into the mangled bident and once more smashed it into its owner. This time, it was left embedded in the Sea Lord's face as it'd broken the lord's bone structure. Startling blue blood gushed out as the Sea Lord flew backward. He made this move of his own accord; it wasn't a result of Lu Yun's actions.

He did so out of self defense—if a third punch arrived from the young man, it'd smash his head apart. Losing his head meant losing the ability to fight back and being at Lu Yun's mercy.

As he rushed backward, the Sea Lord flung his bident at his opponent.

Lu Yun was about to rush forward in pursuit when he saw the twisted piece of metal hurtle at him. He screeched to a halt and barely managed to evade the lethal counterblow.

Whoosh!

The bident exploded into dense fog and enveloped the world of immortal dao that was thirty thousand kilometers across.

“Heh,” Lu Yun dismissed the combat art on his hand with a chuckle. “To think that the vaunted Sea Lord is capable of only this much. I beat you as soon as I released a combat art of hell dao?”

“Beat me? Little guy, it’s incredible how preposterous your boasts are,” the Sea Lord’s contemptuous voice echoed from all sides.

“The truth says otherwise, despite your unwillingness to accept it,” Lu Yun sneered. “If you don’t accept what’s before your eyes, why have you integrated your sea dao into immortal dao?”

Integration into immortal dao!

Lu Yun had just discovered that the Sea Lord had melded his great dao into immortal dao! It was the equivalent of forsaking his own dao and following another path, and it hadn’t been a result of immortal dao devouring sea dao. The Sea Lord had voluntarily offered up his dao to immortal dao, making it subservient to immortal dao!

“Hahahahaha!!” Hearty laughter echoed around them. “Kid, my replica learned a bit of formula dao when Qi Fengyun taught it in Immortal Nation. Now formula dao, that’s a nice dao indeed.”

Lu Yun frowned while Jian Bu’er, Dongfang Mo, and the Demonic Vine looked at each other in alarm. They’d never imagined that someone like the Sea Lord would set aside his dignity and sneak into Immortal Nation to surreptitiously learn formula dao!

For those of their status, they directly transacted with the other party if they wanted to learn another dao. They would trade dao for dao and never steal knowledge like this. This kind of karmic repercussion was terrifyingly frightful—on par with that of life and death. If such consequences backlashed onto them, they would be doomed beyond salvation.

“Through formula dao, I have learned that your current strength is completely a result of the six orders of the highest degree. Once the new Immortal Myriadtree finishes growing, it will entirely replace the old and dismiss the power of the Six Royals. Your strength will also retreat to World Manifest and this world of immortal dao will dissolve,” the Sea Lord recounted with glee. “That process will be much quicker than the time needed for sea dao to fully meld into immortal dao. In other words, this world of immortal dao will wink out of existence before it fully assimilates my sea dao.

“Formula dao is a dao beneath the immortal dao and subservient to it. That I’ve offered up my dao to the immortal dao means the same for sea dao, so naturally, the karmic repercussions of me secretly learning formula dao are a non-issue. It has nothing to do with me that immortal dao lacks sufficient time to absorb sea dao. That is immortal dao’s problem and my my, it is such a pity that the karmic relationship will end itself!”

The Sea Lord was immensely intelligent—after he learned formula dao, his schemes were further perfected.

“Shameless!” The Demonic Vine couldn’t help herself. Her demonic dao was part of immortal dao, so she’d also learned formula dao. Never had she fathomed that the notable Sea Lord would use this kind of method to evade the consequences of his actions!

It was the height of pettiness.

“All of you will die after this world of immortal dao fades away. Since you’ll be dead, who will know what I’ve done here?” the Sea Lord continued. “And even if that group of idiots outside learns of my actions, so what? Once I refine Myriadsea World into a world of sea dao sequence, they’ll die as well. No one will be the wiser once everyone’s dead. Hahahaha!!”

Arrogant laughter rose from the dense fog. After he’d incorporated sea dao into immortal dao, the fog created by the bident was also a fog of immortal dao. Lu Yun would never find the Sea Lord’s primary body in it.

“Are you so certain of what you’ve calculated?” Lu Yun suddenly grinned. “Don’t forget that I created formula dao. I am the ancestor of formula dao in Myriadsea World! Some things are beyond your reach—isn’t that right, Soldier King?” he turned around and addressed empty air.

“Correct.” A man with a frosty expression walked out of the void.

The Soldier King.

He and his one hundred and eight men were no longer puppets living by the rules of the Army Pagoda. No longer nameless soldiers and their leader, they’d become true living beings. The Army Pagoda had also turned into a spatial treasure akin to their army barracks. These changes could be attributed to Myriadsea World and this world of sequence.

Only here could the rules be reversed and certain actions attempted that would be impossible in the outside world. In the same vein, the Soldier King and others could deploy their full strength as they weren’t restricted by any rules or laws.

After obtaining the Myriad Spirit Root of the World, Lu Yun split it into one hundred and ten parts. He used one part to refine a replica for himself, then used the rest to fashion bodies for the soldiers and king soldier. He wielded the Tome of Life and Death. Thus, it was a walk in the park to resurrect them in this fashion.

When the Soldier King and his men appeared, their overwhelming aura swept through the world of immortal dao and brushed away the dense fog. The Sea Lord was revealed in full.

“The Soldier King? ...it’s the king soldier that God created!” Dongfang Mo took a deep breath. “How come they serve Lu Yun now?”

“What are God’s soldiers doing here?” Jian Bu’er knew about God as well!

### **Chapter 1659: Scapegoat**

“Haidong Lin, I thought you were dead. To think that you’d entered this world of sequence as well!” the Soldier King addressed the Sea Lord first.

“Soldier King!” the Sea Lord spat out with a brooding expression. “So there are indeed flaws in formula dao, I didn’t calculate your existence!”

The Sea Lord had used formula dao to analyze the trajectory of his own existence. Results indicated that while this venture would be risky and dangerous, it would not result in his death. Rather, he would reap rich rewards.

He naturally simulated various situations, but never came across one in which the Soldier King would appear in good health. The latter's emergence was essentially a death sentence. The Sea Lord could barely manage to protect himself when facing the Soldier King in peak condition, much less than being caught in a world of immortal dao now.

Despite that, he still sought to play a small scheme and cast a shadow over formula dao. If possible, he would shake Lu Yun's confidence in his creation.

"It's not that formula dao is incapable, but that the secrets of heaven are in constant flux. Who can define matters of destiny with any certainty?" The Soldier King shook his head and slashed forward, sending out a ray of hazy purple sword light from Purple Sunrise and bringing it down on the Sea Lord's head.

The lord was hardly one to sit back and await his doom. He raised the metal bident and deployed Myriad Sea in response.

However, Lu Yun's combat art of hell dao had previously shattered it. Once shattered, there would be flaws. Something that even Lu Yun could defeat was as fragile as paper to the Soldier King. His stroke ripped through Myriad Sea and broke the bident.

The Sea Lord spat out blood; he'd nearly been hewn into two!

"So it turns out I would die at your hands." His chest heaved rapidly. In the outside world, the vast ocean of Myriadsea World was his body. He was invincible as long as a single drop of water existed. But while his body was eternal, the same couldn't be said for his consciousness. His entire mind and core essence was trapped in the world of immortal dao. This world was isolated from the outside world and there was no place to run to.

Surprisingly, the Soldier King stayed his hand and sheathed Purple Sunrise.

"You may go," he waved his hand.

The Sea Lord paused, incredulity blooming across his face. Just like that?

Jian Bu'er, Dongfang Mo, and the Demonic Vine were likewise shocked. With the Soldier King's strength, it was feasible for him to kill the Sea Lord in the world of immortal dao. But he wasn't finishing the job?

"You're showing me mercy?" the Sea Lord asked in disbelief.

"Naturally," the Soldier King chuckled. "Didn't you use formula destiny to determine that you wouldn't die on this venture? So let me fulfill your deduction. Not only will you live, but you will also reap great rewards."

Just for... that? The Sea Lord gaped. Dongfang Mo remained unmoved while Jian Bu'er yelped with outrage. With the Sea Lord present and his sea dao intact, immortal dao would be unable to refine Myriadsea World. What in the heavens was this Soldier King thinking?!

An exit opened up in the world of immortal dao; the Sea Lord regarded it with wariness and confusion.

“Leave behind your sea dao and have it fully meld into immortal dao,” the Soldier King suddenly shouted.

“I see.” The Sea Lord finally understood. If sea dao was completely incorporated into immortal dao, the latter would replace sea dao to wholly occupy Myriadsea World. Sea dao would become immortal dao, and Myriadsea World would become Immortal Dao World. That would accomplish their goals once and for all.

“Not only that,” the Sea Lord suddenly narrowed his eyes in thought. “You’re afraid of a death strike if you try to kill me, aren’t you? That I’ll injure you so heavily that a mantis will be able to stalk a cicada?”

He glanced at the opening and continued, “There is another, no, two more terrifying existences in this world of sequence. One is in Ruina and the other is one of the dao beholders!

“The one in Ruina has always been asleep and will not awaken unless Ruina is disturbed. What you are vigilant against is the one among the dao beholders.”

“Correct,” Lu Yun nodded. “I can also tell you who that is—the Curse King.” He waved the withered wood burning with hellfire around. “This piece of withered wood that all of you tremble at is his creation.”

“Bastard!” Waiting outside to play his role as the oriole, the Curse King flew into a rage. “Don’t clap that crime onto my head! What would I create something so awful for?!”

The notorious withered wood had appeared in various places and times. Many experts in the known and unknown expanses of the Boundless Planes were terrified of it. Numerous powerhouses of great virtue or strength had voluntarily sacrificed themselves with it, but it’d always emerged unscathed later on.

“Not you?” Lu Yun frowned tightly at the Curse King who’d suddenly shown himself. He’d been waiting on the sidelines all this time. If the Sea Lord had flounced off earlier, he would’ve been attacked and devoured.

The Soldier King had stopped also because he’d discovered the Curse King—the latter was too frightening. The strength he currently displayed was nothing compared to his true capabilities; it’d been an act when he’d scurried away from the Demonic Vine. Jian Bu’er had spoken truly, that he couldn’t defeat the Curse King. His words might be mindless rambling in others’ eyes, but he really couldn’t fight the true Curse King.

“Not I,” the Curse King scoffed. “Don’t try to make me the scapegoat, I’m not willing!”

“Your side destroyed the original Hongmeng, no?” Lu Yun asked frostily.

The look in Dongfang Mo’s immediately chilled when he heard the question. The original Hongmeng had been his home.

“Yes, but also no.” The Curse King knew that life for him would become extremely difficult if he didn’t properly explain himself. The curse on the withered wood was part of curse dao, and he so happened to be the greatest expert of curse dao.

“The original Hongmeng was the core of the Boundless Planes. The unknown expanses that you speak of are the broad categorization of the land of darkness and others. The world I’m from is precisely in the so-called unknown expanses, a world separated by darkness.

“Our existence is a blank sheet of paper and we are all holes in it. But because of your world—the original Hongmeng—you become the paper itself. Many experts could pass through the darkness to reach other worlds...”

“Get to the point,” the Soldier King interrupted curtly. Everyone present already knew what he was reeling off.

“The wood once traveled through space and time to arrive at my world. It caused endless slaughter and violence, so I followed it to its source—the original Hongmeng!” the Curse King fell briefly silent. “I’ve traveled through many worlds and seen the withered wood in all of them. It destroyed a large number of those worlds.”

“So you wanted to do a good deed and destroy the source of the wood? And you attacked the original Hongmeng for it?” Lu Yun raised an eyebrow.

“Do I look like I have that much spare time on my hands? But I did provoke a few worlds into attacking the original Hongmeng with me. That was just a diversion, since my goal has always been curse dao!” The Curse King’s cheek spasmed. “Since the withered wood comes from the original Hongmeng, I thought there was terrifying curse dao in the original Hongmeng. But it turns out...”

It wasn’t until the original Hongmeng perished that he realized the nature of the wood’s existence, but it’d been too late. Of course, it hadn’t meant much to him since it wasn’t his home that’d fallen.

“So... in other words, you did create this withered wood.” Lu Yun looked at him superciliously.

The Curse King was at a sudden loss for words.

### **Chapter 1660: Heaven and Earth**

“That’s right, it was you!” Killing intent flared in Dongfang Mo’s eyes. Though he didn’t think that the Curse King and motley crew of powerhouses from other worlds alone could destroy the Hongmeng, it was indisputable that his home’s destruction was tied to the Curse King.

“If it wasn’t for you inciting conflict between those worlds and the Hongmeng, how would the divine tree have perished and turned into this wood...” Dongfang Mo ground out through gnashed teeth.

The Curse King narrowed his eyes and scanned everyone present, abruptly opening his arms to release two gusts of black smoke. They flanked Lu Yun and dove at the young man.

It happened too suddenly for anyone to react; the two gusts of smoke burrowed into Lu Yun’s body almost as soon as they appeared. His skin turned gray and a lifeless look appeared in his eyes as the hint of death floated up in them.

“Hahahaha!!” the Curse King roared with manic laughter. “Lu Yun, no matter what kind of heaven-defying methods you may possess or opportunities you were lucky enough to encounter, death is the only thing in store for you after you’ve been struck with my All-Encompassing Curse!”

“Bastard!!” snarled the Soldier King. His Purple Sunrise whistled forward with a river of sword light and slashed at the Curse King.

Still roaring with laughter, the Curse King abruptly dispersed into dense smoke and about-faced, charging the Sea Lord.

“Pfft, I knew your actual target was me!” The Sea Lord was unruffled by the new threat. The broken halves of his bident flew back to his hand, waving Myriad Sea into existence and directing countless waves at the Curse King.

“You were on guard against me all this time even though I was attacking Lu Yun?!” The Curse King hadn’t expected that not only would his target not panic or show any openings, but that the lord would also perfectly block the ambush. This was completely different from what he’d displayed in the world of immortal dao!

The Sea Lord was calm and decisive, a far cry from his previous image of a sinister being devoid of a conscience. His Myriad Sea now imitated seventy percent of Ruina’s profound meaning.

Baaaam.

The Curse King rebounded off the waves and smashed into the barrier around the world of immortal dao. The opening that’d been there for the Sea Lord had closed. A trap that’d been meant for the Sea Lord had smoothly shifted to one for the Curse King!

He ominously regarded the change. “So all of you put on this show together just so you could lure me in!”

“No, it really was meant for me. But since you’re here, it can be yours.” The Sea Lord brandished his bident and fashioned two legs out of his fish tail. His sea dao was still assimilating into immortal dao—he didn’t plan on separating it back out. Thus, human form was most optimal for his new path.

Lu Yun and the others had originally planned to subdue the Sea Lord. But in Lu Yun’s eyes, the Sea Lord was just an immensely strong powerhouse who’d occupied this world of sequence. The true enemy was still the Curse King. He was infinite times more terrifying than the Sea Lord!

Thus, after a series of surreptitious negotiations while tensions seemed to brim on the surface, the group struck a temporary alliance and shifted their focus to the Curse King. For that, the Sea Lord played his earlier conniving part to the hilt.

This alliance was based on mutual profit. As soon as an opportunity presented itself, they would turn on each other again.

“All this effort just for one of my replicas?” the Curse King sneered. “But a replica in exchange for Lu Yun’s life? Worth it.”

“What a pity that I’ll have to disappoint you.” The gray air of decay receded from Lu Yun’s body like the tidewaters; milky-white radiance of immortal light rose in its stead. The terrifying All-Encompassing Curse vanished without a trace, leaving the Curse King floundering for answers.

The All-Encompassing Curse had killed many a brilliant heavyweight in its time. Only someone stronger than the Curse King would be able to dispel it once it took effect. Yet Lu Yun had managed to do so in a dozen breaths??

“Formula dao!” He struck upon the right answer. Lu Yun must’ve used formula dao to determine how to break the curse. However, his speed was still incredible.

“I can bring even the king soldier back to life, to say nothing of a mere curse,” Lu Yun threw down and darted behind the Soldier King, not attempting to put on a brave front.

He’d barely resolved the curse with the Tome of Life and Death, six hellfires, and the power of the Six Royals that was beginning to fade away. There would be no hope for him if he was cursed again.

One hundred and eight soldiers, the Sea Lord, Jian Bu’er, Dongfang Mo, and the Demonic Vine surrounded the Curse King. As domineering as he was, he would not be escaping today.

Despite imminent doom, the Curse King remained cool and collected. Black smoke covered his body; when it receded, he’d become a dust particle that integrated itself with the world of immortal dao.

“You might’ve forgotten, Lu Yun, that I once entered the world of immortals and cursed immortal dao. Naturally, that means I’ve learned it as well,” the Curse King chuckled. “Although this is a replica—meaningless in the grand scheme of things—none of you are allowed to desecrate it. You’ll have to pay a price to kill me.”

The color suddenly drained from the Sea King’s face and he spat out a mouthful of black blood. “He’s devouring my sea dao!! How is that possible?! I integrated it with immortal dao, but he’s consuming it from immortal dao!”

No one paid attention to the Sea Lord’s twisted expression. The Soldier King took a guarding stance next to Lu Yun while his one hundred and eight soldiers assembled into one hundred and eight Formations of Heavenly Spirits and Earthly Demons. They projected heaven and earth, which was dao, order, and truth.

It could be said that the most fundamental order of life was superior to the six orders of the highest degree. Only heaven and earth could give rise to life, so all lands of order that life existed in formed heaven and earth.

Such was the case for the core of the Hongmeng; Hongmeng’s strength had etched tangible lifeforms out of the nebulous worlds. It was why the original Hongmeng had once been the heart of the Boundless Planes and a place that all yearned to be.

Because there was heaven, earth, and the worlds there.

The power of a world could restrain dead and yin spirits because it represented the final order. Those spirits were existences outside the scope of order, so they could be suppressed by heaven and earth.

The formations created by the soldiers manifested the power of heaven and earth, sending it roiling outward and transforming the world of immortal dao into a bonafide world. It violently expelled the body that the Curse King had melded into immortal dao.