

## **Necropolis 1711**

### **Chapter 1711: A Black Flower**

Yuying swiftly arrived with the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals.

The little fox wanted to follow her, but the Yama King persuaded her to stay put. Once she understood the situation, Miao gave up coming in search of Lu Yun and gave the scroll to Yuying. After delivering her package, Yuying bowed to Lu Yun and returned to the Hongmeng through the Disordered Hell.

There'd once been many beings in residence in the scroll; they had long since vacated the premises. The Tiger Prince and Dragon Prince of the burial mound at Myriad Formation Summit had formed their own souls in the Hell Flowers and become true living beings due to Lu Yun's help.

The black dragon guard who'd once stood by Aoxue's side also left after it recovered from its injuries. Only the Azure Dragon King remained.

The turn of events took Chu Xingran completely by surprise. He'd never imagined that a sliver of the vaunted greatest genius of the dragons, Ao Qin, would enter the world of immortals after his death to become its Azure Dragon King. That he'd cower by Lu Yun's side and await resurrection was also the last thing that he'd fathomed!

"Oi oi oi, stop playing dead. Time to come out and get some air." Lu Yun knocked on the scroll.

It stayed completely still and quiet.

Su Xiaoxiao's mirror showed that the corpse poison beings on the body had stopped their actions and disassembled into pure poison again.

"Take this with you and lead the way." Lu Yun gave the scroll to Su Xiaoxiao. She nodded and walked in front, closely followed by Xingzi.

"You won't be able to get any of the dragon race's treasures if you revive Ao Qin," Chu Xingran said quietly.

"Are dead treasures more important than a living person?" Lu Yun snorted. "Won't the dragon race treat you as a god if you bring back a living Ao Qin? The dragons are miserly, without a doubt, but they're also heavily biased toward their own.

"They'll slice and dice you into pieces if you touch a single hair on their heads, but they'll also fete you like a god if you save their greatest genius.

"That is, assuming Ao Qin isn't unwanted by his race."

Chu Xingran fell silent.

The group carefully approached the ponderous body, resulting in the flock of black birds appearing again. But for some reason, they retreated as swiftly as they came. The closer they drew, the more excited the two Yama Kings became.

“You’re called Ao Qin, right?” they mumbled to the Azure Dragon King in the scroll. “Don’t be in a hurry to live just yet. We see at least nine hundred million poisons on your body—those are all great treasures! They’ll disappear when the young master resurrects you.”

“Yup, so don’t be in a hurry to come back alive yet. Wait until we’ve collected enough poison first!”

Lu Yun could now clearly perceive a sense of resignation from the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals. The Azure Dragon King wasn’t playing dead; he could neither talk nor send out messages in his current condition. It was the equivalent of the Azure Dragon King dying to reform into Ao Qin’s core essence.

He’d chosen to return to his origins at this point in time because of the world of sequence. The world was about to mature, and although the dragons had their own world of sequence already, there was no such thing as too many worlds of sequence. Naturally, they had to cast their hat into the ring.

The Morans were also here, which was indicative of everything since Moran Dongning was the Time Guard for this Land of Reincarnation.

With the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals leading the way, the group finally set foot onto Ao Qin’s body. Although all of the life forms had reverted to colossal poison, the incomplete altar still towered on it. It was carved with a variety of eerie glyphs and there was even a transportation formation in the center.

“You put that formation down for me, didn’t you?” Lu Yun huffed at the scroll.

The scroll remained motionless.

“A word of advice... destroy the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals,” Chu Xingran suddenly said.

“Destroy it?” Lu Yun paused.

“It’s drawn with God’s core essence. He will not be able to return to his body as long as it exists. He will never return to peak condition—he’s a heavyweight in the outside world as well.”

“And who is Mo Yi?” Lu Yun transmitted in return. “I know that your ultimate goal isn’t the Hongmeng or the world of immortals, but Mo Yi. Who is she and why are you trying to kill her?”

“...would you believe me if I say that it’s entirely involuntary?” Chu Xingran sighed. “A mysterious will from the unknown is forcing me to be at odds with that mistress. I don’t know why.”

Lu Yun nodded. Mo Yi was also affected by some sort of compulsion to search out the Imperial Seal and die with the demonic fiend in it. He took a look at the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals in Su Xiaoxiao’s hands, not coming to a decision yet.

God plainly had his own plans in mind when drawing the scroll with his core essence. The name of “Shepherding Immortals” was also deeply meaningful.

“Someone else has been here already!” Busily collecting poison, Xingzi suddenly held up a crystalline skull. “The skull’s turned into crystal, which makes them an immense powerhouse!”

Lu Yun took a glance at it and turned to Haidong Lin. “It belongs to a shark spirit called Hai Qianqiu.”

Since Haidong Lin was also a shark spirit, they must be somehow related.

“Sea Lord Qianqiu... is also dead?” Haidong Lin jerked, then curled his lip.

“You don’t seem all that sad,” Lu Yun was surprised. Whether it was Sea Lord Mayfly before or Sea Lord Qianqiu now, Haidong Lin showed no signs of grief when their bodies were before him.

“What is there to be sad about?” Haidong Lin responded. “Us four sea lords each rule a part of the sea and swear fealty to the Sea Emperor. However, that doesn’t make us friends. In fact, it’d be more accurate to say that we’re enemies.

“There used to be eighteen sea lords under His Imperial Majesty’s banner. I personally killed three of them.”

Lu Yun asked no more. Su Xiaoxiao and Xingzi kept their eyes open as they collected the poison. Indeed, the poison beings didn’t reappear after the scroll arrived.

“Hmm?” Lu Yun opened his hand to reveal a black flower. It had six petals and seemed to be carved out of black crystal. It was the flower he’d taken when he obtained the world fragment in the land of darkness.

The flower had suddenly popped into his hand and drifted into the sky. It radiated black ripples, and Chu Xingran’s expression twisted when he saw it.

“What’s, what’s that doing here?!” He swiftly retreated, much to Lu Yun and Haidong Lin’s bafflement.

“I got it in the land of darkness.” Lu Yun walked up to take it back.

### **Chapter 1712: A Blue Flower**

“That exists in the lands of darkness??” Chu Xingran rubbed his eyes fiercely when he saw the docile black flower in Lu Yun’s hand and suddenly thought of something. “Wait, I know, she gave it to you!”

“Who gave it to me?” Lu Yun blinked.

“Whoever you came here for is the one who gave it to you. Keep it safe and don’t let anyone else see it.” Chu Xingran glanced at the scroll in Su Xiaoxiao’s hand.

It was inert.

“Mo Yi?” Lu Yun hummed with thought. “What’s the flower?”

“Don’t ask, you’ll know when the time is right,” Chu Xingran sighed. Somehow, Lu Yun read a trace of dejection on him.

“This flower...” Lu Yun carefully inspected the flower of black crystal before quietly putting it away. He keenly sensed a tiny change that seemed to have taken place in the world. Though it wasn’t a large change, it affected this world, the yang tomb, and also the yin tombs.

“There’s no need to look around, the world of sequence has just been completed. It’s matured into a real world of sequence,” Chu Xingran said.

“Do you mean... that flower...” Lu Yun replied subconsciously.

“Yes.” Chu Xingran nodded and said nothing else.

The atmosphere grew a bit awkward. Haidong Lin looked at Lu Yun, then at Chu Xingran, then walked over to Xingzi. “Hey lass, what are you going to do with all that poison?”

Just a single drop of corpse poison from a seventeenth level sequence expert was enough to turn an entire world into a zone of death. It could even completely dissolve the world.

“Kill people,” Xingzi responded without hesitation. “And of course, save people.” She ran off to collect more poison with Su Xiaoxiao.

The poison was uncommonly tame due to the presence of the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals. Instead of ravaging the intruders, it allowed Su Xiaoxiao and Xingzi to harvest whatever they wanted.

They stood up with satisfaction after a long while and handed the scroll to Lu Yun.

“Do we resurrect him first, or do we relieve him of his treasures first?” Lu Yun stroked his chin, seemingly asking Chu Xingran.

“We should loot him first. Ao Qin is known to be very miserly—he won’t give you his most valuable treasures even if you bring him back to life,” Chu Xingran responded smoothly. “The dragons are the most tightfisted out there.”

“You seem to dislike them a lot.” Lu Yun raised an eyebrow at the man.

“They’re the ones who facilitated my betrothal to the Dafeng miss. It’d be one thing if the miss was a charming little thing, but apparently she’s a heinous looking woman with fat arms and a bulging stomach. With how handsome and talented I am, how can I marry such a person?” Chu Xingran stroked his face lovingly.

“I definitely think I liked the old Curse King better,” Haidong Lin said quietly.

Lu Yun nodded solemnly. “Chu Xingran is not only narcissistic, but also shallow.”

“Would you love your two dao partners if they were ugly?” Chu Xingran harrumphed.

“Do you not understand, Chu Xingran?” Lu Yun raised an eyebrow at him. “For those of us at our cultivation level, we can change everything about our appearance. Anything on the path of cultivation is pleasing to the eye.

“If the Dafeng miss is as the rumors state, that just means she doesn’t want to marry you.”

Chu Xingran paused with shock, then said meaningfully, “That just means the dragon race is even abominable. I don’t want to marry her and she doesn’t want to marry me. The dragons are a completely odious people from start to finish.”

“Dragons are dragons, not people,” Haidong Lin muttered.

Chu Xingran whirled around to glare at him.

“Since you want to rob Ao Qin, let’s hurry up and get to it. I don’t see any treasures around here.”

Xingzi and Su Xiaoxiao had created an enormous boundary that kept all of the corpse poison outside. Although the Azure Dragon King was striving mightily from the scroll to ensure that the poison didn’t

hurt Lu Yun, the young man speculated that the corpse poison and others were a protective mechanism. They existed to prevent anyone from touching Ao Qin's body.

If Chu Xingran made moves on his treasures, the poison might stir to life again.

The man nodded; he was the one who'd raised the idea of raiding Ao Qin, so he would naturally be the one to do it. He opened his hand and permitted a tiny altar to drift upward from his palm.

Small ripples appeared over it and spread out in all directions.

Hummmm.

A clear reverberation sounded in the air as a tremendous halberd appeared out of nowhere and hovered over the altar. Chu Xingran threw it to the side without even looking at it.

"What a treasure, just look at this baby! It bears the presence of the great sea!" Haidong Lin picked it up and caressed it lovingly.

Outside the boundary, a black mist had risen at some point and rushed the group as a demonic shadow. It dispersed the moment it touched the fortifications.

"The dragon race established a world of sea dao sequence. Ao Qin's weapon was born from that world and it is his personal treasure. He'll reclaim it as soon as he's alive again," Chu Xingran said blandly, defusing Haidong Lin's joy in revenge for his earlier words.

Haidong Lin's expression froze and he imitated Chu Xingran, throwing the weapon away with disdain.

Hummmm.

A second reverberation accompanied the appearance of a cerulean blue pearl. Wreathed by water ripples, it also nurtured sea dao.

"Take this, it's also from the world of sea dao sequence." Chu Xingran tossed it to Haidong Lin.

"What is your treasure?" Lu Yun couldn't help but ask when treasure after treasure appeared over the altar.

"Don't you have a Treasurefall Coin? It's formed from a fraction of this altar's power."

Lu Yun scratched his head; after he refined the coin, it'd vanished without a trace. This altar was very, very tempting, but he knew that it must be one of Chu Xingran's most prized possessions. He would never give it to Lu Yun.

Bam!

A large explosion shook the air in front of Chu Xingran as his altar shattered. He didn't even blink because a blue flower had appeared in front of him. It was crystalline in nature and looked very similar to Lu Yun's black flower.

"Alright, this is it! This and the black flower you have will greatly increase the odds of you gaining the world of sequence." Chu Xingran offered the flower to Lu Yun.

## **Chapter 1713: The Dao Flower**

“Is this... the same as the black flower?” Lu Yun asked dumbly upon receiving the blue flower.

“Isn’t there a white flower in the world of immortals?” Chu Xingran asked meaningfully.

“...the Dao Flower?!” Lu Yun’s eyes widened. “You mean this is another Dao Flower?!”

The man nodded and wasn’t willing to say anything else.

Something occurred to Lu Yun and he hastily put away the blue Dao Flower. He stared intently at Chu Xingran, wanting to pry more information from his lips.

“I can’t tell you more about other things. I’ll die for sure if I do.” Chu Xingran shook his head. “I’ve already done so much for you and even retrieved Ao Qin’s Sea Dao Flower because I don’t want to die.”

He ducked his head and looked at the pieces of the altar on the ground. This was his greatest treasure, but it was ruined after exerting the effort to manifest the Sea Dao Flower.

“Alright then,” Lu Yun nodded. “I won’t ask any further.”

The Dao Flower in the world of immortals had been moved to the Dao Academy of Mount Xuanhuang. It bloomed in front of the academy, and now Lu Yun possessed three flowers. If his guess was right, the black flower was the Dark Dao Flower.

What was the one at Mount Xuanhuang then? The Immortal Dao Flower?

“Since we’ve looted all of his treasures, it’s time to wake the guy.” Lu Yun transformed the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals in Su Xiaoxiao’s hand into a streak of light and called it to his hand. He then utilized the Tome of Life and Death and cast a ray of intertwining black and white light that sank into the scroll.

Aooooou!

A long dragon croon rang out from the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals as an azure dragon shadow barrelled out of it. It turned in the air and burrowed into the enormous corpse at their feet.

Ao Qin had entangled himself with the Sal Tree of Life and Death when he was the Azure Dragon King. He’d absorbed a large sum of energy from hell, so it was many times easier for Lu Yun to revive Ao Qin than it was to resurrect Fuxi.

Boundless corpse poison ebbed from the body beneath them and a buoyant vitality slowly came into being.

“Can you really resurrect the dead?!” Chu Xingran gasped and looked sharply at Lu Yun.

“Ao Qin wasn’t dead, he was just the Azure Dragon King. It’s similar to how you were the Curse King before,” the young man shook his head. “So I didn’t resurrect him, I just returned him to his origin and changed him from one condition to another.”

Azure fire rose from the corpse beneath them as he finished speaking and the body swiftly shrank down until it was the size of a regular human. That was the cue for Xingzi and Su Xiaoxiao to leave through the Disordered Hell.

Lu Yun, Chu Xingran, and Haidong Lin remained over the sea, looking at the dashing young man in azure robes who'd appeared before them.

First genius of the dragon race—Ao Qin.

“Lu Yun’s right, someone else revived me. Lu Yun only helped me change from the Azure Dragon King back into Ao Qin.” Ao Qin nodded at Lu Yun and grasped at the air, returning with the colossal halberd.

He was more than three meters tall with black hair flowing over his azure robes. Chiseled with handsome features, he appeared to be an outgoing person. He was leagues apart from the terrifying corpse of moments ago.

Ao Qin didn’t mention the treasures that Lu Yun had claimed. Apart from the blue pearl and Sea Dao Flower, several hundred items had also found their way into Lu Yun’s pocket.

“Not Lu Yun?” Chu Xingran frowned.

“It should be fine if I tell you—the god of Mount Tai revived me and took me out of here. He helped me reincarnate into the world of immortals and become the Azure Dragon King.” Ao Qin thought for a bit and continued, “Two others also helped along the way, Lu Yun—acquaintances of yours in the world of immortals.”

“Ah, I know who they are.” Lu Yun immediately thought of Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi when he heard “two others”.

“Who killed you?” Chu Xingran continued.

Ao Qin swept a glance at him and sniffed, “You don’t know?”

“Am I supposed to?” Chu Xingran blinked.

“The Spacetime King of the Moran Clan, of course. Who else but him can kill me in the Land of Reincarnation? He didn’t get off lightly for it, I heavily injured him in the process. He’s probably caught in the loops of the Land of Reincarnation as we speak.” Ao Qin said this with no trace of pride. No matter what, it wasn’t good that someone had killed him.

The Spacetime King... Moran Clan?

Something to do with Moran Dongning?

Spacetime King?

Lu Yun suddenly thought of when he’d captured the Spacetime King and brought the man to the overlord of Ice. He’d thrown the king to a random spot when the overlord recommended him to do so.

The Spacetime King killed Ao Qin?

“The Spacetime King seems to be one of your henchmen.” Lu Yun turned around to face Chu Xingran.

The man fidgeted uncomfortably. “He’s fallen into someone’s trap and lost himself in this world. I simply used him a little and helped him lose himself even more.”

Lu Yun took a peek into the Disordered Hell and saw that Moran Dongning had put the ghost mask back on. She muttered rapidly to herself. She's probably the one who schemed against the Spacetime King.

"The world of sequence is complete and battles have broken out over it. Do we fight for it as well?" Ao Qin looked at Lu Yun.

Startled, Chu Xingran considered the other. The greatest genius of the dragon race, the cocky son of Heaven, also took orders from Lu Yun?

The young man shook his head. "Many battles will rage over the newly matured world of sequence. We're just small fry. With so many heavyweights fighting over it, we'd just be going to our deaths."

"I'm no small fry," Ao Qin mumbled with dissatisfaction.

"Would you have died if you aren't?!" Lu Yun glared. "Do you know how many Karmic Fruits I used on you?! Eight million! My Karmic Tree buds only one hundred and eight thousand of them at a time! I've wasted all the goodwill that I've ever accumulated in order to awaken you!"

The ray of black and white that he'd cast was from the Tome of Life and Death, but it required virtuous merit to activate. Ao Qin had been as good as dead, and while Lu Yun hadn't been directly responsible for him living again, he was the one who'd pulled the dragon out of death.

Ao Qin turned sheepishly silent. He'd recovered his strength and returned to being a seventeenth level sequence expert, but for some reason, he felt he was on lower footing when it came to Lu Yun.

"Chu Xingran, is it? The crown prince of Darklake. I've heard of your beauty even in the far-off Eastern Sea. Don't you worry, I'll handle your betrothal to the Dafeng miss when I go back!" Ao Qin chuckled.

"Really?!" Chu Xingran lit up.

"Of course! You can depend on me!" Ao Qin clapped the man's shoulder. "I'll personally host your wedding!"

If it wasn't for the fact that he couldn't possibly beat the dragon, Chu Xingran wanted nothing more than to beat the living daylight out of him.

#### **Chapter 1714: An Explosion of Killing Intent**

"Hush!" Lu Yun suddenly said. "Someone's coming, we need to hide!"

Ao Qin waved a hand and popped the four out of existence.

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"Strange, where did the body of that dragon heavyweight go?" An elder with a long white beard stood where the group had just been and looked down at the sea. "Did someone take Ao Qin's body before me?"

He was an expert of the Corpse Refiners and held a Bag of Corpse Refinement in his hand, ready to claim Ao Qin's corpse.



The sect had designs on the body long ago, but Ao Qin was the pride of the dragon race and there were many dragon representatives in the tomb. If the Corpse Refiners rashly moved the body away, they'd not only meet with resistance from the dragons, but also become their enemies.

Things were different now. Since the world of sequence had matured and countless powerhouses were embroiled in struggles over it, the dragons had no energy to spare for this locale. Thus, this Corpse Refiner representative visited at first light.

"Or is it that fellow disciples have been waiting in the shadows too?" The white-haired elder was highly reluctant to accept the situation. If he could refine Ao Qin into a battle zombie, that'd be at least a seventeenth level sequence subordinate. If it mutated, the zombie could reach eighteen levels!

Eighteenth level sequence would make it the strongest force in the Abyssal Tomb.

"I'm not giving up!" The elder set his jaw and brandished his bag, tracking the lingering corpse qi to Ao Qin's body.

The body of a seventeenth level sequence expert was too tempting for the Corpse Refiners. The elder's own strength would be on par with seventeen levels if he made the corpse into his battle zombie, so he would never give up on his goal.

Hummm.

A cerulean halberd broke through the void the second he raised the bag and nailed him right in the chest. Caught off guard, the elder coughed up a mouthful of blood. Gray fire darted out of the air before he could respond and turned him to ashes.

The elder's body appeared with a blaze of black hellfire in the Disordered Hell.

"Subordinate Feng Xianhuo of the Corpse Refiners greets the master!" the elder said fearfully as he cowered on the ground before Lu Yun's replica.

"Fifteen levels huh? Not bad." Lu Yun looked approvingly at the kowtowing Feng Xianhuo. That made him the strongest Infernum under Lu Yun's banner, and a Corpse Refiner to boot. There were certainly countless zombies in his Bag of Corpse Refinement, so subduing one Feng Xianhuo meant owning a zombie army.

"I ask, you answer." Lu Yun looked at Feng Xianhuo.

"Understood," the man followed every one of Lu Yun's orders.

Off to the side, Moran Dongning looked curiously at them, but didn't pry into Lu Yun's secrets.

"Where is the original emperor?" That was the most pressing issue. Lu Yun was here for the emperor and his Imperial Seal. Although he could sense its presence after entering the tomb, he couldn't determine its precise location.

The layouts of the tomb were interfering with his senses.

“At the banks of the world of sequence!” Feng Xianhuo quickly responded. “The original emperor is one of the strongest experts in the yang tomb and he’s gathered a group of powerful natives. He’s one of the most important factions fighting for the world of sequence!”

“I see.” Lu Yun nodded and dismissed his replica. He didn’t ask about the Corpse Refiners or the outside world. The more he knew, the more scattered his thoughts would be and his concentration divided. It was better to focus on the original emperor and gaining the Imperial Seal first.

“Let’s go to the banks of the world of sequence!” Lu Yun turned to Ao Qin.

“Have you cast some sort of curse on me?” the dragon frowned faintly. He’d realized that he couldn’t decline Lu Yun’s requests. Some sort of respect for the human emanated from the bottom of his heart.

“Don’t think too much!” Lu Yun transmitted. “You were resurrected by the god of Mount Tai, who is my disciple in his current reincarnation. You once sheltered in the Sal Tree of Life and Death, which is now part of my great dao. You’ve just come back to life and your soul awakened. That’s the only reason why you can’t say no to me.”

Ao Qin’s eyes widened. The strongest powerhouse of this Land of Reincarnation was Lu Yun’s disciple?

He didn’t doubt the young man’s words. Being newly revived and dyed with too much of Lu Yun’s dao, it was causing him to hold an unshakeable respect for the young man. That he’d been willing to explain this meant that he had no intentions of controlling Ao Qin.

The dragon’s level of strength meant that it took only a dozen breaths for the group to arrive at the banks of the world of sequence. However, he didn’t take them straight there as it currently ran with rivers of blood.

A great war that’d brewed for an unknown period of time had finally broken out. Countless races, clans, factions, and heavyweights commenced a heaven-shaking campaign of conquest. Gore and violence could be seen from hundreds of millions of kilometers away.

“There won’t be a conclusion to this level of slaughter anytime soon. It will take more than a massacre to refine the world of sequence,” Lu Yun murmured with a deep breath.

“They’ve been bottled up here for too long.” Chu Xingran shook his head slightly. “This savagery isn’t for the world of sequence. They’re just venting their frustrations.”

Lu Yun blinked.

“And not only that,” Ao Qin continued. “But if one side does manage to cow all the others, they’ll have a leg up on everyone when they truly enter the world of sequence. They’ll dominate the other parties from sheer intimidation alone.”

His eyes sparkled with light as he clearly read everything happening in the distance.

“Are you not going to help?” A surprised Chu Xingran looked at him. “You’re definitely a titan on the field with your level of strength. If you join in, the dragons will be reinvigorated.”

“The dragons?” Ao Qin ground his teeth when he heard his race. “The dragons? Heh. Hah. HAH!”

“Does... your death have something to do with your race?” Lu Yun jerked his head around.

“The Spacetime King may have killed me, but I had a chance of living before I truly died. I would’ve had a chance if the rest of my race had intervened. But...” Ao Qin stopped.

The dragons in the tomb had been unnerved by the Spacetime King’s reputation and shrank back at a crucial moment. Ao Qin didn’t want to walk with a bunch of cowards; he lacked even his previous passion for the world of sequence.

All he wanted to do was to return to his homeland and seclude himself at home, never to be involved in anything ever again.

“There’s some trash here watching the battles. Brothers, kill them all!” A group of berserk cultivators leering with bloodlust and covered in blood disengaged from the battlefield and charged them.

### **Chapter 1715: Hell Legion**

“How is random cannon fodder at ninth level sequence?!” Lu Yun gasped when he saw the cultivators charging him.

Ninth level sequence was the strongest level of sequence in the primary worlds, but they didn’t even seem to be cannon fodder in the tombs. There were roughly three dozen in the group and they blazed with auras of slaughter. Plainly, they’d been affected by the massacre on the battlefield and turned into killing machines.

Lu Yun moved before Chu Xingran, Ao Qin, or Haidong Lin could respond. He could still borrow strength from the Abyssal Hell and bolster himself with it. The young man flung his hand out to ignite abyssal hellfire and burned their attackers to a crisp.

When they next appeared, they were in the Disordered Hell; sudden inspiration struck Lu Yun. This was a place of mindless slaughter, but it was also his hunting grounds. Anyone he killed would become his Infernum.

He had no foundations in the fourth realm; while Ah Zhi stood on his side and those of the Star Sect were favorably inclined toward him, they weren’t his subordinates at the end of the day. The three thousand dao beholders in the Fairylands answered to him only because he’d overcome them with sheer might. They would turn on him as soon as they left that world.

When the darkness came to invade, he needed his own troops. This place could be the source of his strength and he’d be able to build an army of sequence experts if he swept the field.

How about a Hell Legion?

That sounded like a damn fine name.

The other three shuddered when Lu Yun’s grin slowly took on a cruel bent.

“Lu Yun!” Haidong Lin suddenly said. “I can sense His Imperial Majesty’s presence.”

“Are you leaving?” Lu Yun paused and returned to seriousness.

“Yes,” Haidong Lin nodded. “The emperor will certainly need my help in a situation like this...”

“Go on, don’t die.” Lu Yun sent a talisman of Resurrection into Haidong Lin. The man nodded at him before transforming into a wave that surged in another direction.

“Either of you two leaving as well?” Lu Yun looked at Chu Xingran and Ao Qin.

“Nope,” Chu Xingran shook his head. “I helped you rob Ao Qin, so you have to help me get out of here.”

“Me neither,” Ao Qin shook his head. “You robbed me of all of my treasures, so you have to help me get out of here.” He glared at Chu Xingran in blatant threat.

The man met him tit-for-tat and snorted coldly.

The world of sequence was roughly five billion kilometers away from them. It was an unfathomable distance to ordinary beings and one they would never cross in their entire lives, but unremarkable for experts such as them.

An atmosphere of violence continued to grow from the world and spread in all directions. Beings with weaker cultivation levels or less resolute hearts succumbed to the terrifying influence and turned into mindless killing machines.

“Since both of you are depending on me to get you out of here, you have to listen to me in everything that comes next.” Lu Yun leered.

“What are you planning to do?” Chu Xingran shuddered when he saw the smile on the young man’s face.

“Kill people!” Lu Yun chuckled darkly. “There are many cultivators who’ve lost their mind from all of the slaughter and become unthinking killing machines. Take them all alive and bring them to me so I can kill them.”

“Your hell dao...” Chu Xingran immediately understood. There was likely a special method in Lu Yun’s hell dao that turned his victims into his subordinates. That was probably how he’d gained most of his people.

“No problem.” Ao Qin agreed with almost no hesitation since he was still affected by hell dao. In fact, Chu Xingran rather suspected that the dragon had unwittingly become Lu Yun’s subject at some point. He nodded his agreement as well.

“But if you go too far, that might attract attention from the heavyweights inside and they’ll target you,” Chu Xingran cautioned after some thought.

“Then we’ll have Ao Qin take care of them and capture those heavyweights too!” Lu Yun was completely unconcerned.

The strongest level of existence in the yang tomb should be eighteenth level sequence experts such as the original emperor and Spacetime King of old. The next echelon down would be Ao Qin. He was both a seventeenth level expert and the greatest genius of the dragon race. Thus, he was far stronger than the regular seventeenth level.

Just as Chu Xingran had said, anyone hailed as a heavyweight in the tomb and the leader of a faction was at least fifteenth level sequence, such as the Sea Emperor. But with the Sea Emperor following the

original emperor all this time, Lu Yun didn't know what his current level of cultivation was. At the very least, he wouldn't have made absolutely no progress after countless eons.

The trio carefully concealed themselves as they conversed. Although Lu Yun wanted to locate the original emperor, the latter was very close to the world of sequence. It was too difficult for Lu Yun to force his way through, even with Ao Qin by his side.

All he wanted to do now was to focus on expanding his Hell Legion.

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Three years passed by in the blink of an eye; Lu Yun's Hell Legion was three thousand strong.

The weakest among them was first level sequence, and the strongest was Feng Xianhuo of the Corpse Refiners who'd been brought down with Ao Qin's help.

Most of them were third or fourth level sequence, the equivalent of foot soldiers or cannon fodder in the yang tomb. Anyone yet to access sequence didn't have the right to be present within the tomb.

Lu Yun dared come because he could borrow the strength of the Abyssal Hell. Whenever he did so, he possessed the equivalent of fifteen levels of sequence. This was also made possible by the owner of the yin tomb fortifying his physical body.

Ao Qin had gradually shaken off the influence of hell dao after three years. Although he still helped Lu Yun, he didn't jump to the young man's orders as he had before.

"Have either of you discovered that this war seems to be the purposeful work of those near the world of sequence?" The dragon suddenly sniffed something off.

Logically speaking, those still on the field should've come to their senses after three years and slowly drifted away. As valuable as a world of sequence was, only those above fifteen levels of sequence had the right to vie over it.

However, cultivators refused to leave and continued their mad violence. Someone seemed to be orchestrating everything.

"The world of sequence is a newly born world and needs to be bathed in the blood of the living," Lu Yun sighed. "Without sufficient baptism, the world cannot open, even if it's taken shape.

"Influenced by its great dao, the world absorbs any retribution resulting from the fighting. There are no karmic repercussions for what one does here."

### **Chapter 1716: Two Shitstirrers**

"So you're a hypocrite too, huh? You kill to your heart's content just because no karma will result from your actions here?" Chu Xingran sneered at Lu Yun.

"I'm not a hypocrite," Lu Yun paused with surprise. "I never said that I'm an outstanding citizen of society. I'm vile, ohhh yeah, I'm completely vile."

He grinned broadly and winked at Chu Xingran, who shuddered involuntarily. It didn't matter whether Lu Yun was a hypocrite or an unsavory character, neither option was good. Once Lu Yun went back on his word, he could ally with Ao Qin to crush Chu Xingran's soul to pieces in the blink of an eye.

No, no, he'd become part of the young man's Hell Legion.

Subconsciously, Chu Xingran took another step back. Lu Yun ignored him.

"Although the slaughter continues, the atmosphere has lightened immensely. We can't wait any longer. The will attacking Fairylands is growing stronger and I can't hold it off much longer," Lu Yun murmured as he looked in the direction of the world of sequence.

"Are we heading to the original emperor?" Ao Qin knew what Lu Yun was here for and readied himself. He also wanted to meet the legendary emperor, the one who'd accessed eighteen levels of sequence in the Land of Reincarnation.

While eighteen levels wasn't the peak of sequence, it was almost impossible to reach those heights in this broken land. Eighteen levels represented the perfection of a stage of sequence.

After the original emperor, the second strongest was the Sea Emperor. He was only at fifteen levels. There were also Haidong Lin, Jian Bu'er, and Dongfang Mo—they ranged from eleven to twelve levels of sequence.

The Land of Reincarnation was its own world that opposed the outside world. The world was incomplete and subject to heavy restrictions, so anyone who could access eighteen levels of sequence was extraordinary.

"The yang tomb's exit is near the world of sequence. I can help the two of you leave if we make it over there," Lu Yun said. "I don't have any great ambitions about the world. I'll be leaving after I meet the original emperor."

"I'm afraid that won't do," Chu Xingran smirked at Lu Yun. "Even if you have no thoughts about the world of sequence, it'll come for you."

"What do you mean?" Lu Yun paused.

"What do you think I was doing here with the Sea Dao Flower?" Ao Qin grinned.

"Does... it have something to do with the world of sequence?" Lu Yun tensed.

"Mhmm," Chu Xingran revealed. "A Dao Flower is a treasure nurtured out of a world of sequence. It's of no use for the world it comes from, but it can sense and subdue other new worlds of sequence.

"Your Dark Dao Flower should be the one that the Spacetime King brought. Someone took it from him and turned it over to you," Chu Xingran paused before continuing, "The Spacetime King's Dark Dao Flower was naturally meant to conquer this new world of sequence. He probably never thought that multiple parties would ally together to scheme against him."

Ao Qin's expression turned stiff. The same had happened to him, but he'd been one step ahead of his attackers and hid the Sea Dao Flower first. Otherwise, if it hadn't been for his approval in the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals, not even Chu Xingran's altar would've summoned the flower.

“What about the white Dao Flower on Mount Xuanhuang?” Lu Yun frowned.

“That Dao Flower...” Ao Qin knew about it since he’d once cultivated on the mountain and seen the flower. “Do you know what seeds of nothing are?”

Lu Yun shook his head blankly. He’d only ever seen the creation seeds that were derived from seeds of nothing, he didn’t know what the latter was.

“A world of sequence becomes a seed of nothing once it is no more.” It was Chu Xingran who answered him. “There was once a large world of sequence in the Land of Reincarnation, but it was destroyed in a battle. The world became a seed of nothing after its destruction, and the Hongmeng, chaos, and worlds are all grown from it.

“That Dao Flower is the only sign that it once existed. I plotted against the Hongmeng and worlds because I wanted the seed of nothing. I wanted to recreate a world of sequence from it,” Chu Xingran sighed and smiled ruefully. “It was during this loop that I finally realized my strength and my nation’s strength is insufficient to facilitate the seed to develop into a world again. So I’ve given up.”

The Land of Reincarnation repeated death and rebirth in an endless fashion. Beings of the outside world who entered it underwent the same cycle. They were unable to influence the loop or change anything about it, but they knew what was happening to them. They repeated the same things over and over, always knowing what was to come, but able to do nothing but follow the mighty reincarnation cycle.

The only way they could break free was if they gave up on their original goal and left the land entirely. Otherwise, the only other option was to wait for an anomaly that changed the cycle.

Chu Xingran had happened across Lu Yun and seized the chance to break out of the loops.

Neither was he going to leave completely empty-handed. The endless loops had been a grand ordeal of trial and tribulation. An accumulation of eons had reformed his potential and cultivation realm. None of this could be demonstrated in the Land of Reincarnation, but his strength would immediately fly forward as soon as he left.

Many of those from the outside world entered the Land of Reincarnation with a similar goal.

“Can seeds of nothing really return to their origin and become a world of sequence again?” Lu Yun murmured.

“Not the one we’re speaking of,” Ao Qin shook his head. “I once entered the world of immortals and touched that seed. Two bastards have refined it and turned it into something else! And it only happened in this particular cycle. I don’t get it, why aren’t those two bastards affected by reincarnation and can do whatever they want?”

“Two bastards, huh...” Lu Yun thought of two people again—Chen Xiao, Qing Buyi. Those two were two shitstirrers and caused trouble wherever they went, ruining the plans of others.

Though Lu Yun had experienced thirty-three loops, there’d only been one of him, so he’d only seen a small part of the cycle. He hadn’t been able to survey the entire world. Somehow, those two guys had completely flown under his radar!

“What’s it been refined into?” he asked curiously.

“How would I know?” Ao Qin grumbled. “Maybe the original emperor knows.”

### **Chapter 1717: Already Dead**

“No matter what, you already have the auras of three different Dao Flowers on you. The newly born world of sequence will come for you whether you like it or not!” Chu Xingran cackled evilly in a certain tone of schadenfreude. That had been his plan when he directed Lu Yun back to Ao Qin’s body. He knew there was a Dao Flower on Mount Xuanhuang, so he’d scrounged around for Ao Qin’s to give to Lu Yun.

However, he hadn’t anticipated that there’d be a third flower on Lu Yun—one that revealed itself when it sensed the Sea Dao Flower. There wasn’t much difference between two Dao Flowers or three, so Chu Xingran was suddenly bored by everything, like a bucket of ice-cold water had been dumped over his enthusiasm.

It was a similar feeling to someone painstakingly setting up a bit of mischief, but then realizing that the mischief was already taking place in front of them.

“Why would you let such a wonderful thing go to me?” Lu Yun looked suspiciously at Chu Xingran.

“Because this is the only way I’ll live!” He grit his teeth. “I’ll help you get that world of sequence and establish the sequence of immortal dao. That may very well stop the never-ending loops and turn the Discarded Land into a real world. If it becomes the same as the outside world, that will make up for everything I’ve done!

“No matter how many I’ve killed or how evil my crimes were, none of it will matter after I help you return this world to normal. I will truly free myself from karmic repercussions!”

“I understand,” Lu Yun nodded. “Regardless, I still thank you. I will pretend you’re dead after you leave.”

Although two Dao Flowers seemed the same as three to Chu Xingran, they represented a vastly different meaning to Lu Yun. He didn’t want to touch the one on Mount Xuanhuang since it’d become part of Qing Yu’s nascent spirit. She would be struck by disaster if anything happened to it.

Mo Yi likely had the same idea in mind when she delivered the Dark Dao Flower to him. She must’ve had a hand in the plots against the Spacetime King and Ao Qin as well, and likewise taken the Spacetime King’s vanished flower.

“What about the girl in my custody?” Lu Yun suddenly thought of Moran Dongning when they were about to set out for the world of sequence. “How about I give her to you when you leave? You can take her with you.”

“Who?” Ao Qin blinked. He didn’t know about Moran Dongning.

“The Spacetime King’s younger sister, Moran Dongning.” Chu Xingran shook his head. “There’s no need to do anything, she’s the Time Guard for this world and can leave whenever she wants. It’s not time for her to leave yet, so you won’t be able to send her out.”

“Moran Dongning?” Ao Qin furrowed his brow. “I feel like I saw her hit her brother on the head before I died...”

Lu Yun resisted the urge to roll his eyes. “Let’s go.”



Not even Ao Qin dared be too conspicuous when they entered the zone of slaughter. There were plenty of existences on par with him in the yang tomb and more who'd accessed eighteen levels of sequence than just the original emperor. It'd be disastrous if they weren't careful and attracted those entities' attention.

Additionally, Ao Qin had no desire to run into others of his race.

The three of them carefully picked their way through the void, navigating around berserk cultivators along the way. Lu Yun kept to his route instead of creating more Infernum. Brilliant radiance entered their line of sight after a while. Despite being the strongest of them all, Ao Qin couldn't stare straight at the illumination either. It was the world of sequence.

The world barrier around it was drenched with blood, but the crimson splashes on it didn't obstruct its brilliance from piercing through. Light from the barrier stabbed through the blood like rays from a blazing sun, furiously releasing its glare in all directions.

Even the shocking redness of blood couldn't taint the iridescent dazzle.

"I sense the Imperial Seal." Lu Yun whipped his head around and looked in a certain direction. A humanoid form outlined with blood raised a square seal over his head and madly defended himself against a ring of attackers.

"The original emperor didn't take back the Imperial Seal? He's left it with Di Yin." Lu Yun frowned slightly and jumped up, landing in front of Di Yin and casually executing his enemies.

The group swiftly scattered when they saw reinforcements arrive. They didn't seem to be human, but another race.

"Kill!

"Kill!"

"Kill!" Di Yin shrieked war cries even after he was rescued and charged Lu Yun.

The young man's frown deepened and he knocked Di Yin unconscious with a backhanded slap. Lu Yun waved the Imperial Seal to him with a beckon and heaved a sigh of relief after closing his hands around it. This was his primary goal in the tomb. To think that it'd be right here as soon as he arrived at the banks of the world of sequence!

"Di Yin... is only a Nihil World Sovereign?" Lu Yun directed his attention for a clear look at the man. He'd thought that the original emperor would raise Di Yin's cultivation level after calling the man to his side. Setting foot into sequence was a given, so it was a great surprise that Di Yin was still only a Nihil World Sovereign.

"That he is, but there's a marvelous minor world inside his body that supplies him with strength. It gives him the power of ninth level sequence." Ao Qin blinked. "Strange, ordinary Nihil World Sovereigns can't imbue themselves with the power of a world even if they refine it..."

"It's the original emperor. Though he didn't raise Di Yin's cultivation level or propel him into sequence, he created a world in Di Yin's body. This world should be your outside world." Lu Yun stored the Imperial Seal in the Tome of Life and Death and suppressed it. He was in no hurry to study it.

Taking out a talisman, he sent its effects into Di Yin, thereby awakening the man. He came to with no violence in his eyes.

“It’s you?! You’re here too?!” Di Yin jumped with shock when he saw Lu Yun. “Where’s my Imperial Seal?!” His next thoughts were of the treasure.

“In my safekeeping,” Lu Yun scoffed. “It wasn’t yours to begin with and it’s only trouble if it stays with you. Now, I ask, you answer, or I’ll kill you.”

The killing intent dawning in Lu Yun’s eyes made Di Yin tremble. It wasn’t until now that he clearly saw the situation for what it was.

“There’s no need, His Majesty is dead,” Di Yin sighed with great sorrow. “He was mobbed by eighteen experts of the same level and died two years ago.”

### **Chapter 1718: Accessing Eighteen Levels of Sequence**

“Dead?” Lu Yun repeated dully. “The original emperor is dead?”

He looked blankly back at the radiant world of sequence behind him, disbelief suffusing his eyes. Lu Yun didn’t believe it and wasn’t willing to believe it. How could the emperor of the original Hongmeng, one who’d ruled an era, be dead?

“Mm,” Di Yin nodded. “I saw it with my own eyes. His subordinates were also slaughtered down to the last. Only insignificant small fry such as us survived.”

He relayed all of this with great dejection. The clansmen that he’d tried so hard to protect had also been overrun after the original emperor died.

“Eighteen experts of the same level? So eighteen heavyweights that’d accessed eighteen levels of sequence?” Ao Qin frowned. “There should be only a handful of them in the yang tomb. If there’s more... Ah, they must be from the other tomb realms. They’ve probably realized something and decided to gather together to kill the strongest leader first.”

“Where’s the body of the original emperor?” Lu Yun still couldn’t quite believe it, but it seemed that he had no choice. Formula dao showed him that the Di Clan had been ended—only Di Yin was left.

Without the original emperor’s protection, the clan immediately went mad given the atmosphere on the field. Some even turned on their own family members. If Lu Yun’s guess was right, the original emperor had brought them here so they could enter the world of sequence once it opened. They would be able to cultivate inside like Lu Yun once had in Myriadsea World.

Di Yin’s family wouldn’t have been eradicated if the emperor was still alive.

“There is nothing left of the emperor.” Di Yin’s mood began to stabilize and he gnashed his teeth. “His Majesty fell into a trap set by the others because he wanted to stop the mindless slaughter taking place. For that, he is dead without an intact corpse. Lu Yun!!” he shouted since he knew the young man’s name. “You can have the Imperial Seal, but you must take revenge for His Majesty!!

“...forget it,” Di Yin sighed wretchedly with his next breath. “You’d just be going to your death with your current strength. Not even the emperor was a match for them.”

Di Yin was a talented person; he'd previously suffered in silence only because he wished to protect his family. Now that his family was no more and his ancestor fallen, he might be impulsive, but he would never attempt something brash in the face of overwhelming odds.

"With those two shitstirrers here, did they not try to save the emperor, not even once?" Ao Qin frowned. His fragmented soul had escaped the tombs because they'd secretly helped him. Since there was no body to be found, that didn't necessarily mean the original emperor was dead.

"Ah..." Lu Yun thought for a bit. "Forget about the original emperor for now, we should get out of here! I'll send you two out first!"

He set his jaw decisively. Since the original emperor was either dead or missing, that meant they had no support in the tomb. They might be attacked at any second, so the situation had become too dangerous.

"Leaving?" A resonant voice descended from the sky while an enormous golden dragon head poked out of the void. "Where do you think you're going, little friends?"

A golden dragon darted out of the void and coiled in the air, staring fixedly at those present.

"That emperor of the original Hongmeng left behind a great treasure after his death—the Imperial Seal. Hand it over." He emitted a long croon that sealed off the premises with radiant aureate light.

He was seventeen levels of sequence, just like Ao Qin, but he didn't recognize his race's greatest genius. Ao Qin had adjusted his appearance and aura, and it was common knowledge that the favored son of the dragons had died.

"The dragons were also involved," Di Yin ground out. "The dragon king also attacked the emperor!"

"Lu Yun, how about I give you a grand gift?" Ao Qin padded forward and looked intently at the golden dragon. "Dare you accept it? He's Jin Zun, the son of the golden dragon emperor. Do you have the guts to accept this gift??"

Humm!

Ao Qin's magnificent halberd appeared in his hand before Lu Yun could respond. The dragon genius returned to his true appearance of a young man in blue robes with golden armor over them.

"Ao Qin?! Aren't you dead?!" Jin Zun jumped with shock when he saw his challenger. Disbelief filled his eyes.

"You kill him. I won't be able to end the life of someone at this level even if you beat him to near death." Lu Yun shook his head. Hellfire couldn't kill something at seventeen levels of sequences yet—their cultivation levels were too far apart. He would hack and hack at the dragon without making any headway. Plus, there was no guarantee that Jin Zun would become his Inferum in death.

It seemed that fifteen levels of sequence was his current limit. Each level beyond fifteen represented a world.

Boom!

Ao Qin ignored Lu Yun and abruptly magnified his halberd. It stabbed viciously toward Jin Zun's massive body.

Still reeling from shock, Jin Zun was caught off guard and sent flying from a single sweep. Pale-gold dragon blood sprayed through the air, accompanied by a massive roar.

"Are they enemies with each other?" Lu Yun asked in a shaking voice as he watched the titanic fight.

"The AOs of the azure dragons are the race's royal clan and the direct descendants of the azure dragon ancestor. The golden dragons are the strongest clan beneath the azure dragons and have always threatened their position," Chu Xingran explained. "Ao Qin's death most certainly had something to do with them."

"I thought the dragons would be very united," Lu Yun gently shook his head.

"What unity is there between creatures of intelligence? Any profit that is sufficient enough will entice them to turn on each other." Chu Xingran curled this lip.

Boom!

Another explosive collision rang out and an enormous golden dragon head fell down from the sky, slamming into the ground at the group's feet.

Rumble!

White light erupted from Ao Qin's body, a light that was uncannily similar to the strength in the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals.

It was God's core essence.

Seventeen halos of light shimmered into existence behind Ao Qin's head—indicative that he'd accessed seventeen levels of sequence. The white light that seemed so similar to God's core essence slowly coalesced into an eighteenth halo. It came down over the dragon's body and he stabbed his halberd at the horizon, blasting a world into existence.

Great daos intersected in the world and order formed chains of sequence. It was the sea dao sequence of the dragons!

Eighteen levels of sequence!

Ao Qin had broken through to the eighteenth level!

### **Chapter 1719: The World Inside the Tome of Life and Death**

"No wonder this fellow refused to leave the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals. He was busy absorbing God's core essence." Lu Yun quickly determined some cause and effect with preliminary operation of formula dao.

Of course, it was only with God's approval that Ao Qin was able to absorb his core essence. Since they were close to the world of sequence and its pure strength of sequence, the dragon naturally broke through after a mighty battle.

Ao Qin had thrown himself into pitched battle with Ji Zun and decapitated the golden dragon on the spot mostly because he needed the baptism of a grand battle to break through to eighteen levels of sequence.

Despite his ascension, the expected heavenly tribulation wasn't forthcoming and neither was there great fanfare. Everything took place and concluded in a split second. The dragon race's world of sea dao ebbed as quickly as it'd appeared, vanishing without a trace after another heartbeat.

However, the disturbance still attracted attention from quite a few. A dozen powerful consciousnesses swept through the void and retreated when they saw Ao Qin at eighteen levels of sequence.

They had no desire to get involved in the internal affairs of the dragon race. Whether Ao Qin lived or died was a dragon matter and had nothing to do with them.

The dragons remained one of the predominant factions in the outside world and possessed the fearsome world of sea dao sequence. No one wanted to offend them. With the dragons' character traits, they would certainly address any slight they received in the Abyssal Tomb once they departed.

The only exceptions were entities such as the Moran Clan. That the Spacetime King had dared kill Ao Qin meant that the clan wasn't afraid of the dragons.

Most importantly was that although the dragons and Morans had both brought their Dao Flowers, they weren't dead set on obtaining the world of sequence. Their ultimate goal was to prevent the other from claiming the world, it didn't matter as much whether or not they were successful themselves. Additionally, none of the other factions would commit themselves to a death fight against these two parties either.

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"He's still struggling for breath, are you sure you're not going to kill him?" Ao Qin smirked at Lu Yun.

Though the young man was sorely tempted, he shook his head. "It won't do me any good to kill him. I'll at most create a karmic relationship with the dragons."

"Didn't you say that there's no karmic repercussions to killing people here?" Chu Xingran flicked him a sidelong glance.

"There's no repercussions if we kill ordinary people, but this one's a prince of the golden dragons." Lu Yun looked at Ao Qin. "The brat's plotting against me. If I leave the Land of Reincarnation, he'll try to lure me to his side for sure. The relationship between the azure dragons and golden dragons is probably similar to the one between Haidong Lin and the other three sea lords."

Ao Qin nodded matter-of-factly. "Of course, you're a perverse genius even in the outside world. Who am I going to try to influence, if not you?"

Lu Yun kicked Jin Zun's head back to Ao Qin like he was playing football. Ao Qin didn't even look at it before punting it away again.

"Do you want to search for the original emperor? I have the feeling that he's not dead." Having accessed eighteen levels of sequence and being a dragon, Ao Qin was feeling much bolder than before. He grinned in a companionable fashion at Di Yin.

"I will refrain... I should find a safe spot and await the conclusion of this matter. I am the only one left of the Di Clan and our bloodline will truly come to an end if I die," Di Yin replied in melancholic tones.

"Nonsense," Chu Xingran chuckled. "The Di Clan thrives. There's a branch in the world of immortals that's under Lu Yun's protection, it's grown into one of the biggest clans in the world. That branch is descended from the original emperor's great-great grandson and decamped for the world of immortals to protect the immortal dao. They carried the original emperor's last wishes, and I—er, I... um..." Chu Xingran smiled awkwardly and didn't continue.

That branch had suffered from his plotting at every leg of their journey. Chu Xingran had fully seized the chance to curse the original emperor, but the emperor didn't end up losing a single hair on his head. It was Lu Yun who benefited and recruited the Di Clan branch to his banner.

Di Yin blinked; he'd thought that Lu Yun was lying to him. But no, it was real!

"Don't follow us around, you're completely useless," Ao Qin said mercilessly. "Go find a safe place and take a nap."

Di Yin nodded with a rueful smile. Though the emperor had created a world within him to give him the strength of a ninth level sequence expert, that level of strength was nothing in the tombs.

"Follow this bridge and don't look back." Lu Yun summoned the Bridge of Forgetfulness. "Since you care about the Di Clan, I'll send you to the Central Hongmeng. Di Ling has brought part of the clan back to the third realm. You can take them to the fourth realm to repopulate the clan there."

"I see." Di Yin accepted readily and set foot on the bridge, leaving without a single glance back. This was a place of heartbreak for him, he didn't want to spend a second longer here if he didn't have to.

"He's not a bad person at heart, just shouldering some burdens that don't belong to him." Chu Xingran smacked his lips as he watched Di Yin leave.

"And that's why you threw the Thunderstruck Wood to him?" Lu Yun rolled his eyes.

"How'd you figure even that out?" Chu Xingran's eyes widened.

"The original emperor appearing to be dead right now is probably also your work," Lu Yun sniffed.

Chu Xingran very wisely shut his mouth. He'd cast horrific curses on the original emperor more than once. Though they didn't take immediate effect, who knew what might've happened in this uncanny yang tomb fraught with danger?

"Let's go somewhere safe, I want to study the Imperial Seal," Lu Yun said.

"This way." Ao Qin waved his hand and left with the young man and Chu Xingran.

Those silently observing the area breathed sighs of relief. If Ao Qin had quickly joined the dragon camp, then the dragons were highly likely to win the world of sequence. The dragons, on the other hand, looked on unpleasantly. They hadn't expected Ao Qin to come back alive! Neither had they expected him to kill the golden dragon emperor's son and leave right after without rejoining them.

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Lu Yun's replica stood in the world inside the Tome of Life and Death.

A massive world existed inside the Tome of Life and Death, one in which numerous mental brands floated. They belonged to his Yama Kings, Infernum, and all of the names written in the book. Lu Yun had stored the withered wood here once, using the treasure's power to erode the curse within. And now, he put the Imperial Seal here as well.

Although the Tome of Life and Death had become his nascent spirit, his understanding of the treasure was woefully inadequate. He couldn't even tell what the truth behind this world was.

The seal silently floated in front of him, power from the Tome of Life and Death gathering on all sides to suppress it. No one could get up to any mischief in here, whether it was anyone outside or anything in the seal itself.

### **Chapter 1720: Watchdog**

Inside the world of the Tome of Life and Death.

"Show yourself." Lu Yun glanced at the Imperial Seal and sat down on the ground. "In this Land of Reincarnation, existence rises to fall and to rise again. Life always follows death, which also always follows life. Round and round we go—destiny itself runs in a never-ending loop. The Imperial Seal is the only constant throughout it all.

"There have been countless Lu Yuns through countless reincarnation cycles, but only one Imperial Seal. If you don't come out, I'll refine you with the Tome of Life and Death." He cast another serious look at the seal.

A black ripple wafted out from it and manifested as a nun in daoist robes in front of Lu Yun.

"Mo Yi's senior sister?" The young man shook his head at the sight. "Don't try to confuse me, you're not her."

"How do you know I'm not?" The nun covered her mouth as she chuckled. "Perhaps she's just one of my identities."

"Because there's no meaning to any of this if you're her," Lu Yun continued shaking his head. "If the nun had the ability to be the only constant in these cycles, she wouldn't have died. I've derived the trajectory of her fortune. Her disciple was the cause of her death."

Lu Yun had guessed Moran Dongning's identity because the girl had dropped one too many hints in their conversation. However, he continued to feign ignorance. Both of them understood what the other knew and neither of the two said anything aloud.

"I'm not very interested in your identity, to be honest. I'm sure that I know you, but all I need to do is to kill you."

Mo Yi had died with the thing inside the seal in every one of the endless cycles. Lu Yun believed that whatever influenced her and Chu Xingran came from the thing as well. Perhaps it was a prodigious personage, but even the mightiest being was just a name in his eyes.

He'd filled out his wings enough in the Land of Reincarnation that he could see everything in his world. The outside realm and those who dwelled in it had nothing to do with him. He didn't know any of them either.

"You can keep your peace since you're not willing to say anything." Lu Yun snapped his fingers before the nun could respond. A tremendous surge of black and white energy gathered inside the Tome of Life and Death and careened toward the Imperial Seal.

"Wait!" The nun was highly dismayed. "I'll tell you, I'll tell you everything!"

"I'm not interested anymore."

Rumble.

The black and white strength represented life and death. In the presence of the order of opposition, it became the most important order for living beings—the order of life and death.

"The original emperor isn't dead!" The nun's form was crushed by the power of life and death and a strong outpouring of emotion came from the seal.

"I know." Lu Yun remained unmoved and continued dismantling the seal.

'I know where he is now!' The thought ripple agitated.

"I don't want to know." Lu Yun was expressionless.

"He's dying! If you don't save him, he'll die!" The thought ripple grew more distraught as the Imperial Seal began to collapse. Once it was demolished, the thing inside would die as well.

"You want me, a Nihil World Sovereign, to save an eighteenth level sequence expert? You really do want me to die, don't you?!" Lu Yun curled his lip with a huff. The power of life and death deepened and assembled into a massive black and white whetstone that engulfed the Imperial Seal.

"Is that woman this important to you?!" a hoarse voice rasped out.

"So it is you." Lu Yun smiled and withdrew his power.

An immensely injured demonic shadow drifted out of the seal, staring fixedly at Lu Yun with a pair of scarlet eyes.

The demon of immortal dao!

Though Lu Yun hadn't been able to determine what precisely was inside the seal, he'd more or less guessed it. The last era of every cycle was an era of demonic dao from this particular demon. The era threw all orders into a jumble and ultimately destroyed them, heralding the great devastation and curtains on that particular cycle.

According to conventional logic, the collapse of order would result in an invasion from the darkness. The land of darkness would devour the fourth realm and assimilate it—such was decreed by the order of opposition and nirvana.



But the demon's demonic dao upended everything, causing everything to collapse, including the land of darkness!

That was a true devastation, one that destroyed all existence, including the order of nirvana that exceeded the six orders of the highest degree. Everything was wiped clean for it all to take place again.

Such were the demon's methods to dictate the cycles of the Land of Reincarnation. The Imperial Seal was the only thing that existed throughout everything, so Lu Yun was firmly convinced that there was a connection between the two.

"Fine, I'm out, what do you want?!" The demon was a black shadow, but his scarlet eyes were particularly piercing.

"Why do you want to kill Mo Yi?" Lu Yun recalled her words, that everything they knew would end if the entity inside the seal remained alive. True enough, the demon of immortal dao was the one behind the final devastation. The version of him in the world of immortals was likely just a small fragment of his power; his true body was inside the seal all along.

"Do you really want to know?" The demon smiled superciliously.

Black and white energy appeared at the first hint of attitude. They turned into a large whetstone that would grind him out of existence.

"I won't want to know anymore if you keep bullshitting me," Lu Yun sneered.

"Because she will end the loops unless she dies! Her goal is to end the Land of Reincarnation!" the demon forced out through grit teeth. "I am the guardian of this land, so what else am I supposed to do other than try to kill her?"

"Thankfully, she's lost herself in the endless cycles of death and rebirth. She's forgotten her mission and who she is."

"You're not lying?" Lu Yun was rather skeptical. "So who was she before?" He'd always been very curious about Mo Yi's background.

"I don't know, I'm just a watchdog, how would I know that much? I just know that if Mo Yi isn't eliminated, she'll terminate the Land of Reincarnation," the demon harrumphed.

"Who... describes themselves as a watchdog?" Lu Yun suppressed an eyeroll.

"I am a dog to begin with. Someone turned me into this state and set me the mission of guarding this land," the demon responded dejectedly.

Lu Yun curled his lip, not believing a word. "My goal is to end the loops too, and I know the truth of this world. Why haven't you moved against me?"

"When have I not?" the demon sneered. "Do you really think a puny Chu Xingran can set up so many things by himself? Have you ever entertained the thought that I'm the one who ensures you'll accompany the withering of immortal dao?"

“Some accidents have occurred in this cycle, that’s all. You’ve become an anomaly, and so have two other things.

“For some reason, that broken Major Cycle World turned into a realm monster and broke through the world barrier around the Land of Reincarnation. It fled to the outside realm and... came back with a great god.

“The second is that the world of sequence fully matured and impacted the fates of countless people. All of their fortunes have changed slightly and they’re now inside this tomb.” The demon was rather glum. “I exhausted the last bit of my strength to set up the barrier outside the tomb.”