

Necropolis 1871

Chapter 1871: Decisive Execution

The atmosphere stretched taut as Moran Linlang and Moran Linglong looked at Lu Yun.

“Let’s get down there and smash his brains apart!” Lu Yun leered. He leapt up and jumped down the mountain, landing heavily on the Bloodscorch Lion’s head.

Regardless, the lion was a true supreme. Despite being heavily injured, his head wasn’t something that Lu Yun could damage. Therefore, the young man rebounded high into the air and crashed heavily to the ground.

The two sisters were hot on his heels.

“You three are finally showing yourselves.” The lion opened his scarlet eyes. “I recognize you, you’re from the Moran Clan. I didn’t attack you because I don’t wish to offend your faction.”

His voice was resonant and powerful, but he remained sprawled on the ground. Though he stared fixedly at Moran Linlang, his voice was mild. “I will not pursue this matter further if you leave now. The Morans will make trouble for me all the same if I kill you.”

“Oh? Is that so?” A merry Lu Yun crawled up. “My elders told me before I came that everyone I see here is an enemy. I only need to kill everyone I come across to ensure that no one will make trouble for me.

“Do it, this guy can’t move right now. He’s bluffing. If we wait another two incense sticks, his nascent spirit will fully meld with the Bloodscorch Lion and all of us will die,” he looked at Moran Linlang.

A supreme of the outside world had taken possession of the lion and brought with him the intelligence of the chief worlds. Crafty, devious, and insidious, he hadn’t discovered the trio earlier. That was why he’d relaxed to meld his nascent spirit with the beast’s.

The lion’s expression shifted at hearing Lu Yun’s words and violence flashed through his eyes. He couldn’t move at the moment not because his soul was injured, but because he was in the melding process. It was a very short period of time to him, but a period in which nothing could be allowed to go wrong.

That was why he’d killed or chased away everyone in the vicinity, but to think that three little fish had gotten through!

Lu Yun ignored the lion and surreptitiously released glyphs into the air, soundlessly building a formation.

“I’ll do it!” Moran Linglong jumped into action before her older sister could respond. A black shortsword appeared in her hand without another word and flared with black radiance, slicing the lion’s head into two.

Lu Yun hadn’t thought that Moran Linglong was so ferocious—she’d killed the lion after that quick shout! Neither did the Bloodscorch Lion think that a harmless young girl would end him in such a decisive fashion.

A man's figure burrowed out of the lion's head, his eyes brimming with resentment. Before he could say anything, Moran Linglong struck again and scattered him to the four winds. She cheered and threw herself into the lion's head, searching for its core.

"Have you two always killed people without thinking twice?" Lu Yun looked speechlessly at Moran Linlang.

"Wasting words with people in the World of Soul Dominion means to nurture a death wish," she shrugged. "If it wasn't for the old ghost hiding off to the side when we met you, you might already be dead too."

Lu Yun shrank in on himself. He'd unwittingly walked into their trap and caused Moran Linglong to reveal herself in a moment of distraction. The female ghost was close at hand and if the sisters attacked Lu Yun, they would be exposed and give the ghost an opening.

That was the only reason why he hadn't been taken down.

This world is a fine place to temper the heart and mind, alright. People kill without hesitation, but don't lose themselves in it.

"Where's the core? Why isn't there a core?" Moran Linglong clambered out of the lion's head, looking blankly at her older sister.

She rubbed her forehead. "Check to see if there's a dao palace in his brain. He's a real supreme, not a beast that just has the physical strength of one."

"Oh. Oh yeah." Moran Linglong went back inside.

"Er, she doesn't do this at home, does it?" Lu Yun asked incredulously.

"Do what?" Moran Linlang also looked at him, lost.

"Well, climbing into other beings' heads and getting herself all bloody and stuff..." Lu Yun's Spectral Eye could clearly make out the gore and white brain matter on Moran Linglong's body, but she didn't seem to care.

Moran Linglong and Moran Linlang were certainly very preeminent figures in the Moran Clan. Even if they weren't pampered since childhood, they were lofty princesses and would never do something like this.

"No," Moran Linlang shook her head. "But we must do this here. If we enter this world with the air of a princess, we'll die before we know it."

"You two... adapted that quickly?" Lu Yun started.

"Our elders put an appropriate amount of fear into us before we left. Plus, we don't want to die either, so there's no choice but to proceed this way." Moran Linlang spread her hands out. "Linglong, stay in there and don't come out."

She suddenly took to the sky and released threads of golden silk.

“Moran Linlang and Moran Linglong greets the fellow daoists,” her tones were extremely cold. “Any fellow daoist is welcome to come if you wish to take this lion’s corpse. Linlang will answer all comers.”

“Heh heh heh heh heh... you are certainly bold, child. I’ve had my eye on this lion for a long time, but you swooped in in front of me. You’ll get out of here if you know what’s good for you and we’ll spare your lives on account of the Morans.” A man dressed in green strolled out of the darkness. His aura was much greater than Moran Linlang’s—he was at least fortieth level sequence.

Forty levels of sequence was rare in the chief worlds, but as common as hairs on an ox in a place of trial like this. Great daos vied with each other—one either advanced or retreated. The stronger the powerhouse, the harder they fought. Their deepest fear was to fall behind others.

The man had been previously scared away, but swiftly returned when he felt the lion’s enormous life force suddenly vanish. There were two more cultivators on par with him by his side. They formed a triangle with the man and surrounded the lion’s body.

Chapter 1872: A Revived Bloodscorch Lion

There were far more than just the three newcomers present. Many of the cultivators that’d been scared off immediately turned back when they felt that lion’s life force vanish. They remained hidden in the shadows as they were before, waiting for their chance after the man in green and his companions went down with Moran Linlang.

Single combat wasn’t popular in the World of Soul Dominion. The trials tested survival ability, not flashy showmanship. No matter the method or process, the last one standing was the greatest victor.

Moran Linlang put her battle strength on full display and released a fearsome aura. Since the Morans possessed a world of sequence, she rivaled a fortieth level heavyweight at the very least. Just as the female ghost had toyed with them instead of erupting in all out battle, so did the man in green refrain from any brash action. Both sides would be gravely injured if the situation wasn’t handled properly, and if he was injured, he’d find it difficult to retain ownership of the lion’s corpse.

The body of a true supreme was far more valuable than the beasts that roamed the world.

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“You want to stick your neck out?” Lu Yun stepped forward with a grin. “Trust me when I say that you’ll be the first to die if there’s a fight.”

“I don’t,” the man shook his head with a sneer. “I might die, but you’ll be the first to hit the ground.”

“How dare a mere twenty-some level little fella, yet to become a senior cultivator, think of laying hands on the body of a supreme?” This speaker was a man in yellow. His hair and lips were yellow and he exuded a dense force of earth. Clearly, his sequence was one of earth.

The last man burned with blazing flames—the sequence of fire. They stood in the directions of heaven, earth, and man, trying to form a crude formation of the three essentials.

“Hahahaha!!” Lu Yun roared with laughter. “Then let’s give it a try. We won’t die or even be injured, but you guys will die horrible, awful deaths! Are you pissing off or not?” His smile faded away, replaced by an arctic aloofness.

“You really do want to die!” The man in green flew into a rage to be jeered at by such a weak cultivator. “Fellow daoists, we seek to kill these two. We can discuss the matter of the supreme’s body after they die, is that agreeable?”

Nothing answered him. No one was willing to expose themselves at this juncture, but they plainly tacitly approved of his proposal. A lack of response was the best answer, and with that, the trio in front didn’t have to worry about ambush from others.

“Die!” snarled the man in green as he streaked into a ray of emerald light, hurtling toward Lu Yun.

Whether a wild goose should be boiled or roasted could be decided after it was taken down. Anyone who could survive in the World of Soul Dominion was no indecisive person who agonized over decisions. They brought their full strength to bear even when facing an ant.

The formation of the three essentials was complete and they could borrow the power of heaven and earth from this world. While the man in green departed from his position, the formation remained.

Bam!

He slammed into an unseen barrier of light and bounced back.

“There’s a formation here, no wonder you’re so confident!” roared the man in yellow. He stomped his foot firmly on the ground and summoned mountain after mountain. The man sought to destroy the terrain around them and therefore destroy the intangible formation.

Lu Yun turned to look at the crouching lion. “Stop pretending. Get up and fuck them all up!”

The supposedly dead Bloodscorch Lion rose amid horrified gazes of the crowd. Moran Linglong was summarily ejected from its head and the gaping wound swiftly healed.

“ROAR!!” A terrifying roar echoed through the surroundings and disintegrated the three fortieth-level-sequence men. Yelps of horror echoed from the rest of the cultivators hidden in the surroundings as they once more ran for their lives.

Moran Linlang and Moran Linglong looked blankly at what was unfolding in front of them. What was going on?

“No wonder there’s no core... the lion wasn’t completely dead,” Moran Linlang said dumbly.

Supreme level beasts possessed dao palaces and cores—such was a trademark of the World of Soul Dominion.

Lu Yun made a face. The lion had indeed been dead—and not to the one who seized possession of it. Instead, the young man had surreptitiously killed the beast while it was being assimilated by its new owner.

Otherwise, just the would-be occupier’s strength alone wasn’t sufficient to take a supreme-level beast. But without that person’s attempt, an opening wouldn’t appear in the lion’s nascent spirit either and Lu Yun wouldn’t have been able to affect a supreme’s soul.

The Bloodscorch Lion became an Infernum the moment Lu Yun killed it. However, this world's orders were jumbled and there were unique rules in place, so it took a bit of time for the young man to resurrect the lion.

Precisely one stick of incense worth.

He was able to revive it after one stick of incense burned, so he and the Moran sisters had been waiting not for the one who seized the lion, but for his own sake. At the same time, Resurrection Talismans wouldn't see immediate effect in this world. They needed roughly half an hour to bring back the dead.

Resurrection Talismans weren't mainstream in the chief worlds and no one would bring a treasure worth hundreds of millions to this world. In the meantime, Lifeline Talismans were ineffective in this place.

"How did you do that?" Moran Linglong asked breathlessly.

"Linglong!" her elder sister reprimanded sharply.

The younger girl stuck her tongue out with embarrassment. It was very rude to casually ask someone about their trump card and they could easily turn on each other if the situation wasn't defused properly.

The Bloodscorch Lion was uncommonly docile in front of Lu Yun and it shrank to a few meters long. It now looked like a big crimson cat.

"Follow the sisters and protect them," Lu Yun said to it.

"Are you leaving?!" Moran Linlang gasped, but quickly recovered her aplomb.

"There's enough in this area for you to temper yourself with. With the lion following you, you'll be fine as long as you don't provoke the existences beyond your abilities," Lu Yun nodded. "If you really do want to learn immortal dao, the lion will take you to where you can learn it after you leave this world."

"Denizens of this world can't leave it!" Moran Linlang frowned.

"It can if I say it can," Lu Yun waved her off. "Alright, I'm leaving now. We'll meet again if we're meant to."

He vanished with a jump and left without looking back. The lion was now his Infernum and under the Tome of Life and Death's purview. It could leave if he commanded it, and it would bring the sisters to Huangpang.

Chapter 1873: A Ghost's Bullshit Cannot Be Trusted

"He thinks of us as a burden... if it wasn't for the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme, he would've left us behind a long time ago," Moran Linglong chuckled ruefully as she looked in the direction that Lu Yun had left in.

"No," Moran Linlang shook her head. "When he first arrived, he was clueless and came to understand this world through us. Even without the grand supreme, he wouldn't leave us here because of that."

She looked at the Bloodscorch Lion next to them. It nodded solemnly back at them.

“I wonder if he uses a method similar to the Dragon Dominance Rings of the yellow dragons?” Moran Linlang murmured.

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Lu Yun was finally certain that the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme had primarily sent him here to look after the Moran sisters. Now that they had a supreme bodyguard, he could leave with peace of mind.

It was also as Moran Linlang had said. When he first arrived, it was thanks to their care that he’d acclimated to his new environment. Just that alone meant he would never leave them out in the cold.

“This really is a prime location for self tempering.” Lu Yun stood on a mountain peak and looked to the far distance. “I wonder how Chu Xingran is. But eh, he’s the crown prince of Darklake and has the protection of the dragons, so he should be having an easy time of things.”

After an indeterminable amount of time in this world, he’d slowly familiarized himself with a few unspoken rules. Some of the larger factions had established communities in this world for their members—such as the Moran sisters. When they first arrived, they likely arrived in the Moran Clan community first and then struck out alone to temper themselves.

“Come on out,” Lu Yun suddenly turned around. “You’ve been following me around and ignored the opening I gave you to make a move. What do you want? It’s not just the core of an exotic beast.”

“Greetings to the master of ghosts.” A smear of grayish-white walked out of the void and knelt in front of Lu Yun. It was the female ghost that’d plagued the Moran sisters.

“What did you call me?” Lu Yun blinked. “Master of ghosts?”

“The six hells have become one and all ghost cultivators beneath the heavens have a foundation. You bear hellfire, so you are the master of all ghosts.”

Lu Yun:

The six hells combining into one was sure to raise a certain commotion, but the powerhouses of the chief worlds didn’t care. It was just the unification of a major dao. As strong as hell dao was, the chief worlds were vast and endless. Some great daos were on par with hell dao or even stronger.

Lu Yun hadn’t thought that the first to react to the six hells becoming one would be the ghost cultivators. If his guess was right, his identity was exposed. The female ghost in front of him knew who he was.

“Does this mean that all of you are willing to take me for your master?” Lu Yun smiled superciliously.

“This humble one is willing to serve the master, but other ghost cultivators might not think the same.” The female ghost remained kneeling on the ground. “Ghost cultivators train in ghost dao and are roughly split into two factions. The first walks the path as humans, the second walks ghost dao as ghosts. This subordinate falls into the second and others like me will be willing to serve the master of ghosts.

“Ghosts are the best at bullshit, how can I believe you?” Lu Yun shifted half a step back. He couldn’t probe the ghost cultivator’s emotions through the Karmic Tree and the ghost’s cultivation was stronger

than his. If she wanted to make a move against Lu Yun or entrance him with her mind, he wouldn't be able to do anything in response.

Thus, he didn't dare relax his guard.

"The master of ghosts can subdue me just as you've subdued the Bloodscorch Lion," the ghost responded candidly. Patently, everything that'd happened before had taken place under her watchful eye.

"You followed me all this time just so you can swear loyalty to me?" Lu Yun still didn't believe her.

"Yes," she nodded.

"You think that I, a minor cultivator at twenty-five levels of sequence, have the right to be the master of ghosts?" Lu Yun pointed at his nose with a snort of laughter.

"My master is the master of the Dark Hell of ghost souls. If he supports you, then none of that is an issue," the ghost responded.

"You want me to go to this Dark Hell of yours, don't you?" Lu Yun blinked rapidly.

The female ghost nodded.

"And then win your master's support?" Lu Yun asked.

She nodded again.

"And then your master can capture me and use the origin hell to threaten the emperor and various lords?" Lu Yun snorted. "I can go to this Dark Hell, but that must wait until I become a supreme."

"No!" the ghost responded. "You are too weak, milord, and the other places of this world too dangerous. You must come with me now, that is the only place that can protect you!"

"Do you know who I am?" Lu Yun pointed at himself.

"Zhu Lingyan, disciple of the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme?" the ghost responded subconsciously. "As mighty as the grand supreme is and supported by the Firstspirit Grand Supreme, there are thousands of ghost cultivators beneath the heavens. Two grand supremes cannot keep the master safe.

"I can keep you safe in the World of Soul Dominion, but you must come with me to the Dark Hell after you leave," she concluded firmly.

"Hahahaha!!" Lu Yun laughed. "And if I say no?"

"This subordinate will take the master back with me regardless!" Harsh resolution flashed through her eyes.

"Do whatever you want." Lu Yun waved his hand and left the mountain peak with a turn of his body.

The ghost didn't immediately take action; she followed behind him. Lu Yun didn't trust her and wasn't the slightest bit tempted. This nonsense of the master of ghosts and protecting him was all bullshit. She hadn't even offered her name because she wanted to evade karmic repercussions. That would ensure Lu Yun wouldn't be able to take revenge against her even if she failed.

As for the Dark Hell of ghost souls—that was plainly a terrifying faction that neither grand supreme could afford to offend.

Perhaps she hadn't spoken a word of truth and even her identity was fake. What a ghost spoke of could not be trusted, unless it was Lu Yun's own ghost. When she spoke of Lu Yun capturing her as he'd captured the Bloodscorch Lion, that was indicative of everything—she didn't know how he'd done it. She assumed that he'd used something similar to the Dragon Dominance Ring to enslave the lion.

But ghosts... weren't afraid of this kind of enslavement.

She followed by Lu Yun's side so that she could be ready to capture him when he left the World of Soul Dominion. She must've already discovered a way to evade hellfire.

Chapter 1874: Ghost Sect

Thud!

A massive beast toppled to the ground, devoid of life. Lu Yun sliced its head open and harvested its core.

This was a supreme-level beast whose soul entered hell after the young man killed it. However, he didn't need this kind of Infernum, so he had the beast transform into one of hell's denizens.

Lu Yun didn't know how long it'd been since he arrived in the World of Soul Dominion. He unknowingly accessed another three levels of sequence during this time and was now twenty-eighth level sequence.

Rising from twenty-four to twenty-eight levels in less than a year was something he'd never dared consider before. He was also certain that it'd been less than a year since his arrival. After all, the rules of the world would send him out when his stay reached one year.

By now, he could kill these beasts with his bare hands. They were sturdy and raised the destructive force of a supreme with every move, but they weren't cultivators in the end. They were just a bunch of ridiculously strong animals. Lu Yun was an ant to them, but this ant was a cultivator.

He easily slayed them with one move after locating their weakness. Lu Yun currently counted thirty cores in his possession and all of the beasts had entered his hell as new residents. Since he didn't lack for Infernum, he might as well have them establish new lives as locals of the netherworld. They maintained the body and soul of a supreme when reborn—that made them far more valuable than a group of ghostly servants with limited potential.

Lu Yun's control over the Tome of Life and Death had reached these depths by now.

The female ghost followed by his side this entire time. These days, she looked at the young man with a hint of fear. He'd rushed into a herd of thirty beasts earlier and killed one of them with one strike, scaring off the rest. She couldn't manage the feat if it was up to her.

Of course, Lu Yun hadn't used brute force. It was a combination of ambush and technique. Regardless, he accomplished something that a fortieth level ghost cultivator couldn't. This further solidified the ghost's desire to bring Lu Yun back to the Dark Hell of ghost souls.

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Green smoke rose into the air as the fragrant smell of roasted meat wafted through the surroundings.

“I had three hundred and eighty-seven chances to move against you during our travels. Thirty-six of them were opportunities to kill you with one strike,” Lu Yun said meaningfully.

The ghost’s ghastly pale face shifted and she took a few steps back, maintaining a safe distance between herself and the young man.

“As I thought, the bigger the thing, the coarser the meat. This isn’t good at all,” Lu Yun grumbled and threw away a meat skewer.

“There’s a frozen pool one hundred and fifty million kilometers to the north. Apparently, the fish there taste good,” the ghost offered subconsciously.

“The fish there are also on par with supremes, aren’t they?” Lu Yun turned to look at her.

“The frozen pool is dragon territory. Relations between them and the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme don’t seem to be that harmonious,” the ghost said to herself instead of responding.

“Dragons huh...” Lu Yun put away the cow-like corpse with a wave of his hand and made straight for the pond. One hundred and fifty million kilometers wasn’t that much of a distance in his current state. He quickly arrived at the pool that the ghost mentioned.

As she said, it was occupied by dragons. An enormous city sprawled on its banks and all sorts of draconic figures bustled in and out of the gates. Although Lu Yun had speculated that many great factions had probably constructed communities on this world, it was his first time seeing a city.

“Chu Xingran is probably here too, but it seems to be golden dragon territory.” Lu Yun’s heart skipped a beat when he saw that most of the dragons populating the city were from the golden dragon faction.

“Indeed, they are golden dragons.” The ghost had followed him over, but was exposed the moment she opened her mouth. Three thirty-level-sequence dragon warriors appeared in front of them and surrounded the two.

“You laid a trap for me?” Lu Yun looked at the ghost with narrowed eyes. There was chaos dirt on him and he’d taken pains to conceal himself. No one should’ve discovered him.

Meanwhile, the dragons hadn’t discovered him. They’d discovered the ghost.

“The World of Soul Dominion is highly dangerous. In order to prevent the master of ghosts from running around and finding danger, I’m afraid the master will have to subject himself to temporary accommodations,” the ghost responded matter-of-factly.

“Who are you and how dare you spy on dragon territory?!” Though the warriors were only thirtieth level sequence, they were incomparably ferocious and wholly unafraid of facing a fortieth level sequence ghost.

“What do the dragons matter!” Lu Yun abruptly erupted. “They’re nothing but a bunch of reptiles compared to the Dark Hell. DIE!!”

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

His hand rose and fell three times before the dragons could react and chopped their heads off. However, he left their nascent spirits intact.

Lu Yun was in the guise of the female ghost. His voice carried clearly and alarmed the city tens of thousands of kilometers away. A large sum of dragons rushed over and sealed off the area within the span of a breath.

In the meantime, Lu Yun used Shapeshifting to transform himself into a particle of dust and vanished from sight. The ghost stood dumbly where she was, dumbfounded and not knowing what to do.

“Milord, that’s her. That ghost cultivator just killed—pff!” The nascent spirit that Lu Yun hadn’t destroyed detonated amid a haze of ghostly force.

“Take her!” Their leader was a golden dragon at forty levels of sequence.

The golden dragons’ Dragon Dominance Ring was useless on ghost cultivators. Thus, they’d always been wary of this type of cultivator. On the other hand, as strong as the ghost cultivators were, they were also unwilling to provoke the dragons.

“You court death!” The ghost wasted no time upon understanding that Lu Yun had turned the tables on her. She transformed into thousands of copies of herself, overlaying ghostly images in the void and slaughtering all of the dragons in less than one-thousandth of a breath.

Up in the air, their leader howled with outrage and anguish. Slaughtering dragons in their territory was no different from slapping their faces!

A brilliantly sparkling halberd appeared in his hand and he raised it on the ghost. She was extraordinarily fierce, equally unafraid when chasing the Moran sisters and when facing draconic geniuses.

“You’re not a cultivator of the Dark Hell, you’re from the Ghost Sect!” he suddenly roared.

“Well, well, you know too much,” the ghost sneered.

Whoosh!

Her slender arm was like the edge of a blade as it sliced right through the fortieth level sequence cultivator.

Golden blood splashed through the air.

Chapter 1875: The Man Who Blew The Top Off The Dragon King

“Ghost Sect?” Lu Yun’s heart raced. As he thought, there hadn’t been a word of truth from the ghost. If he’d really believed her, he’d probably already be dead.

This sect that she was from was likely enemies with the Dark Hell of ghost souls that she spoke of.

“I wonder if the Dark Hell is a faction of yin ghost cultivators, and the Ghost Sect is one of human cultivators on the path of ghost dao?” A number of thoughts ran through Lu Yun’s mind as he deduced a

few possibilities. Despite that, he maintained the state of a dust particle and kept all traces of his vitality strictly within his body.

He was, for all intents and purposes, a speck of sand.

The battle overhead raged on. The ghost had torn apart a fortieth level sequence cultivator with her bare hands, but the dragons reacted swiftly and sent out another batch of powerhouses before she could escape.

“Nightmare of the Ghost Sect, it is you!” an elder called out. “Kill! Kill without mercy!”

Blade light and sword light flashed through the premises. Lu Yun didn’t dare show himself or even release his consciousness. He was a true particle of dust now, one that slowly drifted into the ground.

Thank goodness the battle in the air didn’t involve him, or he’d be truly reduced to dust. All of the dragons in attendance were at least thirty levels of sequence, and there were even a few fortieth sequence experts. The battle was one for the ages and its shockwaves blew up the frozen pool nearby.

“Hahahaha!!” The ghost called Nightmare leapt upward and removed herself from the fight. “I’ve had enough, the golden dragons well deserve their name. But you should keep an eye out, the one who owns hell is nearby. Hell has completely taken form and it’s up to that one’s mood to see how many dragons are buried in it!”

Poof!

Her body exploded into dust. This was dragon territory and she wouldn’t possibly make it out safely. She could only self detonate. This Nightmare was a replica, one that she’d made from taking possession of a yin ghost.

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Ao Hong stood in the air, his long aureate hair glimmering with the radiance of the blazing sun. He wielded a golden spear and looked sharply around him. He was forty-four levels of sequence, and it was his appearance that forced Nightmare into self detonation.

“The one who owns hell is nearby?” he chuckled and continued indifferently, “Nightmare of the Ghost Sect is wily and devious. She just wants to borrow the dragons to investigate who it is that has consolidated the six hells. We can look into this, but it will cost ten major worlds from the Ghost Sect before you receive our information.”

“Deal!” Nightmare’s voice traveled back on the wind before it fully vanished.

Just as Lu Yun hadn’t believed Nightmare’s nonsense, neither had she believed him. The two pretended to be agreeable with each other, but it was very true that she wanted to take him down.

It was no secret that the six hells had become one and the origin hell was the result. However, not many knew who’d accomplished the deed. The god of Mount Tai wouldn’t share the news since that’d only create more trouble. It did him no good to expose Lu Yun as that would make additional opponents for him instead. It was much easier to seize hell dao from a young man than from the numerous powerhouses of the chief worlds.

Meanwhile, Yun Yi nipped the word in the bud in the chief worlds. How else would Mo Yi have so easily agreed to allow the Dao King to go with Yun Yi?

Yun Yi had to do the first good turn for him to receive one in kind. He'd likely also issued a warning to the Corpse Refiners, resulting in their continued silence regarding the matter.

The Ghost Sect and Dark Hell made constant inquiries about the affair, but there wasn't much they could do since they couldn't enter the Land of Reincarnation. When Nightmare saw Lu Yun use hellfire, she immediately sent word back to her sect and set her replica to surveil the young man. She didn't dare show her true self or use the name of her sect because of Yun Yi's presence.

Neither of the two ghostly factions would respect Lu Yun as a true master of ghosts. Their goal was the same as the god of Mount Tai—to seize hell dao and take the origin hell for themselves. As Lu Yun thought, the Dark Hell was one for yin ghosts, and the Ghost Sect was for human cultivators walking the path of ghost dao.

Nightmare didn't believe Lu Yun's identity as the disciple of the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme. Thus, she'd surreptitiously deployed a beguilement art to lure him to dragon territory and borrow the dragons to probe what his real identity was.

Once the young man completed his trial, he would be sent back to where he'd entered the World of Soul Dominion and his elders would be waiting. She had to quickly discover his identity so she could make an appropriate follow up.

Lu Yun was likewise trying to find a way out of the situation, so both of them made draconic territory their next move.

"Come on out." Ao Hong drifted to the ground and swept his faintly golden eyes in all directions. "There is a boundary around this area. Even Nightmare of the Ghost Sect had to relinquish her replica to leave. If you don't come out after three breaths, I will destroy everything here down to the last particle of dust."

Lu Yun returned to his true form and appeared in front of the dragon.

Ao Hong looked calmly at him and nodded, dismissing all of the warriors around him with a wave of his hand.

"After you," he gestured in welcome. Lu Yun nodded and followed the dragon into the city.

"Where is Chu Xingran?" the young man asked.

To outsiders, this was golden dragon territory and Ao Hong was the city lord. He was the strongest of the dragons and another golden dragon. But Lu Yun was well aware that if the dragons didn't stand united in a place like the World of Soul Dominion, that would be asking for all of them to die.

This was a land of tempering and trial, one most ideal for honing the mind and heart. If the azure and golden dragons brought their internal conflict here, they would never be able to construct such a massive city.

“He’s come by and gone out again.” Ao Hong took his measure of Lu Yun. “You are indeed the young man who made the dragon king blow his top off, alright. I wouldn’t have discovered you if you hadn’t stepped forward.

“You have chaos dirt over you, have you met the Morans?” He changed the topic with a smile.

“You know my identity, so why do you think my chaos dirt comes from the Morans and not the Land of Reincarnation?” Lu Yun asked instead.

“Have a seat, don’t be nervous.” Ao Hong pointed at the seat next to him. They were in the largest building of the city—his residence.

“I’m not nervous,” Lu Yun grumbled and plopped down on the chair. He’d sauntered into the city because he hadn’t sensed any malice in the dragon’s thoughts.

“Chaos dirt is an ultimate treasure, but only the Morans use it. It’s the primary reason why they entered the Land of Reincarnation,” Ao Hong chuckled.

Chapter 1876: Emperor Emeritus

Inspiration struck Lu Yun. The Moran Clan was domineering and rivaled the dragon race. Both of them were absolute titans in the chief worlds. The rest of the other factions in the outside realm were the likes of Yun Yi—individually strong, but not their faction.

The two titanic factions, however, didn’t display corresponding dominance in the Land of Reincarnation. The dragons sought the azure dragon ancestral god, while the Spacetime King and Moran Dongning wanted... dirt from the chaos?

“There are chaos in other parts of the chief worlds, but they are so much more dangerous compared to the one in the Land of Reincarnation,” Ao Hong said with a smile as he read Lu Yun’s expression. He waved a hand and summoned two maids to place a pot of tea in front of Lu Yun. The young man remained unmoving.

“You seem really happy that I pissed off the Golden Dragon King?” Lu Yun let the subject of the Morans go and brought the conversation back to the dragons. Despite doing so, he still didn’t read any ill intent from the dragon in front of him.

“The Golden Dragon King is old-fashioned, willful, and exceedingly prideful to boot. He’s never suffered such a loss,” Ao Hong noted. “He should be reflecting hardily on his faults after this round of humiliation and will not be as obstinate or as headstrong as before.”

Lu Yun’s eyes widened to hear this line of talk from the dragon.

“The Golden Dragon King is my son,” Ao Hong chuckled.

“I thought he was the nine clawed golden dragon’s son.” Lu Yun fidgeted uncomfortably. He could tell that Ao Hong’s background was impressive, but hadn’t thought that he’d be the emperor emeritus of the golden dragons!

Ao Hong continued chuckling. Though he was only forty-four levels of sequence and not yet a supreme, his son caught up from behind and exceeded sequence to be the Golden Dragon King. This was an

immense source of pride for him. The dragon territory in the World of Soul Dominion looked to Ao Hong as their ruler.

“Your Majesty Emeritus, what is your purpose in bringing me here? Surely not to just tell me you’re the Golden Dragon King’s father,” Lu Yun cut straight to the chase.

“Draconic disunity and the struggle between the golden dragons and azure dragons for legitimacy is just an act,” Ao Hong nodded. “The vast dragon race oversees half of the chief worlds and commands endless clans and factions beneath its banner. Would we fight to the death for mere legitimacy?”

“What you’ve seen or the conclusions you’ve drawn are just hearsay. Have you ever seen golden dragons and azure dragons meet each other on the battlefield?” Ao Hong grinned. “Where there are golden dragons, there are no azure dragons. In the same vein, golden dragons are never seen where the azure dragons are.”

Lu Yun nodded and sniffed, “What does that have to do with me?”

“It has a lot to do with you!” Ao Hong declared. “Internal conflict is an act put on for outsiders, guiding them to perceive that the dragons are destined to decline because of our civil war. They do not think of us as threats given this!”

“All of it starts with the disappearance of the azure dragon ancestral god and the death of the first patriarch—Leize! Losing those two heavyweights means that we cannot keep the world of sea dao sequence! A man’s wealth is his own ruin when it causes another’s greed!” He fixed his eyes on the young man.

Lu Yun’s heart pounded and he thought of a possibility. “What about the nine clawed golden dragon? He’s on par with the ancestral dragon!”

“There. is. no! nine! clawed! golden! dragon!” Ao Hong enunciated carefully. “The jaws of devastation seek to close around the dragons and we sway in the midst of a raging storm. If it wasn’t for the legend of the nine clawed golden dragon intimidating outsiders, we would’ve been exterminated a long time ago!”

Lu Yun’s heart spasmed painfully. He’d always felt that it would be strange if the azure and golden dragons truly fought to the death in their struggle. Only now did he realize what was truly taking place.

“The core of dragon strength is here, on the World of Soul Dominion. This world is where all of our greatest geniuses train. Supremes and those above supreme cannot take action here, so our geniuses stand the greatest chance for survival and further growth,” Ao Hong’s tone relaxed.

“What are you telling me this—forget it, I see.” Lu Yun smacked his head.

“You are indeed the reason behind six hundred years of war between the golden dragons and other factions, and it is no falsehood that the Golden Dragon King is enraged beyond belief. He does wish to obtain that secret art to enhance our foundations.” Ao Hong spread out his hands and looked into Lu Yun’s eyes. “Do you have nothing to say to me?”

“What am I supposed to say?” Lu Yun blinked.

Ao Hong's expression darkened. "Leize and the azure dragon ancestral god. I know they're in the Land of Reincarnation!"

"What?? How is that possible??" Lu Yun answered blankly. "I'll look into this when I return!"

"You still don't trust me?!" Ao Hong demanded with irritation. He'd told this kid his race's greatest secret, one that would affect their survival, but the kid continued to play dumb!

"Of course I trust the senior!" Lu Yun responded righteously. "Don't worry, this junior will not breathe a word of the grave secrets that I have been told. They have to do with the survival of the dragon race!"

Ao Hong stared fixedly at Lu Yun. As the moment stretched on, the latter continued to be coolly composed.

"Forget it, I didn't think I'd actually learn anything from you. Zhu Lingyan, you are here with the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme's tacit approval. I thought you'd bring the Moran girls, but you came with Nightmare of the Ghost Sect instead." Ao Hong waved the conversation off and changed how he addressed Lu Yun. That actually made the young man put just a little stock in the dragon's words.

All of this had something to do with the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme.

But the supreme knew where Leize was since he was Leize's disciple. He plainly hadn't told the dragons to keep certain cards up his sleeves.

"The situation is complicated in the chief worlds and your fourth realm. Many powerhouses are pressuring the Land of Reincarnation to allow formula dao to secede from immortal dao and meld into the chief worlds," Ao Hong mentioned.

"What?!" Lu Yun shot to his feet. It was no secret that many from the chief worlds desired formula dao—they had their disciples learn immortal dao so they could then learn formula dao.

Formula dao was part of immortal dao, so one had to learn immortal dao first to learn formula dao. Lu Yun hadn't thought that the chief worlds would be so domineering to want to strip formula dao out of its great dao!

No wonder the supreme suddenly sent him to this world. While Qing Yu was the Dao Sovereign of immortal dao and the creator of formula dao, formula dao's core essence was with Lu Yun.

The Tome of Life and Death!

Lu Yun had derived the most basic formula dao from the treasure, so that made him the key to separating formula dao from immortal dao.

Chapter 1877: Danger Facing Two Factions

Ao Hong looked at Lu Yun, pressing his hands down to indicate for calm.

The young man sank back into his seat, his face dark. He was safe in the World of Soul Dominion, but Qing Yu and the little fox were open and vulnerable in the fourth realm. The world of immortal dao sequence probably wouldn't be able to withstand the true powerhouses of the chief worlds.

Leize, Fuxi, Pangu, Hongjun, and the others were still recovering from their grave wounds. If the outsiders wanted to move against them, they would find a way.

“Hang on!” Lu Yun suddenly thought of someone—Qiu Feishan. She was from the Autumnus Realm and had defeated Lu Qing with one blow when he blockaded Astronomia Mountain. Mysterious beyond compare, the faction’s will was represented by Qiu Feishan’s appearance.

According to the azure dragon ancestral god, the Autumnus Realm had entered the fourth realm to search out a terrifying existence that’d infiltrated the land. That existence had come to kill the four ancestral gods.

The azure dragon ancestral god?!

Autumnus Realm!

Lu Yun slowly drew a connection between the two and subconsciously glanced at Ao Hong.

“Have you thought of something?” An unreadable smile appeared on the dragon’s face.

“What does the Autumnus Realm have to do with the dragons?” Lu Yun frowned. “The azure dragon ancestral god and Leize are missing, which means that the dragons have lost their protection. There will certainly be those in the chief worlds who wish to take advantage of this opening. An out-of-sight nine clawed golden dragon will not deter those powerhouses.

“But no one has ever marched on the dragons. That’s all due to the Autumnus Realm, isn’t it?”

The strongest of the chief worlds hailed from that faction. While that person hadn’t engaged in that many battles or even sparred with Yun Yi, their status as the strongest in the realm was never in doubt.

“Correct,” Ao Hong nodded. “The Autumnus Realm found themselves in a precarious position when they first came into being. Our ancestral god and the other three venerable ones jointly protected them, so Autumnus Realm will naturally safeguard us in kind when the dragons are beset by danger.

“The existence of the nine clawed golden dragon is a lie that they make whole for us.”

As proud as they were, the dragons would never agree to the Autumnus Realm openly sheltering the race. The faction was also well aware of their nature and never offered to do such a thing.

“The ancestral god, patriarch, as well as our powerhouse torch dragon, has taken up residence in the Land of Reincarnation. If you are connected to them, the Autumnus Realm will protect you and your loved ones too,” Ao Hong smiled.

Zhu Lingyan was the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme’s disciple? While others might be in the dark about the relationship between the grand supreme and Leize, the same would never hold true for the dragons.

When the dragons faced their crisis, it was the Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Grand Supremes who surreptitiously extended a hand and killed another grand supreme seeking to ambush the race. Ao Hong was the father of the Golden Dragon King and the leader of the dragons on the World of Soul Dominion; he knew all of the race’s core secrets.

Though he appeared to be simply a forty-fourth level sequence cultivator, he was far more than that given who his son was. And despite his cultivation level, he could call upon stunning power in times of crucial need.

“Go ask the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme about whatever you wish to know,” Lu Yun nodded. “The supreme will tell you if he thinks there is a need for you to know.

“But what I want to say is that while I can trust you, I cannot trust your son! The air of violence around him is too strong. If he accumulates sufficient strength, he really will start a civil war and exterminate the azure dragons to make himself the legitimate line!” the young man enunciated carefully.

Ao Hong blinked, then inclined his head. His son truly was enraged by Lu Yun’s actions—a sign that not everything he did was an act.

“Are the Morans and dragons allies?” Lu Yun further asked.

“Yes,” Ao Hong nodded. “When the two factions are strong, the worlds of sequence are the basis for our strength. But if our pillars perish, then our worlds of sequence become our death warrant. The Moran Clan is sympathetic to our plight since they are in similar straits and thus secretly allied with us.

“Moran Wu slaying Ao Qin provides the cover of a fake death for Ao Qin. He was thus free to search for the azure dragon ancestral god in the Land of Reincarnation. This was something that our two sides arranged for ahead of time. Unfortunately, numerous unexpected developments happened along the way that adversely implicated Moran Wu.”

“Moran Wu?” Lu Yun started. “The Spacetime King?”

“Moran Wu does indeed grasp the dao of space and time and cultivate its path. He did not access dark dao sequence,” Ao Hong nodded.

Very few people knew the Spacetime King’s true name. Ao Hong spoke of it to gain Lu Yun’s trust. The dragons had been searching for their ancestral god all this time and more importantly, no one had told them the truth of Leize being alive again.

The Morans were just like the dragons now. All of their powerhouses that could hold down the fort were either missing or dead. If the two factions didn’t form an alliance, even protection from the Autumnus Realm would be stretched too far to retain their worlds of sequence.

As lofty and mighty they appeared on the surface, they teetered on the edge of disaster. It was true that a world of sequence could nurture powerhouses and that their younger generations were far stronger than those of the other factions, but it hadn’t been long since they’d come into possession of their worlds.

The strongest heavyweight on the dragons’ side was the Azure Dragon King Ao Chong—the youngest grand supreme among the chief worlds. There were numerous geniuses for the Morans, such as Qing Buyi’s challenger Moran Xuhua. He was the youngest supreme among the chief worlds.

However, that was not enough. Supremes were a certain level of heavyweight, but those such as Yun Yi and the azure dragon ancestral god were beyond supreme. Only that level of powerhouse could champion a faction and protect its world of sequence.

“Alright, enough of that for now.” Ao Hong shook his head to clear it. He’d said so much to Lu Yun because he wanted to glean some information on where the two dragon powerhouses were, but the young man proved to be a difficult nut to crack. Given his prolonged lack of success, Ao Hong was no longer interested in their conversation.

“There’s a valuable treasure emerging in this world. Chu Xingran has already gone with some draconic heavyweights to seize it. Will you be joining them?” the dragon looked at Lu Yun.

“No,” the young man shook his head. “I’m only twenty-eight levels and not yet a senior cultivator. I’d be going to my death and the Ghost Sect won’t be giving up that easily. If I go, that’ll put myself in their sights.”

“Are you that afraid of death?” Ao Hong was rather surprised. In his understanding, a youngster like Lu Yun should be very interested in a matter like this. A valuable treasure emerging in the World of Soul Dominion was no trifling matter; all of the factions in the world would pay close attention to it.

“Yep,” Lu Yun nodded, “There are many treasures in the world, but just one life.”

Ao Hong quirked his lips. “Alright then, stay and cultivate in the city. The rules here will send you out after a year, but you can also refuse to leave and continue to remain.”

Lu Yun nodded silently.