

## **Necropolis 1761**

### **Chapter 1761: Future Tomb**

All of the outsiders in the yang tomb and secondary worlds were cowed after recent events. Brazenly enslaving and refining secondary world inhabitants just one second ago, the Corpse Refiners and many other factions immediately ceased their actions and withdrew back to the yang tomb.

Nearly ten thousand eighteenth level and higher sequence experts had projected their wills into the land through the dao palaces of various supremes. But when they entered the yin tomb, Lu Yun killed them all!

And not just the projections, but the primary bodies as well!

Apart from a very select few who possessed Lifeline Talismans, all of them were dead without leaving a single trace behind. This thoroughly overawed the outsiders who'd viewed him as a thief and a native of the Land of Reincarnation.

They'd thought that they would be able to charge straight to the primary worlds when Qing Buyi left and seize the world of sequence, then pillage their way through the land and excavate its secrets.

Instead, Lu Yun had bashed them across the head and proclaimed in ringing tones that this land wasn't a place where they could do as they wished. No one would be able to stop him if he decided to rush out of the yin tomb and kill everything in sight. Even the Corpse Refiners feared him since he'd taken their twentieth level sequence zombie and confined it in an unknown location.

An even more appalling event took place next—the yang tomb collapsed and all of its layouts extinguished. They returned to their origin as an assembly of Ruina, which was then retrieved by someone unknown.

All of the outsiders within Ruina were unceremoniously thrown out. This thoroughly quelled the secondary worlds and everyone shivered with fear, immensely afraid that Lu Yun would come for them next. Those who'd sworn to kill him and reclaim the world of sequence were as quiet as mice.

In the outside realm, a dozen supremes beyond sequence seethed with rage. It'd been their disciples that'd been cursed to death—all of the more promising ones too. Their mediocre disciples wouldn't have been entrusted with this mission.

Thirteen supremes issued a joint edict that whoever could kill Lu Yun of the Land of Reincarnation after six hundred years would receive a personal dao palace and aid to ascend beyond sequence.

The worlds of the outside realm erupted in an uproar when word of this got out. Countless cultivators champed at the bit, ready to enter the land after six hundred years to claim Lu Yun's head.

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The world of sequence had lost its original radiance and completely dimmed. The other three hell tombs were elsewhere in the outside realm. If Lu Yun wanted to enter them, he needed to do so through the world of sequence.

They differed from the Abyssal Tomb in the sense that they were strictly forbidden areas. No one was allowed in, on pain of death from numerous heavyweights standing guard. Not even the Corpse Refiners dared have designs on those tombs.

“Shall I go to the outside realm then?” Lu Yun murmured to himself as he looked upon the world of sequence.

The world of sequence was formed by the joint efforts of the four tombs. Each of them was connected to the world, making the latter a passageway that connected all four tombs to each other.

The other three tombs were likewise split into yin and yang tombs and also derived from Ruina and Hell. Ruina gave rise to the yang tomb and while hell was the blueprint for the yin tomb...

There'd also been cultivators waiting in the yang tombs of the other three, waiting to charge into the world of sequence and claim it when the world barrier broke. They left after Lu Yun took the core essence since there was no longer any point to staying there.

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The Demonic Vine was still fast asleep. No longer in the form of a little girl, she appeared to be a vine of black jade that was one meter long and wrapped around Jian Bu'er. She was metamorphosing.

Having already accessed fifteen levels of sequence in her dreams, she would awaken once she accessed eighteen. The secondary worlds of collapsing order was the best place for her to cultivate, which was why Lu Yun hadn't wanted to send her back.

Neither did he come face to face with his master. Instead, he sent Lu Qingtian to Earth. Meeting his master now would be a disaster for both of them—Lu Qingtian was just a mortal at the moment.

“The layout here is changing.” Lu Yun frowned after he took a look at the gray world of sequence. “It's turning into a tomb to replace the Abyssal Tomb.”

Baffled, Chu Xingran and Jian Bu'er looked wordlessly at each other.

“Since it's a tomb, it's meant to bury someone. I wonder who?” Lu Yun wondered bemusedly.

Establishing a layout of burial didn't mean completing a tomb. Only when the dead were buried and resonated with the layout did it become a full tomb. But a tomb had already formed even though there were no dead here.

“A future tomb?” Lu Yun blinked.

“Future tomb? What in the heavens is that?” Chu Xingran raised a brow when he heard Lu Yun's identification.

“A future tomb is one without an owner at the moment, but will have one in the future. It has to do with destiny and tombs—they've infused this locale so it's become a tomb ahead of time.”

A future tomb buried someone who would come here in the future. They may not be dead at the moment or be physically present, but they would be in the future due to guidance from time and destiny.

Lu Yun frowned fiercely. “The powerhouses of the outside realm are incredible, they can even set up tombs like these! They did so before the world of sequence matured!”

Chu Xingran and Jian Bu’er looked at each other, reading incomprehension in each other’s eyes. They didn’t understand what Lu Yun was talking about. Destiny was an inordinately complicated dao to begin with—Ah Zhi was the only one who cultivated it in the Land of Reincarnation. Time was even more complicated and implicated a series of consequences.

Their complexity doubled when combined. Even though Chu Xingran and Jian Bu’er were great masters of their art, they floundered around helplessly when faced with time and fate.

“If you don’t leave soon, the tomb will bury you three,” a voice sounded in their ears.

“Who goes there?!” Chu Xingran’s eyes widened with alarm and he released poison curses from his body.

“You?? What are you doing here?” Lu Yun started when he heard the voice and looked at a certain point in the sky.

A man in green robes stood there, holding a painting scroll in his hands and looking down at the trio. Lu Yun was very familiar with him and had much to do with him for a very long time in the world of immortals—the Art Saint!

The manifestation of Fuxi’s eyes.

Fuxi’s five senses had voluntarily died to dispel the curse within immortal dao. Contrary to what Fuxi said, they weren’t reborn in the sea of Hell Flowers. They vanished without a trace afterward, leading Lu Yun to think that’d they died completely, alongside the Curse King’s curse.

Who would’ve thought that the Art Saint would appear now?!

### **Chapter 1762: A Soul That Will Not Dissipate**

“Did you think I was dead?” the Art Saint said merrily to Lu Yun. “How is Yuying?”

“She’s fine, she’s great, she just complains everyday that she wants to be my woman,” Lu Yun responded curtly.

The Art Saint’s eyes immediately turned red and he glared viciously at Lu Yun, not saying a word. He and Yuying had almost become dao partners in their time; though everything had dissipated upon the wind when Yuying became Lu Yun’s Yama King, the Art Saint had never quite been able to put his feelings aside. He even fantasized of a day in which he could take Yuying back from Lu Yun.

“Alright, alright, that’s enough bullshit. What are you doing here?” Lu Yun frowned. The five senses had indeed entered the sea of Hell Flowers when they passed, but they’d melted into the air instead of re-coalescing their true spirits and souls.

“That old guy Fuxi is a man of his word and resurrected us, but we wanted to leave this land instead of continuing to run madly around with him,” the Art Saint ground his teeth. “That old guy imposed one final condition on us—no one was allowed to take this world of sequence apart from you. Hence, the five of us kept watch in the tomb after our rebirth until you claimed the core essence.”

The five senses—now their own persons—had resurrected with power that Lu Yun couldn't imagine at that time. They left soundlessly, without alerting anyone.

Lu Yun trembled. He hadn't thought that Fuxi would keep an eye on him all this time. So Fuxi was the reason why he'd obtained the world of sequence!

"The other four have already left for the outside realm, but I stayed because I can't leave Yuying behind." The Art Saint ground his teeth again with annoyance. "You need to leave right now. If you visit the other hells upon departing the future tomb, your future will be entangled with this tomb and you'll be buried here sooner or later!"

Lu Yun jumped with shock. "Me, again?"

"It's not aimed at you, but at whoever takes the world of sequence!" sighed the Art Saint. "Fuxi entered the tomb after you took the core essence, wanting to resolve the karmic repercussions of this future tomb. Sadly, he was only partially successful. You can avoid karmic ties with this tomb if you don't travel to the outside realm through it. It will self-destruct before long if you refrain from passing through this way.

"But if you do visit the other three hells or the outside realm through this one, you'll be completely tied to everything here and the old guy's efforts will be irrevocably wasted." Two beams of light exuded from the Art Saint's eyes, projecting Fuxi's arrival two thousand years ago after Lu Yun left with the core essence and how he reorganized the layout here.

Lu Yun frowned deeply when he looked at Chu Xingran. The latter was busily chewing his lip.

"Who is Fuxi? I have never heard of him in the outside realm and I have no idea who built this future tomb."

"An ant cannot see the existence of a dragon because the dragon is too big. A speck of dust from the dragon is a world to the ant, and a drop of sweat the boundless ocean." The Art Saint looked at Chu Xingran and answered his question. "This tomb once buried the four tomb owners. They harbored many unfulfilled desires in their heart and pent up grievances. Their rancor turned them into yin ghosts, giving them the ability to personally set up this future tomb fraught with karmic repercussions.

"They didn't know who would claim the world of sequence, but whoever did would find this tomb become theirs in the future.

"Haven't you been unable to determine why there are ghosts and yin spirits mixed in with the creatures of darkness? They're dead things in the outside realm, but living things in the land of darkness."

Lu Yun looked blankly at the Art Saint.

"That's because the ghost race and yin spirits come from the four yin ghosts," the Art Saint continued before the young man had the chance to raise a question. "Four others came here later on to slay the four yin ghosts. Although they died, their souls did not dissipate and they split into thousands and thousands of fragments, becoming the ghosts and yin spirits of the darkness.

"Most of the disasters striking the world of immortals and Hongmeng come from them. While the creatures of darkness hate light, they don't actively seek out light to destroy it when they don't see it."

"I see," Lu Yun nodded. "But those four ghosts didn't fully turn into the ghost race and yin spirits either, they kept a part of their soul to be the overseers of darkness! We met one earlier!"

"The soul ghost!" Chu Xingran realized. "Out of the four buried here, one of them was a heavyweight from the Hun Clan!"

"No wonder I found it so strange that the tomb owner has such a good temper. He didn't care that he was buried in a burial mound or a random pile of dirt because he's not the original tomb owner to begin with!"

Lu Yun's consciousness entered the Tome of Life and Death to carefully observe the coffin he'd taken. He found nothing out of the ordinary. The demon of immortal dao was a middle-aged man again and crouched on the ground, playing with dirt. The coffin was quiet and still, seemingly inert.

The Art Saint nodded. "Go on back. As bad as the old guy was to us, he's really a good guy. Don't let his good intentions go to waste."

"Is there no way to destroy this future tomb?" Lu Yun frowned.

"You learned your craft from him and he learned your formula dao too. Although you've got two little fellows in your Disordered Hell, they're much too inexperienced compared to Fuxi." The Art Saint shook his head. "What Fuxi cannot resolve with his full strength will prove equally perplexing to you. Your best option right now is to leave without looking back so you can grow stronger."

Fuxi personally taking action meant that Lu Yun couldn't resolve the problem in his current state. Perhaps Lu Yun had done many things that Fuxi hadn't expected and completed many feats that eluded the man, but when the matter had to do with Lu Yun's survival, he wouldn't let the young man go to his death.

"Alright," Lu Yun nodded. "Since Holy Emperor Fuxi has been by, that means the problem of the other three tombs of hell has been taken care of. I won't force my way in then."

He turned on his heel and left.

The Art Saint nodded. "Then I shall leave as well." His body faded away, as if he'd never been present.

A powerful gust of resentment exploded when all of them left the world of sequence, as if it was extremely dissatisfied with this ending.

"If we cannot bury the one who claimed the core essence of sequence, then let's bury the one who refined it." Princess Mu's body slowly materialized and plodded toward the primary worlds.

### **Chapter 1763: Elimination**

"Is there any other way to enter the three hells?" Lu Yun murmured to himself after they exited into the secondary worlds.

"Yes," Chu Xingran responded firmly.

"What is it?" Startled, he looked at Chu Xingran.

“Leave the Land of Reincarnation and enter from the outside realm.” Chu Xingran thought for a moment before continuing, “But the outside realm considers those three hells as forbidden areas. No one is allowed in.”

Lu Yun’s Gates of the Abyss couldn’t access the three hells due to them being in the outside realm. Although he could borrow their strength, he wasn’t able to set foot onto their soil. It was even more impossible to visit them from the outside realm proper. Ever since he’d taken the core essence of sequence, countless restrictions had sealed off the other three yin tombs and powerhouses beyond sequence guarded them.

Chu Xingran looked at Lu Yun once more and enunciated carefully, “You’ll die a very grisly and horrible death if you go to the outside world. Thirteen supremes have jointly issued a kill order for you and are willing to trade a dao palace for your head.”

Lu Yun blinked at the man and said hesitantly, “Then I won’t go out and I’ll go train in the land of darkness instead.”

He could employ the dumbest method available to him if worst came to worst and construct a massive hell furnace. It would siphon all of the strength from the other three hells until they were completely hollow.

But that would be a very drawn out process and he didn’t have enough ingredients to refine such a massive hell furnace at the moment.

“Don’t you have a disciple?” Chu Xingran suddenly asked. “Your disciple used to be the god of Mount Tai, no? He might be able to send us to the three hells.”

“Let’s not,” Lu Yun shook his head. “Tianqi has severed his karma with the past. He is only Tianqi now, not the god of Mount Tai. If he sends us there, that might give rise to unexpected repercussions.”

He had the vague feeling that the god of Mount Tai had died out of resignation back in the day, but also because he wished to be rid of his identity. It seemed fated that he would become Lu Yun’s disciple.

“So we’re not going?” Jian Bu’er lit up. He was the weakest among them at twelve levels sequence. He was a tremendous powerhouse in the primary worlds and someone who could suppress the fourth realm with a simple wave, but he was dead weight in this locale.

“Cultivate!” Lu Yun ground his teeth. “At the heart of it all, it’s because I’m not strong enough. If I was, I’d beat any of those bastards who came from the outside realm whether they came in ones or twos!”

Chu Xingran fidgeted when he heard the declaration. He was also from the outside world, but it was up to Lu Yun whether or not he was a bastard.

“And if a group of them come at the same time?” he huffed.

“Then I’ll beat all their faces in!”

There would be an incredible war in six hundred years; the fourth realm wasn’t truly safe until they made it past that. If they didn’t, all would go down in flames.

The outsiders in the secondary worlds cowered after Lu Yun's display of prowess and didn't dare emerge to make mischief. He didn't immediately enter the land of darkness either—he went straight for the Corpse Refiners. There were traces of them throughout the secondary realms and entire major worlds had been tainted, turned into zombie farms.

Lu Yun could not bear to sit idly by and watch them do as they would throughout his home.

There were eighteen major worlds in the secondary worlds, formed from the eighteen biggest fragments of the three hundred and sixty-five Major Cycle Worlds after they shattered. The World of Sea and Jian Bu'er's World of Swords counted among them. Out of them, only the World of Swords desperately hung on—they hadn't been assimilated by the Corpse Refiners.

Its ruler—the Sword Emperor—still lived. He was a fifteenth level sequence expert, but his strength was far beyond his cultivation level. He'd slain even an eighteenth level sequence expert from the Corpse Refiners.

However, that had the opposite effect of deepening the sect's desire to conquer the world and turn all of its sword dao experts into battle zombies.

If it hadn't been for Lu Yun's sudden surge of activity, dominating the Abyssal Hell, destroying the Abyssal Tomb, and executing countless outsiders... the World of Swords would be in true danger.

Jian Bu'er was astonished by the state of his home. When he saw the bodies of familiar people among Jiang Kui's battle zombie army, he'd thought that his home was no more. But here it was, magically still in one piece!

Granted, scenes of desolation met the eye everywhere and half of the denizens had been refined into zombies. Even some of the emperor's Sword Lords had died. Jian Bu'er knelt in front of the Sword Emperor when he saw the man.

"Father!" His voice trembled. "Your son is unfilial."

"It's good that you've come back." The Sword Emperor was a skinny and diminutive elder. White hair topped his head and he looked inordinately wan. He used to be a fifteenth level sequence expert, but had quietly set foot into sixteenth after all this time. It was also because of this that he was able to withstand the Corpse Refiners through his strength alone.

"So this old fellow's your dad." Chu Xingran knew the emperor as he'd suffered quite a bit at the man's hands. Thus, he didn't show a friendly face to the emperor despite meeting him with another identity.

Fatigue writ large across his face, the Sword Emperor paused when he saw Lu Yun and bowed.

"Greetings to my young martial uncle."

"Huh??" Lu Yun jumped with shock and backed away, then suddenly thought of something. "Martial uncle? Are you one of Daoist Ingress' disciples?"

"He is indeed my master." The emperor nodded.

Lu Yun and Daoist Ingress interacted as peers of the same level. Hongjun had wanted to do so as well, but Lu Yun turned him down. He treated him and Fuxi as his masters. Although they weren't his masters in name, they were his masters in truth.

“No wonder! Only Daoist Ingress’ sword dao can raise such a talent as you. C’mere, Jian Bu’er, call me martial grand-uncle!” Lu Yun grinned at the man.

Jian Bu’er turned on his heel, his joy at seeing his father completely dissipating. Who would’ve thought that his father would push him into this pit??

“Martial uncle, are you truly planning to take revenge on the Corpse Refiners?” Knowing his son well, the Sword Emperor let Jian Bu’er be.

“Not revenge,” Lu Yun shook his head. “But elimination! I’m going to completely eliminate their forces from the Land of Reincarnation, including the branch on the world of immortals!”

### **Chapter 1764: Corpse Qi Zombie**

The Corpse Refiners were indeed a poisonous tumor upon the land. The world of immortals had been at peace for the past two thousand years and it wasn't until qi reawakened on Earth that the sect overseeing the Truespirit Major began to stir.

That was when Lu Yun discovered that they hadn’t submitted to the immortal dao at all. They were parasites within the dao, much like the Dao Tree had once been. Thus, plots and schemes on the world of immortals activated against Truespirit Major and Lu Yun prepared to move against the Corpse Refiners in the secondary worlds.

The Sword of Worlds was immensely sapped of vitality after two thousand years of struggle with the sect and outsiders. Lu Yun didn’t intend to ask them for help on this endeavor. It was the only remaining major world out of the eighteen in the secondary worlds and strategically important to the Land of Reincarnation. Daoist Ingress had personally set it up for later use.

Lu Yun decisively sent over the daoist’s Immortal’s End Diagram and crafted four swords based on the legendary ones he wielded. While his skill in refining weapons wasn’t the greatest in the land, it was essentially on that level. Even the Treasure Sovereign on the World Star was less than him.

The four prime weapons and the fearsome diagram surrounded the World of Swords in a cocoon of safety. This world would be his foundation in the secondary worlds.

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“The Corpse Refiners are not to be underestimated. Is it really just going to be the two of us against them?” Chu Xingran asked uneasily.

“All we need is the two of us,” Lu Yun nodded. “I’ve bringing you along only because you can kill the outsiders’ primary bodies through their replicas. I wouldn’t bother otherwise.”

“I still think I’m actually a scapegoat,” Chu Xingran pouted.

“I rather think it’s you who have a grudge against the sect. I’m your scapegoat, not the other way around.” Lu Yun flicked a sidelong glance at him. “You had the time of your life in that tomb and everyone thinks I’m the one who killed the nine thousand from the outside realm. It was also the perfect opportunity for you to hone your poison and curse dao.”

Chu Xingran’s moue deepened and he didn’t respond.



“If Meng Wang could come, he’d erase the Corpse Refiners with a flip of his hand,” Lu Yun stroked his chin. Meng Wang was nineteenth level sequence and unaffected by the orders in the land. For some reason, Lu Yun also felt that the emperor of the original Hongmeng could deploy the same strength in the primary worlds, but held himself to eighteen levels because he was waiting to ambush someone.

Meng Wang was certainly a resolute character. Someone who’d once conquered and ruled an era was no sheep to the slaughter.

“I can’t,” Meng Wang’s voice echoed in Lu Yun’s ears as soon as he finished speaking. “The Corpse Refiners are far more than you think. Try not to provoke them.”

Lu Yun curled his lip and ignored the emperor.

The Corpse Refiners were the head of the three unholy—the other two had been swallowed whole the moment they appeared in the secondary worlds. They’d built a place called the Corpse World for their headquarters, a world that had once been the nineteenth major world. After the sect’s appearance, the world was deleted from the list of major worlds.

Lu Yun didn’t forfeit his plans on account of one word through the void. The Corpse Refiners were far more than they thought? Well, so was he!

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Corpse qi permeated the atmosphere of the Corpse World and zombies wandered everywhere. Far from ordinary zombies, they were battle zombies unique to the Corpse Refiners. This world was a massive zombie farm that the sect had long vacated, leaving behind only hordes of zombies milling around.

Lu Yun and Chu Xingran seemed to trigger something the moment they set foot onto the world. Great Formations of Corpse Refinement exploded into being and collected all of the corpse qi in the world, forming a corpse qi zombie. It roiled with boundless corpse qi and lacked a tangible body.

Boom.

The strange zombie lifted gaseous fists the moment it materialized and smashed them down on Lu Yun and Chu Xingran. Reeling with shock, the two were pummeled into the ground before they could react.

Rather than being made of soil, the earth of the Corpse World was composed of blood and flesh from crushed bodies. The two reacted extremely swiftly and raised personal shields in the last possible second, thereby avoiding contamination from the abhorrent bog.

The corpse qi zombie was even faster than them. It dived the second they were punched into the ground to follow up on its first blow.

KABOOM!

A pillar of black light erupted from the ground and blasted the zombie away.

A hell cannon!

A fearsome hell cannon surged out of the ground and screamed with sufficient power to destroy a world, firing point blank onto the gaseous zombie.

The zombie faded away, but immediately regathered the next second. Still, Lu Yun breathed more easily all the same. The massive hell battleship sailed out of the void behind him and sheltered him and Chu Xingran.

“What is that?” Lu Yun asked.

“In response to master, that is the ultimate trump card that the Corpse Refiners have in the Land of Reincarnation. It’s stronger than even the old zombie!” answered Feng Xianhuo, Lu Yun’s first Corpse Refiner Infernum. “Your subordinate thought that they’d take it away after they saw master’s display of strength, but they left it here!”

Feng Xianhuo had been a fifteenth level sequence Corpse Refiner, a nondescript level in the outside realm. Being sent here, however, meant that his potential was uncommon. Most important was that he’d schemed against Ao Qin as well, indicating he was a core disciple of the sect.

A core disciple would know much about the Corpse Refiners, but would also be ignorant of much as well.

“Left it here?” Lu Yun raised a brow.

“This means that they have many more corpse qi zombies,” Chu Xingran said. “Corpse qi zombies are intangible, so your hell cannons and other attacks are ineffective against it.”

He’d been attempting to use curses against the zombie, but hadn’t been able to inflict any damage. The zombie was likewise unable to damage the ship that they were in—the hell battleship was a moving fortress.

Lu Yun had used the Tome of Life and Death to refine the Abyssal Hell into a ball of energy and melded it with the ship. The ship no longer needed hell furnaces; it could exude the energy of hell by itself.

A second, third, fourth, corpse qi zombie loomed out of the air and surrounded the ship.

### **Chapter 1765: Minions, You’re Up**

A dull thud echoed—something seemed to have been sealed off. Lu Yun and Chu Xingran’s expressions instantly turned ugly. The gates to the Corpse World had just closed. Even Lu Yun would now have to dedicate certain time and effort to leaving if he wished to depart from the world. However, the dense masses of corpse qi zombies beneath them would never give him the chance to reopen the doors.

A world was a layout formed from order. When the World Gates were open, the world was in an open state. Anyone could freely enter and leave. But once the gates were closed, a thick world barrier descended, much like the one once around the world of sequence.

In the same vein, Lu Yun’s hell, kingdom of hell, and Qing Yu’s heavenly palace were all sealed off worlds. No one could enter or leave without their permission. And now, the Corpse World was also a sealed off world.

A dense world barrier wrapped around the world. The horrific zombie farms, Great Formations of Corpse Refinement, and eerie corpse qi zombies pooled their strength to furiously pummel the hell battleship. As sturdy as the vessel was, it creaked and groaned from the impacts. If it wasn’t for Lu Yun integrating the Abyssal Hell into the ship before this trip, it would likely already lay in pieces.

“The Corpse Refiners probably never thought I’d walk around with the Abyssal Hell,” Lu Yun murmured.

“I know,” Chu Xingran suddenly said. “It wasn’t that the Corpse Refiners didn’t want to take the corpse qi zombies with them or that they wanted to use them against you, but that they couldn’t take the zombies with them.”

He raised his head to assess the world’s sky and compared it to a thick book in his hand. “The zombies are born from the layouts in this world and will dissipate if they leave.”

Lu Yun grinned involuntarily when he saw the book in Chu Xingran’s hand. It was the Fundamentals of Feng Shui that he’d put together. Feng shui and formations were two sides of the same coin and both fell under formation dao. Formation dao had long since assimilated into formula dao, which was part of immortal dao. Hence, formation dao was also strengthened when immortal dao improved.

Although Chu Xingran was accompanying Lu Yun due to Qing Buyi’s request, he also wouldn’t bypass any opportunity to enhance his skills.

“You’re right, it’s not that the Corpse Refiners didn’t want to, but that they couldn’t. These infinite corpse qi zombies are a result of the layouts here. They can protect the world, but they can’t leave it. They fade away if they do,” Lu Yun nodded. “Though the sect is no longer here, they must’ve guessed that I would come with you. Thus, they set up a tight encirclement and waited for us to set foot into the trap.”

“But it’s empty here—how could they be so sure that we would come?” Chu Xingran blinked.

“Because it’s me and you, so they knew we’d come,” Lu Yun responded definitively. “My formula dao working in conjunction with your feng shui can destroy the Corpse Refiners on this world and even uproot the corpse dao in the fourth realm!

“And to lure us here, they left the local foundations of corpse dao intact.”

Lu Yun had wanted to use the dao himself and conquer it for the immortal dao. A dao of corpse refinement was a perfect supplement to tomb raiding. But with the ancestor of the dao—Jiang Chen—alive, immortal dao would never subdue this great dao. It might even be upstaged by corpse qi and swallowed in turn!

As Jiang Chen was the one who’d brought corpse dao into the Land of Reincarnation, he could manipulate it even when he was no longer present in the land. It was with his permission that the dao had been tamed and integrated into the immortal dao, thus laying the groundwork for it to strike from within after six hundred years. Thankfully, Lu Yun had caught a whiff of this ahead of time and was already uprooting it within the world of immortals.

The root of corpse dao in the Land of Reincarnation lay in this Corpse World—Lu Yun could calculate that given his mastery of formula dao. If the sect had moved it, he and Chu Xingran wouldn’t have visited this world.

They were both thorns in the side of the Corpse Refiners, so the sect went to the lengths using their dao foundations as bait to lure the two in.

It was all a trap.

“You’re right, Lu Yun.” The corpse qi in the air assembled into the shape of a face. Jiang Kui’s face. “We lured you here with the foundations of our dao—not to kill you. Your ship is too odd and it’s like you’ve gone to another world when you’re aboard, even though you’re right here. All we need to do is keep you here.”

He looked at Lu Yun with a very solemn expression. “One thousand years. The World Gates will open after one thousand years and let you out. You can enjoy your stay here until then.”

“Do you think a mere Corpse World is enough to confine me?” Lu Yun shook his head.

“Of course not, but it’ll explode if you and Chu Xingran leave. The secondary worlds will also be blown up and turn into zombie farms. All of their denizens will become our battle zombies,” Jiang Kui chuckled. “The layouts here will spread throughout the void and facilitate the travel of corpse qi. It’ll extend to even the lands of darkness.”

He vanished into thin air. Jiang Kui was deeply afraid that Chu Xingran would suddenly strike him with a curse; he’d only possessed two Lifeline Talismans. Being struck with the curse again would spell his doom.

Confining Lu Yun for a thousand years while Qing Buyi would leave after six hundred... That gave the outsiders enough time to invade the primary worlds. The Corpse Refiners were confident that they’d achieve what they wanted in four hundred years.

“What do we do?” Chu Xingran looked at Lu Yun and saw that the young man was coolly composed, completely unaffected by Jiang Kui’s words.

“The Corpse Refiners have no idea that there’s several thousand of their disciples in my ship.” Lu Yun shook his head and waved his hand. “Minions, you’re up!”

“Understood!” Lu Yun’s Hell Legion—five thousand Corpse Refiner disciples—appeared out of nowhere. Uniformly wearing black battle armor, they assembled into a battle formation and marched into the Corpse World.

As strong as the corpse qi zombies were, they were zombies in essence. Corpse Refiners could subdue any zombie!

Not even Jiang Kui could’ve imagined that the dead disciples would become Lu Yun’s subordinates and help him resolve everything here!

### **Chapter 1766: World Jail**

Jiang Chen maintained a firm grasp over corpse dao despite being absent from the Land of Reincarnation. Whoever cultivated it would ultimately become his puppet.

However, Lu Yun’s Infernum were an exception. They were protected by the Tome of Life and Death; Jiang Chen wouldn’t even detect their presence unless he grew stronger than the treasure. The ghostly soldiers could only be commanded by the book and Lu Yun.

Five thousand handpicked Infernum rushed out of the hell battleship, spreading out among the Corpse World in the blink of an eye. They were well familiar with the surroundings and had, in fact, set up many

of the layouts. The arrangements were swiftly dismantled and even the world began to show signs of collapse.

Since the corpse qi zombies were manifested from the layouts, they faded away as their origins fell apart. A tinge of blue appeared in the grayish-yellow sky the more the clean-up efforts widened.

“The solution is that easy?” Chu Xingran looked incredulously at the crumbling Corpse World.

“Of course not,” Lu Yun shook his head. “The layouts may be broken, but the World Gates are still shut. This place will still explode if I leave. Though it won’t turn the secondary worlds into zombie farms, the explosion of a major world will affect them all the same and make it easy for the darkness to invade.

“Perhaps that will be the precursor to them being fully assimilated by the dark. The secondary worlds are what’s supporting the primary worlds after the Major Cycle Worlds have fallen. If they’re gone, the primary worlds will decline and be devoured by the gloom.” Lu Yun was extremely grave. “But of course, the Corpse Refiners don’t care about that. If Jiang Chen severs the part of corpse dao that’s extended into the Land of Reincarnation, all karmic repercussions having to do with that part will remain here. It won’t have anything to do with the sect even if my home completely turns into darkness!”

He thought for a moment before continuing, “I don’t know what kind of layout is set up here that connects me to this world. It seems to have made me the basis of existence for the Corpse World. Everything is fine as long as I’m here, but everything will explode if I leave.”

“You can’t break this layout either?” Chu Xingran blinked, then took a deep breath as he thought of something. “I have a way out.”

“You?” Lu Yun paused.

“I know what this is... a kind of jail. The world is a jail that confines the imprisoned. Prisoners cannot escape if the World Gates are shut, but if they do, the jail will explode,” Chu Xingran explained.

“Irredeemable villains or cold-hearted sorts will not be held in a jail like that. Only the kind that cares about life can be held in a World Jail, because the surrounding worlds will be affected if it detonates.

“But this is a very ancient layout that was broken a long time ago.”

“How?” Lu Yun started. Seas would have changed to mulberry fields and the mulberry fields back into seas after a thousand years. He couldn’t cultivate here either, so the thousand years would be a complete waste.

He wasn’t willing to stay here for six hundred years, much less one thousand.

“I’ll remain here in your place,” Chu Xingran said quietly. “The way to break this layout is for me to stay here while bearing traces of your presence. Perhaps the Corpse Refiners were actually targeting me instead.”

Chu Xingran shared a grudge with the sect and had originally come to the Land of Reincarnation to both cultivate and to interfere with Corpse Refiner plans. No one, including himself, had imagined that the reincarnation cycle of this land would be so powerful. He’d been wrapped up in the Curse King’s destiny from beginning to end and couldn’t break free of it.

Meanwhile, the Corpse Refiners had been on the scene the moment the land formed during the first reincarnation cycle. They'd created their own destiny and repeated it endlessly, waiting for the final loop to appear so they could complete their work.

Although Chu Xingran had broken free of his assumed destiny, his replica still remained in the land partially due to Qing Buyi and also partially due to the Corpse Refiners. He'd hidden his motivations well because he didn't want Lu Yun to feel that he was using the young man.

"If you stay here in my stead, I can guarantee that you'll die a horrible death." Lu Yun gently shook his head. He'd yet to see through the Corpse World after all of his analysis. He hadn't thought much of the numerous layers of zombie farms and refinement formations, but the world became more mysterious after the Infernum had wiped it clean. Not even they, the original architects, understood what they were looking at.

"Your primary body will die too—there are more existences than your grand curse that can kill the primary body through a replica." Lu Yun looked solemnly at Chu Xingran, bearing no more of the bone-deep hatred he'd once held for the man. Since he'd accepted the man as his friend, Chu Xingran was on par with Wu Tulong, Zi Chen, Mo Qitian, and Dongfang Hao. They were brothers of life and death and someone he could entrust his back to.

"I know," Chu Xingran set his jaw. "But the Land of Reincarnation can do without me. It must have you. Don't worry, I won't die that easily. I'll request the Azure Dragon King and Qing Buyi to protect my primary body." He smiled easily. "I've experienced thirty-three loops since arriving, this will be the thirty-fourth. In the past loops, you wanted nothing more than to skin me alive, but could never do so."

"Thirty-three?" Lu Yun blinked. His future self had journeyed through thirty-three loops, which meant that neither he nor Chu Xingran had ever visited the thirty-fourth loop that Moran Dongning had blocked his way to.

"Yes, thirty-three times," Chu Xingran nodded. "I know you well. Although I was influenced by the Curse King's destiny and repeated his actions, that didn't prevent me from observing you. I studied you in great detail, so I'm confident of pulling the wool over this World Jail's eyes."

"Let him stay," Moran Dongning's voice rang in Lu Yun's ears. "He won't die, the reincarnation inspector will protect him."

"The inspector? Who? My oh-so-convenient brother Lu Feng, or Jin Gushen?" After countless derivations, Lu Yun had narrowed the inspector candidates down to these two. One of them was his friend Jin Gushen, and the other was his incomparably mysterious brother Lu Feng.

"Lu Feng..." Moran Dongning blinked. "He's also a space traveler, the same as Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi. Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi are just closer to each other."

"Then it's Jin Gushen?" Lu Yun's jaw dropped.

Moran Dongning nodded quietly. "Chu Xingran inadvertently saved the inspector's life when he first arrived in this land. The inspector had to enter the land to recover from his wounds, and thus Jin Gushen was born."

“He does not exist outside of the thirty-three loops that Chu Xingran is part of. He is an exception that does not reincarnate or interfere with other people’s lives.”

### **Chapter 1767: Crystal Coffin**

“Very well then.” Lu Yun looked at Chu Xingran and shoved a handful of Resurrection Talismans into the man’s hand. “Take these.”

Chu Xingran gaped at the more-than-one-hundred talismans in his hand. “I feel like... I can run over the Corpse Refiners through sheer life force alone.”

“Sheer life force?” Lu Yun cocked his head. “That’s a good idea.” He fished out another handful of talismans. “But don’t rely too much on these things. Everything in life has their counter, including this Resurrection Talisman. I think that you should swap some of these for the Lifeline Talismans in the outside realm. Use both of them on and off so that the enemy doesn’t hone in on a weakness!”

Slack jawed, Chu Xingran stared at Lu Yun. He could tell that the Resurrection Talismans were very similar to the Lifeline Talismans. Lifeline Talismans died in place of one, whereas Resurrection Talismans instantly revived one.

Lu Yun had the marvelous ability to bring someone back from the dead; Chu Xingran had seen it for himself when the young man saved Haidong Lin. The latter had come back to life thanks to a Resurrection Talisman that Lu Yun had planted in his body.

The young man had an endless supply of them, and even his dao partners, son, and disciples could easily bring out a few hundred at the drop of a hat. Although they weren’t conducive to growth and cultivation, Lu Yun still gifted them in great amounts. He didn’t want to be parted from those he cared about by the barrier of life and death.

For cultivators, a Resurrection Talisman was better than a Lifeline Talisman. The former took effect only after the owner died, permitting the holder to experience that precise moment of death. There was great nourishment to be had in that tipping point. When Lu Yun first arrived in the world of immortals, he’d made use of it to overcome his many fears and find his footing in the world.

The Lifeline Talisman blocked a fatal blow for the owner. While both saved a life, they didn’t do so in the same way. They were thus similar, but different.

“This is a Lifeline Talisman, take it.” Chu Xingran manifested a talisman in his hand and gave it to Lu Yun. It was the one that the dragons had given to him. Now that he had a vast sum of Resurrection Talismans, he naturally gifted this one in return to Lu Yun.

Chu Xingran knew that Lu Yun needed it more than him. With this example in hand, Lu Yun would be able to make many more of them. Chu Xingran suddenly had a feeling that life and death might be meaningless in the future. If everyone had Lifeline and Resurrection Talismans on them, life and death wouldn’t matter anymore.

He had strong faith in Lu Yun that he would do something as crazy as that.

“Since you’ve decided to stay here in my place, let’s get down to some business first.” Lu Yun looked down at the busy Infernum beneath him. “Let’s find the core essence of corpse dao here and destroy it!”

While corpse dao could be immensely useful for tomb raiding, it was better for him to destroy it if he couldn't control it at the moment.

"Found it!" Having dug fifteen thousand kilometers below ground, Feng Xianhuo called out, "Master, the foundations of corpse dao are right beneath me, but it's very dangerous here. Three hundred and sixty-five zombie kings have formed a major cycle formation to protect it!"

Lu Yun cast his eyes downward to see a massive palace fifteen thousand kilometers below with three hundred and sixty-five zombie kings sitting cross-legged around it. His face spasmed when he saw what the zombie kings looked like.

"How is this possible?!" he yelled.

Chu Xingran fell silent as he mused, "If this loop had operated as usual, Diexi would once more become a zombie king under Corpse Refiner command and be sent here as the three hundred and sixty-sixth zombie king.

"Whether in the Land of Reincarnation or the outside realm, a major cycle is three hundred and sixty-five. There is one aberration, and that is number three hundred and sixty-six. If a three hundred and sixty-sixth Diexi appeared, then corpse dao could very possibly envelop the entire land and become its major dao."

"So the Corpse Refiners are also behind the tomb for the living in the world of immortals?" This was very unwelcome news for Lu Yun.

Zombie King Diexi was mutated from the body of the deceased Taiyin Goddess of the great wilderness. Up until now, Lu Yun had had no idea who'd turned her into a zombie king. When she was in sword form, she'd slain Zhao Qing, daughter of the emperor of the Exalted Divines, with one stroke.

It was a very eerie sight that there were three hundred and sixty-five copies of her in front of him right now.

Beings subject to the reincarnation system of this land appeared again and again—they weren't the only instance of their existence. Apart from the Imperial Seal that the demon of immortal dao lived in, everything else was destroyed in the final destruction of a cycle and reappeared with the beginning of the next.

Lu Yun never imagined that the Corpse Refiners would collect three hundred and sixty-five copies of Diexi and have them safeguard the doors to corpse dao. He'd never been able to understand why someone would set up a tomb for the living in the Abyss of Divine Burial, but finally understood why when he saw the sight in front of him.

The Abyss of Divine Burial was transformed from an Abyssal Hell. Although it was one that the god of Mount Tai had created elsewhere and not the one he'd subdued, it truly possessed the core essence of the Abyssal Hell.

Diexi had been buried there to absorb the hell's power. Since the Abyssal Hell buried the bodies of all life, the strength she absorbed permitted her to break free from the constraints of the hell. Even if there came a day in which the god of Mount Tai walked the land again, a whole and complete Abyssal Hell still wouldn't be able to confine her.



Three hundred and sixty-five copies of her formed a major cycle formation that guarded the sinister palace at its core. The heart of the palace was a crystal coffin. The Diexis called upon three hundred and sixty-five Abyssal Hells and infused the crystal coffin with energy via the formation.

The entity buried within the coffin was the true core essence of corpse dao.

Jiang Chen?

Lu Yun opened the Spectral Eye and stared fixedly at the crystal coffin, unable to see things clearly.

“No wonder they left with such peace of mind. Three hundred and sixty-five zombie kings each with eighteen levels of sequence... This formation can easily crush any twentieth level sequence expert!” Chu Xingran murmured. “The Corpse Refiners’ true trump card isn’t the old zombie, but this major cycle formation and whatever’s inside.”

Thank goodness Lu Yun had claimed the core essence of sequence not long after the world of sequence formed. The sect hadn’t had time to release whatever was here, or the world of sequence would be theirs without a doubt.

Lu Yun had acted too swiftly in the Abyssal Hell, so this time, they’d set up a flawless trap on Corpse World to await his arrival.

### **Chapter 1768: The Tomb Inside the Coffin**

Three hundred and sixty-five Diexis opened their eyes at the same time, dying the sky blood-red with rays of crimson light. However, they remained sitting cross-legged on the ground. Their core essence was linked to the crystal coffin in the palace and they couldn’t move.

If not for that, they would’ve rushed the trespassers long ago.

The hell battleship rumbled into motion and arrived over the cavern, blotting out the soaring crimson light and giving the sky space to turn blue again.

“Changxi is the Taiyin Goddess, a goddess born from the Taiyin Star. The Corpse Refiners chose her to refine into three hundred and sixty-five zombie kings probably because she’s the only one who can withstand the process.” Lu Yun scanned the Diexis beneath them. These were three hundred and sixty-five instances of Changxi’s destiny. Once the three hundred and sixty-sixth Diexi arrived, the Corpse Refiners would have perfectly reached their goal.

While the sect lacked specific intent in the world of immortals, they’d tried to capture Diexi ahead of time. They’d likely foreseen something as Lu Yun had already broken free of his destiny then. Whoever interacted with him or had karmic ties to him—whether enemy or friend—would see their fate change as well.

Diexi’s fate had changed, the Corpse Refiners’ destiny had also changed. They didn’t need to repeat the same actions from the previous cycles.

“The Corpse Refiners aren’t targeting you!” Lu Yun suddenly said to Chu Xingran. “Not you, not me, but Diexi! Only she can break this formation. They’re keeping me here, but let me easily find the core essence because they want me to deliver Diexi here!”

Formula dao operated at a furious pace as Lu Yun simulated their situation again and again. There was only one way to break this major cycle formation, and that was through Diexi. She stood a ten percent chance of breaking it through physical attack; another ninety percent came into play if she entered the formation and became the three hundred and sixty-sixth aberration. That would also fully activate the corpse dao on the premises.

While it seemed that Lu Yun had made his way here under his own volition, resolving each problem as they came up, he'd been led around by the Corpse Refiners all this time. They'd arranged everything from his first step into the secondary worlds to his entrance into the abyss. And it wasn't until now that he saw their true nature.

"Interesting." He imitated Chu Xingran and ground his teeth. "What a marvelous scheme they've cooked up, and it all culminates here. It would be gravely impolite not to reciprocate. Battling methods is fun only when there's a back and forth! You stay here."

He jumped lightly and floated down from the hell battleship, drifting into the massive cavern. It was like a thieves' tunnel that ran straight to the palace fifteen thousand kilometers underground. There was an even more colossal underground world around it; the major cycle formation of the zombie kings and the black palace sat in the center of the world.

It was completely empty. It should've teemed with boundless zombies, but they'd all been moved elsewhere, leaving behind only the zombie kings and palace.

"What are you doing?" Lu Yun started when he saw Chu Xingran next to him.

"I'm not afraid of death." Chu Xingran fanned himself with a stack of Resurrection Talismans. "I can come back to life even if I die, so what is there to be afraid of? But really, are you planning to summon Diexi here?" He frowned.

"Let's take a look around first," Lu Yun responded noncommittally and stuck a Stillness Talisman onto his companion before making his way to the palace. He operated hadal hellfire to conceal the ripples of his life force, whereas Chu Xingran's Stillness Talisman was also refined from hadal hellfire.

They sauntered into the palace, completely ignored by the Diexis. Without the presence of life, there was no way for the zombie kings to see them. The zombie kings were now part of the formation instead of individual entities.

All was dark within the palace and the only thing that could be seen was the glittering crystal coffin. It was translucent, so Lu Yun and Chu Xingran could see the corpse inside when they drew near.

It would be more accurate to call it a skeleton. Sparkling slender bones like jade formed a skeleton that wore a kaleidoscopic silk dress. This was a female skeleton.

"Not Jiang Chen?" Lu Yun opened the Spectral Eye, but failed to read any information about the skeleton. The coffin could block his death art!

"This crystal coffin..." he frowned at it. It was an outer-coffin of crystal, much like the netherwood coffin, hanging coffin, and Enneawyrms Coffinbearers. It was more similar to a layout and only those extraordinarily noble in life enjoyed the privilege to be buried in one.

"It's empyrean crystal!" Chu Xingran gasped with recognition. "A tiny particle of empyrean crystal can manifest a major world, but someone's sculpted a coffin with an entire chunk?!"

"And I don't mean a major world of your home, but one of the outside realm! Each major world outside possesses a complete heaven and earth and is the ultimate peak of order! Even my Darklake only has three such worlds!"

Chu Xingran's lips trembled from the implications. The coffin was thirty-six meters long, twenty-four meters wide, and eighteen meters tall. The Corpse Refiners didn't possess this kind of wealth! Even the richest dragon race only owned a piece of crystal the size of a fist.

While empyrean crystals could manifest a major world, no one used it for that purpose. They were a wondrously useful treasure that was priceless in the outside realm. It was a sinful waste to use it for a coffin!

"I see," Lu Yun nodded. "No wonder I couldn't see through this, there are countless real worlds in this coffin. The skeleton seems close at hand, but it's protected by layers and layers of worlds. We're only seeing a shadow, and those worlds form layers and layers of tombs to lay the owner to rest."

"What an amazing layout, it's a tomb inside a coffin!" Lu Yun took a deep breath and looked back behind them. The three hundred and sixty-five Diexis were still looking upward at the floating hell battleship outside the cavern.

"Are you... planning on having Diexi come?" Chu Xingran immediately understood what the young man wanted to do when he read the look in Lu Yun's eyes.

"Mmhmm," Lu Yun nodded. The Gates of the Abyss opened by his side to grant passage to Diexi wearing a white silk dress.

She was still Diexi; she hadn't returned to being Changxi because she was already a zombie king. The extremity of death was life and thus a rebirth. Although she'd regained her memories of being Changxi, she was still Zombie King Diexi.

The only difference was that her name was now written in the Tome of Life and Death—the first name in the book, replacing where Ge Long's had once been.

### **Chapter 1769: Still Diexi**

"Hello, master~~~" Diexi sang lazily when she saw Lu Yun.

"Pfft, enough of that." Lu Yun waved her off. Though she was a zombie king, she'd come back to life after reaching the extremity of death. She was now a real living being and had recovered her memories as Changxi during the great wilderness era, shedding her previous stiffness.

Her lively eyes curiously assessed the surroundings. When she saw the three hundred and sixty-five other copies of herself, she took them in without a flicker of change in expression.

"I've often dreamed of numerous versions of myself sitting in front of a black palace... So it was a place I've really been to before." Diexi stroked her smooth chin in thought. "I also dreamed about..."

“About what?” Chu Xingran asked with surprise. Her dreams stemmed from when she was Changxi, a connate great god. Existences like those shouldn’t have dreams.

Dreams were a regular, objective pattern that all living beings experienced. Ah Zhi’s dream sequence, for example, was a type of sequence pattern and not one of dao.

“I dreamed that I lay there.” Diexi pointed at the crystal coffin and walked up to it. She caressed the immensely opulent coffin and murmured, “I was at the center of an endlessly vast world... I wanted to leave, but couldn’t do so no matter what I tried.”

“You mean that... the person buried there is you?!” Lu Yun’s eyes widened.

She blinked rapidly and shook her head, “I don’t know, I just know that this was how it was in my dreams...”

“So what’s going on here? What do the Corpse Refiners want?” Lu Yun looked around with stark incomprehension. “Do they want to release you from the coffin and claim it for themselves instead?”

According to Chu Xingran, the coffin was made from empyrean crystal and worth cities. This singular coffin alone was probably more than the sum of the dragon race’s collective fortune.

“Old zombie Jiang Chen wouldn’t do something so pointless,” Chu Xingran shook his head and turned to Diexi. “Who were you before to be buried into a coffin sculpted from empyrean crystal?”

“I was Changxi,” Diexi responded. “The connate goddess of the Taiyin Star! Oh... right, I was also Chang’e once before I became Diexi, the one who fled to the moon!”

Lu Yun smacked his forehead. Wanfeng must’ve led Diexi astray. The two spent their days together ever since he left the world of immortals, jointly overseeing Dusk Province for him. Wanfeng had become ever more mischievous and rascally since she recovered her memories from the great wilderness, and now Diexi showed signs of her influence.

“And before that?” Chu Xingran asked dumbly.

“How would I know?” Diexi pouted. “Those three hundred and sixty-five versions of me want to break my true spirit and turn on me, assimilating me into them.” She cocked her head. “But my name is written in your treasure, so unless they... er, unless our strength is stronger than your precious, they—er, we won’t be able to do anything to me.”

“Okay, this is so uncomfortable. They’re me, like my replicas, but some other will has occupied them. That will should’ve been me too, but it’s like I have—what do they say on the ancestral planet? Multiple personality disorder or schizophrenia.”

Diexi had also been by Earth, wanting to locate traces she’d left back in the day. In this underground cavern, the three hundred and sixty-five facets of her attacked her at the same time, wanting to destroy her will and turn her into one of them.

“No matter what, this crystal coffin and palace are the foundations of the Corpse Refiners and corpse dao in this land!” Lu Yun declared solemnly. “No matter who Diexi in the coffin was in the past, she’s part of the Corpse Refiners now! Hold off the three hundred and sixty-five other you’s while I claim the crystal coffin. Don’t let them in!”

No matter who the person in the coffin was, she was just part of corpse dao now—its foundations, to be specific. If he wanted to eliminate the Corpse Refiners, he had to take the coffin with him.

However, the major cycle formation outside the palace protected it and the crystal coffin within. It would roar to life the second the coffin moved and attack indiscriminately, no matter if the zombie kings discovered the interlopers in the palace or not. The zombie kings were part of the formation, not its mainstay.

Lu Yun flipped open the Tome of Life and Death and used its inner world to collect the coffin. As expected, the formation stirred to life the moment the treasure's power enclosed the coffin and the zombie kings shot to their feet. Crimson light blazed from their eyes; a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood brewed in their gaze.

A mountain of corpses was symbolic of the Abyssal Hell, while the sea of blood was symbolic of the Sanguine Hell.

The power of two hells was concentrated on the zombie kings.

“Get out!” Diexi snarled when she saw three hundred and sixty-five copies of herself walk into the palace. Her Diexi shortsword flitted into her hand like a pixie, erupting with a dazzling array of sword light.

She was a zombie king who had completely shaken off the form of a zombie and become a true living being. Diexi could use both the strength of a zombie king and the power of the living.

Rays of sword light intersected into a sword net that lashed the other zombie kings. Rather than being individual entities at the moment, they were a complete formation. They themselves didn't unleash any attacks, but each of their footsteps forward created a marvelous rhythm that formed waves of terrifying aura.

Three hundred and sixty-five blood-red stars rose from their heads and radiated brilliant crimson light, turning the palace bright red. The crystal coffin had been the only source of illumination in the palace before and radiated very strange light, allowing one to see into it but failing to illuminate the palace.

That was a worry no more since three hundred and sixty-five red stars flooded the premises with light.

Piles upon piles of white bones came into view. They were all shapes and sizes and of various races, but any other associated information had been lost long ago. They were just mountains of skull-shaped stones. Even so, it was a very shocking sight.

### **Chapter 1770: An Unexpected Leize**

Shortsword in hand, Diexi stood to the slight forefront of the center of the palace. Rays of snowy sword light intersected in front of her and melded with her aura, forcing the three hundred and sixty-five versions of her back out.

“I think I can break the major cycle formation, want me to give it a try?” Diexi turned around and raised an eyebrow at Lu Yun.

“No!” Chu Xingran responded before the young man had a chance to. “The formation is what's supporting this place. If it breaks, the void will collapse and exile the coffin into an unknown space!”

The light of wisdom flashed through his eyes. He'd clashed with the Corpse Refiners countless times in the outside realm and was well acquainted with their methods and style. Fully present in the here and now, he'd regained his usual tempo.

The crystal coffin and the skeleton inside were the basis of corpse dao. Once the major cycle formation was broken, the coffin would immediately vanish and corpse dao would never be eliminated in the Land of Reincarnation.

This was another trap.

In Lu Yun's calculations, Diexi only had a ten percent chance of breaking the formation if her name wasn't written into the Tome of Life and Death. Still, ten percent was high enough that the Corpse Refiners placed immense importance on it.

Thus, while Lu Yun made his contingencies, so did the Corpse Refiners. Once Diexi broke the major cycle formation, the crystal coffin, palace, and everyone inside would be exiled to a patch of unknown space. They would never return to reality.

Furiously gathering the coffin, Lu Yun had guessed the same thing, but remained silent. He focused on summoning more power from the Tome of Life and Death. A sheen of sweat beaded his forehead as the coffin remained immobile. It wasn't that the world inside the book was insufficient to contain the coffin, but that it was too heavy.

A speck of empyrean crystal could create an entire major world—how many worlds floated within a coffin? Lu Yun couldn't count the sum. There were possibly more than all of the worlds in the Land of Reincarnation.

That was the true weight of the worlds. The Tome of Life and Death could hold them, but Lu Yun couldn't move them.

"If we don't break the formation, it'll slowly coincide with the major cycle of this land and replace the Major Cycle Worlds, becoming a new version..." Diexi frowned slightly. She'd established contact with the three hundred and sixty-five previous versions of herself; she now possessed a firm understanding of all the potential causes and effects present.

But even if she knew everything, there was nothing she could do about it.

She could either destroy the major cycle formation and cement corpse dao within the Land of Reincarnation, facilitating it to eventually become the only great dao in the land, or she could allow the formation to mature and use the core essence of corpse dao to support the major worlds of the land. Either way, corpse dao would become the one and only of this land.

And no matter what, the world of immortal dao sequence would be seized by corpse dao in the future and become a world of corpse dao sequence.

This was a massive trap that Lu Yun and Diexi couldn't maneuver around.

Lu Yun was already utilizing his fullest strength and bolstering himself with the power of the four hells. However, the crystal coffin in front of him didn't shift at all. It was like it was rooted into the ground.

“Ai!” came a sigh before a surge of strength flowed out of the Tome of Life and Death. It lifted the coffin and brought it inside the treasure.

“You’re finally willing to act, senior!” Lu Yun lit up and projected his mind into the book after the coffin entered it. He saw the owner of the Abyssal Tomb once more—an unfamiliar man in white robes with features as handsome as jade, his bearing dashing, and his presence charming.

However, Lu Yun read a familiar aura from him.

“You’re...” The young man’s eyes widened. He ignored both the crystal coffin and the demon of immortal dao that’d turned into a small lapdog. Instead, he trembled as he looked at the man in white.

“Well, then, surprise!” The man smiled faintly at him.

Lu Yun had no idea what to say. Although the stranger in front of him had a different appearance and aura from the person that he knew... they were in the inner world of the Tome of Life and Death and Lu Yun was the master of this place. He recognized the stranger.

Fuxi’s father—Leize!

Lu Yun had never fathomed that Leize would be the second owner of the Abyssal Tomb! The first tomb owner’s resentment had refused to dissipate and caused endless trouble as he was unwilling to be buried here to nurture a world of sequence. Four new tomb owners had killed him... and one of them was Leize!

Fuxi had quite a background since he’d been present in the original Hongmeng. He could be traced to even earlier ages, but there was no sign of Leize and his dao partner Huaxu to be found elsewhere.

Lu Yun had thought that they were simply two monarchs of the six sacred palaces in the chaos, and also the first connate divine dragon and snake of the realm. The first connate divine dragon was a different concept from the azure dragon ancestral god. The azure dragon ancestral god was the first dragon and thus the forefather of all dragons. A connate divine dragon was similar to a connate demon god— influenced by the azure dragon when it took form.

Thus, the azure dragon ancestral god was a god, whereas Leize was the first of the dragons below him. Lu Yun had thought that Fuxi and Wahuang used their identity as Leize and Huaxu’s children to become part of the chaos, and then part of the great wilderness. To think that Leize and Huaxu might have even more powerful backgrounds!

After the six sacred palaces of the second realm combined into the sacred land of immortal dao, the monarchs abdicated and traveled the realm. Lu Yun never imagined that Leize would be the manifestation of the dead! Or more accurately speaking, all of the Leizes in the chaos and great wilderness were just replicas.

His primary body was buried here and he’d become a yin ghost.

“This is absolutely a surprise!” Lu Yun nodded. “No wonder the senior would grant me such an opportunity to wield more power from hell.”

He’d only built a tomb and almost ruined Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi’s plans—he’d actually done nothing good. Leize had given him a present all the same.

“Then the other three...” Lu Yun nearly choked with surprise when he thought of something.

“Are naturally my dao partner and children,” Leize nodded.