

## **Necropolis 1811**

### Chapter 1811: The Strongest One

Since the Corpse Refiners had intentionally concealed the existence of hell cannons, the supremes remained blithely unaware.

It'd been more than one thousand years since the vanguard of outsiders arrived in the fourth realm. Part of their attention was constantly dedicated to fighting off the immortal dao eroding their personal dao. Thus, they'd been too preoccupied to probe into what the true trump cards of the Land of Reincarnation were.

When the supremes arrived, they did so without any true intelligence of their surroundings.

Lu Yun controlled all of the key levers that could be brought to bear against the chief worlds—the hell cannons, for one. So even if the outsiders surreptitiously infiltrated various local factions, they still wouldn't know what Lu Yun was capable of.

They'd gain some impression of the cannon at most, but they wouldn't be clear on what it was.

The Thundercloud and Cloud Atlas Supremes led more than three hundred supremes on this campaign because they'd discovered that the cultivators of the fourth realm were growing stronger as time went on. There were natives who accessed two levels of sequence in the past one thousand years alone. That was unheard of in the chief worlds!

Thanks to a treasure bestowed by his father, Yun Yi, Cloud Atlas learned of something even more unsettling. The flawed worlds of the Land of Reincarnation were beginning to repair themselves!

Local supremes would start to appear once the worlds were whole again. If characters of that level came into being—the Demonic Vine was a very likely candidate—then it would be almost impossible for the outsiders to seize the world of sequence.

It was the orders of the fourth realm that rejected the supremes of the chief worlds, not the broken worlds. With the revival of the realm's orders, they were starting to deny new supremes from projecting their wills inside.

Order would grow even stronger if the worlds were whole. It wouldn't just passively resist intrusion from the outside realm by that point, it would actively seek out and destroy the supremes' projections of their wills.

Thus, they had to act fast and occupy as many planes as possible in the fourth realm. Once a plane was theirs, they could isolate it from the orders of the fourth realm. To this end, even the disdainful Golden Dragon King joined their efforts.

.....

Outsiders scrambled back and forth when pounded by barrages from the hell cannons. The fearsome artillery was followed up by battleships sailing out of the void to bear down on the invaders.

"Hell battleships? The treasures formed from the power of hell?" The Cloud Atlas Supreme appeared as a young man wearing long white robes. A world reflected out of his eyes when he opened and closed

them. They narrowed at the one hundred and eight hell cannons and thirty-six hell battleships giving his people trouble. Those that Qing Buyi had previously expelled from the Land of Reincarnation included his disciples. They'd told him everything they knew about the hell cannons and battleships.

"All disciples, retreat!" he shouted and approached one of the ships. Before the Hell Legion stationed on the vessel could react, he punched through the hull of precious materials and scuttled it.

His hand came back with the vessel's core—the hell furnace.

"There's nothing noteworthy about these ships. The only thing of any interest is this furnace."

Bam!

The furnace exploded in his hand, but didn't harm him.

"Interesting." Cloud Atlas glanced at where the Demonic Vine had stood. She'd retreated to the Star Formula Academy since she couldn't face a crowd of three hundred supremes at the same time.

"You guys are so shameless! I'm just a little girl, but you attack me with three hundred supremes and tens of thousands of sequence experts!" Her muffled voice traveled out of the building. "Go pick a fight with Pangu and God if you're that strong!"

"Pangu! God!" Cloud Atlas jumped with surprise and hastily backed away. He breathed more easily when he saw no signs of the two legendary characters.

"Surround the Star Formula Academy, but there's no need to conquer it. We just need to occupy thirty-six clusters to form a formation of heaven and earth. Once that is in place, we'll be able to coalesce the power of the chief worlds to rebuff the orders of this land."

Morale soared when the army saw the Cloud Atlas Supreme break apart a ship with one punch. When it seemed like their momentum would carry them straight into the Star Formula Academy, the Thundercloud Supreme quickly transmitted a message to remind the troops of their goal.

They could attack the Star Sect, but they could not break it. The Central Cluster was the most important locale in the Land of Reincarnation. It was surrounded by other clusters, so there was no point in conquering it.

If things had been as before, the outsiders would certainly occupy the premises and expand outward. But after being trounced by Lu Qing and the Demonic Vine, they no longer dared underestimate the mysterious Land of Reincarnation.

The vine calling out Pangu and God's names was another warning. She'd brought their weapons—Heavenfall and Worldcarver—to beat up the supremes when they arrived.

And just as Cloud Atlas, Thundercloud, and the Golden Dragon King thought, everyone's attention was focused on the massive battle at the Star Sect. The spirit paper dedicated several issues to its reporting. In contrast, unrelated supremes leading disciples to attack other plane clusters appeared more to be meaningless scuffles. While some consideration was given to them, no one paid much attention to those events.

Three hundred and twenty-five supremes besieged the Formula Academy at the Star Sect, but couldn't break it. Its disciples cowered in the buildings and couldn't leave—the transportation formations were severed long ago. People could still take the formations in, but departure was impossible.

There was no one among the natives who could fight such a large gathering of supremes, including Lu Yun. He'd also discovered what the supremes were plotting, but there was nothing he could do about it. The Star Formula Academy had become their hostage. If anyone tampered with the formation they were building, the academy and entire Central Cluster would be destroyed.

.....

"Their formation is complete. Compared to the tiny Nihil Homeland before, the world that it projects is a true Nihil Homeland," sighed Chu Xingran. "You know, you can use your hell to shift the entire academy away to safety."

"Balance," Lu Yun shook his head. "I don't know what kind of strength the chief worlds possess and the supremes are not their ultimate powerhouse. If they spend too long in the fourth realm with nothing to show for their efforts, even stronger characters will come to rectify the situation. I'll really be at the end of my rope then."

"Do you know who the strongest person in the chief worlds is?" He turned around to look at the man.

"It's not the dragons or Morans," Chu Xingran smiled. "The publicly acclaimed titan should be from the Autumnus Realm, and they're already here."

"They're stronger than the Dao King, Hongjun, or Leize?" Lu Yun's eyes widened.

#### Chapter 1812: Primeval Heavenly Court

Lu Yun had no idea how many representatives from the Autumnus Realm had entered the fourth realm over the past one thousand years. There were many more after Qiu Feishan showed up and defeated Lu Qing with one move. Lu Yun couldn't be bothered with them.

The powerhouses of the chief worlds were up to no good at every second, employing wiles and trickery to recruit locals and expand their influence. But after those from the Autumnus Realm entered the fourth realm, they disappeared like a drop of water melting into the sea.

The azure dragon ancestral god had said that those from the Autumnus Realm were here for the powerhouse that'd entered the fourth realm with their primary body. And now Chu Xingran said that the strongest in the chief worlds came from the Autumnus Realm, that they were already here.

.....

Chu Xingran held his forehead when he heard Lu Yun's question. "The Azureclad, Purpleclad, and Crimsonclad Dukes were once hailed the strongest of the younger generation in the Hongmeng. What of them?"

"They were artificially boosted to that reputation?" Lu Yun gaped.

"They fought their way to that reputation... The various heavyweights of the chief worlds have all suffered defeats at that one's hands, and extremely bad defeats at that. The current Moran patriarch, as

well as that of the azure and golden dragons, have all lost to that one.” Chu Xingran shrugged. “They’ve never seen or fought the ones that you speak of, so they have no basis of comparison. Those names reside in the myths and legends of the chief worlds, and it’s only a few exceedingly old fellows who’ve had any doings with them. The current strongest of the chief worlds is no ancient existence.”

“Oh, so it’s like Guan Yu fighting Qin Qiong,” Lu Yun nodded. “I thought you were talking about yourself.”

Chu Xingran blinked, then pointed at his nose. “I am Chu Xingran.”

“I know you are,” Lu Yun winked. “You’re also the Curse King and Poison King.”

“I’m alive strictly because of you,” Chu Xingran winked back. “I don’t have any kind of special identity. I’m just luckier than most and got my hands on a nice treasure that makes those old things fear me more.

“Remember the fragment of the Firmament Prison that I gave you?” he pointed out. “I picked that up in the ruins of the Firmament Prison. Those ruins are shards of the primeval heavenly court and I found something there that makes the old things afraid of me.”

Chu Xingran wasn’t content to just play the hand he’d been dealt with in life. Secret locations abounded in the chief worlds and he often explored them. Making it out alive from them naturally meant that he’d reap numerous opportunities.

“Really?” Lu Yun looked sidelong at him. “You know most of my secrets, but I barely know anything about you.”

A sheepish expression crossed Chu Xingran’s face. Lu Yun had established his hell dao, formed relationships with Leize and Fuxi, and retrieved his hells right in front of him. The young man had been very candid about many of the land’s secrets and his own trump cards.

Lu Yun brought this up now not because he didn’t trust Chu Xingran, but that he truly knew nothing about the man. That made it difficult to formulate his future plans and identify where to put the Chu Xingran among them.

It was one thing if they were discussing run-of-the-mill happenings and striking up a friendship. But under present circumstances, every step that Lu Yun took was a matter of life and death. If he did anything wrong, it was very possible that the entire Land of Reincarnation would pay the price.

Take current events, for example. Three hundred supremes encircled the Star Formula Academy and took them all hostage. The outsiders conquered thirty-six plane clusters at the same time, manifesting the heaven and earth of the chief worlds. Lu Yun hadn’t been able to respond to that.

“Alright then,” Chu Xingran said resignedly and slapped his forehead. “In the Primeval Era—and I mean the Primeval Era of the chief worlds—there was a behemoth that ruled over everything. That was the primeval heavenly court and the name ‘chief worlds’ originates from that period.

“The primeval heavenly court was similar to the feudal dynasties of Earth. It was one massive dynasty that governed with absolute authority and the court built the Firmament Prison to suppress the worlds,

later establishing hell dao out of it. The dao of the five hells from the god of Mount Tai comes from the primeval heavenly court.

“The court was destroyed overnight one day, leaving no one able to unify and rule the chief worlds since.

“The azure dragon ancestral god and others had official titles and positions at court. When I visited their ruins, I obtained the heavenly court’s heritage and can be considered as something like their crown prince. If I’d like, I can summon their surviving troops and create another behemoth faction at the very least.

“When it comes down to it, I originally entered the Land of Reincarnation to evade the old things that wanted to take the heritage from me.”

Those loyal to a fault would treat Chu Xingran as the court’s heir and crown prince, but some only wanted the legacy that he’d gained. Vicious and dangerous were an individual’s motives, and something didn’t belong to one just because they’d acquired it.

Chu Xingran would have to become much stronger than he was now if he wanted to rebuild the primeval heavenly court. He’d at least have to exceed supreme, otherwise the heritage would just be a source of trouble for him.

He hadn’t been willing to say anything before because of this.

The four ancestral gods were great gods conferred by the court and as a result, possessed certain karmic ties to it. That was why he’d helped them evade the powerhouse who’d come in search of them. The azure dragon ancestral god had sent a ray of his will into Chu Xingran then, disguising him as the azure dragon heir so that the dragons would protect him.

The spacetime travelers also had something to do with the primeval heavenly court. Moran Dongning wasn’t one to begin with, she’d followed the Spacetime King here to avoid certain things in her clan. Becoming a spacetime traveler was largely tied to the legacy that Chu Xingran wielded, which was why she looked at him with different eyes.

It was just that he’d never wanted to expose this part of himself, so he’d never interacted with Moran Dongning. The dragons were different—the ancestral god was their faith and belief. A single word from the ancestral god could willingly compel the entire race, especially the azure dragons, to fight to their deaths. The Morans, however, were a clan. They had no faith in anything other than the fist, and internal politics were complicated beyond regard.

“The legacy of the heavenly court!” Chu Xingran sighed. “I don’t want it, but it’s stuck to me like plaster and I can’t pull it off no matter what. Those who know the truth and want the heavenly court must kill me to get it. I don’t want to die, so I can only hide.

“Thank goodness though, that those old things only know the legacy’s gone. They don’t know it’s with me.”

Out of the supremes searching through the Land of Reincarnation, some were also here to investigate the whereabouts of the heavenly court’s heritage.

Lu Yun widened his eyes, guessing at something when he saw Chu Xingran's expression. The young man paled with horror.

"You... didn't take the heritage out of the Land of Reincarnation, did you? You left it here!" His lips trembled.

"Yep, and it's on you," Chu Xingran nodded.

Lu Yun shuddered involuntarily—he knew what it was.

"Impossible! Isn't that from the god of Mount Tai?! And you came to the Land of Reincarnation only thirty-three loops ago. That thing's always been here..." Lu Yun took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down.

### Chapter 1813: Imperial Seal

Lu Yun hadn't thought that an offhand conversation to satisfy his curiosity would result in such grand revelations. He'd just wanted to make things easier for his future plans. The primeval heavenly court that'd once ruled the chief worlds! This was a mammoth entity that neither the dragons nor Moran Clan could measure up to!

Chu Xingran smiled. "Chen Xiao, Qing Buyi, and Lu Feng all became spacetime travelers during this reincarnation cycle. Thus, they're able to dim their presence in previous cycles and erase the karmic ties between themselves and this land."

"Spacetime travelers?" Lu Yun's heart raced. Chu Xingran had mentioned that the spacetime travelers were loosely connected to the primeval heavenly court, and that Moran Dongning had become one because of him.

"Correct," the man nodded. "I used the heritage of the heavenly court to help Moran Dongning become a traveler, then sent that thing to the start of the Land of Reincarnation. I wanted to give it to the god of Mount Tai or the owner of the land.

"But whether it was the mountain god or the now corpse god, neither of them held much ambition about it. And so, it remained unrefined all this time and just a tool to scheme against Mo Yi with."

"Mo Yi again." Lu Yun rubbed his forehead. He really wanted to know who Mo Yi was—she'd created Ruina with a wave of her hand!

Chu Xingran spread out his hands, indicating that it hadn't been his idea to enter the Land of Reincarnation either. While he did possess the primeval heavenly court's heritage, his own strength wasn't all that.

"So you created the four spacetime travelers?" Lu Yun asked curiously.

"Not quite," Chu Xingran shook his head. "Chen Xiao, Qing Buyi, and Lu Feng had their own encounters with fortune. Their ascension had nothing to do with me. I gave only Moran Dongning the chance to become a spacetime traveler. The fourth one should've been me, but I pitied her for having a similar fate as mine.

“I’m at least the crown prince of a divine nation and have my own subordinates—she has no one but herself. Thus, I gave the opportunity to her so she would have the ability to protect herself.

“The caveat was that she needed to travel through space and time to deliver that item at the start of the Land of Reincarnation. After that... she somehow became the land’s Time Guard. Spacetime travelers are supposed to be unfettered by karma so they can freely travel through space and time. Neither was there anything like that item in the Land of Reincarnation.

“But when Moran Dongning brought that item to the beginning of this land, it became the constant of this locale,” Chu Xingran concluded helplessly as he looked at Lu Yun.

Moran Dongning lived in a constant state of fear before she received the Imperial Seal. After she traded trepidation and anxiety for endless monotony, she took shelter in Lu Yun’s Disordered Hell when she could and refused to come out.

“I don’t get it,” Lu Yun firmly shook his head. Karma tied to time was the most complicated of all. A slight shift in any detail could affect the entire situation; the bigger picture was irrevocably altered once certain things changed.

Take Lu Yun, for example. He was an anomaly in this loop and anything or anyone who came in contact with him saw their destinies adjusted in an unknown direction. All of it built up into a tidal wave that permanently ended the loops.

Try as he might, he couldn’t understand why the only constant of the land had appeared in the middle of the loops, traveled back to the beginning, lived through the cycles again, yet didn’t change anything about the Land of Reincarnation. It didn’t make any sense, but that was what had happened.

“I’m baffled myself,” Chu Xingran chuckled ruefully. “Anyway, you have the Imperial Seal and that seal belonged to the primeval heavenly court of the chief worlds. It’s essentially the token of the court, which is why those old fellows outside want it.

“The oldest farts don’t care about the seed of nothing or the world of sequence. They want the Imperial Seal.”

Chu Xingran had sent the seal to the very beginning to hide it in the Land of Reincarnation. He even wanted to borrow the land’s strength to destroy it if he could—he didn’t want to inherit some moldy old court. But since he’d already refined the treasure, it would always be his as long as he was alive. Hence, he had to think of another plan.

The Curse King had been his identity of choice because the Curse King was destined to die in Lu Yun’s hands. The Imperial Seal was Lu Yun’s greatest treasure, so Chu Xingran’s plan had been to let the seal’s wielder kill him—thereby continuously eroding the connection between him and the treasure.

He’d succeeded, in a manner of sorts. In this loop, the Tome of Life and Death subdued the Imperial Seal and its connection to Chu Xingran was no more.

However, he still possessed the cultivation methods and combat arts of the primeval heavenly emperor. He knew all of the court’s secrets, which were damning enough by themselves.

Meanwhile, all Lu Yun knew was that it felt like thousands of divine beasts were charging across his heart in complete harmony.

“You kept all of that hidden well! Aren’t you afraid of being captured if you go to the Firmament Prison ruins now?” he asked with a frown.

Chu Xingran shook his head. “If your hell dao reaches great perfection and the Firmament Prison, Ruina, and hells are all in your hand, that will revitalize the primeval heavenly court. Since you wield the Imperial Seal, it will be yours then.”

“So you basically shoved whatever you didn’t want onto me,” Lu Yun snorted. “Do not do unto others what you would not wish upon yourself—don’t you know that saying?”

“I do,” Chu Xingran nodded. “But I didn’t mean to give you the seal. I just tried to keep as far away from it as possible.”

That stopped Lu Yun’s indignation in its tracks. Hongjun and Fuxi had probably known about the seal, which was why they’d forced it upon him. It wasn’t until this loop that the Tome of Life and Death’s sudden appearance replaced the seal. In the previous loops, Lu Yun saw not a bronze scroll in the Han Dynasty tomb, but a square seal.

“Alright, enough of this topic for now!” Chu Xingran cut off the conversation. “Certain developments might take place if we discuss it any more. Only the seal itself can explain its secrets, why it wandered into the Land of Reincarnation midway, and why it’s existed all this time.”

Lu Yun nodded.

.....

In the thirty-thousand and three hundred sixtieth year of the Xuanhuang calendar, the three hundred and twenty-five supremes besieging the Star Formula Academy withdrew.

The Star Sect suffered immense casualties as numerous sequence experts had fallen on their side. Apart from some sequence experts on the chief worlds’ side, none of the supremes endured a scratch.

The Demonic Vine was hopping mad at this. When she challenged the supremes, she’d fought to the first blow. She never injured them or took a life because the projections were formed by will. If they died in the Land of Reincarnation, the primary body would be injured as well.

In the next issue of the spirit paper.

“Doing One Thing Under The Cover Of Another! Chief World Experts Surround Star Formula Academy With Ulterior Motives In Mind!”

The report first explained the origin of the saying and then pointed out how the chief worlds created a major distraction by attacking the Star Sect, creating space for them to secretly conquer thirty-six plane clusters. With these clusters as key points, they set up a true Nihil Homeland.

The paper also described how the Demonic Vine had defeated a dozen supremes in a row—attaching recordings of her battles—and contrasted it to the chief worlds taking the Star Sect hostage, preventing fourth realm experts from relieving the thirty-six clusters under attack.



The power of heaven and earth from the chief worlds flowed into the Land of Reincarnation and all-out war was a hair's breadth away. There was no further room for discussion or negotiation. Lu Yun would no longer need to show these supremes any face.

#### Chapter 1814: A Rusted Blade

As expected, the report incited a great uproar in the fourth realm after publication. And not just the fourth realm—the spirit paper had long made its way into the chief worlds through various channels. The supremes that the Demonic Vine had defeated instantly became a universal laughingstock.

Thirty-sixth level sequence cultivators also existed in the chief worlds, but they would never be able to defeat a supreme's projection. Most importantly was that the vine didn't defeat all of her opponents, she frequently lost as well. That further highlighted how incompetent those who'd lost to her were.

The report and its recordings brought an immense morale boost to the fourth realm. So supremes weren't invincible! It'd taken more than three hundred of them before they had the courage to attack the Star Sect. If the immortals of the fourth realm continued to cultivate, they would reach the same levels and defeat the supremes!

.....

Since Nihil Homeland had once been the sanctuary for the first batch of outsiders to the Land of Reincarnation, many felt a certain affinity for the name. Thus, the new world created by the thirty-six plane clusters was called "New Nihil Homeland".

The one that the Golden Dragon King forcefully claimed became vital territory for the dragons. It didn't join New Nihil Homeland.

The thirty-thousand and five hundredth year of the Xuanhuang calendar.

In the one hundred and fortieth year since New Nihil Homeland's founding, it occupied seventy clusters and had doubled its size at inception. Through a mix of pressure and threats, it now boasted a portion of fourth realm locals who'd defected to the chief worlds. They were the outsiders' representatives in the Land of Reincarnation.

It wasn't that the locals didn't resist their occupiers, but that the cultivators from the outside realm were at least tenth level sequence experts. Ten levels was peak battle strength in the current fourth realm, not to mention the projections of the supremes.

After another one hundred years, a stream of radiant sword light suddenly shot out of the Star Formula Academy and streaked toward the Dragon Cluster of the fourth realm.

A massive battle was taking place there.

The Dragon Cluster was located to the northwest, close to where True Nihil Homeland was. Thus far, the chief worlds had stayed out of the center of the fourth realm as they didn't know what the Land of Reincarnation's true capabilities were.

They started in the Northwest Cluster and swiftly conquered thirty-six planes. Continuing their advance from the fringes, they gradually made their way through the orders of the land. They'd now reached the Dragon Cluster, a pivotal intersection of the fourth realm.

The outsiders decided to mount an attack after making preparations for two hundred and sixty years. There weren't that many supremes in residence at True Nihil Homeland these days; they'd soundlessly assimilated into the fourth realm to search for their treasures. No one knew where they were.

The fourth realm was too vast in comparison to their numbers.

Establishing True Nihil Homeland had been done for their disciples and subordinates, and to draw the attention of the fourth realm. The driving force behind the homeland's expansion was no longer cultivators from the outside realm, but locals of the fourth realm.

Once a local faction fell, they immediately turned into henchmen for their new liege lords and attacked their home. This was what Lu Yun had been worried of, so he'd struck preemptively and cleaned house of groups who were preparing to surrender as soon as the outsiders arrived.

Those who surrendered now were first defeated or intimidated into capitulating.

No singular governing body had unified the fourth realm since the end of the original Hongmeng. The realm had always been demarcated by race or clan. Plane clusters were just collections of numerous planes that happened to be grouped together.

In fact, there was no such concept as the fourth realm in many people's eyes. To the immortals, this was the Boundless Planes. Space was composed of vast plane clusters instead of singular worlds.

Thus, surrendering to the chief worlds wasn't an act of betrayal. They were just protecting their own clan or sect.

The Dragon Cluster, however, was different.

It announced itself as a Formula Academy faction the moment the academy was formed. The Dragon Formula Academy was the strongest beneath the one at Mount Astronomia and the Star Sect. Thus, when the armies from True Nihil Homeland marched toward them, the Dragon Formula Academy immediately requested help from the Star Sect.

Jian Bu'er cut through the void with his sword and rushed to their aid at first light.

The invaders had already gained a footing in the plane cluster and occupied more than half of its planes. They were on the doorstep of the academy and threatening it.

True Nihil Homeland's armies were assembled according to the armed forces of certain chief world factions. They possessed military expertise and discipline far in excess of what the fourth realm was capable of. The same held true even for squadrons comprised of immortals conquered in the last two hundred years.

Their commander was Yun Lang, son of the Cloud Atlas Supreme. He was a twenty-fifth level sequence expert and a superb genius. He was less well known in the land because he'd never fought Ao Qin, Jiang Kui, and the others.

As the grandson of Yun Yi, he had no need to vie for gratuitous titles.

Cloud Atlas sent out his son on this expedition to temper and build up the young man's experience. Formidable as he was, the Qilong Sovereign King flew apart into dust as soon as Yun Lang took the field,

shocking those of the Dragon Cluster. The defenders retreated to the Formula Academy and waited for reinforcements to arrive from the Star Sect.

It was a very similar scene to the one two hundred and sixty years ago, when three hundred and twenty-five supremes surrounded the Star Formula Academy. The major difference was that this battle would see the end of the Dragon Formula Academy and the Dragon Cluster at large.

“Surrender and see a bit less death. Otherwise, all of you will die.” Yun Lang wore a black combat outfit and looked to be twenty-four years old. A small crown of gold held his faintly purple hair in place. He stood coolly outside the academy gates, fifteen hundred kilometers away.

“We would rather die than submit!” an elder spat out through grit teeth. “Kill us all if you have what it takes! We will make life difficult for you even in death! Come at us!”

Rays of brilliant splendor circled over the skies of the Dragon Academy, protecting the building.

“These Formula Academies are truly difficult and irksome to eliminate...” Yun Lang heaved a sigh.

In the clusters that True Nihil Homeland conquered, most factions surrendered after they were defeated. But if a plane or cluster boasted of an academy? They required absolute annihilation. Obtaining their allegiance was impossible.

Furthermore, when Formula Academies were toppled, they caused immense destruction and brought a great deal of trouble to the outsiders. Many sequence experts from the outside realm died in their final moments of victory.

“Then kill them all,” Yun Lang grumbled. “It’s not my men who are dying, so what do I care?”

He gave the order and shifted three hundred million troops into motion. They surged toward the Dragon Academy like a tide of iron and steel.

Hummm.

A ray of resplendent sword light descended from the sky. When it faded away, a rusty sword poked out sideways from the ground five hundred kilometers in front of the academy’s gates. The army of three hundred million strong creaked to a halt.

Chapter 1815: This World Is Dirty To Begin With

An extremely disheveled young man wearing stained and tattered robes, his hair so greasy it plastered against his head in greasy clumps, sauntered over to the rusty sword stuck in the ground.

“Jian Bu’er of the Star Formula Academy greets my fellow daoists,” he yawned and raised cupped fists to the vast army in front of him. While the sword light had faded away, sword intent rampaged through the air. Any cultivators beneath sequence who dared cross the line would be sectioned by the terrifying sword intent.

There weren’t that many sequence experts native to the fourth realm. Although there’d been numerous breakthroughs over the past twenty thousand years, there were less than three hundred million sequence experts in the entire land.

Apart from a select few sequence experts from the chief worlds, the army of three hundred million outsiders were mostly Void World Kings and Nihil World Sovereigns. They were assembled according to the military regiments of the outside realm. An unstoppable tide of iron and steel, the army came to a halt as soon as it encountered the fearsome sword intent.

“Jian Bu’er?” In the rear of the army, Yun Lang started and manifested himself, staring intently at Jian Bu’er. “The Demonic Vine’s dao partner?” he nearly spat through grit teeth.

The vine was so strong that she surpassed many premier characters in the chief worlds. She was widely hailed as one of the strongest beneath supreme. Her stunning beauty and dashing grace was even more firmly imprinted on people’s hearts. Many supremes among the chief worlds had fallen in love with her, and her reputation traveled far and wide thanks to the spirit paper.

In the besiegement of Star Formula Academy two hundred and sixty years ago, the Demonic Vine personally admitted that she had a dao partner—Jian Bu’er of the Star Sect. Henceforth, Jian Bu’er rose to prominence along with the vine, but his name was met with vicious glares and bared teeth. Many people wanted to kill him to slake their fury and replace his position at the Demonic Vine’s side.

The mysterious Jian Bu’er had finally appeared, but this was what he was like?

It was one thing if he was just rough around the edges. It’d indicate that he carried himself with a free and easy style, one unconcerned by details. But what did this dirty, stinking thing who didn’t bathe or change his clothes count for?

Why in the heavens did the Demonic Vine love a man like this??

“It’s said that he found the vine when she was young and made her his dao partner,” someone mumbled. Discomfited sentiment traveled out from even the Dragon Formula Academy behind Jian Bu’er.

“Since you’ve shown yourself, Jian Bu’er, I will show you no mercy.” Yun Lang stepped forward with a blade in hand. Blade intent blossomed over his body and cut through Jian Bu’er’s sword intent. His weapon formed rays of purple blade light that gathered into a purple gale and encircled Yun Lang.

Each step he took kicked up an answering ripple in the air beneath his feet.

“Something as dirty as you is unworthy of the Demonic Vine,” he murmured.

Jian Bu’er’s expression tightened with gravity. Light flashed over the rusty sword as he waved at it, making the discoloration crumble away. When it landed in Jian Bu’er’s hand, it was pristine and in perfect condition.

Snowy brilliance soared into the sky.

“This world is dirty to begin with. I entered it in a clean state and naturally encountered its mud as I journeyed through life. Since you discount me so, I will dismiss the filth.” Jian Bu’er smiled as sword light shone out of his body. The grime and stains on him peeled off, much as the rust had from the sword.

A brilliant ray of light appeared in people’s line of sight, like it was the reflection off of something. Black hair, white robes, incomparable beauty through the ages. Here stood another unparalleled being!

“Isn’t this supposed to be a fight? You’ve turned it into a beauty pageant. But no matter, you are not my match in either strength or beauty.” Jian Bu’er pressed his lips together and made the first move before Yun Lang could.

A sword shadow followed his movements and stabbed through the void. He arrived in front of his opponent the second he shifted his weight. It was just a simple stab without any bells or whistles, but Yun Lang’s pupils constricted violently and he subconsciously raised his longsword into a horizontal position across his throat.

Ding!

A crisp sound rang out. Somehow, Jian Bu’er remained where he’d been standing before. It was like he hadn’t moved.

“I don’t like this, it’s like I’m that sissy Chu Xingran,” he grumbled. “But once the vine sees me like this, she’ll stop swooning over Chu Xingran, right?”

This was his true appearance, one that he’d never shown anyone. He only revealed it now because he was present as the Star Formula Academy’s representative. It wouldn’t do to make a poor impression on the outsiders. And as the Demonic Vine’s dao partner, he couldn’t let her lose face now, could he?

He didn’t care what anyone else thought. He did what he liked, whenever he liked. But now, he wanted to reveal his true self and bask in some tongue-tied admiration.

Indeed, everyone within fifty million kilometers that was keeping an eye on the battle watched with dropped jaws. Scouts for the spirit paper furiously recorded his image—this was a major headline!

Meanwhile, Yun Lang was immensely dismayed by Jian Bu’er’s display. The man hadn’t used his full strength, but Yun Lang had somehow been forced three steps back!

“So that’s all you’ve got, huh!” He forced down his shock and smirked cruelly. Jian Bu’er was here to represent the Formula Academy and be the Dragon Formula Academy’s savior. If he lost, the local Formula Academy and entire Dragon Cluster would belong to True Nihil Homeland.

Yun Lang didn’t think he’d lose to a puny native. In fact, he was going to challenge Lu Yun’s son in the world of immortals after he occupied the Dragon Cluster!

Hummm.

A purple lotus flower bloomed in the air and extended in all directions. Yun Lang’s blade flickered in a breathtaking dance inside the flower, forming a startling difference with the graceful flower outside. The two encompassed different intent, but were a remarkably harmonious whole as well.

Lightning from the careening blade and lotus combined as one for a split second, crashing down on Jian Bu’er.

He hadn’t backed away after his forceful opener. The sword in his hand moved with the wind and hacked thirty-three times at the attack. Each one connected with Yun Lang’s blade and resulted in collisions that extended outside the hearing range of normal beings.

In the end, both of them disappeared—a sign of extreme speed. Only blade and sword light flashed through the air. Their wielders were gone.

“We’re not here to observe their battle. Attack now and destroy the Dragon Formula Academy!” Someone roared, sending the army in motion once more. Yun Lang’s last order had been to charge the enemy—he was yet to rescind it.

Chapter 1816: Immortal Weapons of War

While surrendered fourth realm cultivators still cultivated immortal dao, their mindsets and thoughts shifted in an entirely new direction after being trained by the chief worlds. They were here to destroy the Dragon Formula Academy, not to observe a battle between heavyweights.

Since Yun Lang hadn’t given the order to withdraw, they would not retreat.

Taking a moment to regroup, three hundred million cultivators surged forward once more. Apart from Nihil World Sovereigns and Void World Kings of the fourth realm, there were also many sequence experts from the chief worlds among them. Otherwise, just three hundred million fourth realm cultivators by themselves would never pose a sufficient threat to the Dragon Formula Academy.

There was only one Jian Bu’er and he was preoccupied with Yun Lang. On the other hand, this meant that Yun Lang was tied up with Jian Bu’er.

The Dragon Formula Academy was widely viewed as the third greatest academy in the fourth realm. They would have no problem handling an army of three hundred million if they didn’t have to face a powerhouse like Yun Lang as well.

Rumble—

The academy gates opened as hell battleships sailed out with great fanfare. Pillars of black light spewed from the mouths of their hell cannons and raced toward the army.

“Hell cannons huh? We’ve been waiting for you!” Eighteen tenth level and above sequence experts took to the sky a second before the cannons fired and assembled into a strange formation. A black curtain descended from above, surrounding the army when the cannons discharged.

Boom!

The pillars of black radiance dispersed as motes of black light when they hit the curtain.

“What is that?!” gaped the academy disciples on the hell battleships.

“Darkness Sudein, courtesy of Moran Xutong.” A young man wearing long black robes walked out of the crowd. He somehow emanated a dark aura; it’d been his furious roar that galvanized the army and sent them toward the Formula Academy again.

“Kill them.” He wasted no further time and simply repeated his exhortation. Three hundred million beings marched forward in unison.

The academy disciples on the ships despaired. Hell cannons were their final trump card, but True Nihil Homeland completely negated them with a single bizarre curtain!

These ships were only vessels to transport hell cannons—they weren't the caliber of ship refined by Lu Yun. His ships could run roughshod over order itself. Thus, thirty-six ships were sunk in short order. Their furnaces detonated when the vessel was lost, ensuring that no treasure would fall into the enemy's grasp.

.....

"Darkness Sudein!" The overseer of the Dragon Formula Academy was the previous headmaster's junior disciple—the Qilong Sovereign King. At seven levels of sequence, he was an incredible powerhouse. But to the outsiders, seven levels of sequence was nothing worthy of note.

"The spirit paper says that the Moran Clan commands the darkness and owns a world of dark dao sequence. They are one of the heavyweights in the chief worlds, but it also says that none of them have invaded our home. So what is this Moran Xutong doing here?" The Qilong Sovereign King paled.

"Cultivators of the chief worlds are ambitious wolves trying to destroy our homeland. I will never surrender, even on pain of death!" He grit his teeth. "If any of you would like to leave, you can leave or surrender at any time! The Dragon Formula Academy has never forced its disciples to do anything!"

"We would rather die than surrender!" yelled the disciples around him.

Formula Academies never demanded absolute loyalty or forced their disciples to stay. One could attend if they wished to learn new knowledge. One could promptly leave once they'd learned all that they wanted. No tuition was charged and students could earn various cultivation resources through completing missions.

This was unheard of in the fourth realm. Because of this, each academy was remarkably united and of one heart. Many disciples who'd attended the Dragon Formula Academy came back to their alma mater when they heard the Dragon Cluster was under attack. The strongest among them had set foot into sequence, but most of them were World Manifests.

In the chief worlds, World Manifest didn't count as even a baby.

The immortal dao ruled over the fourth realm and everyone walked its path. The great dao's own level, however, reached only the Hongmeng. The cultivation levels of the fourth realm were yet to change and they were still divided according to their old system.

The major difference was that cultivators no longer trained in "nothing". Under the old system, people would eventually cultivate themselves out of existence if they didn't set foot into sequence. These days, everyone cultivated the tangible immortal force.

With immortal dao traversing the realm, those of the same level were far stronger than their peers of the past. There'd even been some experiments conducted that showed a new Void World King could thrash the Nihil World Sovereigns of old.

"We won't be dying today!" The Qilong Sovereign King suddenly thought of something. Jian Bu'er arriving to their aid meant that the Star Formula Academy had received their request for help and responded—it would be more than Jian Bu'er who came.

"Open the inner hall and bring out the Immortal Myriadpeak!" he roared.

Immortal Myriadpeak was formed out of dirt that the Immortal Myriadtree had once been rooted in. It was immortal soil that bore immortal dao—the great dao suffused each of its particles. It was also the foundation of all academies in the fourth realm.

After the supremes of the chief worlds besieged the Star Formula Academy two hundred and sixty years ago, all of the other academies in the fourth realm received a gift—an Immortal Myriadpeak. It could communicate with the Star Formula Academy, the academy at Mount Astronomia, and even the world of immortals.

The Dragon Formula Academy had requested help through the mountain. Jian Bu'er was here in response, but no one else seemed to be coming. The Qilong Sovereign King immediately understood the situation.

Jian Bu'er by himself couldn't save them, but if too many reinforcements came, they would all be intercepted along the way. If the Star Formula Academy was to send help, it would arrive through the Immortal Myriadpeak. But the academy issued no official guidelines when it handed over the mountains, which tipped off the Qilong Sovereign King to an unpleasant possibility—there was a spy within his academy.

When the Immortal Myriadpeak appeared, rays of immortal light surrounded the academy. A white cannon slowly rose from the depths of the mountain, a treasure that the Dragon Formula Academy had never seen before. Plainly, the Star Formula Academy had sent it through the mountain.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

White flames blazed into existence over the snowy Immortal Myriadpeak, swallowing the cannon in a ten-thousandth of a breath. The mountain now seemed more like a massive furnace providing energy for the white cannon.

Everyone went pale as they considered the might of the cannon—it was far stronger than hell cannons. In fact, it was stronger than the main cannon on Lu Yun's battleship!

Pure immortal force brewed inside—an immortal weapon of war.

The Dao King had created weapons of war back in the day to defeat enemies; this one had been hidden in the Immortal Myriadpeak all along. It wasn't from the Star Formula Academy. All the latter had done was to activate the weapon the moment they received the distress call. The cannon would've showed itself before long if the Qilong Sovereign King hadn't remembered the Immortal Myriadpeak.

BOOM!

A pillar of white light erupted from the massive cannon mouth and blasted the black curtain. Violent ripples shook the curtain that could withstand the hell cannons; it crumbled away after three breaths.

Chapter 1817: A Blow From A Supreme

More than half of the three hundred million troops were vaporized by the first blast. Not even bone dust was left of the eighteen sequence experts operating the black curtain. Moran Xutong stood frozen on the spot, all by his lonesome. Everyone around him was dead, including the experts he'd brought from his clan.



He'd survived due to a Lifeline Talisman that'd died for him.

Regardless, that horrific blow shattered his confidence and that of all the cultivators from the chief worlds.

Whether it was Lu Qing or the Demonic Vine, those two only took the outsiders down a few pegs. They'd never caused the invaders to lose their conviction because the latter knew that the Land of Reincarnation was a broken world protected by order. Once their experts found the right way to attack, the Land of Reincarnation would fall in the blink of an eye.

Lu Qing and the Demonic Vine were peerless geniuses, but talents of their caliber existed in the chief worlds as well. In fact, there were quite a few of them. It also wasn't like the two won every single one of their fights—they were sometimes defeated too.

As long as they weren't invincible, no one would put them on a pedestal and worship them like a god.

But that blow, that blow moments ago had been the full force of a supreme. But it hadn't come from a supreme! It'd come from a treasure crafted by a formula dao cultivator!

Strong treasures required the hand of a powerhouse and only supremes could deploy a supreme-level treasure. But a puny native had forged an item on par with the supremes and could readily use it?

The blow silenced True Nihil Homeward. Elsewhere in the fourth realm, supremes on the hunt or busy setting up their own schemes also stilled. They uniformly looked toward the Dragon Cluster.

.....

"How... is this possible? That was the strength of a supreme!" Greatred was as pale as a sheet. That blow had certainly been an attack from an elite supreme. Even if his primary body was here, he'd die to it all the same if he was caught off guard.

How did something like that exist in the Land of Reincarnation??

"Just our strength alone isn't sufficient against those heavyweights. We have to release the old zombie." The Golden Dragon King considered gravely. A mere projection of his will couldn't withstand that immortal weapon of war. "Quan'er, how goes your study of formula dao?"

Ao Quan shook his head. "Formula dao is part of immortal dao. If I wish to study it, I must first cultivate immortal dao."

His father knitted his brows together and said no more. The dragons cultivated sea dao—they would never pivot to immortal dao. There were no complete worlds in immortal dao, so once a cultivator switched and accessed immortal dao sequence, they would never break free from it. They would never be able to forge their dao palace and become a supreme.

Even if the immortal dao possessed complete worlds, the dragons would never cultivate another race's great dao.

"Devious little bastard, no wonder he incorporated formula dao into immortal dao when he invented it!" rasped a man wreathed in shadow next to the Golden Dragon King. His features were indistinct and

it was impossible to discern who was speaking. "Here I thought he was utterly selfless, but this is the height of selfishness! No one is able to practice formula dao unless they also cultivate immortal dao!"

"There is one person who can," the Golden Dragon King uttered. "Chu Xingran."

"So why did you let him go?! He is very possibly the heir of the ancestral god!" The person's tone grew urgent and he seemed to be berating the dragon king.

"Torch dragon!" Ao Quan's expression snapped with irritation. "Know your place!"

The torch dragon.

Born in a sea of hadal hellfire, he was eventually chained in the Xuan Yuan Tomb. Now free thanks to the Golden Dragon King, the latter had brought him here so that the torch dragon could return to his origins. He'd found himself again after all these cycles.

The torch dragon was a powerhouse of the dragon race in the chief worlds and could reverse yin and yang, delineate day and night with a blink of his eyes. He was very prominent in the dragon race, albeit on a lower standing than the Golden Dragon King.

He'd originally entered the Land of Reincarnation to search for traces of the azure dragon ancestral god. When he manifested in the sea of hadal hellfire, he happened to be enlightened by Lu Yun and somehow became humanity's protector. His existence was thus tied to the human race.

It wasn't until the Golden Dragon King arrived that he was surreptitiously released from humanity's bonds and returned to being the torch dragon of old. While he was himself again, he cultivated immortal dao and had accessed eighteen levels of immortal dao sequence. He would have to return to the dragon race and submerge himself in the Metamorphoses Pool to recover his old strength.

When he entered this broken land, he'd done so with his primary body and dismissed his old strength. The torch dragon leveled a vicious glare at Ao Quan and remained ominously quiet.

"On your knees, Ao Quan!" the Golden Dragon King snarled.

"Royal father..." Ao Quan looked over incredulously.

"On your knees and apologize!" his father roared.

"This junior was impudent and humbly asks for the senior's tolerance," Ao Quan forced out somewhat reluctantly as he knelt on the ground.

The torch dragon nodded without responding.

"That was just one of Chu Xingran's replicas and not his primary body. It wouldn't do anything to capture him," the Golden Dragon King mollified all parties involved. "He will also never speak of the ancestral god's whereabouts. The other three ancestral gods vanished along with ours."

The torch dragon lowered his head.

"Do... you know where the ancestral god is?" the dragon king quickly asked when he sensed something.

"Are you also here for God?" the torch dragon asked instead.

“No,” the dragon king responded frankly. “I am here for the dao palaces of the six supremes. Ao Chong accepting Chu Xingran as a foster son is the first happening of its kind among the azure dragons. I think he is more concerned about the ancestral god than I am. Do you know where the six dao palaces are?”

“Yes,” the torch dragon nodded. “That is no secret. Lu Yun has them.”

“Lu Yun...” the Golden Dragon King frowned ferociously. Twenty thousand years ago, the human named Lu Yun went on a rampage in the Hell Tomb of the Land of Reincarnation, seizing the world of sequence in front of everyone.

After that, the chief worlds thought they assigned enough importance to this human and land. But when they entered the land proper, they saw no sign of Lu Yun apart from a singular appearance at Mount Astronomia. That was when he joined hands with Jiang Kui to force the Corpse Refiners out. The joint bounty issued by a collective of supremes was nearly a joke these days.

Rumor had it that Lu Yun’s rise to prominence was a story written in the last one thousand years. More than twenty thousand years had passed in the Land of Reincarnation—how much stronger was he now? No one had seen him since or fought against him.

“That treasure is called an immortal weapon of war. Lu Yun modified it from an ancient invention in the world of immortals. Tsk tsk tsk, so it’s on par with the full strength of a supreme!” An odd smile crossed the torch dragon’s face hidden in the shadows. “Alright, it’s time for me to get back. I won’t return to the dragons until I’ve located the ancestral god.”

He rose to his feet.

“What just happened?!” The Golden Dragon King shot upright, confusion and incomprehension warring in his eyes. He looked at the Dragon Formula Academy.

“What is it?” the torch dragon paused.

“Yun Lang is dead... he is Yun Yi’s most beloved grandson. Based on what I know, he had eighteen Lifeline Talismans on him. Jian Bu’er just sliced through all of them with one stroke!” Shock and bewilderment filled his gaze.

Chapter 1818: The Old One Shows Up After The Young One Is Beaten

The Lifeline Talisman failed!

The news hit the fourth realm and chief worlds like a ladle of water into a pan of hot oil. Universal shock and consternation rocked the land.

Since its conception, the Lifeline Talisman has been the recipient of great attention and reverence. Even supremes possess the luxury and guarantee of an additional life or two if they owned a talisman. Hence, it seemed impossible that Jian Bu’er could bypass their protection and kill Yun Lang with one stroke!

“They were fake, they had to have been fake!” Having infiltrated the fourth realm to establish his own faction, the Greatred Supreme was keeping a close eye on the Dragon Cluster battle. The immortal weapon of war had shocked him to his core, but true horror set in at Jian Bu’er killing an owner of eighteen talismans.

No one in the chief worlds had ever cracked the Lifeline Talisman; the likelihood was even lower after Lu Feng modified them. They were the hottest commodities in the outside realm. Some supremes happily spent their entire fortune to purchase some. It could be said that many supremes viewed Lifeline Talismans as an extension of their own lives.

And now, someone had rendered them defunct.

The Greatred Supreme rushed out of his current world and darted back to New Nihil Homeland with the fastest speed possible. He wasn't the only one—many other supremes returned at the same time. Yun Lang's death was a grave matter; circumventing the Lifeline Talisman was also an issue of great importance.

"They were fake! Those talismans had to have been fake!" Greatred forced out through grit teeth. "Lu Feng is Lu Yun's older brother and he must've done something to the talismans after we entered the Land of Reincarnation!"

He was entirely unwilling to believe that a loophole had appeared with the talismans.

The Cloud Atlas Supreme brooded ominously. His son was dead. Although it'd been the result of fair and open combat, he couldn't tolerate this happening.

"There's nothing wrong with the talismans! Lu Feng wouldn't do that unless he wants everyone to be out for his head or incite even stronger powerhouses to blast the Land of Reincarnation from existence!" he bit off each word with fury.

Spacetime travelers weren't invincible. What made them special was that they could walk through any space and time—those were meaningless concepts in their eyes. Since their appearance, they were the only constant in all of space and time.

Even with the endless loops of this land, they were still the only unchanging factor.

Their strength came from time exerting no influence on them. They could return to the past and cultivate for millions of years, then return to the exact moment they left after concluding their business.

However, they also reached bottlenecks in their cultivation and needed the tempering of true battle. They also sought out fortuitous opportunities. Closed door cultivation could only do so much.

There were plenty of beings more powerful than them in the chief worlds, but no one was willing to offend them. Spacetime travelers could ignore karmic repercussions and travel back to the past to kill their infant aggressors!

Of course, they would raise public ire if they really did so and cause a hunt throughout all of space and time. Time didn't take them to task for their actions, but the rest of existence could.

Certain things would always be known if they happened. There was no such thing as a perfectly kept secret unto eternity. No one wanted to oppose one of them before they were confident of thoroughly erasing a spacetime traveler.

Not even the dragons and Moran Clan.

Despite that, spacetime travelers would be hard pressed to withstand a joint offensive from numerous powerhouses. Stories floated around the chief worlds about spacetime travelers incurring the wrath of the gods and resentment of the people. For their brashness, they met their death at the hands of a group of supremes.

Cloud Atlas didn't wish to drag things out. He stood up and vanished from True Nihil Homeland, arriving in front of the Dragon Formula Academy in the next second.

Moran Xutong was still standing dumbly on the spot. Xue Lang's body drifted downward, yet to hit the ground.

"Jian Bu'er, you killed my son!" Cloud Atlas attacked Jian Bu'er even as he forced out his words. He was going to strip Jian Bu'er's memories from his soul and see what method he used to kill Yun Lang. His son had suffered a blow to the forehead and immediately died when his soul was hewn in two!

A soul was the combination of a true spirit and soul parts. If the soul parts scattered but the true spirit remained, then the former could be regathered. But if the true spirit dissipated, there was nothing but death.

"Hehehe, the old one shows up after the young one is beaten! Cloud Atlas you old shit, you need to get past me first if you want to bully my dao partner!" A giggling Demonic Vine suddenly appeared and shook off the hand that Cloud Atlas was reaching toward Jian Bu'er. She hadn't fought the man last time he brought an army to the Star Formula Academy, but she'd committed his name to memory.

"Hey hey hey, how did you get so good looking all of a sudden?" She sidled up to Jian Bu'er and quickly pecked him on the cheek before returning to business.

"I represent the Formula Academy at the moment, so I can't show up in my usual form." Jian Bu'er rubbed his cheek with a foolish grin.

The Cloud Atlas Supreme glowered and a few more supremes arrived as well. They cast wary glances at the Dragon Formula Academy before muttering, "We'll work together to capture them."

The Greatred Supreme stared intently at Jian Bu'er.

"This matter is immensely important, set aside all considerations of dignity!" The Thundercloud Supreme ground his teeth. He'd originally planned on building up Yun Lan's presence, but thought better of it when he considered the eighteen Lifeline Talismans on the boy. This was a battle that the Cloud Atlas Supreme had arranged to temper his son—Thundercloud didn't need to hover so protectively.

Who would've thought that Yun Lang would be dead the next time Thundercloud saw him?? The supreme quite blamed himself for this outcome.

The supremes traded glances and charged Jian Bu'er and the Demonic Vine without warning.

Boom!

Another pillar of white light blasted out of the Dragon Formula Academy, vaporizing the four supremes' projections before they had a chance to react. Their primary bodies in the chief worlds spat out mouthfuls of blood as color drained from their faces.

“Milord, the young lord...” A trembling Thundercloud approached Cloud Atlas.

“It’s alright, I know. You may go and recover from your wounds.” Cloud Atlas responded in genteel tones, seemingly far removed from the situation at hand. Worry appeared in his clear gaze and he silently looked to the distance—not to where the Land of Reincarnation was, but the Firmament Prison.

“One Immortal Myriadpeak can fire only three times,” Lu Yun’s voice came from the Dragon Formula Academy. “This one’s already fired twice, which means there’s one shot left. Does the Cloud Atlas Supreme wish to experience its might?”

The young man came striding out of the academy gates with a smile on his face. “I’m just concerned that if I hit you, your dad Yun Yi will show up to avenge you.”

Cloud Atlas narrowed his eyes and suddenly broke out in a broad grin. “You should look after your son. Don’t let him die now.”

“Don’t you worry about that, he has plenty of Lifeline Talismans.” Lu Yun’s careful enunciation of the talisman name nearly sent Cloud Atlas into a rage.

#### Chapter 1819: Lu Yun’s Scheme

The Cloud Atlas Supreme nearly spit fire from his eyes. He itched to slap Lu Yun to death on the spot!

But he could also sense a ponderous strength brewing from the Dragon Formula Academy. This projection of his will wouldn’t hold out against it once it exploded. After all, the Thundercloud Supreme’s projection had already been vaporized by an earlier blast.

“Good, good, very good!” Cloud Atlas suddenly broke out in laughter and took a deep look at the academy. He angrily turned on his heel and left.

The Golden Dragon King and others simply watched on the sidelines; they had no intention of getting involved. It was the Cloud Atlas Supreme’s son who’d died, not any of their sons. They were thoroughly cowed by the blast from the immortal weapon of war.

“We didn’t encounter this level of treasure last time we attacked the Star Formula Academy. That brat probably prepared it for us!” A vicious glint crossed the dragon king’s eyes.

“Lu Yun!” Ao Quan suddenly called out. “You created that immortal weapon of war, didn’t you?”

“It comes from the collection of life’s intelligence,” Lu Yun smiled. He neither admitted nor denied it. He knew what Ao Quan wanted to do.

“Jian Bu’er killed Yun Lang with one stroke. Is the way to bypass the Lifeline Talisman also the result of life’s intelligence?” Ao Quan continued.

“No, I figured that one out myself. It doesn’t have anything to do with anyone else,” Lu Yun shook his head. “It’s just a minor method, do you want to learn it? I’ll teach it to you right now.”

He sent a portion of thought into Ao Quan’s mind. The dragon paused, dazed.

All of the supremes on the scene abruptly looked at him in a different light. It’d be one thing if anyone else obtained the method, but the crown prince of the golden dragons? There was nothing the golden

dragons didn't do to take down the azure dragons. By now, they controlled countless other factions with their Dragon Dominance Ring.

"We go!" The Golden Dragon King brandished his sleeve and disappeared with his son.

Lu Yun wouldn't possibly pass on the method to Ao Quan, but he didn't need others to believe that he had. He just had to go through the motions.

When Chu Xingran built Nihil Homeland, his first batch of recruits were the outsiders that'd barged into the fourth realm. Then the golden dragons arrived and occupied the territory, throwing out everyone from the chief worlds. To those victims, they had yet to enact vengeance for that act.

The method to bypass Lifeline Talismans was the best excuse to and they would only aim their attacks at the golden dragons. After all, they were all supposedly on the same side.

.....

"Royal father..." Ao Quan nearly burst into tears after they returned to Nihil Homeland.

"Don't worry, I'll handle this." The Golden Dragon King's face was so dark that it almost resembled night. Lu Yun was a crafty and treacherous individual. Not satisfied with forcing away Jiang Kui and his men, the young man had smoothly set the golden dragons up this time.

"No, I mean... Lu Yun really did teach me the method," Ao Quan said dumbly.

Pffft!

The dragon king spat out a mouthful of blood—not his projection, but his primary body among the dragons.

.....

"Did you really teach it to him?" Jian Bu'er and the Demonic Vine looked incredulously at Lu Yun.

"I did. I, Lu Yun, am a man of my word," Lu Yun nodded.

The supremes yet to depart craned their necks forward, then hastily left after hearing the young man's confirmation. A method to circumvent the Lifeline Talismans? That was too horrifying to consider.

"How will there be a market for my Resurrection Talisman if the Lifeline Talisman isn't defunct?" Lu Yun smiled. Apart from the ones that Lu Feng had modified, Lifeline Talismans were single use per lifetime. Most people possessed the latter, and those greatly depressed the sales of Lu Feng's version. Thus, Lu Yun might as well destroy the Lifeline Talisman so he could sell his Resurrection Talisman.

When it came down to it, having an additional lifeline and being resurrected was the same thing.

"Shall we... publish the method in the spirit paper then?" the Demonic Vine cackled.

"Not yet, that can wait until New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland start fighting each other. If my guess is right, the Golden Dragon King should be furiously trying to figure out how to get Ao Quan out of here," Lu Yun smirked. "If Ao Quan doesn't leave the Land of Reincarnation, that means I gave him a fake method. But if he does, that confirms he possesses a real method."

“But honestly, it doesn’t matter whether he leaves or not. New Nihil Homeland has an excuse to attack Nihil Homeland now. That’s all they wanted.”

Perhaps the supremes just wanted to take revenge for what the golden dragons had done and teach them a lesson, but if the method was real, then their conflict would deepen with exponential severity.

“Strange, you’re the one who created the method, but they’re not looking to bash your head in. Instead, they’re going for the golden dragons. That doesn’t make sense...” The Demonic Vine rubbed her temples, not understanding why the situation had developed this way.

“Because we’re the enemy and we’re on a weaker footing. They’re already on guard against us and we can’t do any real damage to them, so we can’t use that method to kill their people on a mass basis. Even if they want to cause trouble for us, the immortal weapon of war gave them something else to think about just now.

“The golden dragons have been using all sorts of underhanded and dirty tactics in their struggle for dominance with the azure dragons. Their reputation wasn’t the best to begin with, then they kicked everyone out of Nihil Homeland when they arrived in the Land of Reincarnation. Thus, no one from the chief worlds trusts the golden dragons.

“If that faction possesses the way to bypass Lifeline Talismans, that means they’ll hold many people’s lives in the palm of their hand. It will be their trump card against the azure dragons, so they’ll never give it up.” Lu Yun sighed, “I don’t know how much time this buys for us. I just hope that it screws up their plans for a bit.

“Are you confident in exceeding sequence?” He turned to the Demonic Vine.

“Yes!” she nodded. “I’m sure I can exceed sequence in the flawless world that you have and use the fragments of sequence to forge my dao palace. But I don’t want to do so right now, I want to access a few more levels of sequence!”

She set her jaw with determination. “If I can collect a bit more power of darkness, I’ll be able to set foot into the thirty-seventh level!”

“You, you guys, why are you guys discussing all of this right in front of me?!” rang a half-scream. Moran Xutong was still on the battlefield and had heard every word of their discussion.

The Morans hadn’t sent a supreme to the Land of Reincarnation—only this young master and his followers were present. One blow from the weapon of war had rendered him all alone.

Hair rose on the back of his neck when he heard Lu Yun discuss his grand scheme. How would this native let him live after he’d heard their plotting?!

“You snuck here because of Moran Dongning, didn’t you?” Lu Yun finally looked at him. “Come with me, she wants to see you.”

Chapter 1820: Master of Darkness

“I don’t want to!” Moran Xutong glared. “Moran Dongning betrayed the family and stole our most important treasure. Why should I meet with her?!”



“What did she steal?” Lu Yun blinked with astonishment.

Chu Xingran once said that he pitied Moran Dongning for having the same destiny as him and thus gave up his opportunity to become a spacetime traveler. Instead, he granted it to her so that she could protect herself. Hence, Lu Yun had thought Moran Dongning was also running away from an arranged marriage. But... that didn't seem to be the case?

“Oh wait, no. Chu Xingran fleeing to the Land of Reincarnation to escape from the Dafeng miss was just his cover. His true goal was to hide and shake off the Imperial Seal,” Lu Yun suddenly recalled.

Eyes wide, Moran Xutong refused to say a word.

“You know all of my plans. Wanna take a guess if I'll let you live or not?” Lu Yun smirked. “You have a Lifeline Talisman on you, don't you?”

Moran Xutong shuddered.

“Oh, don't give him a hard time, he doesn't know what I took.” Black light sparkled as Moran Dongning materialized in the air. She wore a black shirt and the ghost mask on her face.

“Sister...” Moran Xutong trembled when he saw the girl's sudden appearance.

“You're still so flighty and short-tempered after all these years. You used Darkness Sudein against the Dragon Formula Academy because you wanted me to show myself, right?” Curiosity tinged Moran Dongning's lilting voice. She'd never exposed her whereabouts, so while everyone knew she was in the Land of Reincarnation and its Time Guard, very few people knew she was at the Formula Academy and by Lu Yun's side.

Moran Xutong nodded. “I've seen sixth brother... he told me.” He cast another wary glance at Lu Yun and Jian Bu'er.

“We can talk inside.” Lu Yun understood the boy's reaction. Though emotions ran high and he didn't want to see Moran Dongning, at the same time, he also really wanted to see her.

Lu Yun didn't want anyone to find out about him and Moran Dongning because her identity was special. Additionally, the item she'd taken had sent the clan into an uproar.

There would be nothing to fear after they shifted to the Dragon Formula Academy because it was completely Lu Yun's domain. All sorts of formations isolated them from the outside world and they didn't need to worry about eavesdroppers.

“What did you take from your clan?” Lu Yun asked curiously.

Moran Dongning pointed to the mask on her face. “This. My mother left it to me, but the clan claimed it. I'm just taking back what belongs to me.”

“So you aren't being forced into an arranged marriage?” Lu Yun coughed.

“The clan does want to trade me for certain gains, but my sixth brother ran away with me. We came here.” Moran Dongning's sixth brother was the Spacetime King. Since he'd left the Land of Reincarnation with the overlord of Ice, he plainly didn't want to be involved with anything ever again.

However, it remained to be seen if he knew that his younger sister had become a spacetime traveler.

“You want it?” Moran Dongning took the mask off her face and offered it to Lu Yun.

He sprang away like it was a massive cockroach—the mere sight of this mask was enough to call up past trauma. The akasha ghosts came from it and had plagued him to no end, nearly killing him a few times. The mask also contained the resentment of his future self toward Lu Yun. It’d even been tainted with the bitterness of the emperors who’d fallen at the end of human dao.

While akasha ghosts had disappeared after his future self melded with his present self, the mask itself still caused him to break out in a cold sweat.

Moran Xutong’s eyebrows raised. “Sis, is he my future brother-in-law?”

“...no,” Moran Dongning blushed. “What’s a little kid like you doing saying nonsense like that?”

Lu Yun rubbed his nose; he knew that he shouldn’t make a peep. When Moran Dongning had been the little nun, she had indeed clamored that she’d become Lu Yun’s dao partner in the future.

“So what are you doing here?” Moran Dongning grew serious again and put the mask back on her face, not wanting Lu Yun to see her current expression.

Lu Yun loved only Qing Yu and had eyes for no one else. He was completely unmoved by the ten stunning women that were his Yama Kings. Even his second dao partner, the little fox, had spent an entire eon before her devotion and company finally won a place in his heart.

What did Moran Dongning count for? So what if she confessed her feelings? It’d just result in Lu Yun becoming distant.

“Moran Xuhua is coming in person for you!” Moran Xutong quickly said. “He’s found a way to enter the Land of Reincarnation with his primary body and will be on the move soon!”

“Moran Xuhua?!” Moran Dongning’s eyes widened. “He already accessed forty-eight levels of sequence before I entered the land. So now...”

“He forged his dao palace after reaching fifty-four levels of sequence and became a supreme as soon as he broke through!”

“Fifty-four levels?!” gasped the Demonic Vine. “Uh huh, what did I say? I’m just thirty-six, so there’s no rush at all.”

Lu Yun rubbed his temples; he’d heard of Moran Xuhua before—this was the strongest genius of the previous generation. Of course, no matter how old one was, one didn’t count as the younger generation after accessing thirty levels of sequence.

The Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Supremes had been the ones to first bring up this name. Moran Xuhua was the youngest supreme in the chief worlds; when Qing Buyi trespassed on Moran territory in his hunt for the Nebula Supreme, it’d been Moran Xuhua who stepped forward to demand an explanation.

Granted, Qing Buyi had cursed him back into hiding, but still.

Now that he was about to enter the Land of Reincarnation with his primary body, there was likely no one in the land who was his match. Hongjun, Leize, and the others need to safeguard the worlds and be on the lookout for the god of Mount Tai and corpse god. They could not afford to split their attention.

“Don’t worry, I’ll send him packing if he comes,” Moran Dongning smiled. “I’m a spacetime traveler now, he’s no match for me.”

Moran Xutong reeled with surprise. “A, a spacetime traveler?!”

Moran Dongning nodded nonchalantly and turned to Lu Yun. “This mask is called the ‘Master of Darkness’ and holds sway over all beings in the darkness. The Morans cultivate the dao of darkness, so they are part of this group.”

“I see,” Lu Yun nodded.

“No, you don’t,” Moran Dongning corrected solemnly. “Whoever holds this mask can rule over all of the endarkened. This has been the Moran ambition all this time.

“The darkness that once invaded your home is nothing compared to the true land of darkness. The Morans can also be enslaved by this mask, just as they can take it to the gloom and enslave everything there!”

Lu Yun’s heart skipped a beat from the ramifications.