

Necropolis 1861

Chapter 1861: All Crown Princes

“How did you know I was here?” The Dao King looked at the proffered Imperial Seal with surprise. He’d taken pains to hide himself and carefully avoided revealing any hint of his presence. But somehow, Lu Yun had accurately pinpointed where he was.

“Mo Yi is here, so you must be here too. Is there a need to look around? You usually stand one meter and three centimeters behind her, to the right,” Lu Yun responded matter-of-factly.

Mo Yi whipped her head around with a glare and the Dao King blushed hotly.

“Go with Yun Yi and get us something good for your time!” she huffed.

“Alright, alright, I will,” the Dao King quickly agreed apologetically. He turned around and waved the seal at Yun Yi. “This is yours again, and your karmic ties with these three youngsters are severed from this moment forth!”

“Nothing else matters if you’re willing to help me,” Yun Yi nodded readily.

“Who is the Dao King?” Lu Yun sidled up to Mo Yi and asked in a small voice when he heard Yun Yi’s response.

“Why don’t you ask him yourself?” Mo Yi chuckled.

“There’s no way he’s telling me. Is Yun Yi seriously going to give up all of his intricately crafted plots just because the Dao King says so?” Lu Yun couldn’t believe it.

Chu Xingran and Xie Tianxun looked blankly at each other. Yun Yi could suppress the dragons and Moran Clan—not even the ultimate powerhouse of the Autumn Realm daunted him! That’s who he was!

“You stay here after I leave, you’re not allowed to go anywhere!” the Dao King said sharply to Mo Yi.

“I know, I know, I don’t want to die yet.” Mo Yi nodded docilely.

“Then let us be on our way.” The Dao King vanished with a turn of his body, much to Yun Yi’s delight.

Lu Yun could sense an overwhelming exuberance from Yun Yi, so strong that it imparted a hint of life to the lifeless hell. The man followed the Dao King out.

“That’s... it? That’s all it took?” Chu Xingran plopped on the ground and gasped for air. He never imagined that the danger that’d plagued him for so long would be so easily resolved like this!

“No,” Yun Yi’s voice drifted back on the wind. “Part of the heavenly court’s legacy is still on you. I won’t do anything to you, but the old courtiers of court will come for you.

“The Imperial Seal is a token of the heavenly emperor. They would have sworn allegiance to you if you still bore it. But since you bear it no longer, they will kill you for the heritage.”

“That’s still better than being enemies with you,” grumbled Chu Xingran. He wasn’t afraid of some old courtiers, he was afraid of Yun Yi.

“So Yun Yi’s really giving up just like this?” Xie Tianxun looked around wildly.

Although Yun Yi’s plots targeted Chu Xingran and not him, he’d personally experienced many of the heavyweight’s schemes after all this time. They were complicated to the extreme and involved even the Land of Reincarnation.

More important was that Xie Tianxun now speculated Yun Yi was also behind the Nebula Supreme inviting him to enter the land. He’d clearly sensed for a split second how much the man yearned for his legacy.

That hadn’t been an act.

“What else?” Chu Xingran extended his limbs in a mighty stretch and continued lazily, “Do you think that Yun Yi won’t possibly give up this scheme just because he spent so much time and effort crafting it?”

Xie Tianxun nodded.

“Think of it this way—how exalted is someone like Yun Yi? Something that is impossible to us ants is an afterthought for someone like him. Endless time is just the snap of a finger.” Chu Xingran sprawled on the ground and mumbled, “What we view as precious beyond belief is no different from dirt to powerhouses of that caliber. Lu Yun is right, we don’t have the qualifications to be enemies with Yun Yi. We are so far beneath him.

“And what if his original plot was a success? Then no matter what choice Lu Yun made in the Firmament Prison, all was still within his purview.

“Either he comes here with Lu Yun and meets those two great ones, or we remain in the prison and are sacrificed to the realm monster. There is no third option—we’d never make it out of his grasp.

“But!!” He bounced upright. “Yun Yi is the crown prince of the primeval heavenly court! His first victim—the Huangpang Supreme—was the princess of the yellow dragons. I am the crown prince of Darklake... so what does he want?”

The group blinked with surprise at this new line of thought.

“Er... are you a princess or a prince?” Xie Tianxun murmured.

“I. am. A. MAN!!” Chu Xingran flew into a rage. “I’ll have the head of whoever doubts my gender next!!”

Chu Xingran was the most handsome man in Darklake and renowned for his beauty throughout the chief worlds. He put many women to shame, so certain individuals spread rumors that he was actually a woman who sought to usurp a man’s rightful position in a household. After a while, he gained the reputation of being a sissy. When he fled into the Land of Reincarnation to escape his betrothal, to the eyes of many, that became the actions of protecting his female identity.

Therefore, he was particularly sensitive when it came to his gender.

Xie Tianxun fell sheepishly silent.

“Actually... actually, I’m a crown prince too. But my country is gone,” he laughed ruefully after a while. “It’s been gone a very, very long time. I crawled out of a tomb—my coffin, rather.”

Chu Xingran blinked.

“I wander in and out of the great tombs in the chief worlds because I’m searching for my old home. I reached an agreement with the Nebula Supreme because I found traces of my country’s presence in the Land of Reincarnation,” Xie Tianxun chuckled wryly. “Do you guys know that my home was flooded out? Everyone in my country drowned to death, hah! How ludicrous is that?? A divine nation and all of its citizens drowned to death in a massive flood?”

“I don’t know why I survived... it’s just weird. I crawled out of a coffin and know very well who I am and where I come from.”

“A nation that was flooded out of existence?” Lu Yun and Chu Xingran looked at each other.

“Grovehill... Kingdom?” Lu Yun frowned.

“Yes,” Xie Tianxun nodded. “My original surname is Lin and I was named something else. I changed it to Xie Tianxun later on. But I think Grovehill is still out there somewhere, so I keep searching for it.”

Lu Yun looked at Mo Yi.

“Don’t look at me, I don’t know anything. I’ve forgotten it all,” Mo Yi spread out her hands. “But I’m certain that Yun Yi’s goal isn’t me or Che. It’s also not the heritage of the so-called Heaven and Earth Supreme on him. It’s Ruina.”

Mazu oversaw Ruina and was Princess Lin Mo of Grovehill. If Xie Tianxun was the crown prince of Grovehill, he was sure to meet Lin Mo if he came to the Land of Reincarnation. However, he’d been confined to the Disordered Hell during his entire stay and hadn’t had a chance to encounter Lin Mo.

Or that was Lu Yun’s current guess. The plan seemed to have fallen through when Xie Tianxun and Lin Mo didn’t meet, but who knew how many other eventualities Yun Yi had set up within it?

“Go find Lin Mo,” he said to Xie Tianxun. “Grovehill being flooded out is probably not as straightforward as it seems...”

A thought struck him—Lu Yun trembled and he looked at Mo Yi. He was no longer the bumbling boy of yesteryear, completely ignorant of the chief worlds. He’d paid a visit and learned of Ruina’s legends from Lu Feng. He also knew some of the outside realm’s history.

Ruina’s stories came from the same era as the primeval heavenly court. But he hadn’t found any record of Grovehill. Plainly, that nation hailed from an even older eon that Lu Yun couldn’t verify.

Xie Tianxun had been excavating tombs to locate traces of Grovehill because he knew that the current chief worlds held no record of his home. Chu Xingran knew of Grovehill and Lin Mo because he’d once gone to Myriad Sea World, the one formed from a realm monster, and found certain clues there.

But who was Mo Yi? How did she know? Was she a spacetime traveler as well? But Lu Yun didn’t see any traces of time on her.

“Lin Mo! The eldest princess!” Xie Tianxun lit up when he heard the name.

“Lin Mo has left,” Mo Yi shook her head. “She’s in the chief worlds now, investigating why Grovehill perished.”

Xie Tianxun fell silent.

Chapter 1862: Far From It

“Then you stay here with Mo Yi and Diexi, don’t go anywhere.” Lu Yun felt that Xie Tianxun’s identity was a bit different from the others. Yun Yi had severed his karmic ties to Chu Xingran, but Lu Yun somehow felt that Yun Yi was still scheming after Xie Tianxun.

If his guess was right, then the Nebula Supreme must be one of Yun Yi’s. That was likely why Qing Buyi had been so insistent on killing the supreme at all cost.

From Lu Yun’s perspective, the safest place around was the origin hell. He hadn’t planned on looking into Xie Tianxun’s affairs as he didn’t want to be further entangled with Yun Yi on account of an outsider. But since Xie Tianxun might be Lin Mo’s younger brother, he had to let the man stay here.

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These days, the atmosphere in the fourth realm was very strange indeed. The war between New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland raged for six hundred years, but Lu Yun made a fool out of them all in the end.

The Golden Dragon King could barely keep his rage in. His golden dragons had lost countless geniuses over the six hundred years. Countless supremes had projected their wills in and been smashed apart, leading to their primary bodies being injured as well. Even his own projection had been shattered several times.

New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland formed a death feud throughout the course of the conflict; their people also clashed against each other in the chief worlds. But just as the war was about to take one step further and expand the battlefield, Lu Yun stepped forward and published the method to evade the Lifeline Talisman. Everyone could learn it for free!

And that wasn’t even the most maddening!

Most infuriating of all was Lu Yun’s next article in the spirit paper. He felt so very guilty at seeing New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland war over a tiny trick of a method. How awful it was that lives and properties were destroyed with abandon! He couldn’t bear to see the living nightmare continue and decided to publicize the method that rendered the Lifeline Talisman defunct so that the war could end.

He punctuated his sentiments with thousands of characters that spoke of remorse and repentance, each word bleeding with the blood of his anguish. Readers wept at his article and those who heard of it sorrowed.

The supremes of New Nihil Homeland didn’t really care. They hailed from different factions and their losses weren’t that great after the overall impact was averaged out. Their end goal was to ensure that the golden dragons didn’t monopolize the method around Lifeline Talismans. Now that it’d been published, the golden dragons were the ones who suffered the heaviest loss.

After the Golden Dragon King's mind exploded from the completely useless war, he lost his mind again upon reading Lu Yun's article of contrition. Yet he didn't dare take any action—he couldn't even rage at the young man for his actions. The Resurrection Talisman was about to go on sale, and the auctioneer was Lu Yun's brother—Lu Feng!

Lu Yun certainly had something to do with the Resurrection Talisman! It was something that everyone knew, but didn't expose. With the Lifeline Talisman rendered defunct and a Resurrection Talisman taking its place, everyone knew that they needed to stay on Lu Yun's good side if they wanted to obtain what they wanted in the Land of Reincarnation.

Most hadn't thought much of the talisman when it was first introduced. Many factions even decided to take advantage of the opportunity to wean themselves off talismans. But when the Resurrection Talisman was truly displayed, that was when the general public realized how frightening it could be.

This was power over life and death, one that could resurrect the dead!

That was what the powerhouses of the chief worlds seized on, not the fact that this was the replacement for the Lifeline Talisman. Thus, no one dared do anything to Lu Yun at this juncture. They also didn't know who his backer was. Fuxi's resurrection had caused a stir in the outside world, and now the appearance of the Resurrection Talisman further headed off any action against the young man.

Not even the golden dragons dared start anything. The Resurrection Talisman was Lu Yun's counterattack. Of course, if the powerhouses realized that there was no one behind Lu Yun and all of it came from his own hand, the Land of Reincarnation would likely be vaporized in the next second.

Lu Yun was taking a massive risk—he'd always been perfectly willing to take a risk.

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"What's that you say, Martial Uncle Myriad Spirit?" Lu Yun blinked rapidly at the supreme in front of him.

"The old bogeys of the chief worlds have lived for countless eons, even their eyelashes brim with enlightenment. They most certainly know that Firstspirit and I helped you when the land first opened up. They probably also know that you're Zhu Lingyan," Myriad Spirit spread out his hands. "They're well aware of the many things I've done over the years, they just haven't come for me because I have a few aces up my sleeves."

Lu Yun quirked his lips. What kind of character was Leize? Of course his disciples were much more than simply a supreme.

"So are you here on behalf of those old bogeys this time?" Lu Yun asked.

"No, I'm just here on my behalf," Myriad Spirit chuckled. "I'll stop pretending from now on since they know everything. How about I start the spirit paper in the chief worlds for you?"

"It's just a spirit paper, martial uncle can have it anytime you wish. After all, it made inroads in the outside realm solely due to martial aunt and uncle." Lu Yun scribbled out a contract to Myriad Spirit.

The supreme was overjoyed. He knew very well that once the spirit paper attained mass distribution status in the chief worlds, its influence would be on par with an ultimate great dao. It would be more

fearsome than the Lifeline or Resurrection Talisman. The paper was a symbol of civilization. Only when civilization of the mind reached extreme prosperity would it produce something like the spirit paper.

Additionally, the karmic repercussions contained within were quite daunting. If Lu Yun hadn't taken out the contract and authorized its operation to Myriad Spirit, the supreme wouldn't have dared start one himself.

This was a type of copyright.

Copyrights on Earth were protected by law. While they were effective to a certain degree, they weren't that strong. The copyrights of the chief worlds, however, were maintained by order. When Lu Yun created the spirit paper, its corresponding order appeared in the fourth realm.

Previously, the spirit paper took advantage of a loophole to establish itself in the chief worlds. Lu Yun still grasped its order, it didn't count as the Myriad Spirit Supreme's. Now that the supreme had a contract, he could openly operate it in the outside realm.

"Ah yes, martial uncle. Please look in on Huangpang," Lu Yun asked solemnly. "It's the seed of immortal dao that I've sowed in the chief worlds. It's up to that major world whether or not immortal dao can bloom in the outside realm."

"Don't worry, Huang Pang and Mo Fei have grown stronger after their experiences with death. Ordinary supremes are no match for them, and those beyond supreme don't dare visit that world," Myriad Spirit smiled.

"Because of the Firmament Prison?" Lu Yun blinked.

"Because of the Firmament Prison." Myriad Spirit nodded. "Right, Lu Yun, do you want to quickly raise your strength or battle ability? I've been keeping an eye on your cultivation and you seem to have wandered off on a tangent. The methods and arts that you cultivate can't keep up with your current strength. You won't be able to fully deploy your strength if you don't have handy combat arts, cultivation methods, or weapons to use.

"You should be a stunning genius, but you're less than Jiang Kui and the others without the origin hell." Myriad Spirit paused and added, "Far less!"

Lu Yun started, thinking back to how helpless he'd been in the tomb of the Firmament Army Pagoda. If he could lose the death arts, then he might very well be unable to call upon the origin hell one day.

"Does martial uncle want to help me temper myself?" Lu Yun immediately understood Myriad Spirit's meaning.

Chapter 1863: World of Soul Dominion

"You want me to go to the World of Soul Dominion?" Lu Yun blinked. "Isn't that the mental world created by you-know-who?"

He was floored when he heard Myriad Spirit's proposal of the World of Soul Dominion.

"It's different from the Soul Dominion trial grounds in the Land of Reincarnation. The world is a true world that is the trial grounds for the entire chief worlds," Myriad Spirit chuckled.

It was no secret that there was a Soul Dominion in the fourth realm. Although it was becoming one with immortal dao, it hadn't been closed off. Anyone could still enter through one of its palaces to take part in its tests.

Myriad Spirit had tried it once as well. Being a land of mental evaluation crafted by Mo Yi's hands, it was vastly different from the World of Soul Dominion. Even he had looked upon it with appreciation after his visit.

However, Soul Dominion contained only the orders of the fourth realm. If Lu Yun wanted to continue his growth, he needed to enter the chief worlds and test himself there.

Ever since arriving in the world of immortals and setting foot on the path of immortal dao, he'd rarely relied on purely his own strength in battle. The battle for governorship of Dusk Province, the Sovereign Ranking, and then the Dragonling Ranking in the Hongmeng... all of those had been demonstration rounds or friendly sparring. They weren't fights to the death.

He made use of the Tome of Life and Death during other times, or hell, a variety of supplemental dao, and formula dao. Those empowered him to dominate the realms in the Land of Reincarnation—in fact, he was nigh invincible—but those habits wouldn't work in the chief worlds.

He needed trial and tempering, the fights of life and death. He needed to set aside the Tome of Life and Death, and hell, to hone himself, raising his own strength so that it matched the other two.

Thus, Lu Yun was very receptive to Myriad Spirit's proposal. He wanted to do so as well, but the chief worlds were so vast in comparison to his breadth of view. He was as if a tiny ant at the foot of the Himalayas, able to see only a speck of dust in front of him. That speck of dust was the chief worlds in his eyes.

The Myriad Spirit Supreme would be his guide.

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Mo Yi had likely drawn inspiration from the World of Soul Dominion when she created her version. The difference was that the world was a tangible world, not one of the mind.

On this day, Lu Yun and Chu Xingran arrived on the outskirts of the World of Soul Dominion.

"There's an absolute mess in the fourth realm, multiple messes, in fact. Are you just washing your hands clean of all of them and running off here?" Chu Xingran looked at his companion with disbelief.

Lu Yun had done only two things since the Land of Reincarnation opened to the outside realm. The first was the time boundary that secured an additional twenty thousand years for the land, the second was the Resurrection Talisman. Those gave enough pause to the heavyweights of the chief worlds that they didn't dare take rash action.

And then... and then Lu Yun did nothing else.

Well, he did consolidate the six hells and craft the origin hell, but that had more to do with his own cultivation than for the good of others.

Dumping his work onto others again?

Chu Xingran had long heard of this annoying habit of Lu Yun's, but it was his first time witnessing it in person. There was such an enormous mess in the fourth realm, but the young man was perfectly at ease just walking away from it?

"The sole origin hell exists now and that group of wondrous powerhouses is well on the road of recovery. They are sufficient to keep the chief worlds at bay. Combined with Little Yu and the little fox's stratagems, as well as Wanfeng's ambitions... it doesn't matter whether I'm in the fourth realm or not," Lu Yun cackled.

"Have you never thought of taking over the fourth realm yourself?" Chu Xingran was puzzled by Lu Yun's decisions. While the young man was known throughout the fourth realm, he was more of a myth or legend than anything. Everyone knew him, but they thought of him with only respect and admiration.

If he stayed in the fourth realm and personally oversaw things, the realm would be his. He would be its emperor without needing to undergo any arduous or finicky process. If he wished to be so, it would immediately be his.

If he left now, that would forever be out of his reach.

Even though Qing Yu, the little fox, and Wanfeng ran things in the world of immortals and fourth realm, their styles made it clear that they didn't seek to be empress. All they wanted to do was to strengthen immortal dao and send it to the chief worlds.

"Immortal dao... seeks to be carefree and unfettered. If something is grasped tightly in the hand, that would make for such a tiring life," Lu Yun laughed heartily. "Everyone nurses different ambitions. I don't like all that random nonsense, whoever wants to be emperor can be it. Just don't affect me.

"Life revels in freedom of choice. It is up to one's own strength and fortune if one wishes to reign over all and be master of creation." Lu Yun clapped Chu Xingran's shoulder. "C'mon, let's go and experience this World of Soul Dominion."

"If you are unwilling to be master of all and emperor of life, then what are you doing here?" Chu Xingran pulled a face.

"Because I don't want to die." Lu Yun shook his head with a sigh. "If I don't want to die, then I must continuously grow stronger. If I am caught in a vortex and unable to break free, then I must grow strong enough to destroy the vortex."

"Alright, the two of you should head inside. I escorted you here not to hear you wax philosophical about life." The Myriad Spirit Supreme had finally had enough. "Remember, Lifeline and Resurrection Talismans are ineffective in this world. Someone's already conducted that experiment. You have only one life—you are completely dead if you die. Don't think about relying on the Resurrection Talisman."

Lu Yun's expression shifted and he nodded wordlessly. He and Chu Xingran strode into the hazy red world in front of them.

The sky and earth beneath their feet were identical shades of dark red. They seemed to be stained by fresh blood and a grave killing intent filled the air.

“Be careful, this isn’t a forgiving land. Let’s find a place to hide first.” Chu Xingran quickly took in their surroundings and pulled Lu Yun over, vanishing on the spot.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Three arrows shot from an unknown direction the moment they disappeared, nailing the spot where they’d just stood.

Hidden behind a tiny hill, Lu Yun’s back was wet with sweat. If it hadn’t been for Chu Xingran, he’d probably already be dead.

“A powerhouse of thirty levels sequence?” he asked. “Does this world want candidates to kill each other?”

“It’s not that crude,” Chu Xingran shook his head. “Surviving for a year, no matter the method, means completion of the trial. The world’s orders will send us out then.”

“That easy?” Lu Yun blinked.

“You think that’s easy?” Chu Xingran chuckled. “If you don’t see me at the place we entered after a year, I’m probably dead. You can leave without me then.”

He faded away as he spoke, ultimately vanishing before Lu Yun’s eyes. Of course, it was Lu Yun who faded away to Chu Xingran.

Chapter 1864: Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme

There was only Lu Yun to be seen in the endless world of red. Despite being completely isolated, he didn’t panic. He hadn’t planned on traveling with Chu Xingran, so their separation played right into his plans.

“I can’t use the formula destiny part of formula dao, the karmic ties here are a tangled mess.” He operated formula dao for a brief moment and found that, out of the five schools of formula dao, both formula theory and formula destiny were inoperable in this world.

It wasn’t that formula dao had run into its limitation, but that the karmic ties, rules, and laws of the World of Soul Dominion were too jumbled. They were a mishmash that could not be sorted through. In a place like this, formula destiny could not deduce fate and formula theory could not discern order.

Lu Yun also found that he couldn’t open the Gates of the Abyss. Although he was still connected to hell, he was unable to enter it.

In other words, this was a world that allowed entry and forbade exit. No method worked for normal egress. Perhaps the Tome of Life and Death could do so, but Lu Yun felt that the treasure’s latest test for him was not yet over. Apart from that impediment, he could freely use all of the other death arts.

“I don’t know anything about this place yet, so I need to be careful.” Instead of calling upon the death arts, he walked the world in his true form. He didn’t know what to do or what he was here for. He couldn’t even sense any other living beings.

“Hmm? Wait, someone’s buried here!” Lu Yun suddenly bent down and crouched behind a small mound of dirt, observing the situation ahead.

An unobtrusive hill rose from the ground not too far ahead of him, but as he observed the hill’s layout, he keenly picked up the presence of a stunning personage beneath it. They were stunning in terms of identity and background. Born with tremendous fortune, their luck dispersed in all directions upon their death and ultimately affected heaven and earth, forming the layout of a tomb.

He very naturally opened the Spectral Eye. An instinct carved into his bones, it wasn’t a habit that he could easily break.

“I can’t see them?” Lu Yun started. “There is someone inside, but I can’t read anything about them. The information is distorted and I’ll have to break the makeshift tomb to get a clearer read.”

He approached the hill. As opposed to calling it a tomb, it would be more accurate to call it a dumping ground for bones. It had the outline of a burial layout, but no substance. Breaking into this kind of tomb posed no difficulty for him.

However, he still moved with extreme caution. There seemed to be multiple pairs of eyes in the surroundings observing him right now. Lu Yun knew nothing about this world. Chu Xingran might know some, but he hadn’t had the chance to tell Lu Yun before they were separated.

How did this world test its candidates?

He paused and looked in a certain direction; there was a pair of eyes staring intently at him from it.

“A rookie from the outside?” The owner of the eyes stood up—a young girl who’d painted herself grayish-black. She assessed Lu Yun with bright eyes, looking at him with curiosity and caution. She never would’ve shown herself if he hadn’t detected her presence.

“Yes, I just entered the world,” Lu Yun nodded. “What are the rules here? Am I supposed to kill you or take something from you?”

The young girl blinked and warily backed up without a word. This guy was either an idiot or playing dumb.

“Do you have plans for this thing?” Lu Yun pointed at the hill in front of him. “It’s your lucky day that you ran into me, or you wouldn’t even know how you died. This is a fake tomb—the person inside is still alive. He’ll kill you without a doubt if you dare break into it.”

“How do you know??” the girl gasped.

“Heh, so you guys are working together,” Lu Yun roared with laughter.

“You were bluffing me?” The girl’s expression sank, making her dark face even blacker. “Come out, big sis. He saw through us.”

The tomb trembled and a second girl darted out, dressed like the first. She landed behind Lu Yun, surrounding him with her young sister.

“So this was indeed a trap.” Lu Yun waved his hand and manifested Argent Snow. Snowflakes began dancing behind him, but the two dusty girls didn’t make a move. No surprise crossed their faces and they didn’t even glance at Argent Snow.

Plainly, Lu Yun’s theory was wrong. The soul weapons had nothing to do with the World of Soul Dominion. He studied their cultivation, finding that although their aura was particularly strong, he couldn’t see what level they were at.

“Our target isn’t you, but since you barged in and ruined our plans, we have to kill you,” coldly declared the second girl. Golden silk threads extended from her body and shot toward Lu Yun like rays of aureate light.

He calmly activated Argent Snow and deployed its domain. Silver snowflakes flurried through the air and easily rebuffed the golden threads. The silk threads were undoubtedly from a fearsome treasure that the young woman had deployed. If it wasn’t for Argent Snow, Lu Yun wouldn’t be able to hold it off with his own strength.

As a soul weapon, Argent Snow required soul force to operate. The strength these weapons released was far in excess of a formula dao cultivator’s own cultivation. Such was one of the greatest advantages of soul weapons.

Mo Yi and God had created them together. No one was able to imitate them to date.

“A strong treasure, huh!” the girl sneered and withdrew her web of golden thread. She walked forward and stepped into the Argent Snow Domain.

The domain was as if a painting and Lu Yun its artist. But when the young girl barged in, she ripped the scroll apart. Lu Yun paled; he hadn’t expected her to be so mighty that she could so easily destroy the domain!

“Heh heh heh!” he grimaced and whirled the actual weapon around, bringing it down on the girl’s head.

She remained motionless and used her skull to bear the brunt of the blow. Massive recoil emanated from her head and Lu Yun leveraged it to fling himself away, trying to get out of her range.

“Get back here!” the girl sneered as halos of light appeared over her head. She yanked Lu Yun back and held him with her hand.

“Screw you, you’re so damn shameless!” Lu Yun roared when he took a clear look at the halos. “You’re a thirty-ninth level super senior cultivator bullying me, a poor twenty-fourth level baby cultivator! Do you even know what you’re doing?!”

“Twenty... twenty-four levels?!” The girl and her sister gaped. When they saw Lu Yun stroll into the area and peek at the tomb, they’d taken him for a senior cultivator as well. But, er, twenty-four levels?

That wasn’t even a fart to a senior cultivator, much less a threat.

The girl threw Lu Yun to the ground.

“What a rookie!” The younger sister walked up and peered quizzically at Lu Yun. “How are you even here at twenty-four levels? Is your lord nuts?”

“Who is your lord? What clan are you from?” the older sister asked with a frown.

Lu Yun put his sequence level on full display—twenty-four halos ringed his head. He never dreamed that he’d run into two powerhouses above thirty levels as soon as he entered the World of Soul Dominion!

If the older sister was at thirty-nine levels, the younger one wouldn’t be that far behind.

In comparison, the strongest beneath immortal dao was the Demonic Vine. She’d just broken through to thirty-seven levels.

“I’m Zhu Lingyan and my master is the Myriad Spirit Supreme!” Lu Yun felt that the supreme had definitely tossed him into a trap, so he gave the name without hesitation. He was also confused—these two were plainly related by blood. How could they have found each other in this endless world? Their identities were certainly bound to be impressive.

Chapter 1865: A Supreme That Eats Grass

“Myriad Spirit... Supreme?” the younger sister burst out laughing. “Supreme? Hahahahahaha!”

“What? Has his reputation soured in the outside world?” Lu Yun’s eyelid twitched.

“The Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme’s replica in the chief worlds is indeed a mere supreme,” the older sister said expressionlessly. “Since you are the grand supreme’s disciple, we will not trouble you further. Get out of here.”

“Hang on, what Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme? What’s a grand supreme? Is that a level above regular supreme?” He knew there was more to Myriad Spirit than met the eye! How would a mere supreme, an adult of the chief worlds, dare secretly help Lu Yun so much and even create twenty thousand years of space for him?

“High supreme comes after supreme, and grand supreme after that!” the younger sister giggled. “Too many supremes exist to be counted, but there are very few who can make their way to grand supremes. But eh, you’re just twenty-four levels. No wonder the grand supreme hasn’t told you anything.

“Big sis, we’ve been exposed. That old ghost is probably watching from a distance. It’ll be hard to try again.” She turned to her older sister, her tones full of regret.

“Wait a second!” Lu Yun called out when the duo prepared to leave. “Did you say old ghost? I’m great at taking down ghosts!”

He suddenly felt that embracing his weaknesses seemed to be the best course of action. Running into two cultivators of thirty-nine levels right after entering the World of Soul Dominion and seeing them easily rip through his Argent Snow Domain... well, he had no choice but to bow to his deficiencies.

Admitting to one’s shortcomings was a good thing in a place like this. Putting on a strong front would only lead to death.

He needed a thigh, a thick thigh. Otherwise, he’d be dead before he even knew what happened. Just look at how he and Chu Xingran had been ambushed the second they arrived in this world!

Lu Yun still didn't know who'd attacked them or where the three arrows even came from. Chu Xingran's cultivation was stronger than Lu Yun's since he'd set foot into twenty-eight levels of sequence. He was superior both in terms of perception and strength, which was why he'd discovered the arrows and not Lu Yun.

"You?" the younger girl looked skeptically at Lu Yun. "My big sis broke your weird boundary with one move. That old ghost is stronger than even my sis, so what can you do to it?"

"Age cannot be used to determine depth of knowledge and even the strong can be a student! Everyone has their own set of merits and failings!" Lu Yun reeled off a spiel of Earth philosophy. "I specialize in excavating the tombs of the chief worlds and I'm the best at catching ghosts and whatnot!"

"Since I ruined your setup, I must make you whole again!" A righteous expression crept over his face. "Otherwise, this karmic debt would be difficult to pay off."

"Only your last sentence is true, isn't it?" The older girl curled her lip and glanced in a certain direction. It was empty. Her expression changed drastically when she looked back and saw a talisman in Lu Yun's hand.

"This is a Principal Nineheavens Talisman and it's optimized for ghostly entities!" Lu Yun handed the talisman to the older girl. "The last sentence isn't the point either, the point is that I'm newly come to this world and was lucky enough to bump into a thirty-ninth level senior cultivator. Oh my heavens, this level of cultivator would be as rare and elite as the feathers of phoenixes and horns of qilins in the chief worlds."

"Feathers of phoenixes and horns of qilins?" the younger girl grumbled. "Yes, those beasts are rare and your analogy is apt. But in the World of Soul Dominion, most candidates are senior cultivators. A little guy of twenty-four levels like you is another feather and horn."

Lu Yun coughed awkwardly.

"Your talisman can indeed suppress ghostly entities, but just one isn't enough. All it'll do to the old ghost is tickle it." The older girl's eyes grew bright the more she studied the talisman.

"This is chaos dirt. It will conceal the ripples of your life force if you rub it over yourself." The younger sister handed some gray dirt to Lu Yun.

"Chaos dirt?" Eyes wide, Lu Yun stared at the dirt. It was truly dirt from... the chaos, the chaos that he knew. He immediately understood something when he saw the dirt. The Hongmeng and chaos weren't unique to the Land of Reincarnation. They existed elsewhere in the chief worlds. At the very least, the chaos existed in the World of Soul Dominion.

The two sisters were very slowly accepting Lu Yun because there was none of that dirt on him. Walking around sans dirt in this world was to court death. And since he was twenty-four levels, he was absolutely no threat to them.

"Where does this chaos dirt come from?" he asked dumbly.

“It doesn’t have to be chaos dirt, regular dirt from the ground or anything that will conceal your vitality will do. We choose chaos dirt.” The older sister returned the talisman to Lu Yun; she didn’t want to explain the dirt’s origins.

He carefully smeared the dirt over himself and discovered some impurities within that didn’t come from his chaos. Lu Yun smacked himself on the forehead. His guard had relaxed too much after becoming accustomed to an easy time of things in the fourth realm. He should’ve been much more alert when exploring a new world.

Although he concealed his life force with certain methods, they were plainly unsuited for this world. He was no different from a walking lantern in the darkness to the two sisters. Now that he covered himself with chaos dirt, he turned into the same grayish, dusty state as them. It was impossible to make out his original appearance.

“You’re one of ours now that you have chaos dirt on you!” The younger sister smacked Lu Yun’s shoulder with a grin. “But if your talisman can’t take care of that old ghost, my sis and I will take back the handful of dirt!

“Zhu Lingyan, is it? Let me introduce us. I am Moran Linglong and my big sis is Moran Linlang.”

“Moran... you’re from the Moran Clan?!” Lu Yun suddenly felt that he understood why Myriad Spirit had dumped him and Chu Xingran here. The supreme probably knew that the sisters were here too. Moran Linglong and Moran Linlang were willing to accept him mostly due to the fact that he was the supreme’s disciple.

From this, Lu Yun could be certain that the Myriad Spirit Supreme was deeply connected to the Morans. He didn’t ask about the specifics. As a mere sequence cultivator, he didn’t have the right to involve himself in the affairs of the greats.

“Alright, come with me.” Moran Linlang couldn’t be bothered with answering that idiotic question. Would they dare claim Moran as their surname if they weren’t from the clan? The three of them vanished with a wave of her hand.

“What was that talisman?? It can suppress my strength.” A ghastly white woman appeared where Lu Yun had stood and looked around with shock and trepidation. “Although it’s weak, it will be highly disadvantageous for me now that the Moran sisters have it!”

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“So the talisman really does work on that old ghost!” Moran Linglong clapped her hands with glee as she watched the images on a water curtain.

The three of them were in a tiny cave with a water curtain projected on one of the walls. The ghost’s image and murmuring were all relayed back to them.

“Don’t fall for it,” Lu Yun waved his hand. “Ghosts are most skilled at lying and tricking people. Even if the talisman really can control it, it has no need to appear and tell us. It can easily discover the tiny restriction for the water curtain in its surroundings.

“I discovered it a while ago and brought out the Principal Nineheavens Talisman to fool it. But it’s going along with our trap to trick us instead!” He frowned slightly. Nothing about the ghost was a secret to his Spectral Eye.

“Huh?” Moran Linglong looked blankly at Zhu Lingyan while her older sister glanced sharply at him. The young man who seemed harmless and a bit of a fool had set up a trap with neither of them realizing?

“The talisman that is actually useful against the ghost is this one.” Lu Yun took out two talismans carved from enigma stone—the Three Purities Talisman. The Principal Nineheavens Talisman was a creation from the Grand Pure One and effective against ordinary ghosts. But when up against the ghost outside, that talisman wouldn’t even tickle it.

Later on, the Three Pure Ones jointly employed formula dao to create the Three Purities Talisman. It was another talisman effective against ghostly entities, one so mighty that only one was needed to exorcise a supreme-level ghost. Of course, since Lu Yun was yet to reach their level, the talisman he created could only restrain supreme-level ghosts, not kill them.

Still, that was an impressive achievement in itself. The female ghost outside wasn’t a supreme either—it was a fortieth level sequence ghost cultivator.

Great daos abounded in the chief worlds. If there were sects like the Corpse Refiners who walked the way of dead bodies, then there were naturally sects that focused on ghosts. The female ghost was a strong disciple from a ghost cultivation sect.

Chapter 1866: Tomb Nurtures Corpse, Mound Breeds Ghost

“The talisman won’t kill the ghost, but will fully suppress it!” Moran Linlang lit up. They’d formed a feud with the ghost because of a certain matter and had schemed against each other for a while now in the World of Soul Dominion. It would be most ideal if the sisters could take it out.

“But you guys need to first tell me what this world is testing. Are candidates supposed to kill each other? That seems a bit... base,” Lu Yun wondered with confusion.

“Of course not, our ultimate goal is to survive for one year. No matter how we do it or what shape we end up in, surviving for one year will result in great benefits,” replied Moran Linglong. “Don’t think of it as an easy task, this world changes from second to second. If you can’t adapt, death might come for you the next time you turn around.”

Boom!

An enormous explosion rang outside the cave, causing it to collapse.

“You just had to run your mouth!” Moran Linlang cursed and grabbed the other two, barreling out of the moderately-sized hole.

A herd of beasts ran past them, setting off earthquakes whenever they charged. Mountains fell and the earth split open wherever they passed through. Destructive power radiated in all directions.

“What are those?!” Lu Yun stood in the air with a pale face.

They didn't seem to be monsters, but each of them was as large as a small mountain. Their teeth were flat and their bodies ponderous—all signs pointed to them being herbivores. However, they exuded the ripples of a supreme. They trailed destructive power in their wake, power that was solidly on par with a supreme's!

A bunch of supremes that ate grass!

"This herd of beasts is one of the true dangers of the World of Soul Dominion and one of the missions during our trial," Moran Linlang swept a glance over Lu Yun. "As strong as they might be, they are the equivalent of ordinary animals in the mundane worlds. All they possess is brute force. They have no combat arts or intelligence, so you might kill them if you precisely hit their weak spot."

"There are two rules in this world. First, make it to the end of one year in one piece. The second, kill three hundred and sixty-five supreme-level beasts, collecting the core inside their brain."

"Can carnivorous ants with sharp teeth bite a herbivorous sheep to death?" Lu Yun shook his head after he heard the girl's words. Quick calculations showed that his current level of strength wouldn't make a dent in these beasts' defenses. He wouldn't even break through their hide with a blow at full strength.

More importantly was that there had to be meat-eating supremes around if there were already grass-eating ones in sight. Though he was an ant to these beasts, there were plenty of animals that ate ants and mosquitoes!

Surviving for three hundred and sixty-five days seemed much easier than collecting that many cores.

"Yes, those beasts may be cows and sheep, but we are no ants," Moran Linglong chuckled. "Big sis and I have gotten twenty cores already! We also started feuding with that ghost because of cores."

Lu Yun nodded silently.

"There must be other uses for the cores, right?" he asked.

Moran Linlang looked at him like she was registering the presence of an idiot. "What use do you think there is for the core essence of a supreme?"

Lu Yun shrugged without another word. The herd of beasts stampeding in front of them was raising a disturbance that was a cataclysmic earthquake to him. It was now that he realized how frightening the mental pressure must have been when the group of senior cultivators faced the one hundred million headless supremes.

"They haven't been spooked by something, this is just an ordinary migration. Let us shift to another location." Moran Linlang led them in another direction after observing the beasts for a bit.

Lu Yun started. A regular occurrence was calamitous disaster to him! If it hadn't been for the older girl's swift reaction earlier, he would be dead to the beasts' hooves. His decision seemed more correct the longer time went on. Tempering and dignity didn't matter to a newcomer—latching onto a big thigh and surviving, getting to know the lay of the land was the most important.

He wasn't familiar with the World of Soul Dominion, but Chu Xingran was. The latter had once prepared to train here, but his cultivation had been lacking. He'd wanted to give an overview of the situation to Lu Yun once they entered, but the arrows interrupted him and then they were separated.

As for the Myriad Spirit Supreme... he was so immensely confident in Lu Yun that he hadn't bothered telling the young man anything. Everything was up to his own exploration. Such was a true test.

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The group quickly located another moderately sized mountain valley and dug a cave in the wall. Lu Yun didn't pepper them with questions. He was beginning to understand that the denizens of the worlds were likely all supremes at the very least. Exposing himself to their gaze meant courting death.

The supremes were ordinary beings, just so strong that they'd reached a supreme level. They didn't know how to use their mind to lock onto a being's life force, but utilized their eyes to search out prey instead. Thus, a mountain cave was the safest place. All the same, concealing their vitality remained very important. Lu Yun firmly believed there were even more frightening entities in the world.

"We have to use our smarts against the old ghost, not strength. Otherwise, both sides will end up heavily injured despite us having your talisman," Moran Linlang said thoughtfully once they were inside the cave. "The ghost cultivator is very interested in tombs. We created that one close to it to lure the ghost in, but you ruined it. It won't be that easy to trick it again."

Countless powerhouses had died in the World of Soul Dominion. Even without someone building a tomb for them, their corpses being on the ground caused a layout of burial to come into existence and a crude tomb to form.

The sisters had borrowed one that'd taken shape and used a beast core as bait. One laid in wait inside and the other prepared an ambush from outside. However, Lu Yun had been one step ahead of them and wrecked their plans.

"That won't work," Lu Yun shook his head. "A tomb nurtures a corpse and a mound breeds ghosts. Your tomb won't have attracted it—it wasn't fooled from beginning to end. If I hadn't blundered in, it would pretend to be trapped, but then turn on you guys instead."

The ghost cultivator was interested in tombs simply for the treasures inside. Most cultivators were naturally interested in tombs as well. There was also a basis for the saying of "tomb nurtures corpse and mound breeds ghost."

Zombies formed when a corpse accumulated malevolence, and yin ghosts formed when a soul accumulated resentment.

In the layout of a burial, a tomb could become a minor world of the dead. It allowed the dead to rest within and their soul to find release. Their resentment in life would slowly fade away. But since it was a layout of yin, once the malevolence reached a certain level, it would enter the tomb owner's body and create a mutation.

That was why there were so many zombies in tombs and few yin ghosts.

Burial mounds, however, were different. As the most simplistic form of burial, they couldn't come together in a complete system of burial. Those who died natural deaths weren't affected, but those who died unjustified deaths couldn't find release in a burial mound. Their resentment would grow until they turned into a yin ghost. Some great personages expanded their burial mounds with resentment if laid in one and ultimately turned it into a mountain.

The layout of burial inside a mound was too crude to form a minor world, so it was too difficult to collect sufficient malevolence to corrupt the body. Hence, there were more ghosts in burial mounds than zombies.

Of course, none of this was an absolute rule and there were always exceptions. It just held true for most tombs and burial mounds.

While ghost cultivators were different from ordinary yin ghosts, they all operated on the basis of resentment. The stronger the bitterness, the stronger the cultivator. Burial mounds were what they cultivated in and helped them collect resentment.

A ghost cultivator wasn't blinded by bitterness. Instead, it became their source of strength, or even weapon. If they wanted to lure a ghost, they had to build a burial mound.

"What is your relationship to Xie Tianxun?" The two sisters stared blankly at Lu Yun after they heard his explanation.

"We know each other and have a bit of a relationship," Lu Yun said. "Chu Xingran and Xie Tianxun visited the Firmament Prison a while ago. I brought them out."

Moran Linglong raised her thumb at Lu Yun.

"When did Xie Tianxun become friends with Chu Xingran?" Moran Linlang frowned. "Alright, we'll do as you say!"

Chapter 1867: Survive

Rumble!!

Lu Yun and the Moran sisters fled in a panic after an earth-shaking explosion. He knew neither how long it'd been since he arrived on the World of Soul Dominion, nor how many caves they'd run out from.

The trial itself wasn't the worst part of the experience—the worst part was having a goal, but not knowing how far away one was from it while having to avoid death at every second. Such was the situation that Lu Yun and the Moran sisters found themselves in.

Although time held sway over the world, no one could grasp enough of it to calculate how much had passed. Not even a thirty-ninth level senior cultivator like Moran Linlang knew how long it'd been since she came to this world.

Thus, the cruelest part of these trials wasn't the torment of the body, but the torture of the mind.

Lu Yun also finally understood how difficult it was to survive for a year in this world. It seemed very conceivable that one's mind would break down before the body. He could sense the passage of time, but there was nothing recording it or anything that could be used as a reference. There were no changes in the celestial bodies overhead and naturally no interchange between night and day.

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Lu Yun couldn't help but spit out a mouthful of blood when the spatial disturbance from the stampeding herd reached them. They were ready to take on the female ghost and even set up the burial mound to

lure her in, but a bunch of grass-eating supremes ran through their site and reduced their efforts to trampled dirt.

After that, Lu Yun followed the two sisters in fleeing helter-skelter, thoroughly routed. To his horror, the ghost followed behind them like a shadow. No matter how far they ran, they could still sense her ever-persistent presence.

If it wasn't for Lu Yun's Spectral Eye discovering her a few times and quickly using the Three Purities Talisman to suppress her, they might've already died several times over. A particularly terrifying detail for the young man was that his personally etched talisman could only hold the ghost for three breaths.

She broke it after that interval—this was no ordinary ghost!

"The ghost isn't nearby at the moment, do we want to try again with another burial mound?" he wheezed for breath.

Moran Linglong curled her lip. "I thought that talisman of yours was really something, but it breaks after three breaths!"

"Three breaths is quite impressive already," her older sister interjected. "If it wasn't for that sudden herd of beasts, I would've killed her! What a pity, the ghost won't so easily fall for our trap next time."

"You guys haven't been here all that long, have you?" Lu Yun suddenly raised a question that'd been puzzling him. He'd noticed that the two sisters didn't display that many advantages in this environment. Towards the end, he was the one who discovered danger first and led them to safety.

"Um..." Moran Linglong blushed. "It's true, we haven't been here that long. Probably just a little bit longer than you—a few days, mayyyybe a dozen days? Everything we know comes from our lord. If we hadn't met you..."

She and her older sister shuddered in unison. If they hadn't run into Lu Yun, they'd likely already be dead.

"I suspect that the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme sent you here to look after me and big sis. Out with it, who are you?!" Moran Linglong suddenly raised her voice.

"I'm Zhu Lingyan and the Myriad Spirit Supreme is my master. I'm here to temper myself," Lu Yun explained with a rueful expression. His survival skills and adaptability were indeed far stronger than the sisters'. He only needed a surface understanding of an environment to immediately reorient himself to the most optimal condition.

The Myriad Spirit Supreme couldn't be faulted for dereliction of duty anymore. While he hadn't told Lu Yun about the world's rules or mission, he'd sent the young man straight to the Moran sisters.

"I would've died a grisly death too if it wasn't for your explanations about this place." He spread out his hands and waved them around. "The beasts are moving in a haphazard fashion. There's probably something strong chasing them from behind, we should get out of here."

This world was like an enormous African savannah in Lu Yun's eyes. Wildebeests, gazelles, zebras and the like ran around everywhere while lions, panthers, and hyenas chased them at all times. An occasional murderous badger also lurked into view.

Everything present in the world was the most primitive form of life and the law of the jungle. However, the carnivorous beasts weren't the most frightening life forms. There were even stronger existences, but they were so large that Lu Yun couldn't even see them.

After they avoided the herd of fleeing beasts, Lu Yun looked curiously at Moran Linglong. "The beasts here mostly travel in packs, only the most ferocious carnivores travel alone. How did you collect more than twenty cores?"

"Um..." Moran Linlang's mouth twitched and her younger sister said with embarrassment, "We, uh, dug them out of the prey they left behind after their feasting. Our feud formed with the ghost because we laid eyes on the same pile of bodies at the same time. We were one step ahead of her, which is why she refuses to give the matter up."

Lu Yun smacked his forehead; inspiration lit up his mind like a lightning bolt. All thoughts of dignity and face had to be forgotten in order to survive in a place like this. One had to be ruthless, devious, utterly shameless, and heedless of the consequence to live.

Likewise, the sisters were undoubtedly stunning beauties in the outside world, but they'd camouflaged themselves as muddy dust balls here. Lu Yun's snap decision upon arriving in this world was correct—he had to set aside concerns of dignity and find a thigh to latch onto. This world tested not strength, but the instinct of survival. Candidates were to survive through whatever means possible.

"The Myriad Spirit Supreme... no, it should be Fuxi and Leize who discovered my mental block and had the supreme send me here. They want to use the World of Soul Dominion to tell me that survival comes at the cost of everything else and the disregard of everything.

"Whether it's hell or the death arts, all of these external and internal things are mine. Even if I don't use them, they are still mine! So what if the Firmament Prison restricts the death arts?"

"An ordinary person will drown if they don't learn how to swim after being thrown into the sea. The Tome of Life and Death poses these tests not to have me avoid doing something essential for fear of a slight risk, but for me to learn more skills. I temporarily give up the death arts to learn how to swim in the sea and fly in the sky!"

Lu Yun's mental state metamorphosed. He finally understood the supreme's intention and the treasure's test. An imperceptible halo of light hovered behind his head—twenty-five levels of sequence.

Chapter 1868: Hunting Supremes

"Oi oi oi, you go too far!" Moran Linglong grumbled when she saw Lu Yun suddenly break through. In her eyes, the jerk was amused by their story of hardship and had ascended out of sheer schadenfreude.

In other words, Moran Linglong thought that Lu Yun's newest level of sequence was his way of jeering at them. Seeing a lofty Moran princess meet with misfortune and having to paw through animal food scraps... he'd been so delighted that his mind cleared for a breakthrough!

"What sequence have you accessed?" Moran Linlang didn't share her younger sister's sentiment. Instead, she frowned at the light that flashed past Lu Yun's head.

"Immortal dao," he answered candidly.

"I see," she nodded without further questioning. On the other hand, Moran Linglong pouted with distaste.

"We've long since heard that the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme has unspeakable dealings with the Land of Reincarnation, that he thinks the rest of us are fools. So he really does think we're all fools! He's having his disciples cultivate immortal dao!"

Lu Yun looked blankly at Moran Linglong and stammered, "Even... even you can tell?"

"Pfft, I'm not the only one. Everyone can tell." The girl shrugged. "If it wasn't for him being one of the strongest grand supremes, he and the Firstspirit Grand Supreme would've been excised a long time ago."

Lu Yun suddenly understood why the Corpse Refiners had never entered the Land of Reincarnation ever again. They didn't manage to slip in even during the six hundred year war between New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland—likely because someone had kept them out.

Their disciple, Jiang Kui, publicly humiliated the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme. How would the supreme possibly let that go? In fact, those seeking to curry favor with the grand supreme would do the work without his say so, despite knowing that he was involved with the land.

In the chief worlds, adequate strength was sufficient to ensure the completion of all hidden and overt conspiracies. Strength spoke the loudest, so while some had seen through the grand supreme's relationship with the Land of Reincarnation and perhaps even knew that he'd helped Lu Yun a few times, they had to pretend otherwise.

They had to pretend that they were big enough fools.

He was one of the strongest grand supremes, and he had the additional support of his younger sister. They might have dao partners or relatives to consider as well. It made for a terrifying combination, so while other grand supremes saw through the duo's maneuvers, they said nothing.

"Don't worry, we won't make things difficult for you," Moran Linglong chuckled. "We can also tell what the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme is trying to do. He wants that world of sequence too. He might not have a use for it, but his disciples and descendants do."

Lu Yun nodded wordlessly.

"The ghost is here again." He suddenly looked to the side. A ghastly white figure stood several meters away from them and had been there for a while.

Moran Linglong and Moran Linlang paled, immediately materializing talismans that Lu Yun had created.

"Give me the core that belongs to me and I will trouble you no longer." Somehow, the ghost's voice also sounded... ghastly white. She wasn't a living person who'd turned into a ghost through cultivating ghost dao, but had turned into a ghost in death and then set foot on ghost dao. "I have three hundred and sixty-four cores. I can leave with one more. That core belongs to me."

"What, it belongs to you just because you say so?" Moran Linglong shouted. "It's survival of the fittest in the World of Soul Dominion. It's ours because we hold it!"

Everything had to be contested in this world because cracks would appear in the dao heart if one gave way. Giving way once would lead to a second time, then a third... each time brought one closer to death.

Two goutts of black ghostly fire rose in Lu Yun's eyes as he went on the alert. It was the strength of hell. The ghost cast a shocked glance at him before leaving with a nod. The power of hell was what could truly keep ghosts in check. Although the ghost couldn't locate the existence of hell, the terrifying aura still induced her to retreat.

Lu Yun had previously fallen into a hole of his own making, subconsciously thinking that he had to use only his own strength and knowledge to overcome all obstacles. But moments ago, he realized that survival was attainable by any means.

"Be careful of a trap," Moran Linlang warned.

"She won't be coming around anymore. If she does, I'll kill her." Lu Yun waved her concern off. "Let's go and find those herbivore supremes. I've yet to try the meat of a supreme."

"Huh?" Moran Linglong thought she'd heard wrong. She dug around in her ear and asked uncertainly, "You want to collect the corpses left behind by the carnivores and cook them?"

Lu Yun's face darkened.

"There's nothing embarrassing about that, big sis and I have both tried them. To be honest, they taste pretty good," Moran Linglong said with pride. Meanwhile, a hint of killing intent appeared in Moran Linlang's eyes. The situation had turned awkward and there was no easy way to salvage her dignity.

"We're going to hunt supremes!" Lu Yun shook his head. "I've been observing them and notice that they only have the strength and physical body of a supreme. That means we stand a chance!"

He suddenly thought of a terrifying possibility. The herbivores didn't have dao palaces, but their movement and strength were on par with a supreme's. If a supreme's projection of their will attached themselves to these animals and entered the fourth realm that way...

Lu Yun couldn't help a tremble. Let's hope these beasts never leave this world.

"How do we hunt a supreme?" The sisters perked up at Lu Yun's suggestion. They'd come across a beast that'd gotten lost from its herd before and almost killed it. But failing to deliver the final blow, it ran off, despite being heavily injured.

"Not the herbivores, they travel in a herd. It's easier to ascend to heaven than it is to kill them," Lu Yun stroked his chin.

"It's not hard to ascend to heaven," Moran Linglong mumbled.

"You're being contrary just for the heck of it," Lu Yun rolled his eyes at her. "Let's go hunt a carnivore. Although they travel in packs, some of them travel alone!"

"Aren't they more dangerous?" Moran Linlang frowned.

Lu Yun shook his head. "In my view, the amount of destruction caused by the herbivores and carnivores are the same. The carnivore's offensive capabilities are applicable to the native life forms of this world—their ecosystem and food chain."

He shifted uncomfortably when he said the word "native".

"To us, there is no difference between the claws of the carnivores and the stampeding destruction of the herbivores. If we can handle the latter, then we can take down the former even if they're supremes!"

The candidates were entities outside of the world's ecosystem. They were an invading species, so although they were weak, they didn't have enemies.

Chapter 1869: Bloodscorch Lion

To hunt a supreme!

Lu Yun shook with excitement. Even if the beasts only had the physical strength or body of a supreme, it was still a challenge he'd yet to ever undertake.

Supremes were supremes. A sequence cultivator was no match for one as long as they didn't set foot into that level, even if they'd accessed thousands of sequence levels. Supremes were a wholly different plane of existence.

The Moran sisters had also considered hunting the supreme-level beasts, but they were caught in their struggle with the female ghost before they had time to execute the idea.

"Are you bullshitting us?" Moran Linglong looked skeptically at him. At twenty-five levels, Lu Yun was so weak that he was almost nonexistent.

"I am a cultivator!" he grumbled. "Those beasts may have the strength of a supreme, they're still a bunch of mundane animals at the end of the day. Can I really not take them down?? C'mon! Let's go find one that's separated from the pack!"

He shot into the air and out of sight.

The two sisters looked at each other.

"I think he's trying to shake us off," the taciturn Moran Linlang frowned. "After him!"

"Huh? Big sis..." Moran Linglong didn't have a chance to react before her older sister vanished before her eyes. She stomped her foot and quickly caught up to both of them.

Lu Yun was indeed entertaining the thought of shaking off the sisters and traveling the world alone, but gave up the idea after some more consideration. He'd figured out what the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme wanted—for Lu Yun to take care of the sisters.

At the moment, he didn't know if the grand supreme was connected to the Morans or to the sisters.

"There are lions here?" He carefully landed on the peak of a large mountain and looked down at the enormous red plains beneath him. There was a giant scarlet beast that resembled a lion snoring on the ground.

Its thunderous snores indicated that it was fast asleep. But even so, nothing within one hundred kilometers dared approach it. Plainly, it was the king of this area.

The beasts of the World of Soul Dominion were different from those of the fourth realm. The primary bodies of the latter were exaggeratedly big because they used to cultivate “nothing”. The more one cultivated nothing, the larger one’s body grew. In the end, the ultimate consequence of growing bigger was to poof straight out of existence one day, truly becoming nothing.

It was an abnormal phenomenon that formed as a result of incomplete orders in the fourth realm. The entire land swayed on the verge of collapse, to say nothing of the cultivators.

That would never occur in the chief worlds.

Although the lion in front of Lu Yun was tremendous, it wasn’t larger than life. It was roughly twenty-five hundred kilometers from head to tail and resembled a minor mountain on the plains.

“Don’t provoke it!” Moran Linglong quickly called out when she saw that Lu Yun had this beast in his sights. “It’s not a mundane being, it’s a cultivator! It’s a real supreme!”

“The Bloodscorch Lion is a true supreme who crafted its dao palace at thirty-two levels of sequence. It’s the king of this part of the World of Soul Dominion,” finished Moran Linlang. Both sisters arrived and stood behind Lu Yun.

While this world was a demesne full of unknown danger, a large faction such as the Morans was still relatively familiar with it. A supreme of thirty-two levels registered as a strong supreme. There was a threshold between them and those who struggled to barely ascend at thirty-one levels.

“The orders of this world are unorganized and unique, so the beasts are unable to take human form,” Moran Linlang continued to explain.

Lu Yun no longer questioned why even the inhabitants of the chief worlds took human form. Thanks to initial influence from order, the evolutionary path of all things was mostly the same. Humanity was always the ultimate peak of existence.

Lu Yun created human dao in the great wilderness and helped humanity of that era become the rulers of heaven and earth. In actuality, humans would still become the conquerors of their time even if Lu Yun didn’t come—thanks to the laws of evolution as set by order.

Lu Yun nodded, but kept staring at the Bloodscorch Lion.

“What is it?” Moran Linlang asked in bafflement.

“Someone else here also has their eyes on it. The lion is a true supreme, but it’s currently in a very peculiar state,” Lu Yun said softly. “I put down a concealment formation around us, which is why no one’s discovered us despite this not being a hiding spot.”

The sisters jerked with shock and quickly bent down.

“Hiding in a place not meant for hiding, you’ve got some guts,” Moran Linglong mumbled. “And when we arrived? Did we expose ourselves then?”

Lu Yun tugged up the corners of his lips and didn't say anything.

Moran Linlang smacked her younger sister on the back with a grin. "You're covered in chaos dirt. Apart from the ghost who left a mark on us, no one will possibly discover us."

Moran Linglong stuck out her tongue.

Lu Yun had his reasons for choosing this place. Anyone who could survive in the World of Soul Dominion possessed supremely dominating abilities of survival and observation. Places that they felt ideal for inhabiting were viewed the same way by many others.

In contrast, this mountain peak was so prominent that anyone could see everything on it if they lifted their head. As such, it wasn't viewed as any place of importance. It was a subconscious oversight—the most dangerous place was the safest.

Lu Yun instantaneously built a tiny formation when he landed, enveloping everything on the mountain peak.

"Is it injured?" Moran Linglong asked carefully.

"I don't know," Lu Yun shook his head. "It was asleep when I found it. It's in a very strange state—not like one from injury."

"Possession," Moran Linlang suddenly raised. "Someone's trying to take possession of it. Supremes once projected their wills into this world and tried to possess the beasts in it. They all failed, so that's probably someone trying a new way."

"Wait, it's not a supreme. The orders of the world change when a supreme enters, making it so that everyone senses their arrival. Whoever's trying to claim this Bloodscorch Lion is a genius beneath supreme!"

"Is that possible?" Lu Yun had been concerned about this, that the supremes would use the beasts here as their carriers and enter the fourth realm.

"Uh uh," Moran Linlang shook her head. "All of the beings here belong to only this world. They disintegrate if they try to leave—the orders outside kill them."

ROAR!!

The sleeping lion opened its eyes and threw its head back, howling with fury. It opened its mouth to spew blood-red flame, sweeping the fire over a hiding spot and incinerating the cultivator there before they even had time to scream.

Chapter 1870: One Stick of Incense

The Bloodscorch Lion abruptly shifted to wakefulness and rampaged through the vicinity. It was a true supreme and a cultivator with intelligence. All nearby sequence cultivators were nothing but ants waiting to be trampled under its feet.

Mayhem immediately engulfed the area.

Cultivators streamed out of their hiding spots and frantically ran for their lives. They didn't get too far since they weren't supremes. Thus, a bloody slaughter commenced.

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"Whoever it was, they failed," Moran Linlang breathed out as she watched the situation develop. She crouched even lower, seeking to avoid the lion's gaze. She wasn't certain if Lu Yun's formation and their chaos dirt could continue to avoid the supreme's line of sight.

"No, he succeeded," Lu Yun squinted. A line of death information flashed clearly through his Spectral Eye—it belonged to the true Bloodscorch Lion.

"Most of those here are waiting for both of them to be heavily injured," he said softly. "That's when they'll move in to take the lion's body, so the one possessing the lion is striking first and clearing the area!"

"He's very weak right now and his nascent spirit close to collapse. He's going to kill everyone he can and scare off those he can't. If my guess is right, he'll enter a period of weakness after a while and fall into a deep sleep. That will be our best chance!"

Lu Yun was very confident in his formation. There were plenty of outsiders in the fourth realm these days and he'd used them as his guinea pigs over and over again.

Just as he said, the Bloodscorch Lion returned to its previous position after a round of slaughter and crouched down, looking the same as it had before. No one dared approach it anymore; there wasn't anyone left in the vicinity. This was a supreme that possessed a dao palace, after all!

It'd completely terrified everyone, so no one dared try their luck despite knowing that he was heavily injured and close to breaking down.

"Get down here, the three of you!" a furious roar exploded by the trio's heads.

Lu Yun paled and a trickle of blood dribbled out of his mouth.

"Has he discovered us?" Moran Linglong's lips trembled.

"Don't move." Lu Yun quickly grabbed Moran Linglong's shoulder and pressed her into the ground. "A simple supreme can't detect my formation," he sneered. "Trying to bluff me out? Don't even think about it. This is a type of mental intimidation meant to attack the deepest parts of our soul. Look over there."

He pointed at shaking stragglers rising from their hiding spots. The cultivators docilely approached the lion and was, one after another, smacked to death.

The Bloodscorch Lion's voice reverberated in their minds, repeating the same words. If it wasn't for Lu Yun pressing down on Moran Linlang and Moran Linglong, the sisters would've already died to the lion. Out of ideal options, he helped them shake off the demonic note by sending two Tranquility Talismans into their bodies.

"You... you..." Moran Linlang gaped at the young man. "What kind of talisman was that? It only has the power of sequence, but it can withstand the mental attack from a supreme!"

“Why do you think I cultivate immortal dao?” Lu Yun smiled mysteriously.

“This is the power of immortal dao?” Moran Linglong looked blankly at Lu Yun.

He shook his head, his smile deepening. “Immortal dao isn’t much in the eyes of many powerhouses. What drew my master’s gaze is the formula dao within it. I used a method in formula dao just now to pull you out of the entrancement.”

Formula dao was the medium for all supplemental daos and all supplemental daos fell under formula dao. Supplemental dao was originally a general term, a catch-all for the various categories beneath it. It was boundless and infinite, but when formula dao appeared, they were summed up and unified. Supplemental dao was henceforth a true great dao and the strength it wielded was far greater than before.

Training in one school of formula dao meant cultivating all of the supplemental daos. Cultivators could choose which path they wished to specialize in or stay with formula dao in general.

“You almost make me want to cultivate immortal dao just so I can specialize in formula dao,” Moran Linlang frowned. “I still have the chance to switch to immortal dao before I become a supreme and forge my dao palace. Once I exceed sequence, I won’t be able to switch to another dao.”

“Do you really want to train in immortal dao?” Lu Yun brightened.

“That’ll have to wait until I visit the Land of Reincarnation first and take stock of this immortal dao. I need to see if formula dao is as magical as you say.” Moran Linlang nodded.

The Morans didn’t forbid its members from cultivating the great daos of other factions. For a strong faction, incorporating everything beneath the sun and being all-inclusive was the hallmark of true strength.

Most of them cultivated dark dao because the clan possessed a world of dark dao sequence. Thus, they were stronger when accessing that sequence as opposed to a sequence of rules. Dao sequence and rule sequence were fundamentally the same, but dao sequence was created by living beings and thus more suited for cultivation.

For the dragons and Morans, the appearance of immortal dao sequence meant another viable option. However, they didn’t take it upon themselves to try the new great dao as it was confined to only the Land of Reincarnation for the moment. Even if there were some shoots of immortal dao in the chief worlds, those were just minor starts and inklings—they could be destroyed at any time.

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The Bloodscorch Lion’s mental coercion lasted for an indeterminate period of time before it slowly quieted down. Several hundred piles of flesh and gore lined the ground in front of it; more hidden cultivators soundlessly retreated from the surroundings.

“Is it our turn now?” Moran Linlang looked at Lu Yun. He called the shots now.

“Not yet.” He materialized a stick of incense with a flip of his hand and lit it. “We take action when this incense burns down.”

The order of time existed in the World of Soul Dominion, but there was nothing to measure it by. Hence, cultivators in the world couldn't determine how much time had passed. To that end, Lu Yun brought out the most common method of recording time in ancient China on Earth—incense!

One stick of incense was roughly half an hour. After repeated calculations, Lu Yun confirmed that the rate at which it burned was the same at which it burned on Earth. Thus, sticks of incense could be used to measure time in this world.

As he previously mentioned, the lion suddenly rose when half of the stick was consumed and snarled wildly before quieting down again.

The rest of the stick burned out without incident.