

Necropolis 1721

Chapter 1721: Bet

If it wasn't for the demon of immortal dao exhausting his strength, he'd be able to offer some degree of resistance, even though Lu Yun had put him into the world inside the Tome of Life and Death.

Most importantly was that, without that last surge of strength, Mo Yi no longer needed to put her life on the line to ensure his death. With her level of strength, it was an easy afterthought to execute the demon in his current state.

Each of the three anomalies had been bigger than the last, and now all three of them were involved with each other!

Lu Yun had refined the realm monster and turned it into Fairylands, and was now in the Abyssal Tomb! The demon of the immortal dao had an awful hunch that the Land of Reincarnation was truly about to come to an end. He was focused on trying to kill Mo Yi even in this moment because the cycle of reincarnation propelled him to do so.

Despite being the watchdog of the land, the demon was also subject to the rhythm of the loops and repeated the same things that he'd always done.

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"Is your true form really a dog?" Lu Yun arched a brow. "Don't they say that dogs are loyal to a fault and won't betray their masters even upon pain of death? Why are you telling me all this?"

"How do I know who my master is??" The demon glared. "Perhaps I had one before, but my past memories have all been worn away after so many cycles! I don't know who I'm serving, so how am I supposed to be loyal??"

"I've told you everything I can and you can see that I didn't mean any of it. So... show me some mercy?"

He was still in the form of a demon, but Lu Yun could read a trace of trying to curry favor in his scarlet eyes. Being inside the Tome of Life and Death was a certain release for him.

Repeating the same thing over and over again and remembering that he'd done the exact same thing before had created a monotony that'd almost driven the demon crazy. He wasn't like those from the outside realm, able to leave whenever they wanted to.

Take Chu Xingran, for example. He'd borrowed the Curse King's identity after entering the Land of Reincarnation, but one truly did exist before his arrival. That one had repeated being an enemy of Lu Yun's again and again. When Chu Xingran replaced him, he'd taken up the old Curse King's mantle and committed the same actions.

If nothing out of the ordinary occurred, the dead Curse King would return once Chu Xingran departed and fulfill the loops of his destiny once more.

The demon of immortal dao couldn't do the same. He had to remain in place and protect the Land of Reincarnation, ensuring that the loops continued. Moving to the world inside the Tome of Life and Death was a kind of release for him.

Lu Yun captured that wisp of emotion from the demon. This was his world and he was the ultimate sovereign. Even powerhouses beyond sequence would have to keep their heads down and noses clean in here. Lu Yun felt that within this world, he could create anything and rule over everything.

There were mountains of issues to be tackled outside, and neither did he have the energy to open the world of sequence and become its creator.

“But listen, you can’t let me out!” the demon hastily said when he saw that Lu Yun was about to leave. “If you let me out, I’ll be affected by the rules of the world and continue doing what I was doing before. You’ve shaken off your destiny and affected everyone else around you, but I can only follow what’s been laid out for me.”

“Very well, it’d be inviting disaster if I let you out anyway, so you can stay in here.” Lu Yun held his forehead and agreed with resignation. He’d discovered that the will attacking Fairylands at every possible second had vanished after he stored the Imperial Seal in the Tome of Life and Death.

The demon of immortal dao didn’t seem to possess such a powerful will, so it should originate from something else inside the seal. Regardless, it was the correct move to suppress both seal and demon inside the treasure.

Although Mo Yi’s matter was happily settled for the most part, the seal remained a threat. While Lu Yun could use the Tome of Life and Death to crush the various spaces within it and even erase the demon, he couldn’t destroy the seal itself.

He would have to keep the seal within this world even if the demon hadn’t made his request. The Tome of Life and Death was his greatest asset and ultimate trump card. If the book couldn’t contain the seal, then they needed to all give up and just await death.

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“You’re awake.” Chu Xingran looked at Lu Yun curiously when he suddenly opened his eyes. “Have you taken care of the problem?”

“Mmhmm,” Lu Yun nodded. “It was the guardian of the Land of Reincarnation.”

“Stop, that’s enough, don’t say anything more!” Chu Xingran literally jumped away when he saw that Lu Yun wanted to start a conversation. He wanted nothing more to do with this land. Everything had been a nightmare and couldn’t be forgotten quickly enough.

“Ao Qin and I caught thirty thousand sequence experts over the past couple of days when you were in seclusion. They’re all above ninth level sequence and below fifteenth level.” Cackling, Chu Xingran rubbed his hands together. “They’re from the outside realm and the elites of their factions. No one in this land can compare!”

Lu Yun’s expression froze. “Thirty thousand sequence experts between ninth and fifteenth level??”

Chu Xingran nodded fawningly.

“Er... release them, the three thousand before are enough.” Lu Yun shook his head. The aura of slaughter was fading. His conscience wouldn’t stand for it if he killed another thirty thousand cultivators.

The three thousand he'd turned into Infernum before had all been affected by the atmosphere and lost their minds, raging through the battlefield to engage in senseless butchering. They'd died when they came for his group, and he couldn't raise his hand against innocent cultivators who'd done nothing to him.

"Just kidding." Chu Xingran rolled his eyes and reluctantly took out a bag from his robes, tossing it to Ao Qin.

"Heh heh heh, I told you so. Lu Yun would never do something like that." Ao Qin's eyes gleamed when he peered into the bag—it was full of glittering crystals that he started counting with gusto.

"Are dragons really as the stories say, fond of anything that sparkles?" Lu Yun asked with surprise.

"These aren't ordinary baubles, they're enigma stones. They're used in the outside realm and similar to the immortal crystals of the world of immortals and purple crystals of the Hongmeng. They're currency for exchange and a cultivation resource." Ao Qin put the bag away with immense satisfaction. "The Darklake crown prince is indeed wealthy beyond compare. No wonder the Dafeng miss will marry none other than you."

The two hadn't left when Lu Yun entered closed door cultivation. Instead, they'd made a bet. Chu Xingran felt that Lu Yun was a hypocrite at heart, which compelled their actions from moments ago.

Lu Yun hadn't accepted the thirty thousand lives that didn't exist, so Chu Xingran lost a bag of stones to Ao Qin. Both of them were now ready to go home.

Favorite

Chapter 1722: The Summoning Formation

"I'll send the two of you out since everything has been taken care of." Lu Yun understood Ao Qin and Chu Xingran's intentions when he saw them bet with currency from the outside realm. "The tomb formed by Ruina and the Abyssal Hell is incredibly robust and primarily focused inward. It's easy for someone to enter, but difficult to leave."

"There are two ways to depart—the first is through the world of sequence. But given how indestructible its world barrier is, even a joint blow from everyone present won't shake it one bit. There's no way of telling how long until it's breached."

"What of the second?" Chu Xingran frowned.

He'd known about the first method a long time ago and also knew that it was a dead end. It would take another heaven-shaking battle and massive slaughter of epic proportions for the world barrier to be truly opened. Even the powerhouses of the outside realm would be involved then, so attempting to leave through the world of sequence was as Lu Yun said—a great unknown.

"There's a crack between the world of sequence, yang tomb, and yin tombs. I can punch a hole through it and send you on your way." Lu Yun pondered for a moment. "But there's too many uncertainties with that method as well, and I can't be certain of where I'll send you."

"We wouldn't be going home?" Ao Qin couldn't help but ask.

“Based on my calculations, I can definitely deposit you in your realm, but I can’t be certain of exactly where you’ll be.” Lu Yun nodded, then shook his head.

“That’s fine, it’s enough to be in our realm!” Chu Xingran quickly said. He and Ao Qin were highly prominent characters in the outside realm. They’d be able to find their way home no matter where they were.

“Then that works, I’m just worried that things will be dangerous in your realm and if I send you to someplace forbidden...” Lu Yun mused.

“Are you trying to hint at something?” Chu Xingran shuddered. He knew that Lu Yun hadn’t really let him off the hook!

Lu Yun winked at him. “Give me a bag of those enigma stones.”

The man clenched his jaw and took out a bag the size of a palm, throwing it to Lu Yun. The young man caught it with a merry twinkle.

While it filled a palm on the outside, it could fit an entire world inside. Small mountains of enigma stones were piled in the bag, too many to be counted.

“I know what you’re planning. The primary and secondary worlds of the Land of Reincarnation are broken and cannot nurture cultivation resources. You want to use the stones as seeds and grow them in the fourth realm, don’t you?” Though Chu Xingran asked a question, he already knew the answer.

“Pretty much,” Lu Yun nodded. “If I can develop them into enigma stone veins, it will be a deed of unquestionable virtue accredited to you. Your karmic debt to this land will fully fade away.”

Chu Xingran fell silent.

“Come, let’s send you guys home.” Lu Yun stood up. They were in a moderately sized mountain cavern. Although the yang tomb was fashioned out of Ruina, the great dao of Ruina here had been replaced by the way of burial, so not every place was the sea.

The group’s expressions changed drastically when they left the cavern. The air had turned gray at some point and dense fog sealed the area like it was an iron curtain. Shadows flickered through the gray haze and emitted strange noises.

“This is the Great Formation of Corpse Refinement,” Lu Yun’s tone turned chilly.

While he wouldn’t kill innocents, the same didn’t hold true for everyone else. The Corpse Refiners had slaughtered everything in sight for the past three years, refining countless battle zombies. After losing their zombie farms, their efforts redoubled to replenish their troops. Lu Yun had run into them once when he was hunting those who’d turn into mindless butchers and engaged in a mighty battle with them.

The sect was too powerful in the yang tomb and even an eighteenth level sequence expert had numbered among them. Lu Yun and the group had run off—Ao Qin was still seventeenth level during that encounter.

He never imagined that they'd find the group's hiding spot and surreptitiously lay down a formation, sealing off the area! Lu Yun's attention had been focused on the Imperial Seal and although Chu Xingran and Ao Qin were skilled in formations, they couldn't detect the Great Formation of Corpse Refinement. Their thoughts were full of home, and they were highly distracted by the close prospect after being away for so long.

When the three discovered the situation, they stood with their backs to each other and looked around warily.

"...it's not aimed at us," Lu Yun suddenly said. "The formation I laid down conceals our tracks so thoroughly that even the Corpse Refiners' eighteen level sequence expert won't be able to pick up our trail. This should be just a coincidence, a formation they've randomly set up."

Chu Xingran and Ao Qin looked on gravely, not saying a word. Not even the dragon genius dared make any moves upon being trapped in the formation.

Eighteen levels of sequence was an apex powerhouse in the Abyssal Tomb and Land of Reincarnation at large. However, it didn't count for much in the outside realm. Even Ao Qin was simply just a notable figure of the younger generation. In the outside realm, the Great Formation of Corpse Refinement could refine heavyweights beyond sequence.

A sudden thought struck Lu Yun and abyssal hellfire quietly ignited over the group, concealing their life signs. He took out two Shapeshifting talismans and stuck them onto Chu Xingran and Ao Qin, transforming them into zombies. He then turned himself into one as well.

"Have I really become a zombie?" Chu Xingran stared incredulously at his hands. The corpse qi in the formation no longer attacked his body!

"Shut up, zombies don't talk." Lu Yun maintained an expressionless face and imitated the zombie way of movement, looking around the surroundings. The other two followed close behind him.

"What kind of monster was I enemies with before?" Chu Xingran smiled wryly and quickly set the thought aside. As the Curse King, he'd only been following what the Curse King was supposed to do. He'd at most made a few minor adjustments to his predetermined path.

Corpse qi became less dense in front of them; they'd reached the edges of the formation. Some cultivators dressed in Corpse Refiner uniforms stood on the fringes—sect disciples.

"What are they doing?" Chu Xingran couldn't help but transmit.

"It looks like they're summoning some sort of major being." Lu Yun intently studied a pile of dirt that the Corpse Refiners stood around. It seemed inconspicuous, but was a massive summoning formation.

He jerked his head up and scanned the premises with the Spectral Eye, taking in everything within fifty million kilometers. There were three hundred and sixty-five dirt mounds placed in this range; they formed a complete summoning formation!

Someone that inspired so much effort and care from the Corpse Refiners was no ordinary person.

Chapter 1723: Nineteenth Level of Sequence

There were three hundred and sixty-five minor summoning formations within fifty million kilometers!

No, strictly speaking, it was forty-nine hundred and ninety nine formations covering forty-nine, nine hundred and ninety thousand kilometers. The humble piles of dirt were also a type of disguise. This was no ordinary summoning for the Corpse Refiners to be so careful!

“No matter who they’re summoning, we can’t let the Corpse Refiners succeed!” Chu Xingran roared after his initial shock. “Destroy it!”

Whoosh!

He charged at the pile of dirt and punched it.

“What?! Are the zombies rebelling?? The Corpse Refiners started, but weren’t otherwise concerned. Zombies couldn’t destroy the summoning formations.

Indeed, Chu Xingran bounced back the moment he touched dirt.

“Huh?” Startled, he quickly realized something and shattered the talisman that Lu Yun had placed in his body, reverting to his true form.

Whoosh!

Cerulean sword light surged like a colossal river and slashed at the pile.

Kaboom!

An enormous mushroom cloud rose in the air and reduced the pile of dirt to powder.

“What?!” The sect disciples finally stirred with alarm, but Lu Yun smacked them to death before they could do anything.

This particular group of Corpse Refiners wasn’t strong to begin with—they relied on the Great Formation of Corpse Refinement and their zombies. Since this was Corpse Refiner territory, any other cultivator who wandered inside was sure to be refined. A rebellion of zombies and their sudden reversion back to living things was beyond their power of comprehension.

Thus, it was easier than eating cake for Lu Yun to kill them.

“The summoning formation... they want to summon a nineteenth level sequence zombie into the tomb!” Lu Yun quickly learned the truth from his newest Infernum. “The Corpse Refiners retained his strength in life when they transformed him, thereby making him stronger in death.”

The sect disciples assigned to guarding the piles of dirt were the faction’s core geniuses, so they knew more than the average disciple.

“When living beings turn into zombies, their doors of sequence close. However, their bodies and the strength they obtained from sequence stay, so it would be a zombie at bonafide nineteenth levels of sequence,” Ao Qin commented. “Zombies aren’t alive and their access to sequence no longer exists. Therefore, they can enter this area.”

“But powerhouses in the outside realm have jointly suppressed the Corpse Refiners a long time ago and forbade them from bringing in strong zombies. Even eighteenth level ones were forbidden. I can’t believe they came up with this loophole...” Chu Xingran frowned ferociously. “It’s not enough to destroy one summoning formation, we need to destroy them all!”

“Weren’t you guys going home? What do you care about the Corpse Refiners?”

The two had been so distracted and eager to go home that their abrupt change in attitude after seeing the Corpse Refiners was quite surprising.

“That sect is nothing good,” Ao Qin shook his head. “They turn the living into zombies—where do you think they’ll find welcome and acceptance? It was a mistake for you to incorporate the dao of corpse refinement into immortal dao.”

Since he’d been in the world of immortals all this time, he knew what Lu Yun had done to the Corpse Refiners there.

“I’ve extracted only the essence and discarded the dross,” Lu Yun shook his head. “I threw away the part of refining people alive and kept only how to refine and control the dead. But you’re right, they’re very likely to get the world of sequence if they bring out a nineteenth level sequence zombie.”

Although he had three Dao Flowers, he’d die before the world of sequence came looking for him if the Corpse Refiners succeeded. A nineteenth level sequence expert was a fundamentally different concept from the first eighteen.

“It would also be a disaster for our realm if they establish a world of corpse refinement sequence,” Ao Qin said. “We need to destroy these summoning formations, all of them!”

Twin black flames burned in Chu Xingran’s eyes—the strength of curse dao. Although he’d returned the identity of the Curse King, he’d inherited the personage’s strength. Curse dao was part of his cultivation now, and his command over it was greater than the old Curse King’s.

This was also why Lu Yun kept plotting against him despite everything. A karmic relationship had still existed between them, one that was finally eliminated by the bag of enigma stones. If the stones really took root in the fourth realm and became an enigma stone vein, then this Discarded Land could become whole again and turn into the same as the outside realm.

“Alright!” Lu Yun could see all three hundred and sixty-five dirt mounds through the Spectral Eye—three hundred and sixty-four now.

Each formation was guarded by seven Corpse Refiners at seventh level sequence. These were the upper echelon of geniuses in the sect and possessed domineering potential. Only true geniuses had the right to learn and use these formations.

In other words, the Corpse Refiners had only used local ingredients and assembled these formations on the spot to pull the wool over the eyes of those in the outside realm. The formations’ existence had to remain a secret. Thus, there was a limited number of twenty-five hundred and fifty-five disciples present, apart from their zombies. Although they were only seventh level sequence, they could easily deploy their battle zombies to kill a fifteen level sequence expert.

This was why everyone feared the Corpse Refiners. Each disciple represented not only themselves, but a vast army of zombies.

Lu Yun and his companions once more turned into zombies, but this time, they didn't tread lightly. They rapidly flew through the forty-nine hundred and ninety nine formations, destroying them with the strength of the living since zombies couldn't touch the piles of dirt.

He no longer hesitated, instead ambushing each Corpse Refiner with one lethal blow. Chu Xingran and Ao Qin were responsible for destroying the dirt mounds.

Soon enough, all of the dirt and Corpse Refiner guards were no more.

"Why do I feel like something's off?" It felt like something was stuck in Lu Yun's throat and he was having trouble breathing.

Boom!

A pillar of grayish-yellow light erupted beneath the land and blasted into the firmament. Inside it, a coffin of black wood fell down from the sky. It emanated the strength of nineteen levels of sequence.

There was a three hundred and sixty-sixth summoning formation!

Chapter 1724: A Jumbo-Sized Black Donkey's Hoof

Lu Yun didn't fathom that there could be a three hundred and sixty-sixth summoning formation, one that activated as soon as he destroyed all of the other ones. The black wooden coffin was weathered and in poor condition; it released the strength of nineteen levels of sequence as soon as it landed!

"We're leaving!" All of Ao Qin's dragon scales stood on end. Nineteen levels of sequence was a completely different concept to eighteen levels, it was a qualitative difference!

Since the zombie inside the coffin was transformed from the body of a nineteenth level sequence expert, it could wield the strength it had in life, but also refrain from exuding the aura of nineteen levels. That meant the tomb wouldn't expel it and it could deploy its full strength in the yang tomb.

Ao Qin grabbed Lu Yun and Chu Xingran before the zombie could fully materialize and fled for their lives.

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"The Corpse Refiners..." Lu Yun was as pale as a sheet. The sect was truly not to be underestimated—they had numerous backups for all of their plans.

"That was a summoning formation of death." Chu Xingran explained darkly from his position in Ao Qin's hands. "The three hundred and sixty-five summoning formations were real, but there was also one of death in the surroundings as well. It remained inert when it didn't sense death, but once it did, it activated into a tangible formation. A summoning formation of death!"

Although the twenty-five hundred and fifty-five Corpse Refiners had become Lu Yun's Infernum, they'd faced impending death in their final moments. That will of death had ignited the formation and shifted it into active operation.

“Is this the dao of the outside realm?” Lu Yun asked reflexively. He’d never heard of this kind of formation before, especially one that activated given another condition in its environment.

“Yes,” Chu Xingran nodded. “Interested in the outside realm now?”

Lu Yun nodded. “But it’s still not time to head out of mine.”

Ao Qin didn’t stop until they’d traveled a very long distance. He looked back with trepidation; if the nineteenth level zombie had captured them, they’d be dead without a doubt. It was only because it wasn’t fully awake after its new arrival that the dragon had had a chance to escape with his companions.

“I chose that spot for seclusion because it was fertile ground for breeding zombies. I counted on the Corpse Refiners wanting to make use of it, but didn’t anticipate them to come so quickly,” Lu Yun sighed. He’d thought that he was strong enough for anything, but it turned out that he was far too minuscule compared to the great factions of the outside realm. He didn’t even understand what they’d done.

A simple, untargeted plot from the Corpse Refiners was enough to send him running with his tail between his legs. He’d probably be long dead if they tailored their machinations for him. It was only because they thought nothing of a puny native that they didn’t mobilize against him.

“It’s not just you, even I didn’t detect what was going on there,” Ao Qin remarked with dejection. He could clearly sense a massive presence rushing toward the world of sequence. Clearly, the formidable zombie had awoken and was convening with its masters.

It was impossible for Ao Qin and Chu Xingran to go home now. An invincible entity had appeared and the Corpse Refiners would certainly stop biding their time to take action.

“I’m going back to the dragons,” Ao Qin suddenly said. “This is no time to speak of grudges or feuds. Everyone must unite against the Corpse Refiners. Anyone can have the world of sequence but them!”

“You should leave immediately, Lu Yun. One of Jiang Chen’s replicas is in the world of immortals and he’s behind the branch of Corpse Refiners in that world. The Dao Flower that you left on Mount Xuanhuang is in grave danger. It’s definitely their prey!” The dragon had never been so serious before.

“Don’t worry, the world of immortals isn’t some place that he can waltz in and out of. If they dare make a play for the Dao Flower, I promise that they won’t live to tell the tale!” Lu Yun waved him off; Chu Xingran nodded solemnly as well.

He’d dismantled his plots in the world of immortals and resolved the issue of the land of darkness. Violetgrave was free from her watch over that part of darkness and could freely move about. God and Pangu were both in the world of immortals, so if the Corpse Refiners dared pay a visit to that world... that’d just be courting death.

“The most important thing is to eliminate the Corpse Refiners in this tomb, particularly that nineteenth level sequence zombie!” Lu Yun savagely bared his teeth. “Nineteen levels? So what! It’s still a zombie and my speciality is zombies! Don’t go back to the dragons just yet, I’m going to refine a treasure!”

Ao Qin blinked, then nodded his assent.

Lu Yun's oldest trade was tomb raiding. He was the undisputed best commandant of the craft. Naturally, he was very excited to test his skills against a super-sized specimen, a ginormous rice dumpling.

The zombies crafted by the sect were the same as ones nurtured from the tomb. All of the visitors were standing in a massive tomb originally meant for the world of sequence; it'd been further sectioned into the yang and yin tombs, with the tomb owner being placed in the yin tombs.

"Glutinous rice... I need rice. The more the better," Lu Yun murmured. He reached out to his Yama Kings, they were the only ones who had freedom of movement and could reach him in the Abyssal Tomb.

The Tome of Life and Death facilitated their travel through the Disordered Hell so they could deliver sacks of glutinous rice. The deliveries quickly formed a small mountain in front of Lu Yun.

"Is this... ordinary rice? Will that work against the zombie?" The three were now by the shore of dead sea they'd first arrived at.

"All things in life have their counter, there is no exception even for the strongest beings," Lu Yun explained matter-of-factly. "Some eliminate their counter throughout the course of their evolution. Some brainless things, such as zombies, haven't developed enough intelligence to think of destroying their weakness."

He wrapped glutinous rice with yellow paper and shaped it into a donkey's hoof. Baking it with hellfire, he turned it into a treasure that could subdue zombies.

Ordinary donkey hooves only needed a small amount of rice; Lu Yun had distilled the essence from several hundred million tons of rice for his. The yellow paper he used was uncommon as well, and hellfire cemented the treasure's appearance. An ordinary zombie would crumble into dust at the barest touch from the hoof.

"It's done!" He finished refinement after toiling away for three days and nights. The item was the size of an ordinary donkey's hoof, but it glowed with a black light. Hellfire had distilled the purest essence out of the rice, retaining only qualities that could subjugate zombies.

"Let's go to the dragons now, this thing won't do much if it's on me. I can't get near the zombie and you can't either. Send a powerhouse from your race!" Lu Yun muttered. "If my guess is right, the zombie will smash the brains out of you if you dare attack it."

Chapter 1725: Emperor of the Original Hongmeng

Brief calculations showed Lu Yun that although his jumbo-sized donkey's hoof could contain the zombie, he would do so at the cost of his own life. Ao Qin had just broken through to eighteen levels of sequence and would die a grisly death if he went. Thus, the best option was to find the dragons and have them send someone.

Just as the trio were about to move, a faint smear of blood suddenly appeared in the void and surrounded them. Not even Ao Qin had the room to resist before the smear of blood took them away.

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“Don’t move and don’t make a sound!” A tired voice traveled clearly into Lu Yun’s ears. When the bloody cast faded away, a wan young man dressed in purple robes sat in front of him. Chu Xingran and Ao Qin were nowhere to be seen and the jumbo-sized hoof was in the young man’s hand.

“...emperor of the original Hongmeng?” Lu Yun asked curiously.

“How did you guess?” The purple-clad young man blinked, then nodded in confirmation.

So the original emperor was alive after all.

“The two little guys guarding the burial mound over the Hongmeng—Hong and Meng—are they your children?”

“Yes.” The young man nodded again.

The ruins in the Central Hongmeng, the lost ancient city, and the mausoleum among the stars were all remnants from the battle that shattered the original Hongmeng. Hong and Meng guarded the mausoleum since countless heavyweights of the original Hongmeng were buried there.

“Although you’re not dead, you’re as good as dead.” Lu Yun frowned at the young man in front of him.

“Yes, I’ve become a ghost. The Hongmeng is no more and the world of immortals is about to assimilate the Central Hongmeng. It will soon become the eternal world of immortals of the fourth realm. There is no need to mention the title of the original emperor ever again.” The young man shook his head. “Past lives and present are all but a dream. What joy is there in living? What pain is there in dying?”

Lu Yun took a close look at the young man and sneered, “So should I call you Meng Wang from now on?”

The young man’s eyes widened and he nodded mechanically. “How did you guess even that??”

Meng Wang...

The brave hero and brilliant strategist of a hundred thousand years ago, the Immortal Emperor!

After he relinquished his identity and became the luopan’s weapon spirit, Lu Yun had sent his fragmented spirit to the bank of Hell Flowers when the compass was destroyed. There, he could regather his soul and be reborn.

In life, Meng Wang fulfilled the role of a sage in the Dao Academy. His grasp of formula dao was second to only Lu Yun and Qing Yu, placing him above Lu Yun’s fifth disciple—Qi Fengyun. Incidentally, he had the unique talent of keeping such a low profile that others often involuntarily overlooked him.

Lu Yun never imagined that when he next saw Meng Wang, the man would somehow be the original emperor! So the emperor had been in the world of immortals all along and never went to the unknown expanses! He’d traveled to the world of immortals to become the Immortal Emperor!

What’s with these high and mighty people turning themselves into insignificant cogs? Are they so bored that they want to observe the many aspects of life?

“Ah,” Meng Wang chuckled ruefully when he saw disdain creep across Lu Yun’s face. “What other choice did I have? The Curse King would’ve killed me if I didn’t do so, the withered wood was also too horrifying. I was heavily injured and had to enter the cycle of reincarnation in the world of immortals.

“Di Ling brought her clan to the Hongmeng and then to the world of immortals not just to protect the world. They also did so to escort my fragmented spirit to safety and then jointly erased the memory from their minds...

“I lost myself in the world of immortals and repeated the cycles of reincarnation until Fuxi and the others arrived. They helped me rise up and soar to the position of Immortal Emperor. I began to find myself again after encountering you and became that person of the Hongmeng once more.”

As the emperor of the world of immortals, Meng Wang had labored beneath the curse targeting the “emperor” title. He’d used it against the Curse King’s curse to help maintain his true being. Fuxi and the others had known who he was early on, which was why they’d helped him.

“So does this mean that when you took Di Yin and the Imperial Seal away, you didn’t do so from this yang tomb? You did it as a matter of convenience on your way from the world of immortals to the unknown expanses?” Lu Yun’s eyes widened.

Meng Wang nodded. “How would I possibly have so much strength?”

Lu Yun carefully thought through everything. That had indeed been the first time he witnessed the original emperor’s might. Prior to that, he’d only heard of the august personage, but never even seen traces of his existence.

Apart from the Imperial Seal.

Perhaps this character wasn’t as fearsome as previously thought.

Currently, Meng Wang was dead. The eighteen sequence experts had jointly beaten him to death, but he was so strong that he’d preserved his entire soul and become a ghost. They were in a tomb—becoming a ghost was the only way to survive.

“I thought finding you meant finding a backer. It turns out you need my protection instead.” Lu Yun grimaced at the man and tossed a karmic fruit to him. Resurrecting Ao Qin had consumed all of his fruit and goodwill, but since formula dao had matured and Formula Academies thrived throughout the fourth realm, goodwill constantly streamed toward the Karmic Tree.

Meng Wang relaxed slightly when Lu Yun brought out the karmic fruit. He blazed with scintillating golden light after swallowing it and regenerated his physical body. Death receded from him, replaced by life.

For one at his cultivation level, life and death was but the matter of fortuitous opportunity so long as their soul was completely preserved. The karmic fruit that contained boundless virtue and carried the presence of the Tome of Life and Death was that opportunity.

“You’ve accessed nineteen levels of sequence?” Lu Yun’s eyes lit up as he looked at Meng Wang in his current state.

“Mm.” The man nodded. “When I was surrounded, the final moment between life and death helped shatter the last obstacle to that level. I broke through as an immortal ghost.

“You should avoid that zombie, it’s not nineteen levels. It’s twenty levels. The Corpse Refiners are sinister and insidious—those geniuses you killed were meant to be sacrifices. If the summoning

formations you destroyed had activated, they would've brought a nineteenth level zombie. But since it was the one of death that activated, another one came."

Lu Yun shuddered involuntarily. "No wonder my calculations kept telling me that Ao Qin would die horribly if he tried with the donkey's hoof. So what now? Do we just let the Corpse Refiners have the world of sequence?"

He really didn't want to settle for that. The sect was so uncanny that if they obtained the world of sequence, it would be a disaster for the realms of his home too.

Meng Wang remained silent.

"What, the original emperor isn't a coward, is he?" Lu Yun sneered.

Chapter 1727: A Collision Between Two Civilizations

Drawn by the two Dao Flowers, the core essence of the world hovered in front of Lu Yun. It was a ball of white light restrained by eighteen thousand chains. At the same time, it seemed that the chains were part of the light to begin with. The ball of light was the shocking illumination that Lu Yun had seen outside.

It wasn't as domineering inside the world of sequence. Rather, it glowed with a soft hue. Just like a newborn child, the world's sequence was pristine and untainted. It could become any kind of sequence, and it would stay this pure if no other sequence was forthcoming to influence it.

"The sequence of the sea? Or the darkness?" Lu Yun stared at the ball of light and stowed his Dao Flowers. The ball didn't leave despite the disappearance of the flowers. He summoned the Tome of Life and Death with a flip of his hand.

"I'm going to store this world's sequence inside the treasure, so don't you dare do anything to it!" he roared at the demon inside.

"Never, never!" the demon hastily assured. "Taking away this world's core essence is the best possible decision!"

"You mentioned three anomalies in this cycle—me, the world of sequence, and the realm monster. What about Dongfang Mo?" Lu Yun relaxed slightly after storing the ball of sequence into the world inside the Tome of Life and Death.

It'd rather surprised him that the world's core essence had allowed itself to be transferred without a hint of resistance. He'd just wanted to give the idea a try and was ready with the Dark Dao Flower if the sequence had refused.

According to his calculations, the core essence of sequence shouldn't be able to leave its world.

"Um... during the previous cycles?" The demon rifled through his memories. "The realm monster is always present and disguises itself as the world of sequence so it can lure in powerhouses. There was no Ruina or Mazu in the previous cycles.

"Because the realm monster came across the developing world of sequence, that imbued it with a trace of the relevant aura. For some reason, in this cycle, the realm monster broke through the world barrier

around the Land of Reincarnation and entered the outside realm. It then returned with Mazu to continue the cycle.

“Those meant to enter Myriadsea World still made the trip and lived out their lives according to their predetermined trajectory. It wasn’t until Mazu brought you in that their fates were truly changed.”

The altar had been Mazu’s and it’d been the great goddess who led Lu Yun to the world of sequence. Perhaps she’d harbored ill intent at first, but the meeting of two anomalies shifted the outcome of events into a good direction.

The demon of immortal dao was free of his monotony inside the Tome of Life and Death, so he had no reason to lie to Lu Yun. As usual, Dongfang Mo’s spirit dao came into being during this cycle, but this time, formula dao perfected and incorporated it into immortal dao.

Once the core essence of the world was taken, it appeared from the outside that the scintillating radiance suddenly vanished. The world of sequence dimmed and turned the color of blood.

The zombie stopped; endless cultivators waiting to charge in and fight over the core essence stilled with shock. Ugly cracks in the world barrier split open and slowly sealed shut again.

“What’s going on?!” Meng Wang and the others fighting the zombie also jerked with surprise.

The core essence of the world was gone!

“Someone’s inside the world!” a voice screamed. “Someone is one step ahead of us and refining the core essence right now!” It was very urgent, like the owner had guessed something.

“It must be the leader of the natives! He’s just pretending to be dead... that’s right! He died and tried to become a ghost! Only ghosts can enter a world of sequence!”

The yang tomb erupted with pandemonium. It was fine if a heavyweight of the outside realm obtained the world of sequence. Everyone here would still have a chance to join the faction and gain the opportunity to open doors of sequence. But if the world of sequence went to a native of this Disintegrated Land, that would be a beggar making off with a mountain of gold!

These lofty personages who looked down at this tattered realm would never stand for it!

“It’s not him, not the original emperor,” a young man murmured in the Corpse Refiner camp. “It’s someone else... someone who almost killed me.”

“Do you know something, Jiang Kui?” A gray-robed elder looked at him sharply. The young man was the greatest genius of Rising Sunriver and he’d joined the Corpse Refiners.

Jiang Kui waved a hand and projected images of Lu Yun, Chu Xingran, and Haidong Lin into the air.

“I have a hunch that the one refining the core essence is him.” Jiang Kui pointed at Lu Yun. “I just don’t know if this is his true appearance.”

“I’ve seen that shark spirit before!” The gray-robed elder peered at Haidong Lin’s picture. “It’s a minion of one of the natives... something called the Sea Emperor. It’s only twelve levels of sequence and completely irrelevant.”

“Get him and turn him into a battle zombie. We can strip him of his memories.” A ruthless light flashed through Jiang Kui’s eyes.

.....

“Where’s the core essence of sequence gone?” Meng Wang looked blankly at Lu Yun.

“I put it away, I can slowly refine it later. Help me save someone!” Lu Yun ground his teeth. “Haidong Lin and everyone with the Sea Emperor! They must be brought here!”

He’d felt unsettled the moment he took the core essence; there was a nagging sense that he’d forgotten something. After repeated calculations, he realized that he had a weakness in the form of Haidong Lin.

The man would never reveal Lu Yun’s movements or any information about him, but neither was torture a method of choice among great experts. Outright memory removal was the trend.

“Ah... wait, forget it. We’re too late,” Lu Yun sighed.

Meng Wang’s expression shifted as well, he shook his head with dejection. He’d also wanted to seek out the Sea Emperor and bring them into the world of sequence, but the arrival of the twentieth level sequence zombie had caught him completely off guard. He only had time to bring in Lu Yun to refine the core essence.

“This is my oversight,” Lu Yun gnashed his teeth. “We wouldn’t have any of these problems if I’d used my strongest methods at the start to kill Jiang Kui’s primary body!”

He immediately derived cause and effect with formula dao. The defeated, yet alive Jiang Kui had once laid eyes on Lu Yun, Haidong Lin, and Chu Xingran. With Jiang Kui’s level of intelligence, he would raise the issue and take action if there was even a hint of possibility.

What Lu Yun had displayed in the yin tomb had been so flabbergasting that his first candidate for a native refining the world of sequence wasn’t the original emperor, but Lu Yun.

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

The void shook with renewed violence as the zombie redoubled its efforts. Cracks in the world barrier widened and the speed of their recovery slowed.

“You guys should go!” Lu Yun summoned the Bridge of Forgetfulness with a wave. It led to an unknown destination. “This is a collision between two civilizations of different realms. Your karmic ties to this realm have ended!”

Ao Qin and Chu Xingran looked at each other, then nodded at the same time. The look in Chu Xingran’s eyes hardened and he took out a green bead the size of a thumb.

“A complete enigma stone vein is sealed inside. It’s up to you whether or not you can transplant it successfully.” He set foot onto the bridge and left without a glance back.

Chapter 1725: Emperor of the Original Hongmeng

Brief calculations showed Lu Yun that although his jumbo-sized donkey's hoof could contain the zombie, he would do so at the cost of his own life. Ao Qin had just broken through to eighteen levels of sequence and would die a grisly death if he went. Thus, the best option was to find the dragons and have them send someone.

Just as the trio were about to move, a faint smear of blood suddenly appeared in the void and surrounded them. Not even Ao Qin had the room to resist before the smear of blood took them away.

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"Don't move and don't make a sound!" A tired voice traveled clearly into Lu Yun's ears. When the bloody cast faded away, a wan young man dressed in purple robes sat in front of him. Chu Xingran and Ao Qin were nowhere to be seen and the jumbo-sized hoof was in the young man's hand.

"...emperor of the original Hongmeng?" Lu Yun asked curiously.

"How did you guess?" The purple-clad young man blinked, then nodded in confirmation.

So the original emperor was alive after all.

"The two little guys guarding the burial mound over the Hongmeng—Hong and Meng—are they your children?"

"Yes." The young man nodded again.

The ruins in the Central Hongmeng, the lost ancient city, and the mausoleum among the stars were all remnants from the battle that shattered the original Hongmeng. Hong and Meng guarded the mausoleum since countless heavyweights of the original Hongmeng were buried there.

"Although you're not dead, you're as good as dead." Lu Yun frowned at the young man in front of him.

"Yes, I've become a ghost. The Hongmeng is no more and the world of immortals is about to assimilate the Central Hongmeng. It will soon become the eternal world of immortals of the fourth realm. There is no need to mention the title of the original emperor ever again." The young man shook his head. "Past lives and present are all but a dream. What joy is there in living? What pain is there in dying?"

Lu Yun took a close look at the young man and sneered, "So should I call you Meng Wang from now on?"

The young man's eyes widened and he nodded mechanically. "How did you guess even that??"

Meng Wang...

The brave hero and brilliant strategist of a hundred thousand years ago, the Immortal Emperor!

After he relinquished his identity and became the luopan's weapon spirit, Lu Yun had sent his fragmented spirit to the bank of Hell Flowers when the compass was destroyed. There, he could regather his soul and be reborn.

In life, Meng Wang fulfilled the role of a sage in the Dao Academy. His grasp of formula dao was second to only Lu Yun and Qing Yu, placing him above Lu Yun's fifth disciple—Qi Fengyun. Incidentally, he had the unique talent of keeping such a low profile that others often involuntarily overlooked him.

Lu Yun never imagined that when he next saw Meng Wang, the man would somehow be the original emperor! So the emperor had been in the world of immortals all along and never went to the unknown expanses! He'd traveled to the world of immortals to become the Immortal Emperor!

What's with these high and mighty people turning themselves into insignificant cogs? Are they so bored that they want to observe the many aspects of life?

"Ah," Meng Wang chuckled ruefully when he saw disdain creep across Lu Yun's face. "What other choice did I have? The Curse King would've killed me if I didn't do so, the withered wood was also too horrifying. I was heavily injured and had to enter the cycle of reincarnation in the world of immortals.

"Di Ling brought her clan to the Hongmeng and then to the world of immortals not just to protect the world. They also did so to escort my fragmented spirit to safety and then jointly erased the memory from their minds...

"I lost myself in the world of immortals and repeated the cycles of reincarnation until Fuxi and the others arrived. They helped me rise up and soar to the position of Immortal Emperor. I began to find myself again after encountering you and became that person of the Hongmeng once more."

As the emperor of the world of immortals, Meng Wang had labored beneath the curse targeting the "emperor" title. He'd used it against the Curse King's curse to help maintain his true being. Fuxi and the others had known who he was early on, which was why they'd helped him.

"So does this mean that when you took Di Yin and the Imperial Seal away, you didn't do so from this yang tomb? You did it as a matter of convenience on your way from the world of immortals to the unknown expanses?" Lu Yun's eyes widened.

Meng Wang nodded. "How would I possibly have so much strength?"

Lu Yun carefully thought through everything. That had indeed been the first time he witnessed the original emperor's might. Prior to that, he'd only heard of the august personage, but never even seen traces of his existence.

Apart from the Imperial Seal.

Perhaps this character wasn't as fearsome as previously thought.

Currently, Meng Wang was dead. The eighteen sequence experts had jointly beaten him to death, but he was so strong that he'd preserved his entire soul and become a ghost. They were in a tomb—becoming a ghost was the only way to survive.

"I thought finding you meant finding a backer. It turns out you need my protection instead." Lu Yun grimaced at the man and tossed a karmic fruit to him. Resurrecting Ao Qin had consumed all of his fruit and goodwill, but since formula dao had matured and Formula Academies thrived throughout the fourth realm, goodwill constantly streamed toward the Karmic Tree.

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Meng Wang remained silent.

“What, the original emperor isn’t a coward, is he?” Lu Yun sneered.

Chapter 1728.2: The World of Immortal Dao Sequence

It’d been so long since Lu Yun last set foot in the world of immortals that it’d become a strange, yet familiar world to him. The thirty-three facets, Nephrite Major, Dusk Province...

His governor’s manor yet remained and everything he’d ever used remained in their original state. His old residence had become the most sacred of sacred lands and he was the saint of the world of immortals. His statues were worshiped in the thirty-three facets and heavenly palace—statues of mud.

Only statues of mud could be worshiped in this world.

He never appeared again in the world of immortals after concluding everything. The world’s conflicts, rise and fall had nothing to do with him. A new generation of stunning geniuses grew into their own, fulfilling their roles and creating their own era.

The Dao Flower bloomed serenely in Mount Xuanhuang, and while the Dao Academy basked in its peak of power and splendor, it rarely accepted disciples these days. The academies in the thirty-three facets were the true halls of learning for the future of the world.

Just like Dusk City, the academy of Mount Xuanhuang had become a symbol.

The world of immortals' prestige had reached its apex. Immortal dao began traversing and budding throughout the Hongmeng. However, those of the sophisticated third realm didn't consider themselves superior to the tiny world. The world of immortals was the core of the Hongmeng!

As immortal dao developed, so did immortals grow stronger. Cultivation realms that'd once belonged to the chaos were swallowed by the immortal dao, thereby propelling the immortals even further forward.

"You've finally come back..." The first to welcome Lu Yun wasn't Qing Yu, but a mournful expression on a wrinkled and wizened face.

Ge Long.

Startled, Lu Yun raised his eyebrows and responded awkwardly, "Great Lord Ingress, I've already wiped your name from the Tome of Life and Death. You are no longer my subordinate, so why are you dressed like this?"

Lord Ingress was the successor to Ingress Blood Island and Ingress Sword Island. Noble personages such as the Three Pure Ones, Hongjun, Pangu and God were beyond Meng Wang's comprehension, to say nothing of even more mysterious figures such as Fuxi, Wahuang, and their family.

In all of Meng Wang's reincarnations, Fuxi had always been there to accompany his growth and development. Fuxi had still been his teacher during the age of the original Hongmeng.

"Just keeping a low profile, heh," Lord Ingress chuckled. "Those punks on Ingress Sword Island didn't cause any trouble for you, did they?"

"Not much, they've all joined the Formula Academy at Mount Astronomia and built a line of defense against the darkness."

Ingress Sword Island had capitulated to the Luminaries, and once the latter disbanded to become the Formula Academy, Ingress Sword Island naturally joined the new faction.

"Alright, enough chit chat. You mighty experts shouldn't be kicking back and enjoying your days in a safe spot like the world of immortals. You should go fight in the fourth realm!" Lu Yun waved him off.

"A safe spot like the world of immortals?" Lord Ingress snorted. "Do you think it'd be safe without us mighty experts standing guard over it? All sorts of bad characters invaded the world of immortals when the world of sequence opened. They tried to claim the little lass' nascent spirit. If it wasn't for us... hmph!" He said nothing more after glancing at Meng Wang.

Lu Yun had set up airtight contingencies before he left all those years ago. Despite him not taking personal action when outside forces invaded, they still wouldn't have shifted the Dao Flower one bit.

Waving the old man off with a chuckle, he finally came face to face with Qing Yu. It'd been just a few short years for him, but a thousand years for her and the world of immortals.

"You... wait, do you intend to have your dao partner refine the core essence of sequence?" Meng Wang's jaw dropped. "You don't want it yourself?"

Lu Yun would be the master of a world of sequence if he refined it. Though he needed to continue cultivating before he could properly access it, he was still the first one to enter the world of sequence

and would thus benefit in certain ways. But now, he was going to relinquish the opportunity to his dao partner!

Not even Meng Wang felt that he could've resisted temptation if he'd been in the young man's shoes. He would never offer up this chance with both hands, not even to his most beloved!

Qing Yu also looked hesitantly at Lu Yun. She knew where he'd gone and what he'd done.

"The Time Guard of this Land of Reincarnation told me that the convening of the three anomalies might put an end to the endless cycles, that this world might go back to normal," Lu Yun murmured. "All of them are with me right now—Fairylands, the core essence of the world of sequence, and myself.

"I think... I might accomplish the very opposite of what I want to do if the other two continue to stay with me. Therefore, I must give them to the two people closest to me."

Lu Yun had grown up without his parents—his master had filled the role instead. The same had held true after he arrived in the world of immortals. Qing Yu, the little fox, Lu Qing, Wan Feng, and his disciples were the small handful that comprised of his family.

Thus, he was going to give the other two to Qing Yu and the little fox. Miao had already received Fairylands and become its mistress. Qing Yu would now receive the core essence of sequence to become the mistress of the world of sequence.

"That is true, furiously collecting every treasure for yourself would be your downfall in the end," Meng Wang nodded. "I have a few acquaintances left in the world of immortals. I will go and wake them."

He left, leaving Lu Yun and Qing Yu to smile enigmatically at each other. Lord Ingress also left with loud grumbles.

.....

When Miao returned to the world of immortals after a period of time, the three of them no longer separated and lived days of idyllic bliss.

The three thousandth year of the Xuanhuang calendar.

Another thousand years had passed. While Lu Yun seemed leisurely and relaxed, he was busy making preparations at every second. On this day, Qing Yu fully refined the core essence of sequence and created a world of immortal dao sequence in the heavenly palace!

The latter was crafted by the Tome of Life and Death, thus making it similar to the kingdom of hell. Their names might be humble, but they were enormous worlds at heart. The heavenly palace became the bonafide core of the world of immortals—the world of immortal dao sequence!

Ethereal music resounded in the world of immortals the moment its world of sequence materialized. Immortal flowers drifted through the air and the immortal dao underwent another metamorphosis. It fully traversed the Hongmeng in a split second and immortal dao became the dominant dao of the third realm!

All of it happened so quickly that there was no forewarning. Entities of different paths one moment before, every Hongmeng denizen suddenly become one of immortal dao the next.

.....

“He really did it, he created a world of immortal dao sequence!” Mo Yi smiled faintly in her position overseeing the Hongmeng for the little fox.

“Indeed, the kid did it without making a sound. He snatched the core essence of sequence and accomplished the deed before anyone could fully respond!” Sitting next to Mo Yi, the Dao King also smiled with relief. “The newly born world of immortal dao sequence cannot support the entire Land of Reincarnation yet, but if those of the fourth realm cultivate immortal dao, it will help immortal dao reach this realm and fully develop into an order that can support it.”

The appearance of the world of immortal dao sequence indicated the manifestation of its sequence. Once its denizens reached the peak of cultivation, they would be able to open its doors.

The fourth realm trembled as immortal dao sparkled from its concealment in formula dao. Tiny shoots that it'd peppered throughout the realm sprouted and took root as saplings. On this day, it announced that it was actually part of immortal dao!

However, the orders of the fourth realm were deficient and it would take a while before the order of immortal dao could dominate the others and rule the realm. Everything needed to follow a process.

It wouldn't take too long since immortal dao classes were already appearing in the various Formula Academies. They initiated new acolytes into immortal dao, and it was a given that immortal dao had seeped into the various worlds and Hongmeng of the fourth realm. No one could stop the trend.

.....

“He did it.” A figure of pale green smiled in the darkness—the Poison King—the Curse King's senior brother. His features spasmed and turned into Chu Xingran's appearance before his body crumbled away.

The last echoes of karmic ties that Chu Xingran had with the Land of Reincarnation drifted away upon the wind.

.....

A dragon shadow shot out from Lu Yun's hand and sank into the world of immortal dao sequence. It was the enigma stone vein that Chu Xingran had left behind. Lu Yun wanted to seed it in the world of immortal dao sequence instead of the world of immortals or fourth realm.

The world of sequence must illuminate the entire Land of Reincarnation. The vein would produce endless seeds and follow the light of order to scatter among the primary and secondary worlds of the fourth realm.

Under the radiance of immortal dao sequence, Lu Yun opened his door of sequence.

Immortal dao!

Chapter 1729: Esteemed Nebula

No particular phenomena of note took place when Lu Yun set foot into sequence, but everyone beneath immortal dao sensed it and the manifestation of a world of immortal dao sequence.

Even some powerhouses who did not cultivate immortal dao discovered the change.

.....

“Damn it, that bastard lied to us! Immortal dao!!” Numerous sequence experts in the fourth realm gnashed their teeth and looked around wildly. It wasn’t until now that they suddenly realized immortal dao had appeared in the fourth realm at some point in time. There was even a world of immortal dao sequence!

They burned with rage and hatred!

Although the primary worlds were relatively peaceful and didn’t see much fighting, that didn’t mean their sequence experts were a bunch of useless layabouts. On the contrary, their breadth of experience was in no way less than those of the secondary worlds.

It was in this moment that formula dao bared its fangs; it swiftly devoured and subjugated all of the supplemental paths. But even so, the various supplemental cultivators had no desire to resist the change. They’d long discovered that formula dao was the medium for supplemental dao. In fact, supplemental dao was made all the stronger and more sophisticated for its association.

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On the border of the Western Cluster in the fourth realm, infinitely close to the unknown expanses.

A magnificent palace of splendor suddenly popped out of the darkness. It seemed to be a singular structure, but a sea of gold sparkled behind it. Plainly, it was a massive complex with the rest of the buildings hidden in the void for now.

A bedraggled young man ran out of the only structure that’d revealed itself.

“I did it! I entered the Land of Reincarnation with my own body!” he exulted.

Beings from the outside realm needed a proper identity if they wished to enter this land. Chu Xingran, for example, had borrowed the Curse King’s identity and stepped into his shoes to enter the territory. Ao Qin’s identity of the Azure Dragon King likewise existed, but he’d fulfilled that role starting only with this cycle.

The young man was obviously foreign to the land, but he’d entered it with his own identity and not one of the natives.

“So you’ve come, Xie Tianxun.” A figure of jade green manifested in front of the young man the moment he appeared.

The Poison King.

He was the Curse King’s senior brother, but not Chu Xingran’s senior brother. He also hailed from the outside realm, but he had no relationship with Chu Xingran. The two of them had simply been playing their parts in the Land of Reincarnation.

The young man called Xie Tianxun cocked his head at the Poison King and studied him for a moment.

“Oh, it’s you,” he smiled. “Go on in, this is the Esteemed Nebula’s Golden Dao Palace. You’ll be baptized by his great dao after you enter and return to your origins, thereby escaping the cycle of reincarnation in this land.”

“The Esteemed Nebula!” The Poison King jumped with shock. This was a renowned heavyweight in the outside realm! However, he frowned instead and didn’t immediately enter the palace. “Isn’t the noble Esteemed Nebula worried about offending the owner of this land by coming like this?”

“Hahahaha!” Xie Tianxun laughed. “The owner of this land is probably dead. Who would dare create a world of sequence from the core essence of this land otherwise?”

Although the world of sequence had been nurtured out of the four great tombs by four incredible personages, its original core essence was that of the Land of Reincarnation. This land had been a major realm to begin with, one no different from the outside realm. But one day, it’d disintegrated and someone had turned it into a land of reincarnation, thus beginning the endless loops of the same cycle.

The one who’d created everything was dead, which was why other parties dared brazenly nurture a world of sequence in his creation.

“The god of Mount Tai is dead, the owner of this land is dead...” The Poison King turned the thoughts over in his mind and nodded. “Then that means this is the best timing for us to break free of reincarnation and conquer this land!

“The immortals have claimed the world of sequence and created a world of immortal dao sequence. It’s extraordinarily weak at the moment and can’t support the land. That means there’s a chance for us yet.”

He smiled easily and golden light bathed his body, slowly washing away the jade green of poison dao. Just as Xie Tianxun relaxed his vigilance, the transforming Poison King suddenly reached out and blasted a ray of intersecting black and green onto the young man’s body.

Yelping with agony, Xie Tianxun was pierced through and sagged to the ground.

“You’re not Hun You of the Hun Clan, who are you?!” Completely caught off guard, the two colors of light combined as one in his body and became a terrifying poison that ate away at his life force.

“Hun You? I killed him when he first entered this world and turned him into my replica.” The Poison King’s face changed into Chu Xingran’s.

“Chu Xingran!” Fear rose on Xie Tianxun’s face when he saw his attacker. He’d received word that Chu Xingran had left the Land of Reincarnation and returned to Darklake. What was he doing here instead??

Was his intelligence incorrect?

“You can’t blame me for that because that Poison King’s fate is indeed to be refined into a replica by his junior brother Curse King. I just followed the paths of their destiny,” Chu Xingran chuckled happily.

He’d been in the process of dismissing his Poison King replica when he saw Lu Yun open the door to immortal dao sequence. His karmic debt to the Land of Reincarnation had been paid in full and it was

time to sever this last bit of connection. But just as the last traces of his spirit lingered in the void, Xie Tianxun arrived.

Thus, Chu Xingran immediately recollected his spirit and reformed the Poison King's body. It'd be interesting to meet Xie Tianxun, this highly famous being in the outside realm. The latter was at nineteenth level sequence, but he could only access nine levels in here.

"The Esteemed Nebula sees everything that you're doing. You and your nation can just wait for his vengeance!" Xie Tianxun forced out through grit teeth.

"Is that so?" Chu Xingran paused, then waved at the golden palace. "This humble one greets the esteemed personage. If Your Eminence would like to take revenge, go for it!"

"Hmph!" came a cold snort. "Darklake has latched onto the thigh of the azure dragons and the Azure Dragon King has taken you for his foster son. You don't fear my vengeance in the slightest."

Chu Xingran grinned. He'd played a part in Ao Qin's resurrection and the dragon genius remained the pride and joy of the dragon race. Once the Azure Dragon King learned of what'd happened, he took Chu Xingran as his foster son in thanks.

Although this matter wasn't common knowledge, those at the Esteemed Nebula's level naturally knew of it.

"Since you've left a replica here, Chu Xingran, why don't you become my representative instead?" said the Esteemed Nebula. "You've reincarnated in this land endless times and have built a solid foundation for yourself. It shouldn't be too hard for you to seize the world of sequence. I will reward you handsomely if you succeed!"

"Sure!" Chu Xingran nodded without hesitation.

Chapter 1730: Disturbance in the Darkness

"Eh?" Esteemed Nebula was startled by Chu Xingran's easy acceptance. He was already drawing breath to launch into a speech of threats and bribes. "Are you really going to be my representative in this land?"

"Naturally," Chu Xingran nodded. "Not even Your Eminence can save Xie Tianxun after he's been struck with my poison curse. But if one as illustrious as you truly wishes to seek revenge, then a minor fifteenth level sequence person such as me would never be able to withstand your wrath."

"But how will you make it worth my time?" Chu Xingran grinned merrily at the spectacular palace in front of him.

"What do you want?" A cloud of golden radiance rose from the building and formed a faint humanoid shape. "How about I take care of your betrothal to the Dafeng miss?"

Everyone knew about the marriage proposal between Chu Xingran and the Dafeng Clan. Rather than a beautiful tale for the ages, it was a colossal joke. Darklake was no small kingdom—it was a divine nation of the many worlds in the outside realm. As its crown prince, all eyes were on Chu Xingran.

“Your Eminence... not only am I Darklake’s crown prince, but I am now also His Majesty Azure Dragon’s foster son. He took care of that betrothal long ago,” Chu Xingran smiled faintly. “And with my status, one percent of the azure dragon treasury is open to me...”

“So what do you want?” The Esteemed Nebula immediately understood. Chu Xingran probably thought nothing of ordinary treasures. He wanted more and better baubles.

“I want this Golden Dao Palace of yours. Might Your Eminence be willing to part with a beloved treasure?” Chu Xingran’s grin broadened when he looked at the dazzling cluster of buildings.

Esteemed Nebula’s form stared at Chu Xingran for a very long time before he chuckled, “Now isn’t this a nice plan? I can pierce through the barrier around the Land of Reincarnation only because of my personal treasure, and even then I am here just in mind. If you take my palace, that means the end of my interests in this land.”

“So you’re not a complete idiot,” Chu Xingran laughed and stomped on the struggling Xie Tianxun, crushing him to death.

The golden palace trembled from the force of Esteemed Nebula’s fury and the aureate cluster crumbled away, vanishing with the esteemed personage.

Chu Xingran’s smile slid off his face after the other left; solemn gravity replaced it instead. If the Esteemed Nebula could send people into this land, that meant other powerhouses in the outside realm could do the same.

“Should I tell Lu Yun about this?” Chu Xingran looked sideways in thought, then shook his head. “Nah, everything shall be left to his own devices. It looks like the Land of Reincarnation really is about to come to an end. None of this occurred in the previous loops.”

He faded away as he mused over recent events. Since his karmic ties to the land were severed, he should not further involve himself in its affairs. That would just cause him to sink back into the cycles with no end in sight.

Although his primary body was in the outside realm, this land was very special. It was highly likely for his bodies to unexpectedly switch places and his primary body be substituted for his replica.

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Lu Yun knew nothing of what’d taken place in the western reaches.

The world of immortal dao sequence was a place where immortal dao sequences formed and a door to accessing sequence. Only through possessing such a world did one have a way to activate sequence, and immortal dao was the only great dao in the Land of Reincarnation that boasted of its own world of sequence.

Lu Yun sat amidst immortal dao sequences and accessed three levels in a row, raising his strength to unfathomable heights compared to before.

“Why do I feel a little uneasy?” He opened his eyes and frowned faintly to the west. “Something important seems to have taken place there.”

“Father!” Lu Qing’s voice suddenly echoed in his mind. “A disturbance comes from the darkness and I can’t suppress it this time.”

“Okay, I hear you.” Lu Yun nodded, stood up, and vanished on the spot.

Where Mount Astronomia held back the darkness was the only opening for the dark to invade the primary worlds. Although there were passages to the gloom in other areas, the orders of the primary worlds stood guard at those entrances and kept the darkness at bay.

The mountain was the only opening into order, and they had come once again.

Mount Astronomia was a massive, bristling fortress. The chaos sun and moon rose and set from this locale, no longer just projections from the second realm. Their blazing radiance illuminated the darkness at every second, attempting to turn it to light.

But over the past one thousand years, the darkness had grown so strong that even Lu Qing found himself stretched to his limits. It’d completely erupted this time and hordes of endarkened charged the mountain, reinforced by massive shadows.

Although Lu Qing wielded the light of the chaos sun and moon, he was almost thoroughly routed numerous times. It was only through the joint efforts of the Sun, Moon, and Star Sovereigns that they barely managed to hold on.

There were too many enemies in the offensive, more than had ever been seen before, but they were completely unafraid of death. Slaughter was the only thing on their minds.

“I’ve notified my father, but I’ve also calculated that he’ll be delayed for a few days. It’s up to us in the meantime,” Lu Qing took a deep breath. “Let’s bring out the treasures that my father sent over a thousand years ago...”

“Oh those? I wanted to use them a long time ago!” Ah Zhi blinked, then cackled with glee. Although they faced the largest invasion force they’d ever seen, she was neither nervous nor afraid. Lu Yun had made preparations for them well in advance.

The treasures had never been used before because their true enemy wasn’t the endarkened, but the cultivators from the outside realm in the yang tomb. Given how dire the situation was, however, they couldn’t afford to hold back any longer.

Black cannon mouths peered out of the void—hell cannons! One hundred and eight of them!

Lu Yun began studying hell cannons after he returned to the fourth realm. He’d refined a hell furnace that could access the Abyssal Hell and draw upon its energy. These one hundred and eight cannons were powered by a corresponding number of furnaces that connected to one hundred and eight different spots in the Abyssal Hell.

A roared command fired them in unison, searing the darkness with an overwhelming barrage.

“I don’t think those hell cannons will be enough.” A faint figure in purple stood on the mountain’s peak. Her slender eyebrows were tightly furrowed—Violetgrave.