

## **Necropolis 1751**

### **Chapter 1751: Hostage**

Immortal Amidst Snow in July6-8 minutes 08.11.2022

When Lu Yun told Xie Tianxun about the interment of heaven and earth, hoping for some pointers from the man, Xie Tianxun blinked dazedly.

“Where did you learn this layout from?” he asked blankly.

“The Dragonquake Scripture,” Lu Yun responded candidly.

“I see... and that’s where you’ve learned all of your feng shui layouts and way of burial, right?” Xie Tianxun frowned and fell silent.

“Yes,” Lu Yun nodded. “Do you want to learn the Dragonquake Scripture too?”

“Nope,” the man resolutely shook his head. “Whoever learns that unlucky method becomes unlucky themselves.”

Lu Yun curled his lip.

“I can’t determine anything else about the layouts recorded in the Dragonquake Scripture, so it should work.” Xie Tianxun paused before continuing, “As long as your skill level is up to the task.”

Lu Yun couldn’t be bothered to respond and left the Disordered Hell.

“I think it’s too dangerous to stay here!” Xie Tianxun whispered to Moran Dongning. “How about we make a run for it?”

“Dangerous? How?” Moran Dongning looked at him with surprise.

“The Dragonquake Scripture, that kid’s learned the Dragonquake Scripture! No one who’s ever learned it has met with a good ending!” Xie Tianxun had been relatively composed, but he spun around in frantic circles after Lu Yun left. “The Heaven and Earth Supreme had reached the peak of his cultivation level and was about to break through when he died. He died so thoroughly that he left nothing behind but the Kinship of Heaven and Earth! He also practiced the Dragonquake Scripture!

“Not only was he unlucky, but so were all of his friends equally unlucky! They all died with him!” He wanted to burst into tears.

“I see.” Moran Dongning nodded and buried her nose in the book she’d been reading.

“Aren’t you scared?” Xie Tianxun asked with surprise.

“I was once the Time Guard of this land, what haven’t I seen?” the girl snorted with laughter. “And you’re the supposed best genius of our realm? Look at you, so scared by a dead person’s cultivation method!”

“When did I ever say I was the best genius? You guys gave me the nickname,” Xie Tianxun harrumphed and muttered to himself for a while. He arched his neck and said with some pride, “But it’s true, there’s not that many in our generation who can defeat me.”

Moran Dongning waved him off and engrossed herself in her book. She could enter and exit the Disordered Hell at will and see everything happening outside, but the same courtesy didn't extend to Xie Tianxun. He had to stay here until otherwise notified.

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Chu Xingran left with the Demonic Vine to raise a ruckus elsewhere and delay the Corpse Refiners. Jian Bu'er stayed with Lu Yun to help him set up his layout.

The latter had thought that the Demonic Vine would be unwilling to part with him or refuse to travel with Chu Xingran, but the chit happily skipped off with her old enemy!

Jian Bu'er's very gums itched with irritation now. He'd cleaned himself up and polished all of the rust off his sword. Although he wasn't stunningly handsome, he was at least a clean cut man and a far cry from his previous bedraggled state.

"Alright, don't think too much. Chu Xingran won't make off with her." Lu Yun clapped Jian Bu'er's shoulder. "This is a good place to start, come help me!"

He was already operating the Dragonquake Scripture to shift the earthen veins. Thirty-six golden warriors were also helping with the construction efforts. Lu Yun moved millions of kilograms of bronze out of the kingdom of hell and melted them into the earthen veins.

When he and Wayfarer set up the palace of bronze, they'd forged an actual structure. With Lu Yun's current level of strength, he could project that from the earthen veins and create a layout of the bronze palace.

Loud explosions rang out from the depths of the Abyssal Hell; there was an earthshaking battle taking place not too far from them. The Corpse Refiners seemed to have detected something and were approaching Lu Yun's location.

"So they found us out after all, they're definitely not to be underestimated..." Lu Yun raised his head to look in the relevant direction.

Chu Xingran was forced to pull back to prevent the sect from coming closer. He'd wanted to head to the core of the Abyssal Hell, but the faction was no longer interested in that location. Their goal was clear—wherever Lu Yun was right now.

"That soul ghost did this! It's been monitoring us all this time and notified the Corpse Refiners as soon as we did anything!" Jian Bu'er abruptly realized. "We're completely exposed as long as it exists."

He recalled what the Demonic Vine had said before leaving, that the ghost hadn't gone far and was lurking around them.

Lu Yun scanned their surroundings with the Spectral Eye, but didn't see the ghost around them. It must be surveilling them through another method. While the soul ghost wasn't on the same side as the Corpse Refiners, that didn't prevent it from passing on a message and using another's hand to eliminate her enemies.

Boom!

The void trembled as Lu Yun bolstered himself with the Abyssal Hell's strength. His soybean warriors were just as strong as him, so all thirty-six of them roared when his strength increased explosively. Theirs rose as well and they threw themselves into a howling charge at the Corpse Refiners.

They weren't Lu Yun's replicas at the moment; their strength came from the Tome of Life and Death. Lu Yun had to fully focus on setting up his layout and had no effort to spare for creating replicas.

Thirty-six eighteen level sequence experts instantly arrived at where Chu Xingran was fighting. They formed a massive battle formation and blocked the endless horde of zombies. There were more than just zombies here, there were also other Corpse Refiners!

Fifteenth level sequence experts had arrived, there were even some eighteenth level disciples! The latter marked the upper limit of strength that could be hosted by this locale.

Chu Xingran breathed out more easily when reinforcements arrived. Although he was in his own appearance, he was utilizing the great dao of both the Poison King and the Curse King—poison curses!

Curse upon curse struck, turning the zombies into putrid blood.

"Wait!" Chu Xingran gasped when he saw a figure at the back of the zombies. It was alive.

Haidong Lin.

He hadn't been refined into a zombie like the soul ghost had said, but become a hostage instead. One that could be used to threaten Lu Yun with.

### **Chapter 1752: Taking the Bait**

Lu Yun and Chu Xingran could act without reservation if Haidong Lin was already dead. But since he was alive and held by the Corpse Refiners, they couldn't very well let him die before their eyes. Sometimes, death wasn't the most horrifying outcome. A life in which death was more preferable was even worse.

In the split second that Chu Xingran hesitated, countless zombies piled on top of him. The thirty-six golden warriors flared with power to dig him out of a mountain of snarling bodies.

"What do we do?" He was at a loss and looked at the thirty-six shining figures. However, they weren't Lu Yun's replicas at the moment, so they didn't have any answers.

Jiang Kui stood behind the army of zombies and held Haidong Lin with his hand. The man was fully restrained; only his eyes were free to watch everything that took place in front of him.

The zombies rushing them stopped and surrounded Chu Xingran and the thirty-six warriors; they were in no hurry to proceed to Lu Yun's location. It seemed that they were suddenly in no hurry at all.

Since Corpse Refiners were present on the scene, the battle zombies were more berserk than usual. All of the ones mobilized now were the strongest specimens from the zombie farms of these countless eons. They'd originally left the yin tomb to fight for the world of sequence in the yang tomb, but since Lu Yun had claimed it, there was nothing else left for them to do other than rage through the Land of Reincarnation.

“Hello, Chu Xingran.” Hate flashed through Jiang Kui’s eyes when he looked at the man. He’d fallen into Chu Xingran’s trap last time and nearly died to Lu Yun, and his zombie king replica had just been destroyed not too long ago.

All of that was intense humiliation for Jiang Kui.

“What do you want?” Chu Xingran ground his teeth to see Haidong Lin in Jiang Kui’s hands. He’d struck up a sort of friendship with Lu Yun and Haidong Lin last time they entered the land of darkness. He wasn’t a cold-blooded sort either. If he was, he wouldn’t have immediately killed Xie Tianxun when he detected the latter’s arrival with the Esteemed Nebula. He would’ve ignored the ramifications of their involvement and gone on his merry way.

“Don’t talk to him, he’s just stalling for time,” the Demonic Vine suddenly said in a small voice and tugged on his sleeve.

“Mm, I know.” Chu Xingran nodded and responded matter-of-factly, “So am I.”

Their volume was neither big nor small; it was the perfect loudness to travel into Jiang Kui’s ears.

“He’s waiting for the twentieth level sequence zombie to arrive and so are we waiting for Lu Yun to finish.” A dangerous curve played at Chu Xingran’s lips. “The Azure Dragon King has taken my primary body as his foster son in the outside realm, so I’m also a crown prince of their race. If he dares hurt a single hair on Haidong Lin’s head, I’ll take an army and march on Jiang Kui’s home of Darklake!

“Let’s see if the Corpse Refiners are willing to be enemies with the dragons just for a mere Jiang Kui!” Chu Xingran bared his teeth. “Sadly for you, the dragons are perfectly willing to declare war on the Corpse Refiners on my behalf!”

If it’d been the Chu Xingran of old, the dragons would only be grateful to him and consider him one of their crown princes. They wouldn’t go head-to-head with the Corpse Refiners for him. But things were different once he gained Qing Buyi’s support and an even more frightening Chen Xiao behind the latter.

Just one of Qing Buyi’s replicas alone was powerful enough for him to threaten the Moran Clan—the dragons would never give up the opportunity to befriend him as well. However, if Jiang Kui defeated Chu Xingran’s replica in proper and open combat, the dragons wouldn’t seek revenge. That would be a display of small-mindedness.

But if Chu Xingran moved on Darklake because Jiang Kui killed Haidong Lin, that would only be the ruthless scuffles of the younger generation—the wild escapades of youth. Since Jiang Kui would’ve acted dishonorably, Chu Xingran wouldn’t be wrong to enact revenge.

“Hahaha!!” Jiang Kui threw his head back with laughter. “Chu Xingran, do you really think you can do whatever you want just because you’ve attached yourself to the dragon race’s thigh?”

“Yep,” Chu Xingran nodded earnestly. “I can indeed do whatever I want when I hug the dragon race’s thigh. What are you going to do about it, beat me?”

Crunch!

Jiang Kui’s hand tightened around Haidong Lin’s throat in a series of mind-numbing crunches.

“I’ll kill him right in front of you and see if you dare march on Darklake!” Jiang Kui forced out through grit teeth. His pale fingernails had already sunk into Haidong Lin’s neck.

Rumble—

The void shook violently as a colossal figure broke through the air. The very earth quaked with the impact.

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

Enormous footsteps approached from the distance, accompanied by a pungent stench of rotting bodies. Chu Xingran and the Demonic Vine swiftly pinched their noses, but the Corpse Refiners luxuriated in the smell. It came from the twentieth level sequence zombie!

Like a moving mountain, it blotted out the gray of the Abyssal Hell from a long distance away.

Boom!

A pillar of black light erupted from another distant point before the zombie could draw near. It connected solidly with the zombie’s chest.

“What is that?!” Jiang Kui gasped. He could only stare as the black light blasted the zombie away, throwing it to the ground.

Roaring with anger, the zombie struggled back to its feet and ran at the source of the light. Since zombies couldn’t fly, it had to rely on its legs.

Boom!

A second pillar of light pummeled the zombie’s right leg, ripping it off and throwing it to the ground again.

Rumble—

A black battleship sailed majestically out of the void with a dull thud. Lu Yun stood at its bow with his hands behind his back, looking coldly down at Jiang Kui and his peers.

“This was a trap!” Jiang Kui realized when he saw Lu Yun. The young man hadn’t really wanted to destroy the tomb, it’d all been an act for the soul ghost so that it would deliver a wrong message! All of this had been done to target the twentieth level sequence zombie!

It would be very difficult for Lu Yun to eliminate it if it didn’t come to the yin tomb. He couldn’t draw from the yang tomb since it was formed out of Ruina’s power and it might even hinder his usage of the Abyssal Hell’s strength. Only when the zombie came to the yin tomb could he fully deploy his strength.

Of course, he had to put on a very convincing act. And he did plan to use the method he’d learned from Xie Tianxun, but not right now.

A tremendous cannon mouth poked out of the ship's bow, one larger than any hell cannon. Lu Yun had specifically prepared it for the zombie and it'd taken the bait.

### **Chapter 1753: A Second Lifeline Talisman**

Not even Chu Xingran, Jian Bu'er, or the Demonic Vine knew what was going on, much less Jiang Kui and the old zombie. They were still uncertain even after Jiang Kui realized he'd fallen into a trap. Lu Yun hadn't told the trio he was setting up a trap to lure the twentieth level sequence zombie to the yin tomb.

It'd all been part of his calculations and reality had developed just as he planned. The Corpse Refiners were here.

With Chu Xingran and the thirty-six golden warriors blocking the way, the Corpse Refiners wouldn't break through their defenses no matter what. Eighteenth level sequence was the strongest battle strength in the tomb. If it wasn't for Jiang Kui holding Haidong Lin hostage, Chu Xingran would've killed him on sight.

No secret could remain forever kept—if Lu Yun had spoken of his plans, the Corpse Refiners would somehow be on their guard. It wasn't that he didn't trust his companions, but that the idiom was very true. Hongjun had personally gone to the world of immortals to tell Qing Yu that Earth was the seed of nothing, but it'd still become public knowledge in the end.

In the secondary worlds, Lu Yun was most wary of that old zombie. It possessed twenty levels of sequence, yet didn't display any ripples of sequence. They would be in for many sleepless nights if he couldn't take it out with one blow.

His hell battleship ran at full power while the hell cannon crafted for the zombie pulled from the other three hells. Appalling destruction brewed when all four hells were coalesced into one. As the zombie on the ground came to terms with its lack of a leg, Lu Yun directed the ship to run right over it.

"Bastard!" Jiang Kui howled with fury. This zombie was their greatest support in the Abyssal Tomb and the reason why the sect could take the initiative in the secondary worlds. If Lu Yun destroyed it, vengeance would swiftly arrive from others in the outside realm.

Corpse Refiners were eccentric and short-tempered. Not only did they refine the denizens of the Land of Reincarnation, so had they refined some of the genius disciples of factions from the outside.

"Charge that ship!" Jiang Kui could easily tell that though the main cannon was formidable, it was too unwieldy. The zombie had only been hit because it was so big. If he'd been the target, he would've easily evaded the shot. After all, the cannon fired pillars of light that couldn't make turns.

Meanwhile, the cannon had consumed its energy banks and needed to accumulate energy for another blast. Despite that, the hell battleship was uncommonly sturdy and rolled right over the zombie. Jiang Kui's command sent countless battle zombies in a berserk charge at the vessel, trying to halt it. But when they neared it, the overwhelming power around the ship crushed them to pieces.

A hell battleship was a moving hell, and not just any of the six hells, but the core essence of hell. It incorporated the strength of all six and still operated smoothly while the main cannon built up its next charge.

Zombie after zombie flew apart, but couldn't stop the vessel's advancement. The hell battleship rammed the old zombie, drawing an anguished roar as orange corpse water splashed everywhere. Clouds of corpse flies and ghostface maggots crawled out of its body to scatter in all directions.

"Lu Yun!!" Jiang Kui rushed over and dangled Haidong Lin in front of the ship. "I'll kill him if you dare touch this zombie and then refine him into a zombie!!"

He burned with fury as the old zombie was already in poor shape. One of its legs was just a stump, a large cavity gaped in its chest, and the ship's last blow had almost crushed its body to pieces.

Jiang Kui stared down Lu Yun as he tightened his hand around Haidong Lin's neck.

"There's no need for you to do the deed, I'll kill him myself," Lu Yun sneered.

Kaboom!

A secondary cannon suddenly activated aboard the ship and fired upon Haidong Lin.

"What?!" Jiang Kui staggered with shock. Who would've thought that there'd still be operational cannons on the ship?? He didn't have time to respond before Haidong Lin and his entire right arm was blown to pieces.

This was the last thing that Jiang Kui had ever thought would happen!! Haidong Lin was supposed to lure Lu Yun into their trap, but Lu Yun had killed the man himself!

"Death by my hands is better than becoming a zombie by yours," Lu Yun leered. "Jiang Kui, is it? You got away last time, so I'll have your head today no matter what! Chu Xingran, ready your curses!"

Jiang Kui was here in replica form; only Chu Xingran's curse dao could kill a primary body through a replica.

"I've been ready." Chu Xingran appeared next to Jiang Kui like he was a ghost and bestowed a beaming smile upon the man. "I'll take it that you're not meant to die today if you have another Lifeline Talisman on you."

Hummmm.

A tiny black ripple snaked over Jiang Kui's body and his physical form began to decay at a visible pace. Instead of panicking, he simply stared at Lu Yun with a deep hatred. He didn't fault Chu Xingran for this since they shared a grudge to begin with, and now that hatred extended to Lu Yun.

"Looks like you do indeed have another Lifeline Talisman... Why are you so rich?" Chu Xingran stroked his smooth chin with annoyance.

A Lifeline Talisman could die in place of the owner, and it used to be that everyone could use such a talisman only once. Possessing more was meaningless since additional uses were ineffective.

In recent times, a stunning genius had emerged out of nowhere to improve upon the talisman. Infinite uses were possible and the new talisman went for astronomical prices. It was also impossible to replicate, no matter through refinement method or ingredients. In all of the worlds throughout the realm, only that person could refine the new and improved Lifeline Talisman.

Jiang Kui had two such talismans—one of the original variety, and the second was the new version. Chu Xingran wouldn't be able to buy the second type even if he sold himself.

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The Corpse Refiners in the tomb erupted with confusion after Jiang Kui died. His battle zombies milled around aimlessly and the other sect disciples fled.

"Get in!" Lu Yun sneered to see Corpse Refiners running off. Jian Bu'er and the Demonic Vine quickly boarded the ship, no longer daring to alight after witnessing how powerful it was.

After Chu Xingran came aboard, the ship roared with power.

BOOM!!

Pillars of black light sprayed everywhere, disintegrating everything it touched. Eight thousand new Corpse Refiner Infernum then appeared on the ship.

### **Chapter 1754: Three Birds With One Stone**

The hell battleship slowly descended and restrained the old zombie beneath it. The zombie's core essence was too strong for the ship to make quick work of it. Thus, the vessel could only confine its target and slowly wear away at it.

"So what are these Lifeline Talismans?" Lu Yun looked at Chu Xingran. Haidong Lin suddenly appeared next to them, sheepishly rubbing his head.

Lu Yun had placed a Resurrection Talisman on his friend so he'd come back to life even if he died. That was why Lu Yun had so decisively killed the man earlier. It didn't matter even if Haidong Lin didn't have the talisman, Lu Yun could immediately deploy the Resurrection death art since he was right here.

But now, these Lifeline Talismans piqued his interest. They were so similar to his Resurrection Talisman, but they had to be very different. His was just a death art etched on a talisman—its core essence was still that of a death art unique to him alone.

Chu Xingran relayed everything he knew about the talisman when he saw that Lu Yun was curious. He spoke at length about its uses, recent improvements, and the astronomical prices for the new version.

"That valuable?" Lu Yun raised an eyebrow. If there came a day in which he left the Land of Reincarnation, he'd make it rich in the outside realm with his Resurrection Talisman alone. "Do you have one?"

"I didn't have one before. The Azure Dragon King bestowed one to me when he took me for his foster son. It's the ordinary type that can be used once. The new version is so expensive that among the younger generation, only Ao Qin has one."

Ao Qin had traveled to the yang tomb of the Abyssal Tomb with an ordinary Lifeline Talisman. It'd taken one fatal blow for him; he died when the Moran genius took action against him. Once he returned to the dragons, the Azure Dragon King went to a great deal of effort to obtain an improved Lifeline Talisman for the genius.



Chu Xingran never imagined that a humble Jiang Kui would also possess one!

“Did you put one into Haidong Lin??” he suddenly asked when he thought of how the man had come back to life.

“Here you go, take three each. It’s pretty much the same as the improved Lifeline Talisman.” Lu Yun fished out a fistful of talismans from his robes and shoved them at the three.

Chu Xingran’s expression froze. One talisman was literally worth several cities and the improved version even more so. Lu Yun was just casually giving three to each of them?!

“You’d be a tycoon in the outside realm!” Chu Xingran carefully took three talismans and stored them in his nascent spirit, delivering them to his primary body through that medium. He could create an unending supply of replicas as long as his primary body existed, so a replica had no need for the talismans.

“Can you trust the dragons?” Lu Yun suddenly frowned.

“They seek revenge for the slightest grievance, but repay each favor tenfold,” Chu Xingran thought for a moment. “Of course, they have their share of degenerates and ingrates too. You better not let them know you have this kind of treasure—it’s the equivalent of another life.

“There’s not that many people who value a world of sequence so they can’t be bothered with the struggles here, but if they knew there were Lifeline Talismans to be had, they’d rip through the Land of Reincarnation!

“The stunning genius who modified the talisman is an incomparable powerhouse himself, so no one dares have any designs on him. But you...” Chu Xingran grit his teeth. “Haidong Lin needs to leave, no one can know that he’s come back to life!”

Lu Yun nodded, more than a little smug with his prowess.

“I understand,” Haidong Lin looked at them wryly. “I’ll go to the world of immortals and change my name and appearance. I’ll be part of the immortal dao!”

The Sea Emperor was dead and now a zombie. Haidong Lin was the only inhabitant left in the World of Sea. He didn’t want to go back and suddenly had a deep understanding of how Di Yin must have felt.

“Go then,” Lu Yun nodded. “Go to the human race’s ancestral planet. You’ll find unexpected opportunities there.”

“Alright!” Haidong Lin turned and stepped through the Gates of the Abyss without a backward glance. His departing figure painted the same picture that Di Yin had once formed.

“I... I’d like to go too,” Jian Bu’er said reflexively when he saw Haidong Lin leave. Though he hadn’t visited the World of Swords, he knew that it was no longer the home he knew.

“You can leave, but the Demonic Vine can’t!” Lu Yun answered sharply.

“Then forget it, I can’t leave her with the Curse King,” Jian Bu’er immediately capitulated.

A delighted Demonic Vine hugged his arm, not minding the strange liquid that'd appeared on his sleeve at some point.

Chu Xingran ignored all of it. They'd eliminated almost all of the Corpse Refiners—there were a few on the run, but that didn't matter to the greater picture.

Lu Yun was still on the alert; the soul ghost should be hidden in the shadows. Although it couldn't see inside the ship, it wouldn't relax its surveillance of them. That thing was another latent threat.

"Still worried about the soul ghost?" Chu Xingran chuckled. "They're slippery and cautious creatures. After you misled it once, it won't easily fall into a trap a second time. We can make use of that and lure it out with truth and deceit mixed together."

He was certain that it was a soul ghost, but not one formed by Hun You after his death. Chu Xingran had erased everything about Hun You—the latter hadn't had a chance to transform into a soul ghost.

"Then we don't need to do anything, we'll just proceed as usual." Lu Yun looked at the gray sky over their heads. "This layout is directed at the demon of malice that my master has become. It's a massive layout that will eradicate anyone who barges in!"

He narrowed his eyes. Three birds, one stone. They would destroy the Abyssal Tomb, destroy the demon of resentment, and also kill anyone who came after him.

There was more than just the Corpse Refiners in the yang tomb. Although the sect was the strongest beneath factions who possessed worlds of sequence, Lu Yun felt that there had to be more factions like them in the yang tomb. The closer a faction was to the level of a world of sequence, the more it would desire one.

The Corpse Refiners were just the most visible factions; more had to be lying in wait, counting down time until Qing Buyi departed six hundred years later. Lu Yun had to establish his authority now to let the outsiders know how terrifying the Land of Reincarnation could be. It wasn't a place where they could act with impunity even if Qing Buyi was no longer present.

The thirty-six golden warriors returned to their positions and continued setting up the interment of heaven and earth and the layout of the bronze palace. This time, the hell battleship hovered nearby, guarding the location.

High up in the sky, the possessed Princess Mu looked down with confusion. She didn't dare make any moves.

The old zombie remained alive and confined beneath the ship.

### **Chapter 1755: Connate Demon Fetus**

The interment of heaven and earth and the layout of the bronze palace swiftly took shape; they were firmly rooted in the easternmost point of the Abyssal Hell. Lu Yun brought out a tiny floating peak and placed it on the eastern side of the bronze palace.

"Master, I don't know what your final wishes are, but since you resent me in death, I will resurrect you." Lu Yun took a deep breath and looked at the doll carved from Soul Extender Wood. It wasn't time to

place the Netherdark Talisman on it yet. His master's name, birth date, and eight characters of his horoscope were etched onto the wood's surface.

Lu Qingtian was his master's name. Qingtian were the characters for blue sky, and bai yun were the characters for white clouds. White clouds should be present in a blue sky, hence Lu Yun was named what he was. According to his master, if Lu Yun had been born a girl, his name would be Lu Baiyun.

He'd asked Lu Qingtian more than once where he came from and who his parents were, but his master's answer was always the same—he'd found Lu Yun by the side of the road.

After Lu Yun grew up and commanded the winds and clouds in the world of darkness, he'd personally investigated his background. He came up empty-handed and still didn't know who his parents were. When he'd reached great perfection in formula dao, he'd calculated his past.

His parents had been an ordinary couple on Earth and abandoned Lu Yun by the side of the road because they'd been too poor to raise all of their children. Several thousand years had passed since their time and his birth parents had long returned to dust. They left behind no traces of their existence or any karmic relationships. His relationship with Earth was severed the moment the Tome of Life and Death brought him to the world of immortals—apart from his tie to his master, Lu Qingtian.

Lu Qingtian was an initiate in tomb raiding and an heir of Fuxi's.

Lost in memory, Lu Yun gazed upon the fake person resting in the coffin. When he came back to his senses, he found that many minds were sweeping through the area. He didn't erupt with outrage as he noted the consciousnesses of numerous eighteenth level sequence experts.

"You need to think carefully about this!" Chu Xingran suddenly said. "Although you can destroy the demon of malice if you revive your master, it will also give rise to a slew of karmic consequences. Your master is just an ordinary mortal."

Ordinary mortals were most closely associated with karmic ties. While immortals could and would casually kill cultivators, they didn't dare touch mortals. Even immortals practicing demonic dao exercised caution when they collected mortal souls for cultivation. They elected to rule over mortal nations and incite war, harvesting only the souls of those who died in battle.

The retribution from killing a mortal to use in cultivation was infinite times greater than simple cultivation through slaughter. Whether it was killing a mortal or having anything to do with them, a string of karmic repercussions was sure to follow.

"There's got to be other ways to eliminate the demon. Xie Tianxun might not be right," Chu Xingran tried persuading.

"Actually, I miss the old man. He raised me, after all. I wanted to resurrect him long ago, I just didn't have a reason or excuse to. But now..." Lu Yun lifted his head at the murky skies above him. "Logic dictates that I should do so."

Hummm.

Black ripples oscillated through the air without forewarning as a massive demonic shadow rose from his body. The demon of malice had always been by Lu Yun's side, following him like a shadow and never

departing to hide elsewhere. A laughing and crying face like an akasha ghost's—similar to Moran Dongning's mask—slowly formed over Lu Yun's head. The young man could see traces of his master in the ghostly face

He paused when he saw the face; this was certainly not what the demon was supposed to look like! Moran Dongning must have done something to seal it away once before. But now that there was a doll made of the Soul Extender Wood, the demon was drawn out of hiding.

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"A connate demon fetus!" A piercing shriek rang through the air. The soul ghost suddenly extracted itself from Princess Mu's zombie and pounced on the ghostly face.

A connate demon fetus?!

Lu Yun jumped with surprise when he heard this. A connate demon fetus was the ultimate peak of demonic dao in the Land of Reincarnation. The demon of immortal dao had established an era of demonic dao once he obtained it, thereby causing the great devastation that ended the current cycle.

Lu Yun had never thought that the connate demon fetus would be his master's resentment!

"No, no wait, I didn't get the Tome of Life and Death in the past loops and couldn't resurrect the dead. Even though I always visited Earth to pay respects to my master's tomb, he wouldn't have resented me!" Lu Yun's thoughts flew rapidly and he realized who was at the heart of this—Moran Dongning!

She was the Time Guard and protector of this land's time and space. She wasn't part of the reincarnation cycle and didn't have a destiny in this land. As such, she could walk freely through the long river of time and others would naturally begrudge her for it. She was a thorn in the side of many and they all wanted to kill her.

Since she didn't have a place in the worlds of the Land of Reincarnation, she faced danger at every possible second. If it wasn't for the Spacetime King protecting her, she would've died a long time ago.

She was the one who'd delivered the connate demon fetus and placed her ghost mask—a token of her identity—on Lu Yun's body. It was because of this that the demon of malice didn't cause trouble for the young man. It didn't stir to action until Lu Yun accessed sequence.

"No wonder my previous calculations told me that this is an opportunity for the Demonic Vine. It's a connate demon fetus!"

The demon of malice was incomparably terrifying—he extended his jaw and bit down on the soul ghost before Lu Yun could react.

Shrieking with anguish, the soul ghost lost one of its arms to the demon. At the same time, the mammoth wills in the surroundings noticed the unique attributes of this demon and recognized the connate demon fetus.

Boooooom.

Boom!

Boom.

Hands reached down from above to grab the demon of malice. Whoever obtained the connate demon fetus would be able to establish an era of demonic dao and administer the Land of Reincarnation.

The demon fetus took human form and appeared as an old man with white hair—Lu Qingtian. Instead of the youthful looks and ethereal air that should be wrapped around him, he blazed with demonic flames and was the epitome of something from the depths of hell.

He ignored Lu Yun from beginning to end, soaring into the sky and expanding himself so that he could grapple with the arms in the void.

“He’s my master! Even if he resents me with all the bitterness of existence, he is still my master!” Lu Yun set his jaw. His master’s resentment hadn’t attacked him; all of its malice was directed toward the outsiders.

Lu Yun ground his teeth and put away his Netherdark Talisman, shooting up into the firmament to where his master was. They stood side by side in the skies of the Abyssal Hell.

### **Chapter 1756: Director**

Lu Yun didn’t know who the arms in the sky belonged to or where they’d come from; he lumped them all together in his mind. They were the enemy!

Lu Qingtian’s transformation into a demon of malice and emerging in the world as a connate demon fetus thoroughly roused their greed. They could do whatever they wished if they claimed the demon fetus!

Many secrets brewed in the Land of Reincarnation—there was more than just a simple world of sequence here. Why else would the powerhouses of the outside realm send in their most treasured genius disciples? Far from just tempering themselves, they were also on a quest.

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“All assembled now, are we?” Frostiness edged Lu Yun’s tones as he looked at the enormous figures in the sky. They were all greater than eighteenth level sequence, but none of them were here in person. They’d projected their wills into the land and were all backed by supremes with dao palaces.

The supremes were wary of Qing Buyi and didn’t dare send their projections in. Neither could the secondary worlds host any cultivators above eighteen levels, so their representatives had only projected their wills inside. It was a similar case to the zombie confined beneath the hell battleship—it grasped more than eighteen levels of strength, but there was no power of sequence on it.

Lu Yun snuck a quick glance at the demon and noted that he showed no signs of attacking the young man. Once more, that reminded him of his master.

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“Do you know something?” Xie Tianxun frowned at the leisurely splayed Moran Dongning. She behaved completely differently when Lu Yun was present in the Disordered Hell.

Xie Tianxun couldn't see the outside world and was thus blind to what was taking place, but he knew that Lu Yun would use his method to destroy the tomb and eradicate the demon of malice. Lu Yun had likely already made his move, but he didn't see any nervousness or worry on Moran Dongning's face. She obviously cared about him a lot—or was that all an act?

"What can I possibly know?" She rolled up the scroll in her hand and stretched lazily, snatching a sparkling fruit out of thin air—a karmic fruit. She wiped off nonexistent dust from it and took dainty bites.

"Are you not worried about him at all?" Xie Tianxun frowned. "If I'm seeing things correctly, we're in a hell. Lu Yun cultivates hell dao and has formed a hell that's never existed before. If he dies, this yet-to-stabilize hell will collapse and the two of us will be crushed out of existence!"

He keenly recalled that Lu Yun practiced the Dragonquake Scripture. Since time immemorial, no one who practiced that method ever met with a good end.

Moran Dongning snorted at him and focused on finishing her karmic fruit. "I'm the Time Guard of this land," she mumbled. "No one can see through anything I do other than nutty Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi. Oh, and scaredy cat Lu Feng."

A little hint of pride dawned on her face.

"Wait, wait, does this mean you handled Lu Yun's demon of malice a long time ago?" Xie Tianxun abruptly realized what she was hinting at.

The girl nodded. "The demon was formless and intangible. Although I planted the demon fetus on it and bestowed it with incredible battle strength, it still lacked a physical body. This is where you came in."

If Moran Dongning hadn't gone about things in this manner, Lu Yun would've used his own methods to take care of the problem. He'd use a Hell Flower and karmic fruit to revive Lu Qingtian. That would render the demon fetus unusable.

The demon fetus was crucial to too many matters—it was the treasure that the demon of immortal dao would use to terminate the current cycle. In order to prevent the same thing from happening again, Moran Dongning implanted it into the demon of malice and used her ghost mask to seal it away.

She'd then sealed both of them into the dao fruit of Lu Yun's future self.

Lu Yun's future self had drawn akasha ghosts into existence with the brush of the future not only because he'd once seen Moran Dongning wearing the ghost mask, but also because she'd sealed the power of her mask into his future self. Thus, akasha ghosts were born of his own resentment and the bitterness that Lu Qingtian bore for his disciple.

It was why akasha ghosts had targeted Lu Yun when they first appeared. This would change now that Lu Qingtian's bitterness had been released through the medium of akasha ghosts. It was why Moran Dongning had directed this massive play to set the demon of malice free with the demon fetus.

Even Lu Yun had remained wholly unaware. It could be seen from this process that he wouldn't have any room to maneuver if Moran Dongning decided she wanted to eliminate him from the picture. Such were the capabilities of the Time Guard of the Land of Reincarnation.

The demon fetus possessed the power to end this world and restart reincarnation. She naturally wasn't worried about Lu Yun. The fetus had fully released its strength from the demon of malice—its most primitive and ferocious strength.

The demon of immortal dao cautiously poked a head out of the Imperial Seal from his position inside the Tome of Life and Death. He viewed the outside world through Lu Yun's nascent spirit.

"I was wondering why this thing disappeared in this cycle. So the lass gave it to him," the demon murmured.

"Little doggie, do you know what the demon fetus is?" A clear voice traveled behind the demon. He whirled around to see a handsome man in white robes, his features as if carved from jade. He didn't know when the man had appeared.

"Heavens above!" the demon yelped and darted back into the seal like he'd seen, well, a demon.

"Come back here." The man beckoned and summoned the demon back in front of him.

"Boss, I, I, I—I have nothing to do with any of this! I'm just a watchdog, arf! Arf arf arf!!" The demon started barking in his panic.

"I know you're a dog," the man nodded. "Come and chat with me, little dog. It's been such a lonely stay in the endless days of the Abyssal Hell." He sighed and suddenly thought of something. "What did you say has nothing to do with you?"

"Eh? Me? Wait, wait, I thought you were the person that the master of reincarnation was suppressing..." The demon took a look at the man and at the coffin behind him.

"You mean him?" The man looked at the coffin as well and cocked his head. "He's deader than dead and all traces of his existence have vanished. I had to lie there in place of him."

The demon's jaw dropped.

### **Chapter 1757: Kill You To Tears**

"The departed is gone and I am just a successor," the man in white grinned brilliantly. "Come chat with me and relieve my boredom."

Perhaps the original owner of the Abyssal Tomb hadn't been willingly laid to rest here, but his successor had wholeheartedly accepted the task without any dissatisfaction.

The demon of immortal dao stammered, not sure of what to say. He was also a little confused—they were in a world of Lu Yun's nascent spirit, he should know the second anything out of the ordinary happened.

But for some reason, he seemed to be oblivious to the fact that the man in white had appeared.

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Lu Yun was indeed wholly unaware of what'd happened and why the demon of malice was setting its sights on the outsiders. It showed absolutely no hostility toward him.

Battle began.

The demon of malice charged the crowd of wills before Lu Yun had time to make his move. Towering pillars of demonic fire nearly blotted out the Abyssal Hell. He held off thousands of projections from eighteenth level sequence experts by himself!

Lu Yun frowned slightly, knowing that his level of cultivation prevented him from getting involved in this kind of struggle. But he'd also never considered taking action himself. The grand feast that he'd prepared for these people hadn't started yet; Lu Qingtian's demon of malice being so active was completely unexpected.

He floated down to the ground and returned to the interment of heaven and earth and bronze palace. The terrifying capabilities of the demon were far beyond his imagination. It'd be able to crush him with one hand if they fought in single combat! If it decided to turn around and attack Lu Yun, likely only this tomb could hold it off.

Regardless, Lu Yun wasn't too worried. He'd had a vague hunch that Moran Dongning was behind everything ever since the demon fetus appeared. He didn't plan to let the demon of malice continue possessing the fetus either. It was formed out of his master's resentment and resembled something like a lingering will. It wasn't truly a living thing.

The doll etched with Lu Qingtian's birth date and horoscope stood up from the coffin; it looked just like Lu Qingtian. Tilting its head up, it looked coolly at the demonic shadow in the air. Now this was Lu Yun's master!

The resurrection layout was complete and combined with power from the Tome of Life and Death. Lu Qingtian's soul fragment had sunk into the doll and was regathering within it. The doll was now the foundation for the demon of malice.

"Break the doll inside the tomb!" came a roar from midair. "The source of this demon is that doll and it will fade away once it's gone. It won't oppose us anymore!"

"Die!" Three figures landed from the sky and blasted at the doll in the tomb.

Rumble!!

The void trembled violently before they could enter the tomb and boundless power of the world exploded out of the bronze palace. It formed numerous dragons that swept across the three.

"A grand influence over the world!!" one of them gasped.

"Don't be scared!" the other two responded. "The worlds in this land are flawed and this grand influence isn't complete—"

Wham!

Eighteen dragons devoured them before they could finish and churned their projections to pieces. The third quickly followed suit.

It wasn't until now that the bronze palace bared its fangs and the true strength of the interment of heaven and earth revealed itself.



“How is this possible?!” the outside powerhouses yelled as they frantically fended off the demon of malice. Lu Yun’s grand influence over the world wasn’t flawed. It was whole and complete, no different from the worlds of the outside realm!

Rumble—

Battle drums pounded dully through the Abyssal Hell, as if innumerable heavenly soldiers were readying for battle. The very hell itself trembled.

Two pinpricks of crimson light sparked to life in the demon’s eyes. The demon of malice suddenly seemed to gain its own sentience.

Whoosh!

The demon’s body dissipated as a streak of gray light that sank into the doll. Carved out of Soul Extendere Wood, the doll began to take on the qualities of flesh and blood. The demon of malice was occupying the doll and claiming Lu Qingtian’s soul. Once he became the demon’s soul, it would also be a true living being.

Lu Yun raised his hand and struck out with a Netherdark Talisman. Restrained and confined, the demon of malice began to fade away.

“Child, you are quite daring to resolve the demon at this time,” a wizened voice suddenly rang through the air. “But you won’t be able to withstand us once it’s gone. Are you surrendering?”

This particular powerhouse of the outside realm had guessed Lu Yun’s identity—the thief who’d stolen the world of sequence. The thief also seemed to have subdued the demon of malice that possessed the demon fetus. The entire Land of Reincarnation would be theirs if they claimed the fetus, to say nothing of a world of sequence!

As for the abrupt appearance of a grand influence over the world—it wasn’t invincible. It wasn’t a natural formation from the world, so it would disperse once they razed the bronze palace.

“Nope,” Lu Yun shook his head. “I’ll consider showing you mercy if you surrender first though. After all, I don’t want to make so many enemies in the outside realm in one go.”

“Hahahahaha!!” the elder roared with laughter. “In that case, you can die! To arms, fellow daoists!”

The will projections scattered throughout the abyss began wrecking the layouts around them. The grand influence over the world would weaken and scatter if they destroyed all of the layouts powering it.

“The karmic repercussions of killing so many people aren’t going to fall onto my head, are they...?” Inside the hell battleship, Chu Xingran was a bit pale. There were too many outsiders present—several tens of thousands! They represented thousands of different factions and all of them were geniuses above eighteen levels. Some were beyond twenty levels!

He was the only one who could thoroughly kill them since once his grand curse activated, it’d kill the primary body through the will projection. Of course, they’d survive if they had something like a Lifeline Talisman, but even the original version cost multiple cities.

Not even Crown Prince Chu Xingran of Darklake could afford one.

Chu Xingran might not kill them all, but he could definitely bring them to tears. His curses already stretched into every corner of the Abyssal Hell.

### **Chapter 1758: Destruction**

The grand influence over the world perfectly concealed Chu Xingran's grand curse. Jiang Kui, the Corpse Refiners, and the other factions from the outside world were completely oblivious that something lurked in their environment. Even if they knew, they wouldn't be inclined to impart this information to someone else.

The great zombie that the Corpse Refiners had exhausted their efforts to send into the Land of Reincarnation was now imprisoned by their enemy. Their losses were the heaviest on this venture, so if they were going to get the short end of the stick, they would make sure everyone else got it too.

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"Well, I won't stand on ceremony either since you're all in such a hurry to die." Lu Yun shook his head to see the outside cultivators fan out and furiously destroy any layouts they encountered throughout the tomb. He had to ensure that he gave them a beating to remember and fear. Otherwise, the primary worlds of the fourth realm would be in for a terrifying slaughter when Qing Buyi left after six hundred years.

Since they considered themselves far above others, the outside realm denizens didn't consider the natives of the Land of Reincarnation as actual living beings.

The interment of heaven and earth and bronze palace started being affected as their layouts winked out. The interment wasn't a self-contained entity—it'd integrated into the environment around it and they mutually affected one another. If the world changed around it, it ran the risk of falling apart.

Naturally, Lu Yun would never allow the outsiders a chance of success.

The Netherdark Talisman swiftly destroyed the bitterness within the doll and the demon of malice slowly morphed into Lu Qingtian instead. He was only a mortal, so he would die the instant he appeared in a place like this. But there was something else on him at the moment—a connate demon fetus.

The fetus could save his life, but at the same time, the will of a mortal couldn't control such a terrifying demonic entity. Lu Qingtian would eventually be corrupted by the fetus and become a berserk slaughter machine.

However, Lu Yun was well prepared in advance. Lu Qingtian's name appeared in the Tome of Life and Death the second he revived.

Beings with their name written in the book were second to only the Yama Kings and far superior to the Infernum. Lu Qingtian understood the cause and effect of nearly everything the second he came back to life, but Lu Yun threw him into the Disordered Hell before he could speak. Only the original connate demon fetus remained hovering quietly in front of Lu Yun.

It appeared to be a ball of black radiance that crackled with something like black lightning over its surface. Lu Yun had seen this black lightning that nurtured the power of darkness before. It was the same lightning that invaded the worlds of light!

This is the source of that black lightning!

The powerhouses from the outside realm agitated more strongly than before when they saw the actual form of the demon fetus. A great opportunity was right in front of them! They surged madly toward it, deathly afraid of being one step too late to the prize.

“Time for real business now!” Lu Yun sneered and took one step forward.

Rumble!

The abyss trembled as black volcanoes rose from the ground. They spewed grayish-black lava and filled the air with ash. Gray lava giants clambered up from the volcanoes, accompanied by black dragons.

These were the dragons of the Abyssal Hell as summoned by the Dragonquake Scripture!

Lu Yun fully deployed the strongest power he could muster at his current level and made use of the entire Abyssal Hell and neighboring hells to bolster his strength to eighteen levels of sequence. He’d gathered all of the dragons from the earthen veins in the Abyssal Hell, just as that personage had once done in the original Hongmeng.

The Abyssal Tomb that he’d sealed away before slowly revealed itself, clashing with the bronze palace he’d set up. As both of them were grand influences over the world, they possessed incredibly vast power. The Dragonquake Scripture directed them to clash with each other and generate enough energy to destroy a world.

Enveloped by the layout of burial from two grand influences, the order of opposition filtered through the Abyssal Hell.

“What, what’s going on?!” The outsiders looked around wildly. A trace of horror finally crept into their hearts.

The destructive power resulting from the clash forced by the order of opposition was sufficient to destroy everything here—everything alive, the zombies, and the two tombs.

“There!” Someone pointed at Lu Yun’s position and yelled, “Lu Yun stands in the only safe spot in this entire place! We can live if we make our way there!”

He was a feng shui master and immediately saw that Lu Yun stood at the blind spot of the two clashing tombs. Although he could identify it, everyone was finding movement difficult amid the raging destructive power.

“Don’t be afraid!” someone snarled. “These are just projections of our will, our primary bodies are outside! It’s just losing a tiny bit of soul force if our projections are destroyed—”

Poof!

The speaker exploded into a cloud of dust.

“I see death... he’s dead! His primary body is dead too!!”

“A curse!”

Panic swept through the crowd; they had no idea what was going on. What kind of curse could kill their primary bodies through a projection of their will?

“We need to act together!” the feng shui master roared. “We need to jointly cut through the destructive force and head to the blind spot or we’ll all die!”

The frantic outsiders quickly calmed down. As ferocious as the power was, it couldn’t kill them all at the same time. It could only eliminate them one by one. They had a chance of survival if they acted in concert, but death was certain if they didn’t!

Nearly ten thousand outsiders looked at each other and combined their strength. Even their aura formed a massive joint forcefield. Chu Xingran’s curse couldn’t break it.

“There’s a tough enemy down there.” Aboard the hell battleship, Chu Xingran frowned at the surging outsiders. He looked over at Lu Yun.

The Demonic Vine stood next to him, busily refining the connate demon fetus and absorbing the destructive power from the surroundings. Demons were born of destruction and the strongest demon wielded destruction as its weapon.

When the demon of immortal dao created the era of demonic dao, all beings cultivated the power of destruction. The vine possessed it too, but it was far too feeble compared to a clash between grand influences over the world.

Lu Yun watched the charging outsiders and took another step forward, pivoting toward the bronze palace.

Rumble—

Black dragon shadows circled around him as he operated the Dragonquake Scripture to its maximum. It conveyed the power of the Abyssal Hell straight to Lu Yun.

### **Chapter 1759: Mending Heaven and Earth**

The outsiders paused when they saw the sight, then grinned with delight. So everything stemmed from Lu Yun. Everything would be resolved if he died!

The world of sequence and connate demon fetus were close at hand!

“Kill!” someone howled and released combat arts at Lu Yun.

Expressionless, Lu Yun raised a hand and summoned numerous dragons from the ground. They tore the combat arts apart and dove the outsiders, ripping through the forcefield that’d held off the destructive power for a while.

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“Do you see that?” Chu Xingran pointed at the formidable Lu Yun raging beneath the hell battleship and said to Jian Bu’er, “The one from the original Hongmeng did the same thing. He released the Dragonquake Scripture at full strength and summoned all of the dragons in the third realm. He

vaporized the powerhouses of your secondary worlds with a single punch, not even leaving bone fragments of them.

“Tsk tsk tsk...” he sighed with emotion and seemed to relive the impressive sight of an age-old battle.

Jian Bu’er remained humbly quiet. He’d already entered Myriadsea World when the war that ended the original Hongmeng broke out, so he didn’t know any of this. It wasn’t until later generations arrived at Myriadsea that they learned their home had shattered.

“But that fellow died a horrible death,” Chu Xingran turned somber. “He collected all of the Hongmeng’s dragons in one spot and made the rest of the realm incredibly fragile. Without the support of the dragons, the Hongmeng couldn’t support the boundless energy of the worlds and collapsed.

“Resentment from innumerable living beings collected as retribution and concentrated into flames of retribution. They consumed him for seven thousand years before he finally died. Traces of his existence still remain, but no one will ever be able to pull him back from death.”

“Do you mean this will happen to Lu Yun too?” Jian Bu’er didn’t fully understand what Chu Xingran was talking about.

“Pfft, he cultivates hell dao and this entire hell will eventually be his. What retribution and karma is there?” Chu Xingran shook his head. “He’s just recreating the final moments of the Hongmeng. If my guess is right, he’s attempting to understand why that person did what he did all those years ago. Although we outsiders infiltrated the Hongmeng, we never wanted to destroy it!”

Inside the Disordered Hell, Moran Dongning solemnly watched events play out outside. This was a rare mood for her to be in.

“So you have indeed noticed some things, but this isn’t the proper time yet!” she murmured. “You’ve obtained The Kinship of Heaven and Earth and can help this land’s denizens create a complete world...”

Startled, Xie Tianxun looked at Moran Dongning. Although he didn’t know what was taking place outside, he could make some educated guesses.

“The Kinship of Heaven and Earth? The Dragonquake Scripture...?”

“Don’t say anything more.” Moran Dongning looked sharply at him and released a terrifying aura that slammed Xie Tianxun to the ground.

He was more shocked by her surge of power—it exceeded sequence!

“Who, who are you?!” He was the greatest genius of the outside realm, but he was as weak as an ant in front of her!

Moran Dongning flicked a sidelong glance at him and quietly retracted her strength.

“I am Moran Dongning, someone who doesn’t want to die.” Although she spoke to Xie Tianxun, her eyes were locked on the scene outside.

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“Ai, why go to all this trouble?” The nameless man in white inside the Tome of Life and Death was also watching Lu Yun’s actions. Fully deploying the Dragonquake Scripture meant simulating why the great personage had destroyed the Hongmeng all those years ago!

Just as Chu Xingran had said, the outsiders had never thought of destroying the third realm. They couldn’t even occupy it if they wanted to. Not only had there been the original emperor and the divine tree, but there were also several existences on par with the emperor—Hongjun, Pangu, God, and the Three Pure Ones.

But in that last battle, they seemed to have let that person do whatever he wanted, which resulted in unquenchable retribution.

“Has he discovered something?” The demon of immortal dao was in the form of an adorable lapdog and laid on the ground next to the man. One could tell from his question that he also knew why that mysterious personage had done what he had back in the day.

“Formula dao is unmatched, which means Lu Yun can calculate a few hints of the truth. He probably wants to verify his theory.” A tiny ripple traveled between his fingers as the man in white made some small hand seals; it was the operation of formula dao. Although he’d resided in the Abyssal Tomb, he’d also learned formula dao!

“Chu Xingran has been helping all this time despite the cessation of his karmic ties with the land. He was the ringleader of the outside forces in that year and likely hasn’t shaken off the specter of destroying the Hongmeng. This time, he probably wants to assuage his guilty conscience.” The man stroked his chin. “What a strange kid.”

“Indeed,” the demon nodded. “Lu Yun verifying his theory is one thing and doesn’t really hurt anything, but Chu Xingran wants to clear his mental hurdles just so that his heart, mind, and soul are in harmony with each other.

“But at the heart of things, it was the Curse King that did everything, not him. He only inherited the Curse King’s destiny.” The demon was still baffled.

“No, he isn’t so easily absolved just because he was fulfilling someone else’s role. Inheriting the destiny of this land’s denizens means not only inheriting their fortuitous opportunities, but their karmic ties as well. Since he became the Curse King, everything the Curse King ever did was assigned to him too.” The man suddenly smiled. “Ah, look at Lu Yun’s expression. He’s confirmed what he was speculating.”

The demon followed the man’s gaze and nodded.

“The Dragonquake Scripture was meant to repair the worlds of this Land of Reincarnation. That one wanted to transform himself into a dragon to mend heaven and earth, but ultimately failed,” the demon murmured.

“It isn’t that easy to mend heaven and earth. Wahuang refined the stone of five colors with her great dao, but only repaired the tangible heaven and earth. Its great dao and the worlds formed by order remained flawed,” the man sighed. “Chu Xingran’s also been shouldering the blame for others. They’ve been using his curses to eliminate the flawed worlds, constantly disqualifying them until finally, this iteration arrived.

“The orders of these worlds are the closest to complete ever since the worlds broke in the Land of Reincarnation.”

He meant the first realm nurtured within the original Hongmeng. The original Hongmeng had been so strong that it'd completely suppressed the worlds. Hence, the great one had sacrificed himself to destroy the Hongmeng in the final battle so the first realm could be free and whole.

Unfortunately, he'd only partially succeeded. The Hongmeng had indeed broken, but so had the worlds.

### **Chapter 1760: Scapegoat**

Bolstered by the four hells, Lu Yun was able to deploy the full strength of the Dragonquake Scripture at even higher levels than those commanded by the legendary personage from the original Hongmeng. All of the dragons in the Abyssal Hell were summoned and concentrated on him. His every move and gesture represented the strength of the hell, immediately popping the tiny forcefield withstanding him. With it gone, Chu Xingran's grand curse instantly took the crowd's lives and killed their primary bodies.

Apart from a very select few possessing Lifeline Talismans, most of the experts turned to dust and died without hope of being brought back!

Lu Yun ignored them, instead concentrating on operating formula dao to analyze the Dragonquake Scripture. Since this method also existed in the outside world and Xie Tianxun was very fearful of it, it must be stronger than Lu Yun imagined. It was certainly no coincidence that it'd appeared in the Land of Reincarnation.

“I see...” Lu Yun's expression shifted and he dismissed everything around them.

The premises returned to calm—the two tombs had destroyed each other at the same time and all of the layouts and arrangements faded away. The original Abyssal Hell loomed into view again. Apart from Lu Yun and the hell battleship behind him, there was left nothing alive or from the outside realm.

Thump!

Lu Yun sagged to the ground, all of his muscles, meridians, and bones shattering on the spot. He flopped over like he was a bag of rags. Chu Xingran, Jian Bu'er, and the busily digesting Demonic Vine rushed to his side.

“It's okay, don't touch me! I'm using immortal force to repair my body, that'll make my internal force and body stronger than before!” he quickly transmitted to them.

The man in white had greatly enhanced his immortal force and physical body before, and Lu Yun had set foot into six levels of sequence since then. However, his body was insufficient to contain the strength of all four hells. He'd hung on by the skin of his teeth earlier—it was the absolute limit of what he could do.

If the situation had dragged on the slightest bit longer, he would've exploded before the outsiders died.

“Alright then.” Chu Xingran put away a healing talisman that he'd prepared in advance. Lu Yun couldn't swallow pills in his current state; only talismans could be used to heal his body.

“Hello there, Mister Scapegoat,” was the first thing out of Lu Yun's mouth after a long while.

Chu Xingran rolled his eyes at the grinning young man and ignored him.

“Scapegoat?” Jian Bu’er blinked and carefully gathered the nodding Demonic Vine into his arms.

“Pretty much, his group of people foresaw Chu Xingran’s current straits, so they decided to let him take the fall,” Lu Yun nodded. After all that’d happened and everything he’d learned, Chu Xingran wasn’t an irredeemable bastard in his eyes.

The man in question curled his lip and didn’t respond to that.

“Anything else? What else did you deduce?” Chu Xingran was also curious why the inhabitants of the original Hongmeng had destroyed their home.

“The Dragonquake Scripture is used to mend heaven and earth. The original Hongmeng restricted their growth, so it had to be shattered for them to be repaired.” Lu Yun frowned and scrambled up from the ground with a wry smile. “But the great one didn’t fully master the Dragonquake Scripture. Not only did he break the Hongmeng, he also broke the worlds.”

The mausoleum over the Central Hongmeng and the flowers of six colors collected the boundless souls of beings in the Hongmeng. According to the previous plan, the flowers of six colors would blossom throughout the worlds after the great one repaired them and resurrect the dead.

But the worlds had broken as well, so everything needed to start anew.

Thus, Hongjun, Fuxi, and the others had recreated the same happenings in the great wilderness. Fuxi brought the Dragonquake Scripture into the great wilderness to determine what had gone wrong. To this day, they still didn’t understand where the mistake had been.

Lu Yun’s comment of the great one not practicing the Dragonquake Scripture enough was just offhand nonsense. The real problem likely lay with the scripture.

Fuxi and the others had wanted to use the Dragonquake Scripture to reassemble the original Hongmeng so they could support the fourth realm’s collapsing orders and also determine what had gone wrong. Lu Yun had been too weak in the past, so they had to slowly reveal things in succession to him until he could understand them himself.

And now, he finally saw the truth of the matter of all those years ago.

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“You’re not thinking of imitating that one, are you, and using the scripture to repair heaven and earth?” Chu Xingran turned grave after hearing Lu Yun’s explanation. “The Land of Reincarnation already has a world of sequence that can support its orders...”

“The orders need reinforcement because the worlds are flawed, but what is used for support will one day decay. When that day comes, the orders of the land will still collapse,” Lu Yun frowned. “The most fundamental way to resolve the issue is not to support it with something else, but to stabilize the orders so that they don’t need to be supported!”



“The worlds are the final evolution of order. Only when order evolves into a world does it fully stabilize. Order recedes because the worlds are flawed and requires something to suppress and corral it.” Lu Yun looked past the Abyssal Hell and into the boundless darkness.

If the worlds of the fourth realm were whole and complete, then the land of darkness wouldn't be able to invade it at all. He'd also failed to determine what had gone wrong. According to his calculations, Fuxi and Hongjun's setup in the original Hongmeng was perfect. The Curse King was the catalyst to set it all into motion and the worlds would be repaired after the Hongmeng was destroyed.

But they'd failed and the tree god seemed to have intuited they would fail. It'd collected everything's resentment onto itself and turned itself into withered wood, igniting hellfire to help Lu Yun.

Subconsciously, Lu Yun felt that the problem actually lay with the Dragonquake Scripture. It seemed to be a method of misfortune with unknown origins. No one knew who'd brought it to the fourth realm either. Fuxi had almost died in order to facilitate Lu Yun's cultivation of it.

“Forget that for now, this is too much for all of us at the moment,” Chu Xingran said upon seeing Lu Yun's frown deepen. “Let's take care of the problem at hand first. Thousands of powerhouses in the outside realm have just died and your name is known throughout the outside worlds. Everyone occupying the secondary worlds here and present in the yang tomb should fear you now.

“Is there anything you want to do?” he cackled.

Lu Yun put those thoughts out of his mind with a firm shake of his head. Chu Xingran was right, now was not the time to dwell on theory. He still needed to build up his strength even if he ultimately decided to mend heaven and earth. He'd borrowed strength from the four hells to deploy the Dragonquake Scripture's greatest power, but the great one had done so with his strength alone.

“What we need to do now is to destroy the other three tombs!” He set his jaw. “Since they fear me, I'll give them a good reason to fear me!”

“We're going to the other tombs??” Chu Xingran jumped with shock. He'd thought Lu Yun would enter the darkness to continue building the foundations of his dao. But he wanted to do this instead?

“I've subdued the Abyssal Hell,” Lu Yun said. “And the Demonic Vine has devoured the demon fetus. She'll be at eighteen levels when she wakes up. It's an easy task for us to destroy the other three tombs.”

He could retract the underlying hell when they destroyed the tombs and shift it elsewhere, thoroughly destroying the basis for germinating a world of sequence.