

Necropolis 1851

Chapter 1841: Wound of the Void

Lu Yun had done his homework on the way to the Firmament Prison and was aware of spatial tides. However, it hadn't been long since the last one. There should still be time remaining until the next one.

Yet, there were indeed signs of another tide about to take place.

But since he was here, there was no point in heading back. He might as well stay and observe what a spatial tide was. He knocked out the twenty-eighth level sequence cultivator and looted the man of everything he carried. When he was finished, he tossed the cultivator off to the side.

He was a man of his word. He'd told the guy it was a robbery.

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"Why aren't there more foreigners on Huangpang if it's almost time for a spatial tide?" Lu Yun murmured to himself. Huangpang was the closest major world to the Firmament Prison. When something as monumental as a spatial tide took place, it should become the primary gathering point.

But he didn't see that many foreigners throughout the course of his visit—at least, no strong ones.

"It looks like the matter of the Huangpang Supreme and Mo Fei is no secret. Only the minor fish at the bottom of the totem pole don't know about it," Lu Yun realized. He sighed in spite of himself. He'd traveled from the world of immortals to the chaos, then to the Hongmeng and fourth realm. He now stood in the even greater chief worlds.

The world continued to open up and its denizens grow stronger, but the innate nature of humanity never changed. This was the commonality of all living beings.

Who cared about the weaklings?

However, those with kindness in their hearts still existed. Qu Cu became a chang ghost after he barged into Huangpang City, but his mind remained focused on trying to save the city and world at large.

Good deeds weren't always rewarded in kind, yet he'd met Lu Yun through the cycle of karma. Perhaps this was what was meant by "the heavens have eyes"?

Lu Yun wasn't the heavens, that was for sure. Heaven would never rob a cultivator.

The Firmament Prison appeared like a gaping wound to his eyes when he arrived at the ruins. Its cracks took the shape of a starburst, extending in all directions with the prison at the center. It more resembled a black dandelion.

"The Wound of the Void... that's an accurate nickname. But it looks more like a dandelion."

Since space here was chaotic, Lu Yun didn't know how far away he was from the ruins. He had the misconception that he would be able to enter it if he took a single step forward.

Lu Yun looked around and noted plenty of cultivators hidden in the void. They were all twenty-nine or thirty levels of sequence.

Thirtieth level sequence was a threshold. If one exceeded sequence at this number, a dao palace would forever be out of one's reach. The lack of a dao palace would also preclude one from becoming a supreme. They would be forever caught in the cracks of this cultivation level and never advance further.

Not even supremes would be able to forge dao palaces for them then.

Thus, cultivators at twenty-nine or thirty levels of sequence needed to focus most on accumulation. They needed to accumulate everything they could to prepare for the final push. Once they broke through to thirty-one levels, they could exceed sequence and use those fragments of sequence to craft their dao palace.

But since time immemorial, few were those who could break through thirty levels of sequence. They were possibly one in a hundred million. Thus, anyone who reached thirty-one levels meant they were a supreme-in-waiting.

Even if one was the lowliest supreme, achieving that level meant an evolution beyond an ordinary being.

The cultivators that Lu Yun saw were making preparations to try for thirty-one levels. The twenty-eighth level one that he'd just robbed was likely one of them as well. Apart from Ao Quan, son of the Golden Dragon King, he'd yet to see any other thirtieth level sequence cultivator.

"There's still a lot of time until the spatial tide. Let's see if there's any way into the Firmament Prison." He silently operated formula dao, but to no avail. If it wasn't for the signs of an imminent tide, he wouldn't even be able to deduce that a spatial tide was about to take place. It wasn't that formula dao had finally reached its limits, but that this locale of the outside realm was impossible to analyze.

As it was the site of the ancient heavenly court, the intersection of various karma isolated the Firmament Prison from the rest of the worlds' great daos. Lu Yun could derive certain results from the fragment he possessed, but now that he was at the site proper, he wasn't able to derive anything at all.

The fearsome karma floating around completely defeated formula dao.

"Greetings sir, I am Liang Ruyue." A slightly ambiguous voice sounded behind Lu Yun. He turned around to find a young girl dressed as a man. She said with some embarrassment, "I'd... I'd like to hire you to protect me. Might you be willing, sir?"

Unease shone from the depths of her clear eyes—she was obviously very nervous. It seemed like this was her first time leaving home and she was quite inexperienced in the ways of the world.

"I'm here to rob people." Lu Yun glared at her. She was thirty levels sequence, but wanted a twenty-four levels bodyguard? No way she didn't have something else in mind! Emotions could be disguised if one's self discipline was strong enough. Thus, Lu Yun could read emotions as a reference for his decisions, but couldn't make snap judgments based on emotion alone.

"I know!" Liang Ruyue easily responded. "I saw you beat a twenty-eighth level sequence just now!"

"This is a robbery!" Lu Yun roared and lifted his axes.

"I'll, I'll give you enigma stones, but you have to protect me!" Liang Ruyue blinked and took out a bag that held at least a million stones.

“Out with it, wench, what do you want with me?!” Lu Yun blustered with wide eyes. “Do you take me for a fool?! A girl throws herself at me as soon as I stand here?? Am I that lucky?!”

“Go on, git! Piss off as far away as you can!”

“Look, Liang Ruyue’s scamming people again! She sucked some men dry last time and wants to try the same old trick. But your acting skills suuuuck and he saw right through you! Hahahaha!!” Raucous laughter rose and fell through the air. The others here wouldn’t have said anything if Lu Yun hadn’t exposed the girl. Everyone was a stranger, there was no need to offend Liang Ruyue for someone they didn’t know. But since he had, well then.

Liang Ruyue ground her teeth and left in a huff.

“Remember to hide your cultivation next time you try to trick someone. And look for someone on the same level as you if you want to use the bodyguard excuse!” Lu Yun rolled his eyes.

Hummm.

A pale blue haze emanated from the ruins, dispersing into the surroundings as dots of light. Lu Yun’s jaw dropped. Blue was the color of the sequence of space. Was there a complete sequence in the prison?

Chapter 1842: Protection Fee

The Firmament Prison was hailed the Wound of the Void because it took the shape of an injury, and because of another reason. Meanwhile, Lu Yun’s first instinct had been to call it a giant dandelion.

It was also called the Wound of the Void because any spatial power, including the sequence of space, was torn to pieces here. They couldn’t form a complete system. Sequences of space turned black when they were ripped apart, becoming something similar to the enormous black dandelion in front of the ruins. But the faint ripple of blue from earlier meant that a complete sequence of space still existed here!

Lu Yun didn’t understand what he was seeing.

Cultivators around him were on high alert and slowly backed away from each other instead of congregating together. Even Liang Ruyue gave up targeting Lu Yun for the moment and withdrew to the side.

The black dandelion unfurled and the black rips that were as if its seeds disengaged from the main body. Carried by the pale blue ripple, they drifted in all directions.

Numbness gripped Lu Yun’s skull when he saw the scene. He, too, would be torn to pieces if he was caught in the spatial tears. The black tears wasn’t an ordinary spatial fissure, but one formed after the sequence of time was destroyed.

Even supremes would perish if the fissure connected with them.

The cultivators on the premises seemed to have anticipated this happening, hence why they were already far removed from the “dandelion seeds”.

Lu Yun thought for a moment and retracted all of the ripples of his energy. Using just his physical body to cross space, he caught up to Liang Ruyue.

“What, what do you want??” she stammered.

The initial stage of a spatial tide was the most dangerous. Any cultivator who picked a fight then was asking for death. Everyone had chosen their temporary refuge and stood quietly in their spot. It was a waiting game now; treasures would appear after this burst of spatial power dissipated.

Liang Ruyue was waiting as well—her spot was a perfect safety zone from the spatial tears. With the appearance of a complete sequence, the tears regained order and expanded along a predetermined path.

This was the logic that cultivators had identified and seized upon, and why so many were here at the risk of their lives. Great opportunity would be theirs after they successfully evaded the spatial rips!

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Liang Ruyue’s pretty eyes were wide open as she stared fearfully at Lu Yun, deathly afraid that he would choose this moment to attack her.

“Didn’t you want to hire me to protect you? Give me the enigma stones, I’ll protect you!” Lu Yun grinned foolishly and forced his way into Liang Ruyue’s tiny zone of refuge.

She ground her teeth, itching to slap the oaf to death with a palm strike.

“Come on come on, hurry up. Or are you gonna force me back into my old trade?” Lu Yun’s voice grew in volume.

“Your old trade?” Liang Ruyue couldn’t keep up with the wild jumps of the man’s thoughts.

“Robbery!” He waved his meaty hands around and manifested an enormous pair of axes. “Either you hire me with enigma stones or I rob you right here, right now!”

“You want to start a fight during the spatial tide?” Liang Ruyue sneered. “Any ripple of energy from you will attract the spatial tears. You’ll die too then!”

She’d been stuck at thirty levels of sequence for an indeterminable period of time. There was no hope for her to advance further, so Liang Ruyue was out of options and desperate. When she used her old trick of beguiling cultivators on Lu Yun, she wanted to absorb his great dao to supplement hers. If her core essence was made strong enough, she might be able to break through to thirty-one levels.

It was the hopeless strategy of a desperado. Though it tore her reputation to shreds, she didn’t care. In her eyes, she’d be better off dead if she couldn’t become a supreme.

“Wench, what do you think of my body?” Lu Yun rolled up his sleeves and struck a pose, flexing his bulging biceps.

“Are you... trying to seduce me?” Liang Ruyue’s eyes widened and she smiled coquettishly. “Even if you have certain thoughts about me, we need to wait until the spatial tide passes before we can do what we love doing...”

“No,” Lu Yun shook his head. “I mean I can beat you to death with pure muscle!”

Bam!

He punched through the void in front of them with pure physical strength. No ripples of immortal force or order traveled from him, so none of the terrifying spatial fissures honed in on the two.

“Ten million enigma stones as a protection fee or I’ll rob you!” Lu Yun roared, looking like a blockhead who valued wealth more than his life.

There was nothing else for it—the fourth realm’s enigma stone production was too poor. Although the Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Supremes had given him four hundred and eighty million enigma stone veins, he didn’t dare do anything with them. He couldn’t afford to do anything with them.

They were meant to help turn Dragon Butterfly and Long Batian into enigma stone dragons—albeit over a prolonged process.

While the fourth realm did produce its own enigma stone veins now, those veins were seeds for the rest of the land. A light harvest could be undertaken, but the veins would dry up if they were harvested on a mass scale.

Thus, Lu Yun had to figure out how to earn enigma stones on his own. It was another one of his reasons for visiting the chief worlds. He’d asked Lu Feng for enigma stones, but his stingy brother refused. Ancestral veins of heaven and earth were one thing, but Lu Yun was on his own for enigma stones.

Back up against a wall, Lu Yun had no choice but to try this tactic.

Liang Ruyue was no kind soul and she’d killed countless cultivators. She could afford ten million stones.

The shaking girl fished out a storage bag and gave it to Lu Yun.

“So that, that’s my protection fee. You have to protect me now!” She wanted to cry, but couldn’t find the tears to. Why had she provoked this seemingly oafish, yet actually sinister fellow? He was actually a peerless genius to rob a twenty-eighth level cultivator when he himself was twenty-four!

The idea to devour his core essence for her own had occurred to her then, but it turned out that she’d rammed her head against a brick wall. Now? The brick wall had grown legs to throw itself at her.

“We’ll talk about that later.” Lu Yun cackled in another direction, sending chills down the back of the cultivator he laughed at.

Whoosh!

Lu Yun leapt through the air and arrived in front of his next victim. He reached out a hand with a foolish smile, “Protection fee, ten million enigma stones.”

“I, I don’t have that many...” The man looked around wildly and pulled a long face. “Will fewer do?”

“This is a robbery! Hand over all of your treasures!” Lu Yun switched tactics with a roar.

“Okay, okay! I’ll give you ten million stones!” the man burst into tears.

Chapter 1843: One Hundred Million

“That’s more like it!” Lu Yun barked with laughter and accepted ten million enigma stones. He clapped the man’s shoulder. “There’s nothing to worry about anymore. I got your back.”

Fear rose from the hearts of the assembly and slowly permeated the atmosphere. What if the devious brute targeted them on the next stop of his protection racket? While twenty-ninth level, thirtieth level sequence cultivators could afford ten million enigma stones, it was an astronomical figure nonetheless!

Apart from a general air of apprehension, malicious impulse also brewed in many hearts. That oaf would die as soon as the spatial tide passed!

They were fish on the chopping block at the moment because none of them dared to use their great dao. But once the spatial tide was over and they could call upon their full strength, everyone would take him to task for his brazenness!

Of course, no one was fool enough to blurt out an actual threat. That would just be courting death—there were no idiots here.

Lu Yun naturally noticed the malevolence rising from the crowd, but he didn’t care at all. Enigma stones were wonderful items and the quality of the ones in the chief worlds was superior to the ones in the fourth realm. Since the worlds of the fourth realm were flawed, production from the enigma stone veins there were flawed to a certain degree as well. Thus, they were less than their counterparts in the chief worlds.

Enigma stones from the chief worlds were extremely popular in the fourth realm. One standard piece of stone from the outside realm could be traded for two or three standard pieces of fourth realm stones.

Enigma stones were formed out of the power of heaven and earth, and thus affected by the presence of order. Whether in the fourth realm or chief worlds, each enigma stone manifested with the same size and same potency of energy.

The only difference was that the ones of the fourth realm reflected the flaws of their worlds.

At the same time, energy within the enigma stones constantly repaired the worlds in the Land of Reincarnation and moved the latter down the path of becoming whole again. Once the worlds were fixed, so would the enigma stones be flawless. It was a complementary relationship, but the process was too slow.

The orders of the fourth realm were supported and made whole by the world of immortal dao sequence, but the worlds themselves required a much more ponderous process. One way to speed it up would be to meld the seed of nothing into the worlds, but it was also still developing.

Lu Yun had tried to plant enigma stone veins into the world of the Tome of Life and Death, but the world’s power destroyed a vein as soon as it entered and expelled it as dust.

Mystified, Lu Yun asked Leize why that’d happened. The dragon who’d once entered the inner world of the treasure responded that the world was too sophisticated and the energy within the stones too inferior. The world had viewed the enigma stones as trash and expunged them accordingly.

Lu Yun had sat in a stunned daze for a long time after that.

“I wouldn’t need to go to all this trouble if bloody Lu Feng was willing to give me enigma stones. He just needs to donate half of his personal wealth to make the worlds whole again,” Lu Yun grumbled as he robbed—accepted protection fees from the cultivators present. There were so many people here, but the spatial tide lasted long enough for him to go about his business.

He showed them no mercy. In the vast seas of great daos, everyone was a dao thief. Only when one fought and took would one find their place on the path of dao.

Reality was harsh, so he didn’t mind letting others witness how cruel he could be.

It took less than half a year for Lu Yun’s pockets to be flush with a few hundred billion enigma stones. He hit up at least thirty thousand people during this time and also noticed something strange developing.

Some greed had appeared amid the miasma of malice and bloodlust.

A few hundred billion enigma stones was enough to make any cultivator go mad. Even some of the poorer supremes would be willing to take action for that sum.

“Only a few hundred billion? Not enough! More, more!” Lu Yun picked up the pace when he sensed the spatial tide weakening.

After another three months, he counted one hundred thousand people among his victims. He’d reaped more than one trillion enigma stones and inspired quite a few copycats along the way. Unfortunately for them, they didn’t measure up to the sinister brute.

Since Lu Yun cultivated hell dao, hell itself was his support and his body had been forged in the fires of hell. Bolstered by the Karmic Tree, he was second to none beneath supreme. Even Xie Tianxun, the Spacetime King, Ao Qin, and the like were hard pressed to match the robustness of his body.

“Hahahaha, thank you all for your protection fees, I go now! Farewell, let’s never meet again!” Lu Yun threw his head back with laughter after collecting so many enigma stones and pushed off his feet, firing himself forward like a cannonball and propelling himself out of here.

Bam!

He smashed headfirst into an invisible wall and bounced back, almost crashing into a spatial tear.

“What??” His jaw dropped.

“Idiot,” Liang Ruyue curled her lip. “Do you think we came here ahead of time to admire the view?”

The surroundings were sealed off once the spatial tide started and turned into a domain of absolute space that allowed neither entrance nor egress. It was a domain that not even supremes could break.

That was why Lu Yun had seen so many people in such a hurry on his way to the Firmament Prison. They wanted to arrive before the spatial tide began so they could occupy an advantageous spot.

While he’d made his investigations before arriving, he’d overlooked this detail. All he knew was that spatial tides existed, but he didn’t look into them in great detail as it wasn’t time for one to take place.

The unexpected occurrence of a tide ahead of time meant there was less than half of the usual number assembled. This spatial tide had simply occurred too suddenly.

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“Err, folks. Is it too late for me to return the stones to you?” Lu Yun asked dumbly.

No one answered him; cultivators sat down in their chosen spot. No one so much as looked at him while they waited for the spatial tide to recede. They hadn’t spoken before because they were afraid of provoking the oaf into a massive slaughter. Now that the tide was beginning to die down, they continued to remain quiet so their emotions could brew. Their fury would explode the second the tide was over!

One trillion enigma stones was enough to compel action from everyone, even those who hadn’t been extorted.

When the last black ripple vanished, a massive buildup of emotion exploded like a volcano.

“How dare you solicit a protection fee from your daddy?! DIE!!” came an immediate roar as someone threw themselves at Lu Yun.

Chapter 1844: Finding Himself

One trillion enigma stones was enough to make cultivators struggling with thirty levels of sequence to forget all of their woes. With that fortune, they could buy whatever treasure they needed to break through their bottleneck. Anything it took to reach thirty-one levels was within their reach and becoming a supreme was possible for the first time in their lives!

Geniuses of large factions relied on innate potential and talent to reach thirty-one levels. At the same time, becoming a supreme at thirty-one levels was a disgrace. They would be the weakest of supremes if they followed that path.

They needed to achieve at least thirty-two levels before exceeding sequence. A dao palace forged from the shards of thirty-two levels of sequence would make them a strong supreme.

The Nebula Supreme had dared to call himself the Esteemed Nebula, and have that title be accepted by the Morans and dragons, because he’d exceeded sequence at sixty-four levels. Meanwhile, Moran Xuhua was a supreme of only fifty-four levels.

But among the factions, there were also plenty of powerhouses with poor potential and high status. Their path ended after thirty levels of sequence. Thirty-one was out of their reach, yet somehow, they ascended all the same and became supremes of thirty-one levels.

Such was the power of enigma stones—or rather, of money.

Apart from being cultivation resources, enigma stones were also the currency of the chief worlds. The major factions didn’t lack for stones and didn’t subscribe to the belief that someone of the legitimate bloodline should be discarded because of poor potential. That would only wear away at the unity of the faction.

These factions had more wealth than they knew what to do with. They could create a few supremes from pure money alone if they wanted to. A stone fit for a wall was not left on the street. While one’s cultivation potential might not be terribly strong, that didn’t mean their talents didn’t lie elsewhere.

That the major factions remained controlling for so long wasn't only a function of the survival of the fittest, but of ensuring all things served their proper purpose.

One could become a supreme so long as one exhibited sufficient value—sheer number of enigma stones alone would ensure a successful ascension.

Good-for-nothing trash appeared only in recently risen factions of new money. In the ever dominant factions—ones of old money like the dragons and Morans—trash was slated for death. Only geniuses had the right to become good-for-nothing.

None of the cultivators on the scene came from impressive backgrounds, so they could only fight tooth and nail for the chance to become a supreme. Even if Lu Yun hadn't forced a protection fee out of them, they would attack each other until blood ran in rivers.

More than one person attacked Lu Yun at the same time.

BAM!!

The void where he stood shattered into a black hole five thousand kilometers across.

"Where'd he go? Has he been vaporized?" Someone frowned at the black hole.

"Impossible!" another person immediately rebutted. "His storage treasures would explode if that's the case. Enigma stones are so durable that they can't be destroyed, so they'll scatter everywhere..."

"He's on the run!"

"He can't be far, search for him!" Cultivators stirred to action and swept the void with imperious consciousnesses, trying to locate Lu Yun.

The spatial tide had just receded and it would be a while until the next wave. They were all here to find an opportunity or accumulate enough strength to break through to thirty-one levels. What was one trillion enigma stones, if not both of them??

Obtaining that sum would make them the equivalent of the weaker disciples of those major factions. They would reach supreme through sheer wealth alone!

"Right, there's a domain of absolute space here! That brute was only twenty-four levels, so it's impossible for him to leave. We can find him!" roared a young man.

"Eh? Where did you come from, fellow daoist?" Another person next to him asked curiously after the young man called for action. There hadn't been anyone within five kilometers of him before, but this fellow had appeared one and a half kilometers behind him at some point in time.

One and a half kilometers was too close for sequence experts. The second speaker wouldn't have a chance to react if the young man ambushed him.

"My name is Zhu Lingyan," the young man introduced himself instead. "I am the Myriad Spirit Supreme's eight hundred and seventh disciple! I like your spot."

"A supreme's disciple?!" The other shuddered and raised a cupped fist salute, leaving without another word.

The Myriad Spirit Supreme was extremely famous in the chief worlds. He loved to take disciples; more than eight hundred counted among his personal disciples. If Zhu Lingyan said he was one of them, there would be no doubt about it.

While the supreme loved to accept disciples, that didn't mean someone could pass themselves off as one of his. Someone had once done so and scammed a fair bit of people using the supreme's name. It ended when the Myriad Spirit Supreme projected his will and beat the person's body and soul to pieces. Impersonation was fine, but creating a karmic relationship with a supreme placed one beyond redemption.

Therefore, no one doubted Zhu Lingyan.

Zhu Lingyan was a frail young man with delicate features. He was slightly pale, as if born with an inherent weakness, but his eyes shone brightly and seemed to encompass the cosmos. No one connected him with the muscular and roughly hewn man from earlier.

In reality, the rough-and-tumble man's name was Zhu Lingyan. The young man's appearance was something that Lu Yun had pulled out of a hat. His wan complexion was no innate inadequacy or part of his disguise either. The collective blow from earlier had been too horrifying! If he hadn't used the Boundless Step and escaped by the skin of his teeth, he really would've been vaporized.

Zhu Lingyan was an identity that Myriad Spirit had prepared for him. The supreme loved accepting disciples and no one knew when a new disciple would be added to his ranks. If there was an eight hundred and seventh disciple now, perhaps there'd be an eight hundred and eight or ninth disciple tomorrow.

Lu Yun had performed the master and disciple ceremony with Fuxi. Whether Fuxi admitted to it or not, Lu Yun viewed him as his master. Myriad Spirit was thus his martial uncle, so it was perfectly logical to pretend they were master and disciple.

Thus reestablished as Zhu Lingyan, Lu Yun joined the crowd of people searching for him.

There were roughly three hundred thousand cultivators present; they found no trace of the brute from earlier after searching for three days. Dejection set in, and they wondered if perhaps the first blow really had vaporized him? Maybe the black hole had swallowed the treasures and storage items?

Sighs of disappointment echoed around the assembly.

"That's the end of the enigma stone robber? I wanted to see if he'd hit up the supremes if after he became one himself," Liang Ruyue mumbled.

Lu Yun looked at her with surprise and dusted off nonexistent particles from his robes. He walked up to her with a smile. "This humble one is Zhu Lingyan, the eight hundred and seventh disciple of the Myriad Spirit Supreme. Might I know your name?"

"This servant is Liang Ruyue," she responded with a tempting smile. "Is handsome Lingyan interested in having me service you in acts of love?"

Chapter 1845: Spacetime Reincarnation

“Sure!” Lu Yun laughed heartily when he heard the offer. Arrogance gleamed in his eyes and he seemed ever more the part of a supreme’s disciple.

Liang Ruyue already regretted her words. If the young man in front of her was an ordinary person, she’d suck him dry without another thought. But this one was the disciple of a supreme! She’d be in for it if she dared beguile him with her beauty and devour his core essence. The Myriad Spirit Supreme would hunt her to the edge of existence even if she became a supreme herself!

The Myriad Spirit Supreme was well known for being incredibly biased toward his own people, to the point of being completely unreasonable.

Up until now, no one suspected the Myriad Spirit or Firstspirit Supreme of having anything to do with the Land of Reincarnation, much less that the duo had secretly helped the land many times. This was because Myriad Spirit had attempted to enact revenge on Lu Qing multiple times, nearly killing him on a few occasions.

It wasn’t an act, Myriad Spirit was truly out for blood. If it wasn’t for Lu Qing carrying Lifeline and Resurrection Talismans, he would’ve already died ten times over.

On the other hand, it really was an act. Myriad Spirit wouldn’t attack so viciously if it wasn’t for the talismans on Lu Yun’s son. His replica and Qing Buyi’s replica also fought each other in the Land of Reincarnation a few times. Myriad Spirit finally halted his acts of vengeance after Qing Buyi smashed his projection apart.

These shameless acts and bullying of the weak verified the supreme’s true nature and washed him clean of any suspicion. Those who might suspect that he had other tricks up his sleeve no longer doubted him.

From then on, the name of Myriad Spirit Supreme was extremely famous among the chief world cultivators. More than one person nursed a dream of being accepted as one of his disciples some day and soaring to the apex of existence.

Liang Ruyue held the same hope, but this Zhu Lingyan looked at her with only lust. He didn’t seem inclined to introduce her to the supreme at all.

“Ruyue, you will come back with me once matters here are concluded and become my eighteen hundredth concubine,” Lu Yun threw his head back with laughter again.

Goosebumps rose on the crowd’s arms when they heard what he called Liang Ruyue.

“It’s always been that minx seducing men, is one about to have his way with her this time?” someone mumbled.

“Be quiet, that’s the disciple of a supreme!” Hard swallows sounded around the assembly.

“But these kinds of disciples are lofty personages and they must be unparalleled geniuses to catch a supreme’s eye. They can set foot into thirty-one levels of sequence by themselves, so why is one risking their life here?” Someone raised the question.

It was plausible that geniuses sought out adventure to temper themselves, but that was when Lifeline Talismans were still usable. Almost everyone present could sidestep the talisman now, so it was completely useless.

“The spatial tide is here again!” People snapped to attention when they heard the shout. Those who’d gathered together in twos and threes swiftly spread out.

This was a matter of life and death, one having to do with opportunities for thirty-one levels of sequence. Even the best of friends couldn’t fully trust each other, not when blood brothers close to one another turned on their own for the chance to become a supreme.

“Lingyan, I take my leave.” Liang Ruyue didn’t have the capacity to consider anything else and forfeited her spot. She went to the area that Lu Yun had previously taken from another cultivator.

“The spatial tide!” Lu Yun looked over to see if the dandelion still existed. It’d turned cerulean blue—the color of spatial order.

Blue ripples emanated from the depths of the dandelion and undulated in all directions, like waves over the sea.

Lu Yun finally understood what the spatial tears were. When the order of space fully manifested and reassembled the disorganized energy of space, the orders that were broken and unable to be repaired were expelled by the complete order of space.

The broken orders of space were tainted with destructive power, thus becoming indestructible fissures of space when they were expunged. Once they were removed, the real spatial tide began.

Ripples from the order of space enveloped the Firmament Prison, pushing out everything that existed within—whether treasure or danger.

“This isn’t the order of space—it’s not just space, but also time!” Lu Yun murmured to himself. “This power of space crosses time—these orders don’t come from the present, but the past! All of the spatial tides are the same one!”

Enlightenment dawned in his mind. The spatial tide in front of them had originally taken place in an incredibly old era, but continued to reincarnate in this spot due to time. It cycled through endless loops, without beginning and end, just like Huangpang City or the Land of Reincarnation.

“A reincarnation of space?” Lu Yun shook, the idea of Spacetime Reincarnation occurring to him. It was a combat art that he’d derived from the hairy monsters on the Dao Tree.

“The reincarnation of space and time doesn’t originate from the concept of the greatest form of dao being simplicity. It comes from the spatial tide in front of us—or rather, the spacetime tide.”

He could see everything clearly because he possessed the Spacetime Reincarnation combat art. Whether it was the Dao Tree or the monsters, they were all Curse King creations. The Curse King was Chu Xingran, and Chu Xingran had visited the Firmament Prison before!

Therefore, he’d purposefully taught the combat arts of space and time to the hairy monsters so they could pass it onto Lu Yun!

In the thirty-three loops that his future self witnessed, that version of him in those cycles never grasped space and time reincarnation. But this time, he was an anomaly and Chu Xingran made use of the opportunity to combine the two combat arts as one.

Lu Yun had come to the Firmament Prison to witness the true reincarnation of space and time.

“Did Chu Xingran raise the spatial tide on purpose because he knew I would come?” Lu Yun gently breathed out, changes flickering through his eyes. One eye released blue radiance to manifest the order of space and the other sparkled with the purple illumination of time. He could make use of this tide to train his Spacetime Reincarnation.

His previous time boundary to change the flow of time between Mount Astronomia and the fourth realm was also an expression of this combat art.

Chapter 1846: Empyrean Crystal

The spatial tide truly began.

Everyone was on full alert and focused their attention on each pale blue ripple, maintaining a safe distance from the others. They’d forgotten the brute who robbed them before and the disciple of a supreme. The radiant blue in front of them was their entire world.

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“I wonder what phenomena will accompany this tide,” someone murmured. “Last time, terrifying headless soldiers came with it. Apparently, only a few supremes survived that phenomena. Everyone else died!”

“That’s bullshit,” came an immediate retort. “If all of the cultivators died, how do you know the last phenomena was headless soldiers?”

“The spirit paper!” the first speaker quickly replied. “A supreme’s disciple was interviewed for a feature article.”

Spatial tides from the Firmament Prison followed a set schedule. Though it wasn’t the most definitive, one occurred roughly every three hundred million years. Hundreds of millions and even billions of cultivators congregated when it did so. Supremes could sometimes be seen as well.

It’d only been eighty million years since the last spatial tide, which happened to be a short period of time in the chief worlds. Even ordinary beings yet to access sequence could live one hundred million years. Therefore, eighty million was nothing to sequence experts. Their lifespans were almost infinite.

Since this instance was so unexpected, only inhabitants of nearby major worlds received word. As such, there were only three hundred thousand in attendance when the spatial tide erupted. There wasn’t a single supreme present.

Tides from the Firmament Prison were no small matter and typically drew a crowd of sequence experts stuck at thirty levels, cultivators at twenty-ninth level who sought to improve their foundations, supremes, and geniuses. Hence, the spirit paper had published a few reports regarding the tides.

Of course, since their source was the Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Supremes, the information was highly accurate.

“Spirit paper?” the person sneered. “Just a parlor trick from the Abandoned Land. It’s one thing to treat it as idle entertainment, it’s another thing to actually believe it!”

Arf arf arf!

A strange barking came from the depths of the spatial tide, like an enormous dog was chasing something. The louder it grew, the closer it was. Jaws dropped when people saw an image of a strong black dog take shape in the tide.

“The phenomenon this time is... a dog?” Shocked whispers rose and fell. Lu Yun found it incredulous as well.

“I feel like I’ve seen this dog before.” He scratched his head. This dog was somehow familiar.

Hummm.

A small dot of blue shot out from the tide before he could think it over and landed in front of him. He subconsciously caught the radiance that resembled a shooting star. When the blue power of space faded away, a crystal the size of a fist rested in his hand.

“This is...” Lu Yun’s eyes widened. “Empyrean crystal?!”

Who could’ve imagined that empyrean crystal the size of a fist would appear in front of him just like this? According to Chu Xingran, a speck of empyrean crystal could give rise to a major world. So... how many major worlds could this piece of crystal the size of a fist create?

And more importantly, empyrean crystals could be used to refine treasures. When empyrean crystal was added to an item, it gained the power of a world and could be called the ultimate treasure of a world.

“That easy?” Lu Yun hadn’t planned on joining the fight for treasures—he’d already earned one trillion enigma stones. Upon obtaining such a large piece of empyrean crystal, however, he struggled to keep his impulses in check.

Many around him recognized the crystal, but they didn’t dare do anything out of wariness for his identity as a supreme’s disciple.

The empyrean crystal was unusually heavy. If it wasn’t for Lu Yun having crafted the origin hell and thus being bolstered by the strength of hell, he wouldn’t be able to keep his grip on it.

Unbidden, he shoved the crystal into a storage space that he’d refined on the fly.

Boom!

The space collapsed and the empyrean crystal fell out. ...along with two axes.

Two great axes.

Three hundred thousand pairs of eyes snapped to the weapons and the atmosphere grew weird. The first treasure from a spatial tide always drew attention, especially when it was the extraordinarily precious empyrean crystal. The crowd’s attention was extremely engaged on Lu Yun.

Quite a few people recognized the unique design of the weapons—this pair of great axes had once rested on many of their necks while a protection fee was extorted out of them.

“Zhu Lingyan, Sir Zhu. Why do you have those axes?” Liang Ruyue was the first to speak. Her voice was so strained that it was barely recognizable. She was the first one who’d had to pay a protection fee.

The unprecedented act of someone demanding protection fees during a spatial tide was memorable enough. At the same time, everyone would only remember the name of the first victim—Liang Ruyue. She was sure to be mentioned in the next issue of the spirit paper. When that happened, she would be firmly nailed to the pillar of shame.

“It’s my treasure, so why can’t I have it?” Lu Yun regained his calm, but was inwardly dismayed. The empyrean crystal was so heavy that very few items could support its weight. His own Disordered Hell hadn’t been able to contain Diexi’s crystal coffin; Leize had to facilitate its entrance to the inner world of the Tome of Life and Death.

Although Lu Yun had casually refined that storage space, it’d been a real world inside. He’d gravely underestimated the empyrean crystal; it’d instantly crushed the minor world he created. That storage world was filled with items that weren’t important to him—the great axes numbered among them.

Thank goodness I sent the enigma stones to hell. The gig would be up right now if not. Lu Yun heaved a slight sigh of relief and toyed with the empyrean crystal.

“Sir Zhu, don’t say that you don’t know who the axes belong to!” someone called out.

“Hurry up already if you want to take my treasure from me. Stop trying to think of all these random excuses,” Lu Yun sneered and shoved the axes into another storage world. He held onto the empyrean crystal as he wasn’t sure if any of his storage worlds could endure its weight. Since he was in the chief worlds, he didn’t want to utilize the world of the Tome of Life and Death.

Chapter 1847: Dog of War

Lu Yun inwardly cursed himself for being an absolute moron. He’d invested a great deal of resources to refine the great axes, which was why he hadn’t thrown them away or destroyed them when he gave up the disguise of the muscular man.

Well then, hello trouble.

He remained coolly collected and decided to bring the axes back out. He struck a pose, as if waiting for the crowd to rush him.

No one actually suspected that Zhu Lingyan was the enigma stone thief. Shapeshifting combat arts could change one’s shape, but their use was made obvious by the ripples they exuded. The shapeshifting arts were a minor dao in the chief worlds, used only to conceal one’s original appearance.

But whether it was the brute from earlier or Zhu Lingyan now, there were no ripples of shapeshifting arts on either of them. Thus, the crowd was more willing to believe that Zhu Lingyan and the oaf were working together.

The truth was unnecessary sometimes. All that was needed was a goal and an excuse. The goal was the empyrean crystal and the excuse was that the disciple of a supreme was a co-conspirator of the enigma stone thief!

The spatial tide was in full force and a chaotic melee about to break out. If Zhu Lingyan died in the madness, the Myriad Spirit Supreme wouldn't be able to say anything or take revenge. If he did, other supremes would take him to task for it.

Greed and malevolence targeting Lu Yun rose and circulated around him. However, the spatial tide surged at this moment. Numerous blue dots of light glowed in the black dandelion and vigorously shot in every direction.

They pierced through a number of cultivators that couldn't react in time. Heavy wounds were the best outcome and outright death the worst. Even more people came back with newfound treasures from the light.

Although their gains weren't as marvelous as the empyrean crystal, they weren't far off. Some grabbed powerful natural resources that could reforge a cultivator's foundation and grant them the strength to reach for thirty-one levels.

This seemed to be an opening act... an opening act to a bloody slaughter.

Cultivators united as one against a common enemy abruptly turned on each other in fierce battle. No one knew who struck the first blow, but a rhythm of violence swiftly occupied the atmosphere.

Lu Yun's eyes were also bloodshot and a savage impulse rose from his heart, nearly setting his heart afire.

"What the heck?!" he gasped and quickly called upon the power of the Tome of Life and Death to suppress the uncanny wave of emotion.

Arf!

Arf!

Arf!

The dog's barking grew so loud that it pounded the assembly's ears like a drum. Not only did it stimulate their hearing, but it also spoke to their hearts. Everyone's emotions were goaded by the dog's barking. It magnified the tiniest bit of greed into unquenchable lust that could not be slaked.

Lu Yun was reminded of Yun Zhongzi and how the man had set up a similar layout in the Tomb of the Hallowed Emperor. He'd stoked the flames of people's greed and drove them to lose themselves in a world of imaginary treasure. Anyone caught in the layout forgot who they were and killed everyone in sight, perceiving them to be competitors for the same treasures.

Even Lu Yun was having difficulties holding on. The strange barking pierced through the power of reincarnation from the Tome of Life and Death and drummed into his mind.

"Sir!" the demon of immortal dao suddenly spoke up from the inner world. He was full of confusion and bafflement. "Where are you? Why do I sense myself?"

"Sense... yourself? What do you mean?!" Lu Yun grit his teeth. He'd turned himself into a dust particle to suppress the greed and bloodlust brewing in his heart, letting the void carry him to where it would.

“I mean, me! I think I see myself! Arf!” Black light bloomed from the demon’s body and he transformed into a bulky black dog, lifting his head to howl at the sky. “I see myself through the river of time. I see myself!”

He barked thunderously and ran around wildly, trying to break through the world wall of the Tome of Life and Death!

The barking outside could filter into the world inside the book and affect the demon of immortal dao. The demon’s true form was a dog!

Having reverted to his primary body, he was a black dog as stocky as a cow and identical to the one present in the ruins.

The demon was going crazy. He couldn’t break through the world inside the Tome of Life and Death, so he jumped up and down and flung himself around, destroying everything he’d ever created. Only the Imperial Seal remained intact and hovering in the air.

The seal remained still and unaffected by the barking, but Lu Yun suddenly grasped something himself. The demon of immortal dao wasn’t subordinate to the god of Mount Tai. He probably came from the Firmament Prison along with the seal. When the mountain god gained the Imperial Seal, he discovered the demon inside and modified him to become the reincarnation guardian in the god’s stead.

Meanwhile, the image of a black dog that’d appeared with the spatial tide was the demon of immortal dao—or rather, his past self.

This spatial tide—a spacetime tide, to be more exact—originated from a certain point of time in the past. The so-called phenomenon were things that once existed in the past being reflected through the tide. Perhaps they’d long disappeared from existence, but the ever repeating tide preserved their image, manifesting it again and again.

The phenomenon that appeared this time was the primary body of the demon of immortal dao!

Lu Yun furiously controlled his raging bloodlust and greed, forcefully operating formula dao to analyze the demon in front of him.

It went very smoothly.

With the Imperial Seal and demon as the medium, Lu Yun determined everything about the big black dog. The wall of karma around the Firmament Prison had disappeared.

“A dog of war?” Lu Yun’s eyes narrowed.

A dog of war’s barks echoed like thunder to boost morale. In the era of the heavenly court, these dogs were the battle drums of the army. Back then, they’d barked with another sound other than the typical dog bark. While this one’s bark still reverberated in the ears, it’d returned to its origins through the ebbs and flows of the tides.

Lu Yun’s heartbeat raced at the same frequency as the dog barking and he was no longer able to control his impulse to kill.

A variety of phenomena appeared in the spacetime tide, usually of powerhouses in the primordial times or their combat arts. The appearance of a dog of war was a first.

Chapter 1848: Headless Soldier

Battle dogs were the divine beasts of the heavenly court; they were more effective than battle drums. However, it was a bit unseemly for dog barks to fill the air before two armies engaged in conflict. Therefore, combat arts were employed to modify their utterances so they'd sound like thunderous drums. In this regard, their barks were also named the roars of war.

Time was a poison that could kill anything. The roars of war returned to their origin in the river of time and sounded like ordinary dogs barking again. But the killing intent nurtured within the barking yet remained.

Soldiers of the heavenly court were heavyweights whose will and mind were far superior to the cultivators assembled in front of the Firmament Prison. The barking filled their hearts with passion and drive to charge forward. But for cultivators who were much weaker and had never encountered this sensation, all they experienced was a wallowing in bloodlust.

Of course, there was a hint of entrancement in the barking as well, apart from towering battle intent. Other than seeking to protect their homes in the battlefield, the soldiers also wished to achieve glory and receive promotions after combat.

The dogs of war were meant to facilitate the full display of their capabilities and release their desires, making them braver the longer they fought.

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Lu Yun's eyes were blood-red and he felt his soul and body struggle to betray himself. It was an urge that his mind could barely repress.

Just as he was about to lose himself in the devastating barking, it suddenly stopped. Lu Yun's consciousness trembled and he quickly sat down cross-legged, calming down his mind. A refreshing breeze drifted out from the Tome of Life and Death, flowing through his body.

He regained his clear-headedness.

The treasure was unable to resist the barking, or perhaps it hadn't tried to do so if it identified that the barking didn't pose a threat to its owner. That would mean Lu Yun hadn't tempered his mind enough for the challenges to come.

He was coming to this realization as well.

The fighting didn't stop with the cessation of the noise. Everyone's desires and violence had been thoroughly roused. Bloodshed was the natural rhythm of the Firmament Prison. Even though some had come to their senses, they still killed and robbed for a chance to become a supreme.

Vivid blue shooting stars continued to fire from the depths of the ruins, resolving themselves into stunning treasures that floated in the air. Even Lu Yun was awed by the sight.

In his eyes, present time trumped the past. Although some things in modern society didn't measure up to what the ancients had once used, as a whole, the present proved superior in terms of combat arts, cultivation methods, and daos.

Other than people clinging to their knowledge and taking it to the grave with them, things of the past had been lost to time because they were eliminated by progress.

But the scene in front of him made Lu Yun feel like a country bumpkin entering a city for the very first time. He hadn't seen or even heard of many of these items before. Their craftsmanship went far beyond what he could imagine, and all sorts of talismans, formations, pills, treasures, and supplemental items were here for the taking.

One caveat was that the powerful energy of space and time surrounded the treasures that'd fully materialized. Even Lu Yun couldn't easily obtain them.

"The future!" His heart quailed. Many of these treasures came from the future!

There was only one spacetime tide that traversed the past and present. He'd noticed that when people died, their treasures scattered into the void and were carried back to the Firmament Prison by the ripples of spatial order. The treasures from the future that Lu Yun saw had likely been left behind when their owners died in the future too.

Hence, while they were all priceless to him, they might very well be ordinary trinkets in the future. Just imagine a commonplace lighter from modern Earth being sent back to the feudal times or even earlier. It would be hailed as a holy artifact and the one who wielded it might become the fire god.

Lu Yun could easily wrap his mind around the concept because his own home planet was a wondrous land jointly shaped by Fuxi, Hongjun, Leize, and the Dao King. Even so, they'd marveled at how Earth had developed. They hadn't thought that the planet would reach such heights when they set their plans in motion. Losing the civilization of cultivation had the effect of helping life shrug off its fetters and fully set free its thoughts and ideas.

Now that cultivation was the way of life again, the Earthling mindset did not devolve. Lu Yun was very much aware of this since he came from Earth. Although he didn't understand the treasures he was seeing, he swiftly understood the cause and effect of everything. While he still didn't know how the spacetime tide formed, he knew that it wasn't something that could be dictated by any one person.

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After the barking stopped, the tide grew more tempestuous. Blue ripples continuously pushed out treasures from the Firmament Prison and brought many things back when they ebbed back into the ruins.

More than half of the cultivators present were injured or dead; blood splashed liberally through the void. If it wasn't for only three hundred-some-thousand cultivators having assembled on such short notice, the void would already be a sea of blood—just like in previous tides.

Everyone knew that this was very possibly a one way trip, but they had to come. They all wanted that last chance to become a supreme.

Lu Yun felt the scene darken in front of him as a horde of figures walked out of the vivid radiance. One hundred thousand heavenly soldiers in black armor stood in front of the cultivators. The area above their necks was empty—they had no heads.

Headless soldiers! The most terrifying existence of the last spatial tide had appeared!

“Headless soldiers!!” Screams rose and fell. Quite a few people had come back to their senses at this point, but they remained busy killing and taking.

The appearance of the legendary headless soldiers, however, shocked their reason into operation. Fear washed away the violence and greed in their hearts.

Space seemed to freeze.

A massive black battle flag unfurled in the void. Silver radiance exploded from it and intersected with the blue in the surroundings. The illumination forced away the blood in the surroundings and created a world of silver and blue.

Lu Yun’s pupils constricted violently and his heart skipped a beat. He recognized this banner! It was the battle flag that Hongjun, Fuxi, and the Dao King had created from the cosmos outside Earth!

It felt like a bucket of cold water came down over his head; he shivered uncontrollably. A terrifying thought rose from his mind—was this battle flag from the past or the future?

Chapter 1849: A Million Headless Supremes

Time was an illogical construct. Though it was wholly without reason, the orders of time were the most exact.

Back during Lu Yun’s time on Earth, someone raised the paradox of time traveling. If one returned to the past and killed one’s grandmother, then one would never exist.

But if one really traveled back to the past and successfully killed a family ancestor, that would only prove that the traveler was not of that familial bloodline. Time itself would create a substitute if someone attempted to change history. The substitute would replace the history that was being targeted.

It was a similar case to when Lu Feng traveled back to the past to establish the Wind and Cloud Pagoda and auction house. While it appeared that he’d changed the past from the future, the appearance of the pagoda, auction house, and Lifeline Talisman was preordained in the long river of time. If it wasn’t him, someone else would appear at that point to accomplish those tasks.

Such was the same for the future.

If there really was a future, then it was also a type of past. What one saw as the future was the past to an even further future. Intelligent beings could see the past, but not the future. Everything about the future was unknown, so they thought the past was the truth and the future impossible to define.

The Land of Reincarnation was the best proof of this theory.

Outsiders who entered the land knew full well what would happen in the future, but they were powerless to stop it. They could only repeat their lives again and again, living through loop after loop.

They had to undertake the same actions despite knowing the outcome, never changing and never stopping until Lu Yun appeared.

Such was the nature of an anomaly—an anomaly in time.

That an anomaly would appear in the Land of Reincarnation meant that anomalies could also appear in the river of time. They could change time, alter the predefined future, and cause each step to become a new future.

Lu Yun was the anomaly of the Land of Reincarnation and he'd destroyed its time reincarnation system. The land was normal again. Where he looked to now was the chief worlds.

Space and time in the outside realm was strictly defined. No one could travel through it and affect it other than the spacetime travelers. It was almost impossible for anomalies to appear. Lu Yun kept his cool when things from other eras appeared before him, but his mind shook when the battle flag manifested.

He was human and experienced the full range of emotions. It'd be one thing if the battle flag was from the past. That would mean Tianqi's version was based off of a past creation, or that it was even a repaired battle flag manifesting in the world again.

But if it was from the future... The chain of events behind that didn't bear speculation.

Of one thing Lu Yun was certain of, and that was the flag in Tianqi's hand was suffused with a dense power of death. Not one of hell, but a true destruction and terminal devastation of all things.

The headless soldiers beneath the battle flag in front of him were one with the flag. He didn't know what they were; their armor was not from this era. He was equal parts afraid and mystified.

Lu Yun couldn't deduce anything about them or the battle flag over their head. Were they from the past? Or the present? He wasn't even certain if the dog that'd appeared earlier was the one kept by the primeval heavenly court of old, or the one that he knew from its future—the demon of immortal dao.

Lu Yun forced himself to be calm, a mental state that the demon inside the Tome of Life and Death had regained. He knew what was taking place outside since Lu Yun was projecting the outside world into the treasure—including the image of the dog of war.

"Do you know where those soldiers come from?" Lu Yun asked expressionlessly as he manifested a replica in the book.

"I... I don't remember." The demon reverted to human form and stared intently at the images. He'd forgotten so much and only remembered that he was a dog. But whose dog was he?

Lu Yun nodded and dismissed his projection. He'd just struggled free from the countless loops of the Land of Reincarnation, he really didn't want to plunge into a bigger cycle. He could only look to Chu Xingran or the god of Mount Tai for answers.

The number of headless soldiers grew until they reached one million. They stood silently at the starting part of the spacetime tide, seemingly looking down at an assembly of ants. There was no more fighting, everyone stared in horrified shock at the mass of headless soldiers. Only heavy breathing could be heard throughout the crowd.

“They’re, they’re all real existences... They’re not a phenomenon from the tide...” Liang Ruyue suddenly said in a shaking voice.

In previous spatial tides, the accompanying phenomenon had been intangible images. Though they were highly dangerous, it was possible to fight them. But these headless soldiers existed in reality and they were all supremes!

One million supremes!

There were certainly more than one million supremes in the fourth realm. Only to the weak were supremes lofty existences that were too sublime to consider. To those below them, they were invincible.

In the circles of the truly strong, sequence experts were teenagers and supremes were adults. Such were the chief worlds. They encompassed and incorporated everything. All Lu Yun had seen was the tip of the iceberg.

But now that one million headless supremes stood facing them, assessing less than two hundred thousand cultivators with nonexistent eyes, the cultivators despaired. Legends regarding these headless soldiers were too awful to recount. Even though everyone was here with the acceptance that failure meant death, they still nursed a ray of hope.

With the appearance of these supremes, that hope was no longer.

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“Don’t move!” Lu Yun boomed. “These headless soldiers bear us no ill will. They can’t get close to us with the spacetime tide in the way.”

The rest of the realm called it the spatial tide because most did not walk the path of time. Hence, they couldn’t identify the reincarnation of time in the tide. Hope flared anew when the cultivators heard his words.

“Stop fighting and killing. Calm down, control the impulses of your heart, dismiss your bloodlust. If the barking starts again, not even someone like Yun Yi will be able to save you guys!” Lu Yun shouted at the assembly. He noticed a tiny ripple from the Firmament Prison when he said Yun Yi’s name.

Yun Yi lied, alright! When Lu Yun refined the origin hell, Yun Yi said that it was his replica chasing Chu Xingran. It now looked like it was his replica that’d gone to the Land of Reincarnation instead!

Lu Yun had purposefully used Yun Yi’s name to raise his attention. The young man wanted to leverage that opportunity to analyze what was going on in the ruins and why the spacetime tide had come into existence.

All powerhouses had their taboos and bottom lines. For someone beyond supreme like Yun Yi, a weaker being directly using his name was a mark of grave disrespect. Not to mention, Lu Yun hadn’t said his name with any veneration, but rather with some contempt.

Thus, Yun Yi instantly sensed the usage and looked viciously in Lu Yun’s direction. The gaze didn’t come from his home in the chief worlds, but from the ruins close at hand.

Lu Yun hadn't meant much by what he said, so he was just as surprised as any to gain information on Yun Yi's whereabouts. Yun Yi's primary body being here meant a great deal different compared to his replica being here.

His replica wasn't afraid of death, but his primary body certainly was. He wouldn't be bothered with ordinary creatures disrespecting him—only Lu Yun's presence would elicit any reaction. This was one of the few who could call to his gaze through the Firmament Prison.

And since Lu Yun had done so on purpose, Yun Yi definitely knew the young man was here. He just didn't know which one out there was Lu Yun since they were separated by the ruins.

Chapter 1850.1: Marvelous Bullshit

The Shapeshifting death art operated in a flawless manner since the death arts had reached great perfection. Yun Yi would never locate Lu Yun given that there were none of the customary ripples of a combat art to go off from, especially as the supreme remained isolated in the Firmament Prison. The spacetime tide prevented him from observing events taking place outside.

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Lu Yun's words made the surroundings quiet down. No one dared make a peep and many drew near him instead. As the disciple of a supreme, he should theoretically be the strongest out of them all. What he said earlier gave them hope that they'd survive the spatial tide, making him the pillar of their strength.

They did need a leader, given current circumstances.

Countless treasures floated in the void, rising and falling with the ebbs and flows of each pale blue wave. However, no one so much as glanced at the baubles that would normally send them into a frenzy. While treasure was right there in front of them, they needed to be able to walk out alive with whatever they claimed. Previous tides had been fraught with danger, but there was still hope. If they put their life on the line, they stood a chance of emerging with what they wanted.

Only darkness lay ahead of them now. There was nothing in their future apart from death. But even more frightening than death? The absence of hope.

"Everyone, choose one item that you can use. Take note, you can only choose one. Throw away whatever you obtained before and pick a new one!" Lu Yun shouted.

"What?!" The crowd blinked at his instructions, but did what he said. A flurry of activity rustled through the scene as everyone selected only one treasure. Everything they'd claimed before, including what they'd seized from others, was casually tossed into the void.

"What about you?" Liang Ruyue suddenly said. "You have a piece of empyrean crystal in your hand."

Lu Yun cast a sharp glance at her before throwing the crystal away. He reached out randomly and grabbed a piece of empyrean crystal the size of a head—three times bigger than the one he had before.

"The treasures on you guys have been tainted with too much blood and the karma of this area. If you continue to carry them on you, you won't make it out of here alive." Lu Yun swept a calm gaze over the remaining one-hundred-some thousand cultivators.

That induced many to fish out their personal treasures and throw them away.

“Will Sir Lingyan lead us out of here?” a young man asked agitatedly. He was twenty-ninth level sequence and looked slightly juvenile. Plainly, he was a young genius out on his first trial. He’d come alone when he heard of the spatial tide occurring ahead of time, but hadn’t thought that he would be trapped here instead.

“Yes,” Lu Yun nodded. “If I can’t, I won’t be worthy of being the Myriad Spirit Supreme’s disciple.” He made sure to add the last line to enhance Myriad Spirit’s reputation. The latter and his sister were his only partners in the chief worlds. The greater their reputation was, the better it was for Lu Yun as well.

“All of you will listen to me and do as I say. Otherwise, don’t blame me if you die.”

Heads bobbed up and down in the crowd. He’d already obtained their trust when he told them to throw away their treasures and take only one. After all, the great supreme’s disciple had done the same thing with his empyrean crystal!

The identity of a supreme’s disciple was as if a candle in the darkness, an instant beacon of hope to the assembly.

“There’s still one hundred breaths left for you to make another choice. You can search out the treasure that you need the most and swap it for the one in your hand. Remember, you cannot fight or take it from each other. No killing allowed!

“Remember, just one!” Lu Yun reminded sternly.

The crowd started, but didn’t question him. They quickly sought out what they most truly wanted in the field of treasures and threw away what they’d picked up earlier. One hundred breaths was more than enough time for twenty-ninth, thirtieth level sequence cultivators.

“You can also trade with each other, but you cannot take by force,” Lu Yun added after fifty breaths had passed.

Another small disturbance rustled the assembly as mystified cultivators still did as they were told. Most of their hostility and wariness of each other had dissipated after these rounds of selection and trade. A tense atmosphere suffused with violence and lingering echoes of bloodlust fully faded away.

Everyone had what they wanted after one hundred breaths. Of course, they wanted more. If possible, they wanted everything on the premises. But no one dared do so when faced with the prospect of life and death. They proceeded according to Lu Yun’s instructions.

“The next wave is about to arrive, be ready for it,” Lu Yun said. “Again, take only one thing. Make sure it’s what you need the most. No one is allowed to claim more than one or take someone else’s treasure!”

Prudence was the word of the day when faced with attention from one million headless heavenly soldiers.

Another ripple of blue arrived with vivid radiance. Treasures appeared in front of cultivators like shells washed ashore. They quietly searched for what they needed the most and carefully put it away.

There were many treasures available and all of them immensely valuable. On the flip side, there were only three hundred thousand people present and more than half of them were dead. The number of treasures far outweighed the number of cultivators.

A third, fourth, and fifth tide arrived on the backs of ripples. Each time, the cultivators limited themselves to only one item.

In the end, each cultivator claimed more than ten treasures. It was enough to send some people's hearts racing and their faces flush. They never dreamed that they could one day own ten treasures from a spatial tide!

One had to know that in the past, making it out alive with just one treasure indicated that one had the potential to access thirty-one levels of sequence! Now they had ten treasures each! Everyone looked at Lu Yun; he remained empty handed apart from the initial piece of empyrean crystal he'd claimed.

"Sir Lingyan, we have our treasures... but how do we escape from the headless soldiers?" Liang Ruyue asked haltingly.

By now, the one million soldiers had multiplied into more than one hundred million. Their existence weighed on everyone's minds like a ponderous mountain. If it wasn't for Lu Yun constantly exhorting them to shop for treasures, some of the weaker willed would've already collapsed.

There were certainly more than one hundred million supremes in the chief worlds. In fact, there were more supremes than could be denoted by the hundred million units. But all of them gathering together in one spot, and headless to boot?

This was the first occurrence of its kind in the chief worlds.

"Don't worry," Lu Yun grinned. "There's no killing intent coming from them. They won't do anything to you. What could kill you was never them, but yourselves." He breathed out more easily. "Ten treasures each is an absolute fortune. All of you now have the potential to access thirty-one levels of sequence, or even higher!"

The assembly blinked when they heard Lu Yun.

"Will they... really not move against us?" the previous young man asked with trepidation.

"If they were to, you'd already be dead. Would you be able to take your pick of treasure like this?" Lu Yun shook his head. "The spacetime tide is mixed with the orders of space and time. They're kept to their side and can't make it over to us.

"Besides..." His lips curved upward. "In our eyes, we're just scavengers rooting through trash. Kill us? That'd dirty their hands."

He chuckled softly as the cultivators stirred. A strange emotion grew in their hearts.

Inferiority.

Chapter 1850.2: Marvelous Bullshit

“We are a bunch of beggars picking through the trash to the majestic supremes,” Liang Ruyue wheezed out a ghastly laugh. “If not for that, would we risk our lives and fight bitterly for a tiny opportunity that could kill us at any second?”

Who didn’t value their life?

Who didn’t want to live on?

Would they plunge themselves into the perilous spatial tide if there was any other option available to them?

The disciple of a supreme was naturally protected by his supreme’s treasures—the rest of them was just cannon fodder. Normally speaking, the end of one wave meant the arrival of extreme violence. But right now, no one had the desire to kill or raid the others by their side.

Ten treasures per person was more than enough. It would be drawing water with a sieve if they shed blood in wanting more.

“Alright, just wait here until the spacetime tide is over,” Lu Yun said. “Ten treasures is everyone’s limit. Unwanted developments might occur if you take more. It’s not worth it to die at this juncture.”

“I am Zhu Bao and I thank Sir Lingyan for saving our lives!” The twenty-ninth level sequence young man from earlier bowed to Lu Yun.

“Our thanks to Sir Lingyan for guiding us to the right path!” The rest of the cultivators bowed to Lu Yun as well.

Lu Yun was still mulling over Zhu Bao’s name when he felt the vast cloud of goodwill waft around him. He chuckled ruefully; none of them would attack him now even if they learned he was the enigma stone thief, would they?

Zhu Bao gave thanks for his life whereas the others thanked Lu Yun for pointing them in the right direction. Those were two vastly different concepts.

Zhu Bao came from a major faction and he possessed a bright future with boundless potential. He wasn’t here with a death wish, this wasn’t the last gamble of a desperate man. For the others, they were grateful that Lu Yun had delivered them from their lost wandering. He’d turned their one wisp of hope into reality and placed it into their hands.

“In that case, I’ll see my good deed through to the end,” Lu Yun sighed. “Word will eventually get out that all of you possess valuable treasure. You’ll be attacked all the same when you leave. I have two places where you can seek shelter and focus on cultivation.

“The first is my master’s world of Myriad Spirit. If you give my name in that major world, my master will give you succor. But it’s very far away from the Firmament Prison and you probably won’t make it there alive.” Lu Yun didn’t give them a chance to ask about the details. “The second is to head to the Huangpang major world that is close at hand.

“There are two supremes on it—Supremes Huang Pang and Mo Fei. They are unparalleled powerhouses and you will be able to rest if they take you in.”

“Huangpang?” Zhu Bao paused. “My father says that it’s an inauspicious place and told me not to go near it.”

“There are indeed rumors that there is a ghost king on Huangpang that can trap cultivators there for eternity. Mind and soul they are trapped there, forever...” Liang Ruyue recounted with some horror.

“Is your father a supreme?” Lu Yun asked Zhu Bao.

The young man shook his head. “My father is a thirty-seventh level supreme expert and plans to exceed supreme when he accesses forty levels!”

Sharp gasps were heard in the crowd as the rest of the assembly looked at Zhu Bao with great envy. All they wanted was to set foot into thirty-one levels of sequence and craft their dao palace, thereby becoming a supreme.

Meanwhile, his father was at thirty-seven levels, yet unwilling to take the next step. That was the difference between the truly strong and those who barely made the cut!

“Supremes Huang Pang and Mo Fei turned their world into a forbidden zone because they don’t want to be disturbed. However, my master is acquainted with the two supremes, so if you have nowhere else to go, you can go there. They will take you in after you say my name.”

The spacetime tide was weakening, but the one hundred million strong soldiers had turned into one billion.

True hope bloomed through the cultivators. Though they still feared the headless soldiers, they weren’t as anxious as before. No one noticed that the previously indifferent soldiers were starting to be tinged with a hint of blood.

“Alright, the tide is about to conclude for good and all of you should choose your own paths. But you must leave this place. If you stay, there is nothing but death in store for you!” Lu Yun spoke again.

Some still had questions, but they recalled that Lu Yun had said everyone needed to follow his commands. Their lives would be in danger otherwise, so they prepared to leave with great reluctance.

Numerous rounds of selecting and trading treasures, as well as Lu Yun comparing them to scavengers, fully dispelled the urge to destroy each other for loot. What they possessed now was what they desired the most, so the remaining one hundred thousand left peacefully when the spacetime tide fully receded.

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“Using notes of entrancement to bewitch those pathetic creatures in their moment of weakness. Compelling them to lower their guard against each other and pacifying their bloodlust and greed... You are far more than you appear.” A gentle yet prideful voice sounded by Lu Yun’s ear. A figure in white appeared in front of him—a young man with a handsome face and a very displeased expression.

“You give me too much praise, fellow daoist. It was just a trick up my sleeve,” Lu Yun smiled.

The cultivators had so readily executed his instructions because he’d used a beguilement art to affect their heart and mind. How else would people on the brink of mental breakdown and already rampaging around wildly listen to him so easily?

The art was a new combat art that he'd derived after the origin hell was established—he called it Bullshit.

Bullshit was the most captivating nonsense that could pull the wool over someone's eyes.

"If my guess is right, fellow daoist would've killed them all if they were any slower to leave. They would be new additions to your banner." Lu Yun glanced at the headless soldiers.

Thanks to Yun Yi's glance shaking the flawless Firmament Prison, Lu Yun was able to take advantage of that momentary weakness to determine all sorts of truth. The origins, present, and future of these headless soldiers, for instance. They originated from beings that'd died here. Lacking a head meant lacking a face, and thus no connection to the karma of the world.

The black battle flag was also from the past!

"I'm not interested in those pathetic worms anymore. But you, how about you stay and be my strategist?" A bloody gleam twinkled out of the young man's eyes when he smiled.

"I don't even know your name," Lu Yun replied noncommittally.

"I'll tell you if you stay as my strategist," the young man shook his head.

"Has that old lecher Yun Yi sworn allegiance to you, that old bastard?" Lu Yun suddenly asked.

"What?" The young man was thrown by the abrupt question.

Hummm.

A violent tremble shook the ruins, like a volcano erupting.

"Damn it, so that person's Yun Yi!" The young man's eyes widened with dismay and he glared viciously at Lu Yun before waving a hand. The battle flag curled up and one billion headless soldiers retreated like the tides.

"He's not the source of the spacetime tide, he's just fishing in its waters." Lu Yun took a small step in the direction that the young man had disappeared in and entered the Firmament Prison. "There's no need for Yun Yi to hate me so much. If he really wants to, he can enter the Land of Reincarnation with his primary self and kill me first before coming here." He mused out loud as he walked, "I wonder how many times I've cuckolded him?"

The furious glare appeared once more and raked Lu Yun's body. Another opening appeared in the Firmament Prison. However, the young man had changed his appearance again. He was a brawny man with rough features.

The enigma stone thief.