

Necropolis 1701

Chapter 1701: A Giant of Abyssal Lava

“Eh, wait, that’s just a battle zombie! There’s no point in capturing him!” Lu Yun’s jaw dropped when he saw the Curse King fling himself wildly at the red-furred zombie. Why was his reaction so big? Simply because the other had called out his name? Or did the Curse King have a way of retaining the thoughts inhabiting the zombie?

“Well, no matter what, a lot of problems really will be resolved if we take this fellow alive!” Lu Yun beckoned, making the lava pool beneath his feet shake and tremble. A mammoth being stood up from it—a lava giant made from the Abyssal Hell’s gray lava!

It was five thousand kilometers tall and smashed through the zombie farm’s power as soon as it appeared. Deep fear and dread flashed through the red-furred zombie’s eyes when the giant manifested. This was what the god of Mount Tai had once been capable of!

The lava giant was one of the guards of the five hells, and it happened to be the bane of the Corpse Refiners!

“ROAR!!” The giant threw its head back and reached out for the red-furred zombie. The zombie shrieked with horror and the Corpse Refiner disciple’s mind instantly disengaged from it.

KABOOM!

The red-furred zombie exploded in midair.

Lu Yun landed on the giant’s head and contemplated where the zombie had self detonated.

“Chu Xingran?” He looked at the Curse King, who snorted and didn’t respond. “So are you a man or a woman?” he followed up curiously.

“What!” The Curse King glared ferociously at Lu Yun and yelled at him, “The Corpse Refiners have detected us, but this is what you’re concerned about?!”

“I’m just saying,” Lu Yun responded sheepishly.

The Curse King ignored him again. Though Lu Yun had destroyed this zombie farm with his abyssal lava, who knew how many farms existed in the endless Abyssal Hell? Most importantly was that after all these years, the sect must’ve discovered some methods to contain abyssal hellfire. If they’d had time to make any preparations, Lu Yun’s giant might not have razed this area.

Lu Yun, however, wasn’t worried. The tomb owner had enhanced his immortal force and physical strength; he could wield more of the hell’s power now. His rate of refining the Abyssal Hell was also increasing. If he gained control over it, he would be able to combine the yin and yang tombs and also control the yang tomb.

Although the yang tomb was purely manifested out of the Abyssal Tomb’s layout, it would also become part of the Abyssal Hell if it was combined with the yin tomb and be placed under Lu Yun’s jurisdiction. Right now, he was more curious about the Curse King.

He needed to find the Curse King's weakness and attack him through that point. When it came to gender, it would seem that his long-time rival was particularly sensitive about that topic.

"Stop arguing, we're not done here," Haidong Lin quickly said when he saw the two. "There's still a tomb of the living. If we don't go now, the Corpse Refiners will probably realize that something's off."

"Not going!" Lu Yun and the Curse King said at the same time.

"Our most pressing matter is to eradicate all of the zombie farms. We can't travel between the yin and yang tombs, but the zombies can!" Lu Yun said solemnly. "The zombie farms are just to breed zombies. We saw green-furred zombies earlier—those are only the most basic zombies from the farms. The red-furred one was one step up, but there's stronger ones here!

"These zombies are likely the Corpse Refiners' reserve troops that they'll use to take the world of sequence and the other three hells."

The Corpse Refiners were present in the Abyssal Hell because many personages from the outside world weren't willing to enter this part of the Land of Reincarnation. That gave them plenty of space to lay their own plans.

The other three hells, however, were likely in the outside world. Only a quarter of the world of sequence that was coming to fruition was located in the Land of Reincarnation. Lu Yun wanted it too—he wanted to create a world of immortal dao sequence from it. Even if he couldn't, he wanted to at least establish one of hell dao sequence. No matter what, he wanted a place at the table.

Allowing the Corpse Refiners to create endless battle zombies ran contrary to his aims.

The power of the Abyssal Hell could constrain zombies for now, but Lu Yun didn't think the same applied to the Corpse Refiners since they'd been here for countless eons. They were changing and evolving all the same, wanting to shake off the Abyssal Hell's restraints.

"We can't let them succeed, or this really will become Corpse Refiner territory." The Curse King set his jaw and looked in another direction. "I know there's another zombie farm that way, it's the one I ran into first. The zombies there are more terrifying than the red-furred zombie!"

"Let's go!" Lu Yun didn't want to waste any more time. The number of battle zombies increased at every second and some of them were even breaking through.

The Gates of the Abyss opened and shut once more.

One zombie farm turned into a pool of lava, devouring countless zombies. The lava giant also destroyed its layout. A second farm, a third, a fourth...

Even Lu Yun didn't know how many farms he destroyed. As they traveled through the Abyssal Hell, despair crept into his heart. The hell was too big and there were too many farms!

"The tomb of the living is the root!" Lu Yun changed his mind. "It's the source of all the zombie farms. If we don't destroy it, these farms can just regenerate! Let's go to the tomb!"

“Alright!” The Curse King teetered on the edge of a mental breakdown as well. Although it was Lu Yun destroying the farms, he was in a constant state of high alert. It was incredibly exhausting to be so hyper vigilant at every second.

With another open and close of the Gates of the Abyss, the tomb of the living appeared before them. This was the only place in the Abyssal Hell that had light. A lush world of mountains and rivers was present within, and Lu Yun’s mirror layout had created a corpse inside.

“Isn’t this where the yin and yang tombs intersect?” Haidong Lin asked with surprise.

“No,” Lu Yun shook his head. “It should’ve been, but the fundamental reason behind this great tomb is the world of order, so the world is where yin and yang intersect. If not, the Corpse Refiners wouldn’t have dared do all this here.”

Chapter 1702: Hell Cannons

The tomb of the living looked more like a luxurious estate than a tomb. Warm sunlight filtered through trees waving on mountaintops and gentle creeks ran down to flat ground. It gave one the misconception that they’d returned to the world of light.

If it wasn’t for the three possessing strong wills and resolute hearts, they would’ve been completely fooled.

They weren’t standing in a mirage or illusion, all of this truly existed. The extremity of death was life, and this was a place of life in the Abyssal Tomb.

If someone dead was sent here, it was possible for them to regather their soul and come back to life. More was the pity that the locale had been modified into a tomb of the living. Resurrection was no longer possible, only zombification and further transforming the zombie into a zombie king.

The three of them stood in the void and didn’t dare venture into the tomb. Lu Yun’s Spectral Eye picked out teeming zombies around the minor world. These were much stronger than the green-furred and red-furred zombies in the zombie farms. Some of them were on par with tenth level sequence experts!

If they all charged at once, Haidong Lin and the Curse King would be instantly ripped to pieces. While Lu Yun wanted nothing more than the Curse King to die, he didn’t want anything to happen to Haidong Lin.

“Don’t be rash!” he quietly transmitted to them. “I’m using abyssal hellfire to obscure your life signs, the zombies won’t detect us. I’m going to set up a layout and ignite abyssal lava to destroy this place!”

Although he’d used the mirror layout to project the tomb owner’s image into the tomb of the living, that was only a stop-gap measure. The most permanent solution to the problem was destroying the tomb itself.

Once he did that, the projection would still exist. That would give rise to an unexpected side effect of interfering with any zombie farms or tombs of the living that the Corpse Refiners might wish to set up again. Every layout that Lu Yun set up was deeply meaningful and more than they appeared on the surface.

“Are you just going to watch?” Haidong Lin frowned at the Curse King. “You say you’re allies, but Lu Yun is the only one doing any work.”

Lu Yun had called Haidong Lin a burden prior to entering the abyss. While he hadn't turned out to be truly useless, he wasn't of the greatest help either. Therefore, he observed and learned from the sidelines with peace of mind. But the Curse King was different, he was enemies with Lu Yun and out of the two of them, one was certain to die.

Although they were supposedly working together, the Curse King hadn't seemed to be of much use.

"It's not the right moment for me to take action yet," the Curse King harrumphed after sweeping a glance over Haidong Lin.

"The Curse King's been helping all along," Lu Yun said as he set up an immense formation in the void. "He's been setting down curses that target any Corpse Refiner who dares come in the flesh. If my guess is right, he's put down the curse that he used on me the last time we met."

The Curse King nodded and didn't refute the speculation. He hadn't anticipated that Lu Yun would easily see through what Haidong Lin failed to note. Nothing had changed in the young man's cultivation realm—he was still peak Nihil World Sovereign. The only thing that'd changed was his strength. When he bolstered himself with the Abyssal Hell's strength, it didn't change his cultivation level. It only bestowed him with terrifying strength and more domineering methods.

"Teach me formula dao," the Curse King suddenly said. "There's flaws in my grand curse, so I want to use formula dao to analyze it."

"Do you think I'd be dumb enough to arm my enemy against me?" Lu Yun flicked a glance at him and snorted.

With Lu Yun present, the Curse King would never grasp the heart of formula dao. Although he knew the various elementary formulas and calculation methods, that only scratched the surface. He'd yet to even set foot through the great doors of formula dao.

Lu Yun had tolerated Haidong Lin surreptitiously learning it, but the Curse King was the enemy. He would never be permitted to sneakily grasp formula dao!

"How about I give you a fragment of the heavenly dao in the outside world?" the Curse King thought about it. "The world outside is so much bigger than you can imagine—this Land of Reincarnation is just a speck of dust in the grand scheme of things. The dao there is more complete and sophisticated. Really, everything is beyond the limits of your current comprehension. A fragment of the great dao outside for your formula dao!"

"You've given me a speck of the Firmament Prison already and now offer me a fragment of the great dao outside. Aren't you afraid that I'll turn around and devour you after I fill out my wings?" Lu Yun sneered. Formula dao was nothing compared to a fragment of dao from a more sophisticated plane of existence.

"I'm not, because I'm going home," the Curse King responded candidly. "I hadn't planned on going back to the Land of Reincarnation after entering this Abyssal Hell. If I was going to, you'd still be my enemy and I'd never give you those things."

“But if I leave this land and return home, our karmic relationship will be severed by the wall of this world. We would have nothing more to do with each other, so it doesn’t matter if I give you a fragment of dao.” The Curse King waved a hand and manifested a small beam of light.

Just like the fragment of the Firmament Prison, it originated from a tiny pinprick of light. This pinprick, however, was as weighty as Mount Tai. If it wasn’t for some kind of seal over it, the entire Abyssal Hell might tremble from its power.

A fragment of dao like this was extraordinarily precious even in the outside world. Many would kill for it, and the Curse King wouldn’t possess it if not for his uncommon identity.

“I am the Curse King in the Land of Reincarnation, and I am Chu Xingran when I leave,” the Curse King said meaningfully when Lu Yun put the fragment away.

“Very well, you may learn formula dao,” Lu Yun nodded. It wasn’t possible to kill the Curse King in a short period of time, and there was no need to further pursue the matter right at this very moment if he was going to leave completely. The various plans that the Curse King had made in the world of immortals and Hongmeng would dissolve upon his departure, and their blood feud wasn’t completely centered on the man.

As the Time Guard had pointed out, the tree god had died for Lu Yun. In certain aspects, the Curse King was also a pawn used to ensure the bigger picture kept moving forward.

But for now, he was still in the Land of Reincarnation and he remained the Curse King, not Chu Xingran. If an opportunity presented itself, Lu Yun would happily thrust a sword through his heart. The Curse King was undoubtedly the same as neither of the two were pushovers.

Now as he was truly initiated into formula dao, he quickly used it to analyze himself, his various combat arts, and cultivation methods.

“What kind of monster is Lu Yun to create this kind of great dao and advance it to this level?!” the Curse King clucked his tongue with amazement after employing formula dao on his grand curse. “Also, you better release the Moran girl. Otherwise, those Moran old farts above sequence might lose their minds and come for your head,” he raised when he thought of something.

“The Moran girl?” Lu Yun paused.

“The Time Guard you’re holding in the Disordered Hell—Moran Dongning. The Morans are a powerful clan in the outside world. I’m sure there are Moran disciples here vying for the world of sequence,” the Curse King explained and stopped talking, refocusing on analyzing his dao.

Lu Yun shrugged and continued his preparations in the void.

Haidong Lin stared at the two of them, suddenly finding things very boring. These two wanted nothing more than each other’s head, but swapped their treasures at a crucial moment and then worked together more firmly than before... Is this crazy, ludicrous, or what?

If he and Sea Lord Mayfly had met with this situation, the most likely outcome would’ve been either of them stabbing the other in the dark.

“It’s done.” the Curse King opened his eyes with a smile. “If Jiangchen Ge dares show himself in a battle zombie again, I’ll be able to curse him to death through it!”

The third disciple of the master of the Corpse Refiners was Jiangchen Ge. The Curse King had been able to do nothing last time when Jiangchen Ge entered the yin tomb through the red-furred zombie. But if he tried again, the Curse King was fully confident of cursing him to death through the zombie.

“If he knows who you are, won’t he be on guard against you?” Haidong Lin asked with surprise.

“He only knows that I’m Chu Xingran, not that I’m the Curse King!” the man cackled. “Chu Xingran doesn’t know curse dao, but the Curse King is the most skilled in it in this Land of Reincarnation! Haidong Lin, I can curse you to death in thirty-eight hundred different ways now. Want to try them?”

Haidong Lin shuddered with dread.

Chapter 1703: An Indestructible Tomb of the Living

“Eh, forget it, I’ll stop teasing you. If I curse you to death, Lu Yun will use that as an excuse to smack me to death.” As part of his earlier calculations, the Curse King had also derived how likely it was for him to kill Lu Yun.

The probability had been zero.

Lu Yun stood an eighty percent chance of killing him with one palm strike. The twenty percent left to the Curse King hadn’t been the chance of counterattack, but the chance of him slinking away.

“Done!” Lu Yun stilled his movements with a smile.

“What did you set up?” the Curse King quickly asked.

“A hell cannon!” Lu Yun roared with laughter. “The things that your old rival Dao King created in the world of immortals.”

The weapons of war in the world of immortals. They were the perfect amalgamation between formation and equipment dao, and their creator was the Dao King.

After the great war of immortals, immortal dao declined and those of the world of immortals didn’t have any way of protecting themselves. The Dao King stepped forward to create many things that the world lacked, and the weapons of war had been one of his numerous innovations.

Lu Yun’s crystal cannons were modified from those weapons, and he further adapted them into purple crystal cannons after arriving in the Hongmeng. They consumed purple crystals of the third realm in their new form, so when he was present in the Abyssal Hell, he naturally adjusted them to become hell cannons.

Hell cannons drew upon the energy of the Abyssal Hell to condense into a blast that could be used against the tomb of the living!

“Stand back, I’m going to fire it. That will definitely attract attention from the Corpse Refiners. If they come, curse them all to death. Leave no one alive!” Lu Yun turned halfway back to the Curse King.

“...hold on, I need a little more time. My arrangements aren’t that comprehensive yet!” the Curse King hastily said when he heard Lu Yun. This was no time to talk tough.

Haidong Lin was already brandishing his bident. “Relax, you guys also have me!”

The Curse King ignored him and deployed another layer of his grand curse, ensuring that it operated at maximum power. Lu Yun also took the opportunity to recalibrate his hell cannons once more.

The crystal and purple crystal cannons were the integration of formation and equipment dao, but in this locale, Lu Yun didn’t have time to spare for refining weapons. One was exposed in the process as well, so he opted to set up a layout of hell cannons instead.

It was a complete formation layout that perfectly unified formations and feng shui. The power of the Abyssal Hell utilized Lu Yun’s body as a conduit and surged into the hell cannon.

“If I can create a furnace of hell, then I’ll be able to fire the hell cannon even when it’s not physically located in hell.” Sudden inspiration struck the young man; the Curse King signaled that he was ready before Lu Yun could follow that line of thought further.

“You can begin.” The Curse King’s voice was strained—a sign that he was striving mightily to contain his grand curse and not have it erupt ahead of time.

“Alright,” Lu Yun nodded. He displayed the complete hell cannon layout with a wave of his hand, turning it from a layout into a bonafide weapon.

Boom—

The cannon fired without any warning, spewing forth gray abyssal hellfire that had been condensed to an extreme. It bombarded the tomb of the living beneath them, shaking all of the Abyssal Hell and yang tomb on the other side.

Lu Yun’s eyes shot wide open in the next second.

There seemed to be an invisible layer of protection around the tomb of the living—it blocked the hellfire from the cannon! Meanwhile, zombies hidden in the ground around the tomb were obliterated by the terrible aftershock. But with the tomb of the living untouched, it was only a matter of time before a steady stream of zombie farms appeared again. They would endlessly absorb the bodies buried around them and turn them into zombies. Even the dead in the yang tomb would eventually find their way to the yin tomb and become zombies.

A helpless Lu Yun stood in the void, this was the last thing he expected!

“How is this possible? How can there be something in the Abyssal Hell that its hellfire can’t consume?” he murmured.

While he remained lost in thought, Haidong Lin and the Curse King were fully alert. The Corpse Refiners detected something amiss as soon as the hell cannon fired and rushed from the yang tomb. Three silver battle zombies descended from the air and dove at the trio.

“You came, Jiangchen Ge!” the Curse King roared with laughter. He formed a hand seal and activated the curses he’d laid in the surroundings. The formidable curses took the form of fire and blazed in the void.

“Chu Xingran, Curse King!” laughed one of the silver zombies. “Do you think we don’t know the happenings of the fourth realm just because we focus our efforts on the world of immortals in the Land of Reincarnation? We know every bit of your background!”

Hummm.

Jiangchen Ge’s battle zombie opened its arms and released silver curtains of light that formed silver bat wings. When they unfurled, they dispersed the fire from the Curse King’s grand curse. The other two zombies followed suit and banished the horrific curse from the vicinity in less than three breaths.

His failure backlashed onto him and the Curse King spat out a mouthful of blood before flying backward.

“Chu Xingran, you fled to the Land of Reincarnation to run away from your betrothal to the miss of the Dafeng Clan. You broke the miss’ heart, so I will take you alive today and bring you back to the Dafengs!” Jiangchen Ge declared self-righteously. His battle zombie took one step forward and loomed over the Curse King.

A cold sneer played on the latter’s lips and he backhanded the zombie across the face, sending it flying.

“You fell for it, Jiangchen Ge.” The Curse King stabilized his body and wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth, his lips forming an eerie smile.

Fear suddenly appeared on the faces of Jiangchen Ge’s battle zombie and his two companions.

“What, what is going on? I...” Jiangchen Ge stared incredulously at his hands. Somehow, the battle zombie had become his primary body, and his primary body in the yang tomb had turned into a puddle of bloody water!

“Did you really think that three silver zombies is all that it takes to foil my curse?” the Curse King cackled through grit teeth.

That might’ve been the case prior to Lu Yun teaching him formula dao. The three battle zombies would’ve exorcised his curse, killed Lu Yun and Haidong Lin, and taken the Curse King back to complete his wedding to the Dafeng miss.

But now that the Curse King knew formula dao and had identified the flaws in his grand curse, he’d increased its might by more than ten times in its last second of activation. Its terrifying capabilities destroyed the primary bodies of the three inhabiting the zombies and turned their battle zombies into their bodies!

“Don’t waste time chattering, kill them!” shouted Haidong Lin when he saw that the Curse King wanted to continue gloating.

The latter started and activated the grand curse with another backhand, reducing the three battle zombies to ash.

“Our matter is complete, what about you?” The Curse King turned around and sniffed at Lu Yun staring off into space in the air.

“Those three silver zombies were just a distraction, more people are coming.” Lu Yun gently swung his head around. “Haidong Lin, I’m going to craft four hell cannons in the void and give their command over to you. Don’t let anyone near the tomb of the living.”

He drifted to the ground, not causing a ruckus since all of the zombies on the ground had died to the first cannon blast.

“And what will you be doing?” the Curse King frowned.

“This tomb of the living is unusual. We can’t destroy it from the outside, so I’m going to take a look inside.” He hopped into the tomb without further ado. He met no resistance or defenses, as if hell cannons would have no issue with it, despite reality to the contrary.

“Now what do we do?” Haidong Lin blinked at the Curse King.

“...what else can we do? We do as the brat says!”

The void trembled as more battle zombies from the yang tomb arrived.

Chapter 1704: Two Dolts

In contrast to the outside, the inside of the tomb of the living seemed more than what it was. Warm sunlight scattered over babbling brooks and rolling hillsides, birds sang and flowers waved under a dark red sky. Even the ground was the same dark red.

Lu Yun raised his head to look at the source of this world’s illumination—a lifeless eyeball instead of a sun.

The eyeball was enormous and its pupil dimmed. Someone had carved it into a night pearl that glowed in the dark and hung it in the firmament, making it the source of light for the tomb of the living.

Lu Yun didn’t know whose eyeball it was; his Spectral Eye couldn’t discern its death information. Instead of projecting a person from the tomb at Mount Tai, he’d projected an enormous golden sarcophagus. The tomb owner’s body rested inside.

“Someone’s been here already. Not only did they take the tomb owner’s sarcophagus, but they also killed the tomb keeper.” He looked up again. The eyeball in the air was the tomb keeper’s eyeball.

If the Corpse Refiners wished to construct a tomb of the living, they had to set a tomb keeper on it to prevent unexpected changes from occurring. Tomb keepers were the soul of the living trapped in the body of the dead, forever tormented by the anguish of their undead state.

An unknown interloper had killed the tomb keeper here and dyed the sky and earth with their blood. Since the tomb keeper had been the living dead, their blood was dark red instead of a bright red.

“Was that person trying to free you?” Lu Yun murmured at the dim eyeball that glowed like a sun.

“There should be another eyeball that’s been fashioned into the moon. But... the Corpse Refiners must have noticed something amiss when the tomb keeper was killed.”

He looked around again and again; the sect didn't seem to have detected the abnormalities in the tomb of the living.

"What blocked the hell cannon? There shouldn't be anything in the Abyssal Hell that can withstand its might..."

He peered at his surroundings, but still found nothing of note. Everything was too ordinary here.

"Moran Dongning." He sent a replica into the Disordered Hell when he suddenly thought of his captive.

"Eh? You know my name? Oh, Chu Xingran told you, didn't he?" Moran Dongning started when she heard Lu Yun use her name.

"That's right," Lu Yun nodded. "Is Chu Xingran... a man or a woman?" He couldn't help but ask when he thought of the Curse King's ambiguous gender.

"Don't ever joke about his gender!" Moran Dongning's expression turned strange and she coughed dryly. "He's the crown prince of Darklake and the most beautiful man of that territory. However, his looks are so fey that his enemies often call him a sissy."

Abruptly enlightened, Lu Yun understood why the Curse King always looked constipated whenever he was asked whether he was a man or a woman. He... really wouldn't be described as manly, masculine, or with any adjective used for a man.

"Where are you?" Moran Dongning paused. "There's a strange place in the Abyssal Hell that's been taken care of by someone. It's being used to trick some other people, so you shouldn't touch that place."

"You mean the tomb of the living, don't you?" Lu Yun nodded. "I'm standing there right now."

Moran Dongning gaped at the young man and said slowly, "You can enter the tomb of the living... Eh, that's right, dolt one and dolt two created that situation and bear you no enmity."

"Huh?" Lu Yun blinked. "Who's dolt one and dolt two?"

"Chen Xiao, Qing Buyi!" Moran Dongning articulated.

"Two overseers of the nine hells in the world of immortals?!" Lu Yun's jaw dropped.

Chen Xiao was Qing Yu's cousin and Qing Buyi was her big brother. Lu Yun had made them the overseers of two facets when he completed the thirty-three facets for the world of immortals. So they'd come here and raised such a big fuss!

No wonder Lu Yun noted some strange details about the tomb of the living. The dark red blood, eyeball in the air, and shifted sarcophagus hadn't been accomplished too long ago. Two hundred years at most!

Is it really those two??

Upon receiving an affirmative look from Moran Dongning, Lu Yun regarded her with wary eyes instead.

"Who are you?" He carefully studied her face. It was a stranger's face, but she looked at him in a manner that seemed slightly familiar. He definitely knew her!

“Me?” Moran Dongning blinked and mysteriously stroked her chin. “Guess!”

“I can’t, so I won’t bother.” Lu Yun curled his lip. “The tomb of the living is a bane upon the Abyssal Hell if it stays here. Do you have a way to blow it up?”

“If that was possible, those two dolts would’ve blown up the entire hell a long time ago.” Moran Dongning shrugged. “You’re so strong and capable, but you want a little girl like me to find an answer for you?”

“...well...” she paused. “Although this is the tomb of the living, it’s also the Abyssal Hell.” She fell silent.

“It’s also the Abyssal Hell? That’s right... if I use abyssal hellfire to attack the tomb, that’s just me hitting myself. I’ll never even scratch the tomb.” Lu Yun brightened with realization. He’d been treating the tomb of the living as another existence all this time since he hadn’t known that everything was manifested from the Abyssal Hell. The methods used might vary, but the principle would be the same.

“Alright then, I’m off.” Lu Yun’s replica faded away.

Moran Dongning pouted. “He couldn’t figure out who I am? That makes me so sad... But he’d probably never believe that I’d capture my own master and send her back to the battle that destroyed the original Hongmeng.” The girl stroked her chin. “It’s her fault for getting involved with me! She took me as her disciple when my nascent spirit was injured and forced a karmic relationship. Would I still be me if I didn’t teach her a lesson for that impertinence?”

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Lu Yun put Moran Dongning out of his mind. Since Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi were here and had completed such a massive undertaking in the yin tomb, that infused him with additional confidence for the task ahead. Incidentally, the two good-for-nothings that he’d never been able to see through were indeed much more than what met the eye.

“Tomb of the living eh? Heh, let’s turn it into a tomb of the dead.” When he took a step forward, abyssal hellfire blazed into existence around him and turned the enchanting world of the tomb into a hell of gray lava.

Chapter 1705: Jiang Kui of Rising Sunriver

The tomb of the living was originally derived from the Abyssal Hell. Thus, Lu Yun attacking it with abysmal hellfire rendered his actions completely ineffective. The power that he could borrow was far less than what was contained in the actual hell itself. Hence, he was unable to shake the tomb of the living.

This time, he used the hell’s power to assimilate the tomb. Grayish-black lava immediately covered it, and it wasn’t long before the ground within the tomb of the living cracked and protruded into a volcano.

Its layout was truly destroyed only after the volcano appeared. The volcano ignited a chain reaction as zombie farm after zombie farm exploded in the Abyssal Hell, all of them turning into volcanos.

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Haidong Lin and the Curse King were locked in desperate battle outside the tomb of the living. Silver zombies, gold zombies, even zombie kings appeared to surround them. Three out of Lu Yun's four hell cannons lay in pieces; the last one also wobbled precariously.

A variety of body parts blasted apart from the cannons littered the ground, but even more zombies gathered from all directions. There was no end to them. A tall young man with a complexion as clear as jade watched the struggling Curse King and Haidong Lin with a frosty look.

"Mazu has been dead for a very long time, so who would've thought that her heir would appear here? Fascinating, how very fascinating," the young man remarked as he studied Haidong Lin's continued deployment of Ruina Myriad Sea and how the man used his energy.

"Jiang Kui, you're just a tiny ant in front of a great god like Mazu. Look at you lording over us like you're actually something!" jeered the Curse King. He was hiding within the last hell cannon and adjusting his condition, secretly casting curses and calling upon power that belonged to only Chu Xingran.

"Long time no see, Chu Xingran. How goes your trials in the Land of Reincarnation?" The young man called Jiang Kui smirked at the Curse King. "The Dafeng miss misses you terribly and won't marry anyone but you. But what I'd really like to know is, are you a man or a woman?" Snorting, he looked the Curse King up and down.

The Curse King's face darkened and he responded with nothing apart from a cold sniff. Jiang Kui was too strong—he'd single handedly destroyed one of the hell cannons. But after witnessing the cannons' might, he didn't dare try anything else afterward.

"It has nothing to do with you whether I'm a man or a woman," the Curse King ground his teeth. "I just hadn't thought that Jiang Kui of the renowned Rising Sunriver nation would debase himself to fraternize with the notorious Corpse Refiners. Aren't you afraid of bringing disaster down on Rising Sunriver?"

"Hahahaha!" Jiang Kui laughed dismissively. "If I obtain that world of sequence and refine it for our purposes, no one will say a thing even if I join the Corpse Refiners!

"As for you, I'm going to strip you naked when I capture you and hang you on your capital's gates. I'll let all of your citizens observe whether their crown prince is actually a princess, hahaha!"

Rumble—

The tomb beneath their feet suddenly swelled up into a volcano. Gray abyssal lava erupted and destroyed the tomb of the living in the blink of an eye. The entire Abyssal Hell began to shake afterward as all of the zombie farms exploded in quick succession, obliterating the countless zombies in the depths.

"NO!!" Jiang Kui shrieked, at a complete loss. Why was this happening?! Why had a perfectly fine tomb of the living, busy nurturing a zombie king, turned into a volcano? It was the source of the Corpse Refiners' zombie farms—if it was no more, then the layout of the zombie farms would also be destroyed!

Early on, Lu Yun made sure to first move away the layout that turned the Abyssal Hell into a tomb. The main tomb was no longer the tomb of the living, but Mount Tai at the core of the hell. Thus, the Abyssal Tomb remained completely fine despite the destruction of the tomb of the living and zombie farms.

Jiang Kui looked around wildly, unable to comprehend the scene. The Corpse Refiners had sacrificed countless lives and invested unfathomable effort to evade the public eye, establish the zombie farms, and set up a tomb of the living to nurture a zombie king.

Someone had just ruined all of that!

“DIE!!” He snarled and charged a shadow that darted out of the tomb of the living.

Lu Yun was well aware of Jiang Kui’s presence and immediately punched out at him. Having eliminated the tomb of the living and defused the zombie farms, his control over the Abyssal Hell deepened by another factor. He could borrow more strength; this punch was a combat art of the Abyssal Hell Dao—Abyssal Punch.

Boom!

A mushroom cloud rose into the air as both combatants flew backward. Blazing hellfire formed a barrier in front of Lu Yun to disperse the terrible impact. However, the remaining hell cannon wasn’t as lucky.

The Curse King and Haidong Lin hastily fled for their lives while zombies scurried in disarray. Lava giants stood up from the gray lava and thundered toward the zombie hordes.

“So you’re the heir to the god of Mount Tai!” Jiang Kui thought he’d grasped the truth upon seeing the lava giants. It was the same assumption that Jiangchen Ge had made.

Lu Yun spun around in the air and landed in front of Jiang Kui. Gray abyssal hellfire burned over him and created a gray plume that wrapped around the young man.

“Who is this guy?” He turned to the Curse King.

“Jiang Kui, greatest genius of Rising Sunriver. Fifteenth level wood sequence expert, he seems to have joined the Corpse Refiners as one of their disciples,” the Curse King answered subconsciously.

“Heh heh heh, well well, Chu Xingran. Here I was thinking you’d achieve something great in the Land of Reincarnation, but you take orders from a native?” Jiang Kui snorted with laughter.

“A native? Didn’t you just say that I’m the heir to the god of Mount Tai? How did I turn into a native?” Lu Yun grinned back at him.

“The god of Mount Tai is a native in this Land of Reincarnation,” the Curse King said quietly.

Lu Yun frowned.

“The god of Mount Tai was the strongest in this land and its master before it became the Land of Reincarnation. The cycles didn’t start repeating until he was killed,” the Curse King explained.

Chapter 1706: The Curse King is Dead

“Since you’ve become a dog of the natives, I trust that the Defeng miss will no longer want to marry you. In that case, you can die now!” Jiang Kui erupted with rage as soon as the Curse King stopped talking.

He never imagined that the Curse King would reveal the secrets of the Land of Reincarnation to its natives. This was a grave taboo! While Jiang Kui dared join the Corpse Refiners, he would never breathe a hint of the land's secrets to others.

A sword appeared in his hand—carved from divine wood instead of forged in metal. Jade-colored sword light flashed through the air when he waved it and forced Lu Yun's hellfire back.

Clang!

A sword hum resonated in the void as a white longsword whistled into the Curse King's hand. The man's aura immediately underwent a drastic change. He previously exuded a dark, malevolent, and gloomy air at every second. Like a coiled viper, the Curse King constantly hunted for a chance to deliver a lethal strike to its prey.

But now, he was much younger and dressed in white. His long hair was as black at night and his robes as pristine as snow. A small crown of gold held his topknot together and a jade-colored belt threaded with gold silk wrapped around his waist. He looked completely different from the Curse King.

Nothing about his features had changed. It was still the same otherworldly beautiful face, skin so fair that it was almost translucent, but a certain fey quality had been added to his beauty. The Abyssal Hell seemed ready to burst with exuberant joy because it'd been graced by his presence. In this moment, he was no longer the Curse King, but Darklake Crown Prince Chu Xingran.

Chu Xingran's sword deepened into crystalline blue and he flew at Jiang Kui with a hundred million water ripples.

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"Is, is this what the guy really looks like?" Haidong Lin stared, tongue-tied, at the current Chu Xingran. He didn't know what else to say.

"Probably," Lu Yun nodded dumbly. "So would you say he's a man or a woman?"

Haidong Lin shook his head. "How would I know? He would be the greatest source of trouble in the world if that face belonged to a woman, and he'd be the greatest enemy of all men if it belonged to a man!"

Lu Yun was very much in agreement. "I can't let Qing Yu or the little fox see him. ...well, the little fox is on par with him when she's in man form. They're all huge troublemakers.

"Now isn't the time for these two to settle their differences though. Chu Xingran is only willing to give me fragments of the great dao outside and the Firmament Prison. He won't tell me anything else. If I capture Jiang Kui and refine his soul..." He transformed into a streak of black light and dove the two. At the same time, he summoned three soybean replicas and targeted Jiang Kui.

"Heir to the god of Mount Tai!" Jiang Kui roared with anger. He spun his wooden sword and stabbed the void three times, shattering the soybean replicas.

Jumping with fright, Lu Yun hastily dodged to the side.

“These sword methods! Even Jian Bu’er might not be a match for him if he was here!” If any of those strokes had landed on Lu Yun, he’d be dead! No wonder Mo Yi had wanted him to leave behind a failsafe before he set out. The powerhouses of the outside world were much more terrifying than he’d imagined.

Lu Yun took a deep breath and retreated, abstaining from their conflict. Chu Xingran was holding his own with Jiang Kui! If the Curse King had turned back into Chu Xingran early on, Lu Yun wouldn’t have stood a chance.

But since he’d discarded his disguise, any karmic repercussions having to do with who he was before were no more. After the affairs of the Abyssal Hell concluded, he was going home to the outside world.

“But no matter who they are, they won’t be taking the world of sequence!” Lu Yun set his jaw and reconstructed the hell cannons in the void. He couldn’t stand his ground before Jiang Kui or Chu Xingran, but he was far superior to the two when it came to formula dao.

Formula dao was the medium of supplemental dao—once it grew to a certain level, it would absorb all supplemental daos and turn them all into formula dao. It would epitomize all daos becoming one.

It was happening to Lu Yun first.

There was no more supplemental dao on him, just formula dao. He could use formula dao to cultivate all of his supplemental paths and use formula dao to execute them. Soul force flooded the area when he called upon it, creating ninety-nine hell cannons that then combined into one.

“Haidong Lin, come!” Lu Yun called out to the man. “Chu Xingran can’t win against Jiang Kui, so blast him to death with the hell cannon!”

He could clearly tell that Jiang Kui was here in the flesh and not through a battle zombie or anything else. Killing him would be the end of Jiang Kui as a person.

Since Lu Yun was the creator of the hell cannons, that made them part of him. Killing Jiang Kui with a cannon would turn him into an Infernum. Lu Yun’s true cultivation level was now on par with the Nihil World Sovereign realm that the Tome of Life and Death had given him. In fact, he’d outstripped it. Thus, all of the abilities that the treasure had bestowed upon him were accessible once more.

Anyone he killed would become one of his ghostly servants.

“Alright!” Haidong Lin landed near the hell cannon without hesitation and activated it with a reverse thrust.

Kaboom!

Gray light spewed from the cannon’s mouth; it seemed to absorb the strength of the entire hell and blasted it back out.

Chu Xingran had kept an eye on Lu Yun’s movements all this time and frantically sped for the sky the moment Haidong Lin approached the cannon. Neither was Jiang Kui a fool. He ran in the opposite direction the second that Chu Xingran abandoned their fight. One blow from one hell cannon had caused serious injuries, one from ninety-nine cannons would vaporize him!

“How—what?!” Jiang Kui’s eyes went round as a doorway suddenly appeared in front of him. The gray pillar of light from the cannon erupted from the bronze door frame and hit him dead and center.

Jiang Kui’s consciousness faded away.

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“Huh? He’s not an Infernum?” Lu Yun raised his eyebrows with surprise when Jiang Kui died. There was no sign of the man in either the kingdom of hell in the world of immortals or the Disordered Hell.

“Is he dead?” Haidong Lin panted.

“No,” Chu Xingran responded. “He’s the greatest genius of Rising Sunriver, he won’t die that easily.”

Instead of reverting back into the Curse King, Chu Xingran took a look at Lu Yun. Everything about his former identity had faded away upon the wind. For the primary and secondary worlds of the Land of Reincarnation, the Curse King was dead.

Chapter 1707: The Yang Tomb

Chu Xingran was alive and well, but for the Land of Reincarnation, he’d vanished upon the wind.

It was similar to a person’s soul entering hell as a ghost after their death. Though they lived on in a different fashion, they were considered dead by living beings.

If Lu Yun wanted to, he could keep the karmic relationship intact and continue his feud with Chu Xingran. But that wouldn’t do him any good.

He’d possessed an eighty percent chance of killing the Curse King, but hadn’t taken action because the remaining twenty percent was attributed to Chu Xingran. Now that the Curse King was Chu Xingran again, Lu Yun stood no chance of killing his once rival.

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“He’s not going to kill us, is he? He’s incredibly strong!” Haidong Lin asked worriedly and cast a wary look at Chu Xingran when the dust settled.

“No,” Lu Yun shook his head. “We’re enemies with the Curse King, but have nothing with Chu Xingran.”

The Curse King was dead and their karmic ties severed. Chu Xingran nodded as well, but fidgeted uncomfortably the next second. The other two were looking up and down his body with suspicion.

“I. am. a. man! Don’t look at me like that!” he bawled.

“But you seem like a woman no matter how I cut it...” Lu Yun scratched his head and let his eyes wander to Chu Xingran’s lower body.

“Stay focused on proper business!” The man grit his teeth. “If you have the chance to go to the outside world and visit Darklake, I’ll tell you then whether I’m a man or woman.”

“Pfft,” Lu Yun curled his lip. “I’m just concerned you’ll make a play for my dao partners. Let’s go, the tomb of the living has been destroyed and the zombie farms are gone. The master behind Jiang Kui’s

zombies probably knows what's happened here, there's no point in us staying further." He waved his hand. "Let's go to the yang tomb!"

The intersection of the yin and yang tombs was the world of sequence. It was where yin and yang came together, and also where they separated. Even though the two tombs were accessible at that point, it wouldn't be easy to cross over the two.

"Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi arrived here two hundred years ago, so that means the world of sequence is close to maturity," Lu Yun murmured to himself. He opened the Gates of the Abyss and set the other side for the world of sequence. The three filed in and headed straight for the exit.

The world of sequence hung in the endless darkness as a massive ball of light. Lu Yun could sense the Sanguine Hell, Hadal Hell, and Nihil Hell from its surface. There was no Netherdark Hell; it'd become the passage between the underworld and world of immortals, and its strength manifested as Violetgrave.

The other three graves were like the Abyssal Hell, all yin tombs. Lu Yun had thought that the overarching tomb was built off of the Abyssal Hell because he'd been too inexperienced to see through the heart of the matter.

Whoever had fashioned these tombs had turned all of the hells into yin tombs! The yang tomb was most likely derived from a massive world that wasn't itself a hell.

"Is the yang tomb... the Firmament Prison?" Lu Yun looked at Chu Xingran.

"No," he shook his head. "The Firmament Prison was completely destroyed a long time ago. The fragment I gave you is the last trace of it. The yang tomb should be Ruina.

"There are four instances of Ruina, one for each cardinal direction. They're all derived from the real Ruina, and the real Ruina is..." He looked back at Lu Yun.

The young man quickly understood. Lin Mo had taken the real Ruina to the realm monster and derived a new world of Ruina from it. It now rested in the kingdom of hell, but there was an even more startling implication behind it.

Mo Yi had created Ruina.

According to Lin Mo's words, Mo Yi had created the Ruina in the sea with a casual flip of her hand. So what kind of person was Mo Yi??

"No matter who she is, she dies for me in all of the loops. It's time to change her fate once and for all." Lu Yun hadn't observed mere images or parallel space in the thirty-three cycles. Everything had truly taken place in the past and that version of him had personally experienced all that he'd seen!

It was a never-ending cycle of death and rebirth, and if it wasn't for the Tome of Life and Death, Lu Yun would've followed his previous trajectories again and repeat everything once more.

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"How do we get across?" Haidong Lin interrupted Lu Yun's thoughts. Chu Xingran waited quietly for an answer.

Lu Yun waved a hand and manifested a stone bridge—the Bridge of Forgetfulness.

“Master!” Since it couldn’t take human form, it manifested a human face on the bridge as soon as it appeared. Tianqi had created it as an ultimate treasure of hell. Therefore, it could communicate with any hell.

The distance between the yin and yang tombs was enormous and guarded by a fearsome boundary. The Gates of the Abyss couldn’t bridge the gap, so the Bridge of Forgetfulness had to fill the role.

Although its cultivation level was only in the fourth realm, its marvelous powers were greater than the Gates of the Abyss. With a slight shake, it connected the two tombs.

“Master, the restrictions of these two voids are too great, I can only maintain this for three breaths!” it said urgently.

Lu Yun and the others had already vanished.

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Boundless seawater appeared in front of them—Haidong Lin almost thought they’d returned to the World of Sea.

“This is the yang tomb?” Lu Yun blinked after he sent the bridge back. Although the yang tomb was derived from the four Ruinas, it should’ve looked somewhat different.

“It’s His Imperial Majesty!” Haidong Lin suddenly smiled happily. “This great sea is his kingdom! This is the Sea Emperor’s territory!” He prepared himself to search for his emperor.

“Don’t move!” Lu Yun’s expression shifted drastically and he enveloped them all with hadal hellfire, obscuring their life signs.

“The Imperial Seal isn’t here and neither is the Sea Emperor,” Lu Yun shook his head. “I’m sensing that the Sea Emperor should be with the original emperor. This kingdom of the sea is completely lifeless. It’s an ocean of death.

“The Sea Emperor wouldn’t manifest this kind of water unless he was dead. It’s something else’s territory!”

The Bridge of Forgetfulness hadn’t placed them next to the world of sequence. It was too dangerous there. They would become a common target as soon as they appeared and be attacked by all. Thus, Lu Yun had chosen somewhere further away.

Chapter 1708: This World is Too Dangerous

Since the fragment of the true Ruina was stored in the kingdom of hell, the dao of Ruina also became part of Lu Yun’s hell dao. However, he wasn’t able to borrow its strength like he could the Abyssal Hell.

His hell dao was based on the six hells. Ruina existed outside of the six, and he wasn’t able to influence the four Ruinas in front of him with just a fragment of the core Ruina.

The sea in front of them was plainly a dead sea. There was no vitality in it and death information filled it. While Haidong Lin and Chu Xingran hadn't detected abnormalities in the water, Lu Yun was exceptionally sensitive to death since he cultivated hell dao.

An enormous hand made of water reached out of the ocean as soon as he spoke and made grasping motions for the trio. It was at least tenth level sequence!

Frightened out of their wits, the three quickly shot into the sky.

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

Hands exploded from the water surface and flailed around like they were tentacles. An immense shadow had appeared in the depths at some point. It looked like a massive fish.

"What, the fuck. Ghost Yanking Feet!" Lu Yun cursed. If the shadow beneath them looked like a fish and could release these tentacles, creating a layout of Ghost Yanking Feet... that could only be a corpsefish! [1] His party had almost died to a humongous corpsefish in the burial mound of Myriad Formation Summit!

What was one doing here?!

Living beings who died without just cause in water would not rot away because their resentment wouldn't dissipate. If fish ate them, the fish would gain a human face and become the medium for the bitterness, constantly searching out for someone to die in their stead.

If the fish's tentacles were each tenth level sequence, how strong was the fish?!

Corpsefish differed from zombies and were, in fact, more terrifying because they were a layout unto themselves. If the trio was caught in a Ghost Yanking Feet layout, they wouldn't be able to struggle free.

Thousands of tentacles waved in the air, filling the void with hands. The three scurried for safety, shooting higher and higher until the tentacles retreated into the sea.

"The last one I saw wasn't that strong, so it was enough to sever its tentacles from afar. But this one here..." Lu Yun shuddered.

There would be no problem if it was simply thousands of tenth level sequence zombies. But these tentacles were the equivalent of formations, which meant their attacks would be easily dissolved by the layout.

"There's land over there." Haidong Lin suddenly pointed to the northwest.

"Don't go there!" Lu Yun shuddered again when he scanned the area with the Spectral Eye. "That's not land, that's a ginormous corpse!"

The corpse that seemed so much like land was fully revealed to his death art. Corpse qi emanated from it and a miasma of corpse poison drifted around it. They would instantly die of poison if they dared set foot on the corpse.

“A... seventeenth level sequence expert...” Lu Yun said slowly. That corpse belonged to a seventeenth level sequence expert that’d died a long time ago!

Seventeen levels of sequence!!

The strongest powerhouse in the Land of Reincarnation was the original emperor, and he’d been at eighteen! Even the Sea Emperor was only fifteen.

A body that belonged to a seventeenth level expert casually laid here! Lu Yun suddenly felt that this world was too dangerous; Haidong Lin and Chu Xingran’s expressions also flickered rapidly.

Chu Xingran immediately gave up the notion of leaving. He’d wanted to break away from Lu Yun’s company, but it was far too dangerous to wander around by himself. He would die a horrible and grisly death before he even knew what happened.

The yang tomb was so much more dangerous than the yin tomb.

The trio was now one hundred fifty million kilometers above the sea. That placed them in a zone of relative safety and outside of the corpsefish’s attack range. One hundred and fifty million seemed very far away, but it wasn’t much in the scope of the infinitely large yang tomb. It was just a short hop at best.

The corpsefish stared covetously up at them and the dead body close at hand exuded terrible corpse poison at every second. Lu Yun stood quietly in the air and utilized formula destiny to determine their next move.

Caw caw caw.

Piercing calls traveled from the distance, followed by a flock of big black birds that were rotting and flared auras of decay. They rushed the trio like a patch of thunderclouds. The rotten birds were pure black and each bird roughly three hundred meters long. Although their wings had decomposed, they still approached at a high speed.

“Run!” Lu Yun screamed and threw himself in the southeast direction. His calculations had just told him that this was a zone of death, that their demise was almost a surefire thing. The only hope lay to the southeast, relatively speaking. Great danger abounded in the southeast as well, it was just a little bit safer compared to the other cardinal directions.

Haidong Lin brought out his beloved bident and became one with it, following close behind Lu Yun and Chu Xingran. It was here that he realized he’d really become a burden.

Chu Xingran fled on the back of his sword, flying faster than Lu Yun, but he remained head-to-head with the young man. Lu Yun’s side was the safest in a place like this.

“A dragon sleeps in mountains coiled, those deathly cliffs with mysteries roiled!” Golden light blossomed from his body as Lu Yun quietly chanted the Dragonsearch Invocation. He suddenly stopped and took one step below the group.

Boom!

The surface exploded with dragons of energy that lifted something from the water—the immense corpsefish!

Lu Yun had used the Dragonsearch Invocation to activate the Dragonquake Scripture and call upon the dragon veins beneath the ocean. They hauled up the corpsefish, fully exposing its writhing and snarling mess in the air. Hair like tentacles waved wildly, extending in all directions. The range of their attack had been one hundred and fifty million kilometers, but it was extended after Lu Yun lifted it up.

“Are you mad?!” Chu Xingran and Haidong Lin were nearly caught by the tentacles; the former cursed loudly as he evaded each one by the skin of his teeth.

Lu Yun swept his hands through the air and threw the corpsefish at the birds. The air rang overwhelmingly with the roars of the corpsefish and shrieks of the birds as the two sides met in battle. Both of them gave up on the other three tiny existences in the sky.

“There’ll be nothing left of us if those birds surround us!” Color drained from Haidong Lin’s face when he looked back. The terrifying corpsefish had been devoured by the flock of birds!

The fish as large as a continent became a pile of bones in only a few hundred breaths.

Chapter 1709: Greatest Genius of the Dragon Race

Seemingly satiated, the flock of black birds moved into the distance and faded away.

“The corpsefish was just food?” Chu Xingran stared incredulously.

“No wonder it didn’t dare stray too far from the water. Its tentacles can reach more than one hundred and fifty million kilometers above the surface, but it was afraid of the flock of birds.” Lu Yun looked down at the sea—numerous corpsefish peered back from beneath the surface. Their human faces bore a trace of greed and plenty of fear.

There was more than one corpsefish in the enormous dead sea. There were thousands and tens of thousands, perhaps even a limitless number of them.

“Is that a corpse up ahead too?” Chu Xingran pointed at a dot exceedingly far away. There was a tiny black smear there, like an island floating over the sea. It looked to be possibly the end of the dead sea—land.

It was so far away that even Chu Xingran’s vision could see only the faintest trace. Lu Yun started and opened the Spectral Eyes, reading no signs of a corpse up ahead.

“I don’t see a corpse. According to my calculations, that direction does mean safety.” He carefully etched two talismans in the air and passed them onto Chu Xingran and Haidong Lin, concealing their auras of the living.

“Who did that earlier corpse belong to?” Haidong Lin suddenly asked.

“I don’t know,” Lu Yun shook his head. He could glean the owner’s name from the corpse and even tell that that part of the sea had become a dead sea because of the body. The closer they drew to it, the more dangerous the situation would become.

“You don’t think it’s the Sea Emperor’s, do you?” he chuckled when the thought struck him. “I can tell you clearly that it’s not.”

“The previous emperor set foot into seventeen levels of sequence and entered the abyss after the current Sea Emperor took his throne.” Haidong Lin continued looking in the corpse’s direction.

“The previous emperor?” Lu Yun blinked. “What was his name?”

He could only pick out the body’s name from the death information and nothing else about its experiences or identity. The corpse was too big for him.

“Emperor Unmeant,” Haidong Lin responded.

Lu Yun trembled, then shook his head. “It’s not him.”

“How do you know?” Haidong Lin looked at him.

“My combat art can tell me what the person’s name in life was. It was Ao Qin, a powerhouse of the dragon race.”

“Ao Qin?!” Chu Xingran’s eyes widened. “Ao Qin’s dead? He... died here?!”

“You know him?” Lu Yun turned to him.

“I know him, but he doesn’t know me,” Chu Xingran chuckled ruefully. “He is the greatest genius of the younger generation. Compared to him, Jiang Kui is dirt beneath one’s shoe.”

“The dragon race is one of the predominant factions in the outside world. A faction earns the predominant prefix if they possess their own world of sequence! The Morans and dragon race are such examples! Ao Qin is part of their royal clan and accessed seventeen levels of sequence. He was rarely matched among his peers, but he died here!”

The Moran Clan specialized in the great dao of darkness.

“Seventeen levels of sequence makes him part of the younger generation?” Lu Yun blinked rapidly.

“Then what does that make me? I’ve yet to access sequence.”

“An ordinary person, I guess.” Chu Xingran assessed Lu Yun. “The cultivation system of the outside world is very similar to the Land of Reincarnation. Multiple paths vie for glory and there is no dao that rules over all. Everyone walks the path of cultivation and accesses sequence. Someone who’s yet to set foot into sequence like you counts as a mundane person at best.”

“In the outside world, only through accessing sequence does one count as having truly set foot onto the path of cultivation.”

“Okay,” Lu Yun nodded.

“What about you?” Haidong Lin couldn’t help but ask. “How do you compare to Ao Qin?”

“He is not my match in terms of looks.” Chu Xingran stroked his face with great satisfaction.

“You know, I liked the old Curse King. Even though he was devious, sinister, and entirely deceitful, he wasn’t so in love with himself.”

“I want to go back!” Chu Xingran set his jaw. “Ao Qin is the pride of the dragon race and he must carry many dragon treasures on him. If I can claim them...”

“Aren’t you afraid of vengeance from the dragon race after you leave?” Lu Yun raised his eyebrows at him. Dragons everywhere shared common traits—miserly and completely biased toward their own.

He was certain that if Chu Xingran left with dragon loot, the race would come for him and retake their treasures. They would clap great crimes on his head in the process.

“You have dragon subordinates, don’t you? One of those delicately pretty beauties.” Chu Xingran thought for a moment. “Although I won’t go back to the Land of Reincarnation and won’t revert to the Curse King, I know that our matter is not yet over, not with your personality. You wouldn’t let me follow you around otherwise.”

As he looked at Lu Yun, the young man suddenly felt that his thoughts were laid bare to the other.

Lu Yun did indeed want to raise his hand against Chu Xingran. After all, the latter had set up curses in the world of immortals and controlled the Immortal Region in the Hongmeng. His hands dripped with blood. To sever all those karmic relationships just because he was no longer the Curse King? That was letting him off way too easily.

Thus, Lu Yun had been searching for opportunities all along, whether it was with the corpsefish or flock of black birds. He’d wanted to make a move numerous times, but Chu Xingran was also on his guard.

There seemed to be peace between them, but plots and counterplots abounded. Chu Xingran revealed this much of the outside world to Lu Yun because he wanted to demonstrate his value and continue living. He wouldn’t be afraid of the young man if they were in the outside world, but in a yang tomb that was rife with danger, there was nothing he could do. He had to rely on Lu Yun if he wanted to live and also constantly be on high alert.

“If I can obtain the ultimate treasures of the dragon race for you, will that cancel out our grudges?” Chu Xingran asked carefully as he looked at Lu Yun. “Ao Qin’s treasures might have something to do with his race’s world of sequence...”

Lu Yun looked steadily at him and nodded. “That could be done, as long as the treasures are valuable enough.”

He was a pragmatic sort. While killing Chu Xingran would give him momentary joy, it wouldn’t be as useful as obtaining tangible benefits from the man. Something having to do with the dragon race’s world of sequence was very tempting.

“Xingzi!” Lu Yun called out softly. A fifteen year old girl dressed in black appeared in front of him.

“Greetings, sir!” She swept a graceful curtsy.

Chapter 1710: Who Is The Azure Dragon King?

Xingzi was also a Nihil World Sovereign now. Upon the integration of Lu Yun’s true cultivation level with the level granted by the Tome of Life and Death, his ten Yama Kings developed explosively as well.

They could cultivate through their own efforts, but relied even more on Lu Yun and the Tome of Life and Death. Their master's strength directly impacted their own. The ten were undying as long as their master remained alive.

Corpse poison had overrun Ao Qin's body and there were also countless poisonous entities present. While Chu Xingran might have a way to obtain the treasures stored on the genius, Xingzi was the absolute expert when it came to corpse poison.

"Wow, such a big body!" Xingzi beamed with delight when she saw Ao Qin's corpse. "So much shamanic poison can be created from it! Um, sir, I think you should summon Xiaoxiao as well. She'll love this body!"

Lu Yun:

Chu Xingran:

Haidong Lin:

"Alright then, come on out, Su Xiaoxiao." Lu Yun waved another Yama King into existence.

Su Xiaoxiao had saved countless lives in her time through inventing medicine dao and was equally skilled in poison dao. She'd once slaughtered thirty-six major worlds through poison alone, ridding them of inhabitants that'd all been turned to zombies. Her feat had stunned the facets of the world of immortals.

Indeed, her eyes sparkled like Xingzi's when she saw the body and champed at the bit. The two Yama Kings held hands and flew toward the enormous corpse.

"What kind of monsters does he command?" Haidong Lin sidled up to Chu Xingran.

"He's a monster himself." Chu Xingran flicked a glance at the man and subconsciously took a few steps away.

The group didn't alarm the flock of birds as they approached Ao Qin's body. Not even the corpsefish dared draw near it.

"Sir, the corpse poison is too dense!" Xingzi and Su Xiaoxiao suddenly stopped.

"Is it too much for even you two?" Lu Yun furrowed his brows.

"No, we can handle the corpse poison, but we can't handle the life forms it's evolved into. They're on par with sequence experts," Su Xiaoxiao explained. A small mirror appeared in her hand and reflected everything happening to Ao Qin's body.

Lu Yun's eyes widened with surprise. Humanoid forms scurried back and forth over it, carrying and building something.

"An altar, those things are building an altar!" Chu Xingran took a look and remarked with amazement. "Corpse poison... can become life forms?"

"From a certain perspective, the origin of life might be these nigh undetectable viruses and bacteria." Lu Yun wisely stroked his chin.

Chu Xingran rolled his eyes and completely ignored the young man. The life forms manifested by the corpse poison were hardly life. They maintained the appearance of corpse poison and were grayish black throughout. Skin like a toad's clung to them and they oozed immense poison.

Most importantly was that they possessed no souls—they were more like the walking dead than anything. Their movements seemed to be directed by some command; the humanoid forms were using Ao Qin's decaying flesh and scales to build an altar.

He'd returned to the form of a dragon, but most of him was sunk beneath the sea. Only a tiny portion was observable over the surface, which was why the group hadn't identified the corpse at first.

Now that they were closer, they could see dragon scales that were beginning to rot and a small portion of his torso.

"He's an azure dragon?" Lu Yun jerked with surprise when he took a close look.

"Mmhm," Chu Xingran nodded. "Azure dragons are revered in the dragon race. The azure dragon ancestor is their origin.

"By the way, the azure dragon ancestor of the Hongmeng is just the ancestor of the Land of Reincarnation. He has nothing to do with the azure dragon ancestor of the outside world."

"Oh?" Lu Yun blinked. "I thought all azure dragons in existence originated from the same azure dragon."

"That used to be the case before this place became the Land of Reincarnation. The dragon race of your worlds were indeed descended from the azure dragon ancestor of the outside world. Once the god of Mount Tai perished, their connection to that bloodline also terminated," Chu Xingran explained. "The Land of Reincarnation possesses its own set of rules and is separate from the outside world. The azure dragon ancestor born here is the one and only."

Lu Yun nodded with understanding. His home was gripped by some sort of power and kept repeating the same thing. Thus, the azure dragon ancestor here died and was reborn in the same manner.

"I find this dragon a bit familiar," Xingzi suddenly commented. "Isn't he the Azure Dragon King?"

"What?!" Lu Yun's eyes widened. "The Azure Dragon King?!"

"Yes!" Xingzi nodded with certainty. "That fellow's life essence is stored in Mistress Tu's Scroll of Shepherding Immortals and I frequently study it. I just realized that the core essence of this corpse is very similar to the Azure Dragon King's!"

Lu Yun thought of the azure dragon ancestor of Dragonhollow Mountain. He'd asked the ancestor numerous times who the Azure Dragon King was, but the old guy always changed the subject or lied straight to his face. It would seem that the Azure Dragon King's identity was so startling that it couldn't be spoken of.

"What did you say?!" Chu Xingran shrieked. "You mean that the Azure Dragon King is Ao Qin?!" He looked incredulously at Xingzi.

“Yes!” She nodded again and grinned. “I see now! No wonder that guy isn’t willing to come back to life. He stays inside the scroll because his consciousness is in contact with the corpse. He’s directing the corpse poison to build an altar for him so he can return to his true origins!”

“But what happens after he comes back?” Su Xiaoxiao sank into deep thought. “His primary body is deader than dead and home to endless poison. When his soul returns, he’ll be at most a poison dragon or a corpse dragon...”

“He probably has certain plans in mind for me.” Lu Yun tugged up the corners of his lips. When he first met the Azure Dragon King, there’d only been half of him left. The dragon had survived only because he latched onto the Sal Tree of Life and Death.

It would seem that he’d realized something else during this time and stayed by Lu Yun’s side for it.

“Yuying, fetch the little fox’s scroll please,” Lu Yun transmitted to Yuying.

The little fox oversaw the Hongmeng; the ten Yama Kings were also stationed there.