

Necropolis 1881

Chapter 1881: Strategist

“Are there supremes from the outside world in the World of Soul Dominion?” Lu Yun gasped, then immediately realized his question was extraneous. The nine clawed golden dragon that’d destroyed Dragon City was an existence beyond sequence, and he wasn’t a local of this world.

As for the connection between the Firmament Prison and World of Soul Dominion, likely even the king soldier couldn’t articulate it clearly.

Ao Hong and Nightmare didn’t dare offer their thoughts. They could both sense how terrifyingly strong the king soldier was, but he spoke very politely to Lu Yun.

“What kind of treasure’s appeared here?” Lu Yun changed tack. “What is Chu Xingran looking for?”

He was beginning to sense that while this was the Firmament Prison, it was different from the one he’d visited before. There were some minute differences that he couldn’t identify.

The king soldier shook his head, at a loss.

“Hah! We meet again, my strategist!” A delighted voice rang in their surroundings. It was the young man in white who’d wanted Lu Yun to be his strategist before. White light streaked in front of them before he appeared, looking at Lu Yun with joy.

Lu Yun rubbed his nose; he hadn’t thought that he’d run into the guy again so quickly. He was pretty certain that the young man wasn’t a Firmament Prison local, but from the World of Soul Dominion!

He was a powerhouse from this world, a human instead of a beast.

“My name is Tailong,” the young man introduced.

“Tailong? Long as in dragon? You’re a dragon?” Lu Yun blinked.

“Your name is Lu Yun, Yun as in cloud. Does that make you a cloud?” Tailong scowled when he heard the response.

Lu Yun wordlessly rubbed his nose again.

“How about it, strategist?” Tailong looked into Lu Yun’s eyes.

“Sure,” Lu Yun nodded. ““But I don’t want to be kept here.”

“That’s no matter.” Tailong’s expression eased and he chuckled, “But we are confined no matter where we are. The chief worlds? Land of Reincarnation? Heh.

“Since you’re my strategist now, you can command my army of ten billion.” He handed a medallion to Lu Yun, who realized with great shock what this army was.

The ten billion headless supremes!

Only supremes were adults in the eyes of the chief worlds, so the armies of the various factions were comprised of supremes. That went for the dragons, Morans, Yun Yi's Cloudmist Realm, and Autumnus Realm. All of these titans commanded armies of supremes.

The medallion was pure black and the size of a palm. Ancient and simple patterns crawled over it, indecipherable to Lu Yun's eyes. The only hint that he could glean from them was that they contained a terrifying authority.

"Do you need me to do anything or have any tasks for me?" After accepting the token, he could immediately sense that the ten billion supremes were available at his beck and call. However, there was no such thing as a free lunch. The young man had to expect some sort of quid pro quo.

"You're weaker than an ant right now, so what can I expect from you?" Tailong shook his head. "The ten billion supremes are to be your bodyguard. Stay alive, don't die, and you can help me once you exceed supreme and reach my level.

"There's nothing impressive about ten billion supremes—both the dragons and Morans, as well as some obscure great factions, can deploy such a force. Hence, I won't question anything you do with them.

"Of course, I also won't tell you anything else about me other than my name," Tailong paused.

"Therefore, I give you one chance to change your mind. Give me back the medallion and continue as you were. We can forget about your promise from before, no hard feelings."

During their first meeting, Lu Yun said that he would be Tailong's strategist the next time they met.

"I, Lu Yun, am a man of my word," Lu Yun grinned. "But I can return the medallion to you if you don't want me to be your strategist."

"Hahahaha!" Tailong threw his head back in laughter. "How would I not want you? The formula dao you created is the aggregation of wisdom across the chief worlds. Grasping it means to access the intelligence of all. Who else is more qualified to be my strategist than you?"

The symbol of wisdom!

Nightmare and Ao Hong's eyelids twitched when they heard these words. They'd both been unknowingly tricked by the young man at some point in time and become his subordinates.

What Lu Yun displayed now had nothing to do with wisdom. At least, he'd had no choice but to walk into Yun Yi's trap when face-to-face with it. That was why Tailong said there was nothing that Lu Yun could do for him in his current state.

The summation of wisdom was formula dao, not Lu Yun. Formula dao came from the Tome of Life and Death.

Lu Yun nodded; he just needed a big thigh to hug. Any talk of dignity or face was completely useless in the advent of death. If one wished to survive the harsh law of the jungle, one had to become a hunter, if not a beast.

He didn't have the right to be either at the moment since he was too weak. Weaklings needed to hug a thigh and find a patron! Everything else could wait until he was stronger. It was time to accumulate great reserves of grain and forage for the campaigns ahead.

“That’s settled then. Since you are now my strategist, there is no one who dares harm you within my line of sight. Wouldn’t you say so, Nine Claw?” Tailong raised an eyebrow at a faint smear of gold in the sky.

Neither the king soldier, Nightmare, nor Ao Hong had noticed its presence.

The nine clawed golden dragon.

“I’m not interested in the kid, I just want the dragons and Morans.” He revealed his true form—a snarling golden dragon. Wariness flashed through his eyes when he considered Tailong beneath him.

“I don’t care about the dragons or Morans, but I’ll dismantle your temple and scatter you to the four winds if you dare harm my strategist,” Tailong leered at him.

“You trust this kid that much?” Nine Claw’s expression changed. He did indeed have designs on Lu Yun as well since the young man unwittingly bore the Master of Darkness. Obtaining that would grant the divine spirit power over the Moran Clan.

“Of course I trust the strategist that I selected, just as he trusts me. How would a two-faced hypocrite like you understand us?” Tailong’s leer deepened and he roared, “You’re starting to get on my last nerve, piss off!”

Nine Claw’s grimaced and he glared viciously at Lu Yun before leaving.

Chapter 1882: Sea of Creation

Tailong was too domineering. Nine Claw was only here in replica form, but the young man could certainly inflict grave injuries on the divine spirit’s primary body through his replica.

After all, Tailong had fended off Yun Yi and the realm monster by himself.

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“Did Yun Yi take the realm monster with him?” Lu Yun looked around carefully, finally understanding what was different about this Firmament Prison. There was no presence of a realm monster permeating the surroundings.

“No,” Tailong shook his head. “It’s just the layout of a yin yang tomb.”

Ah, I see.

There was an enormous tomb of nobility in the ruins of the Firmament Prison, which was in itself a layout of a yin yang tomb. If Lu Yun’s guess was correct, they were currently in the yang tomb. That tomb’s entrance was in the World of Soul Dominion.

This was a very sophisticated layout as the tomb of nobility wasn’t meant to put someone to rest. Rather, it was purely meant to create this unique layout of a yin yang tomb and connect the Firmament Prison with the World of Soul Dominion.

Regardless, ordinary supremes weren’t able to use this entrance.

“What kind of place is the World of Soul Dominion?” Lu Yun found everything incredibly hard to believe. An immense lord had been buried here just to be a doorway? That was ludicrous!

The Firmament Prison was an extraordinarily dangerous place for sequence cultivators and supremes. But for high supremes and grand supremes, as well as existences like Yun Yi, it was just a passageway that was a bit difficult to walk through.

“What do you think?” Tailong smiled faintly.

“Is this place...” Inspiration struck as Lu Yun thought of a certain possibility.

“Shh, mum’s the word,” Tailong giggled. “Alright, there’s not much that can threaten you here now that Nine Claw is gone. Little Chu Xingran is in the Sea of Creation. I have no idea what Yun Yi is thinking—he gave everything here to the little fellow!”

Tailong shook his head with incomprehension. “I’m going.” He left with a turn.

“The Sea of Creation!” Ao Hong gasped. “Isn’t that where the ancestral god was born?”

“The Sea of Creation is here?” Nightmare’s jaw dropped.

“These are the ruins of the Firmament Prison, of course the Sea of Creation is here,” Lu Yun said calmly. “There’s probably a lot of people who’ve gotten word of it.”

“But... I just made a trip back to the clan. No one knows about it!” Nightmare remained skeptical.

“The two great ghost factions, and the Corpse Refiners, have always been ostracized by the chief worlds. It’s normal that you haven’t heard of something.” Ao Hong flicked a glance at Nightmare.

“Pfft, like you dragons are any different,” Nightmare curled her lip.

“Chu Xingran is already there with a band of draconic elites.” Ao Hong grinned widely.

Nightmare’s expression darkened. Although her name was in the Tome of Life and Death and she was one of Lu Yun’s subordinates now, she hadn’t lost her sense of self. She could return to the Ghost Sect at any time and was still one of its powerhouses.

The same went for Ao Hong.

“That’s enough bickering.” Lu Yun frowned. “We go as well.”

The king soldier remained quiet the entire time and stuck himself to Lu Yun’s side. The young man was his only hope of becoming a real living being.

“The Sea of Creation isn’t in the Firmament Prison, but the land of trial in the World of Soul Dominion,” the king soldier suddenly said. “The Firmament Prison is a nexus point that connects the various secret territories of the world, including the land of trial that was long destroyed.”

The king soldier looked at Lu Yun. He knew that the young man had guessed what the World of Soul Dominion was.

“Lead the way!” Lu Yun nodded.

“Follow me.” The king soldier set out ahead of them.

Lu Yun’s guess was correct—the appearance of the Sea of Creation elicited significant attention. But with the major factions curtailing word of it from spreading, not that many came for the treasure.

Creation meant a supreme-level sequence, one that complemented the six orders of the highest degree. The Sea of Creation was where the order of creation congregated, making it a formidable treasure of creation. Obtaining it meant that one could become an existence like the azure dragon ancestral god.

How mighty was the ancestral god?

Even the primordial heavenly court had no choice but curry favor with him.

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“Where is the core essence of the Firmament Prison?” Lu Yun asked just as the group was about to leave the prison and enter a secret zone.

“Yun Yi took it,” replied the king soldier.

Lu Yun frowned slightly. If he gained the prison’s core essence, he would be able to combine Ruina and the Firmament Prison into hell. That would grant him insight into the dao of reincarnation and unlock the secrets of the Tome of Life and Death.

Thus, he ardently desired to collect this core essence.

But if Yun Yi held it, that made matters difficult.

“I recommend you to set that aside for now,” Nightmare suddenly said. “You have already aroused attention from the Dark Hell and Ghost Sect after combining the six hells. If you combine the major three, all of the old monsters in the chief worlds will come for you and you won’t even know how you die.”

Lu Yun shuddered from the horrific possibilities. He was indeed starting to reach beyond his grasp. He was so weak that he wouldn’t be able to combine the three hells even after becoming a supreme. Only an existence on par with Yun Yi, or even stronger, had the qualification to peer into reincarnation and dictate life and death.

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Brilliant radiance entered Lu Yun’s line of sight as the presence of the living and a dense stench of blood wafted into their senses. Bloodcurdling screams shook the air.

An enormous battlefield came into view, one in which countless beings struggled on. He saw a senior cultivator at more than thirty levels of sequence be ripped apart like paper, then mashed into a pulp.

He even saw some supremes being ripped apart.

“What are you doing here?!” Chu Xingran arrived by his side the second Lu Yun appeared and dragged him into a strange pocket of the void. Far from roomy, it was crammed full of draconic geniuses. They bore traces of fighting and blood—plainly, they’d experienced round after round on the battlefield below.

Ao Hong and Nightmare remained out of sight—they'd borrowed the power of the Tome of Life and Death to enter hell. The king soldier was also gone. The rules of the Firmament Prison restricted him from going elsewhere and they were no longer in the prison.

"Here for you, duh," Lu Yun glared. "You left without a word. Was it fun getting rid of me like that?"

Chu Xingran smiled sheepishly. "Those are the rules of this world, there was nothing I could do. Are the two Moran girls alright?" He knew much of what was going on, but hadn't had time to tell Lu Yun.

"They're fine, I got a supreme to protect them. What's going on here? Where's the Sea of Creation?"

If they could collect the sea, that would heal all of the injuries on the ancestral god and Leize's family.

Chapter 1883: Crown Prince? Crown Princess?

"Someone's already claimed the Sea of Creation and the situation outside is purely to fight over it," Chu Xingran said. "This part of the void has been sealed off so that only entrance is permitted, no egress. No one is allowed to leave before the Sea of Creation manifests."

Light glinted in his eyes—he owed a great deal to the azure dragon ancestral god. If it wasn't for the ancestral god's help, he wouldn't have come to the dragons and received their protection. Nothing that happened after would've taken place either, so it was imperative that he obtain the sea for the ancestral god.

However, there were several hundred million beings fighting in this part of the world. Who knew where the Sea of Creation lay?

Therefore, the only thing that could be done was to kill!

Kill everything in sight and force the sea to appear!

Everyone was mad, including the supremes and high supremes that barged into the place. The dragons were too weak in comparison and lacked the right to fight over the sea. If it wasn't for Yun Yi throwing a few treasures at Chu Xingran before he left, the dragons would've been completely annihilated long ago.

Since Lu Yun and Chu Xingran had dealings with each other, Chu Xingran quickly discovered Lu Yun's presence when the young man arrived and led him to safety.

"Is the Sea of Creation really here?" Lu Yun narrowed his eyes. The void was so filled with the presence of slaughter that he couldn't determine anything.

"Yes," Chu Xingran nodded. "And it's not with those high supremes."

Such pandemonium wouldn't grip the scene if the treasure was with the high supremes. A battle between hundreds of millions caused many to lose their minds and be engulfed by the desire to kill. Only when the treasure was held by a minor character that the high supremes couldn't locate would something like this happen.

Seeking to avoid forming too many karmic ties, the high supremes had no choice but to seal off the area and allow the cultivators to attack each other until the Sea of Creation was forced to materialize.

This minor world was one of the treasures that Yun Yi had given Chu Xingran—only something like that could hoodwink a high supreme. Meanwhile, Chu Xingran had no idea why Yun Yi’s attitude toward him had undergone such a fundamental change.

In the past, he’d been treated as Yun Yi’s furnace and sacrificial good. And now? The powerhouse was so kindly toward Chu Xingran that it was a little ridiculous. It made him shake with apprehension.

Chu Xingran was keenly aware that all of his efforts in the past had been for naught. He’d been firmly under Yun Yi’s thumb all the time.

“Things are easy if the treasure’s not with a high supreme. We just need to find that person and bring them here,” Lu Yun lit up.

“We’re in Yun Yi’s treasure right now,” Chu Xingran grumbled. “If Yun Yi also covets the Sea of Creation, it would be playing right into his hands if we bring them here.”

“Do you still not understand Yun Yi’s intentions?” Lu Yun looked at Chu Xingran with exasperation.

“What do you mean?” The man blinked.

“Yun Yi lacks descendants and disciples—he thinks of you as his heir,” Lu Yun responded matter-of-factly. “He is the crown prince of the primordial heavenly court. While the heavenly court is no more, their inheritance remains.”

“Didn’t you say that these legacies are all obsolete notions eliminated by the times?” Chu Xingran frowned.

“But Yun Yi is still alive.” Lu Yun raised a finger. “The heritage of his court continues in whatever era he lives in and advances with him!

“Perhaps the inheritance of the primordial heavenly court is indeed behind the times, but his legacy is vibrant and full of life. He thinks of you as his heir.” Lu Yun suddenly cackled at Chu Xingran. “Perhaps he...”

“Shut up!” Chu Xingran was about to suffer a spontaneous cultivation deviation. “I’ll never let you hear the end of it if you dare speak of it!”

This asshole was going to make a mockery of his gender again. Why the fuck did so many people doubt that he was male?!

“Boring,” Lu Yun curled his lip. “Yun Yi is a woman.”

“Huh?” Chu Xingran’s jaw dropped, as did those of the dragon geniuses around them eavesdropping on the conversation

“Hmph!” A small snort echoed in the air, prompting Chu Xingran to shrink in on himself.

Lu Yun’s lip curl deepened.

Yun Yi had never clarified to anyone what gender she was. Her cultivation level was so high and her strength so strong that no one ever carefully assessed her. In a patriarchal world, everyone naturally assumed she was male.

“Isn’t, isn’t she the crown prince?” Chu Xingran stammered. That cold snort had plainly been from a Yun Yi immensely displeased with Lu Yun revealing her gender.

Lu Yun had teased her an incredible amount during his previous trip to the Firmament Prison, but only his usage of “cuckold” had raised her ire and created an opening. In reality, Yun Yi had purposefully revealed that weakness so the rest of her plan could play out. She’d soundlessly followed Lu Yun back to hell to meet Mo Yi and the Dao King.

What fucking opening!

Could an ant sway the mind of a dragon?

“If there is one more person left from the primordial heavenly court, she would be the princess. Since she is the only one left, she is the crown prince bearing the burden of revitalizing her dynasty,” Lu Yun explained. “Now then, you can be at ease and either become her disciple or dao partner.”

Chu Xingran:

The dragon geniuses smiled ruefully at each other. Lu Yun and Chu Xingran hadn’t kept the conversation a secret from them, but there was nothing they could add to it. All of them were injured and would, in fact, be dead if Chu Xingran hadn’t brought out this treasure to protect them.

All of them knew the truth of their faction and how they were the last of the draconic bloodline. The only thing they could do was to remain here. Once they died, they would no longer be the dragon race they once were.

None of the geniuses here were fools. At least, they wouldn’t erupt in hostility against Chu Xingran at this critical moment. Dragons like those had died to the nine clawed golden dragon a long time ago.

“Let’s put our heads together and figure out how to find that person,” Chu Xingran chuckled wryly. He swept a glance at the geniuses around him. These may not be the strongest of their race, but they could absolutely shoulder the mission of restoring their faction.

The golden dragons were done. The azure dragons could hang on for a while longer because of the Azure Dragon King, but they couldn’t endure for long either. The nine clawed golden dragon had already moved against Dragon City, which made the azure dragons next in line.

Although Lu Yun had already sent a message to the Azure Dragon King, it was unlikely the dragon would believe him.

“No need, I’ve found him,” Lu Yun shook his head. “Let’s go get him and leave straight away.”

Chapter 1884: No Waste

“Let’s do it,” Chu Xingran nodded.

Since Lu Yun had spoken of it, that meant he was fully confident in completing the task. Chu Xingran had absolute faith in Lu Yun’s ability. After all, he and the dragons were alive only through the grace of the treasures that Yun Yi had left behind.

“Then wait here.” Lu Yun nodded and sauntered out of the cocoon of safety.

Violence of epic proportion raged without end and grew increasingly pronounced. Someone came for him before he could fully assess the situation and brought a blade down on his head.

Eyes widening, he hastily darted to the side.

When a few more figures broke through the air to surround him, Lu Yun noticed that all of their eyes were scarlet—they seemed to be affected by certain emotions and had lost their sense of self. They knew nothing but to kill others.

“That’s not it!” Lu Yun understood the problem and vanished in the void after dodging a few more attacks. Safely out of sight, he made his way toward where he’d sensed the Sea of Creation.

“A tremendous power of the emotions has taken over everyone here…” It wasn’t the first time that he’d seen this happen. Some treasures had once appeared in another location and elicited people’s greed, immersing them in endless slaughter. The situation this time was the same and slightly different.

There was a horrific power at play that turned one into a mindless killing machine even in the absence of treasure or anything to fight about. In other words, there was no Sea of Creation. Someone had released a power that made those caught here believe the treasure was here, and that it’d already ended up in someone’s hands.

Therefore, a heaven-shaking melee of uncontrollable intensity began.

Chu Xingran and the others were safe because Yun Yi’s treasure isolated them from the power. There were also no high supremes present. That strange power made everyone believe there were personages stronger than supreme on the scene.

Lu Yun’s previous judgments and deductions were also affected by the power, making him erroneously believe that he’d determined where the Sea of Creation was.

In reality, there was nothing here.

Thanks to the Tome of Life and Death, he was able to shake off the power relatively quickly. Remaining still on the spot, another power of emotion oscillated from his body. It couldn’t affect the emotions of others, but it could perfectly envelop him with protection. That made him invisible to those under the power’s sway.

“Come out,” Lu Yun called out. “I know you’re here, Yun Yi.”

“I’m not behind it.” Yun Yi walked out of the shadows. She shook her head gently when she reached Lu Yun. “I have no need to do something like this.”

Yun Yi was indeed a woman, a very dangerous woman. If Mo Yi hadn’t permitted the Dao King to go with Yun Yi for a certain task, Lu Yun, Chu Xingran, and Xie Tianxun wouldn’t have been freed from her machinations.

Lu Yun looked straight at Yun Yi, discovering that there was a similar power around her. If one believed Yun Yi was a man, then they saw a man. But if they knew Yun Yi was a woman, they saw Yun Yi’s true form.

Everyone believed the stories that painted her as a man. Additionally, she was so strong that many weaker beings couldn't see her at all, so they firmly believed that Yun Yi was a man.

But on the contrary, she was a woman. A very perfect woman.

At least, she was a kind of flawless woman that Lu Yun had never seen before. Whether it was his Yama Kings, the little fox, or Qing Yu—all seemed crude and were outshone in front of Yun Yi. Beauty affected its surroundings when it reached perfection. It changed the rules and was around it, which then filtered through to order. Alteration in order was then fed back to the source of the beauty.

The little fox and Qing Yu would be well matched to Yun Yi if she was an ordinary being. But she was so strong that heaven and earth quite naturally became her adornments, making her the epitome of perfection in this part of existence.

To Lu Yun, there was a poppy blossom in front of him. As beautiful as it was, partaking it would plunge him into an unending abyss.

Yun Yi was expressionless. She'd revealed herself to explain things because of Mo Yi and the Dao King. Only those two could help her, and Lu Yun was very important to Mo Yi. A single word from the young man had induced Mo Yi to persuade the Dao King to help her.

"It's not me," she repeated. "I have no use for the Sea of creation. I'm here for Chu Xingran."

"As a disciple? Or dao partner?" Lu Yun asked.

"Neither," Yun Yi shook her head. "I just want to give him some of the ancient heritages. I don't want him for a disciple. Before you appeared, I prepared Chu Xingran as a sacrificial good so he would bring the heavenly court's inheritance to the realm monster. I poured forth too much time and effort on him."

Ah, I see what she's thinking.

Yun Yi had found a better way to accomplish some of her goals and there was no need for Chu Xingran as a sacrificial good anymore. But since she'd invested so much in him already, she shifted her mindset to fully raising him instead so he could continue growing.

Her efforts on the man would not be wasted that way. As for whether or not she wanted to take him as a disciple... she just didn't want to create waste.

I wonder how Chu Xingran will think if he finds out what Yun Yi's motives are. But no matter what he thought, Yun Yi wouldn't care.

It was just as Lu Yun had said, the primordial heavenly court had fallen when it wasn't able to adapt to the changing times. But its legacy remained in Yun Yi's hands and continued to progress without pause.

"I see now," Lu Yun nodded. "Can you help me find the Sea of Evolution?"

"No," Yun Yi shook her head.

Lu Yun suppressed an eye roll. "Then send me out of here and I'll look for it myself!"

Yun Yi nodded, piercing through the void with a gentle wave.

“Don’t disturb Chu Xingran again before you obtain the treasure,” she said. “Although I didn’t create this place, it’s very beneficial for him.”

Her replica was here only to oversee Chu Xingran’s development. She didn’t want to get involved in other matters.

Lu Yun waved her off and stepped out of the void. When he looked back, he found a towering mountain rising behind him. The world filled with violence was gone.

“Eh? Who’re you? How did someone get out of that place?” a surprised voice traveled into his ears.

Chapter 1885: No Right to Choose

“Escaping that weird place at twenty-eight levels of sequence and being bold enough to throw yourself into the mess here... You must have an impressive background, huh?” A purple figure flashed in front of Lu Yun’s eyes as a young man appeared. Dressed in long purple robes, he wore a tiny golden crown in his hair and an aureate belt around his waist.

However, Lu Yun could tell that it was no belt of typical jade—it was a soft spear wrapped around the young man.

“Zhu Lingyan, disciple of the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme, greets the dao brother.” Lu Yun raised cupped fists at the young man.

“A disciple of a grand supreme!” The young man started and hastily returned the gesture. “Swing of the Autumnus Realm.”

“S...wing?” Lu Yun blinked.

The young man grinned awkwardly. “My dad says that my mom gave birth to me when she was swinging, so he called me Swing.”

Lu Yun rubbed his nose, but was far more surprised that the young man was from the Autumnus Realm! The greatest among the chief worlds was from this faction!

While Swing appeared to be a young man, the power around him was so dense that Lu Yun couldn’t tell how many levels of sequence he’d accessed. The chief worlds at large knew very little about the Autumnus Realm. All Myriad Spirit had said about them was not to get on their bad side.

Who would’ve thought that he’d randomly run into one of their members here?

“Is dao brother also here for the Sea of Creation?” Lu Yun cut straight to the chase.

“The sea is where the azure dragon ancestral god was born, and legend has it that Patriarch Leize was born there as well. They are both apex powerhouses of existence, so who doesn’t want it?” However, Swing shook his head. “This is something that we can only watch the show for. We can’t touch it.”

He raised another cupped fist salute before quickly departing. He was mostly interested in why a twenty-eighth level sequence kid had made it out unscathed from the void filled with rampaging emotion. Befriend Lu Yun? Was there a need for anyone from the Autumnus Realm to make friends?

Lu Yun shook his head and went in another direction. Based on his exchange with Swing, the Sea of Creation was definitely here and already being contested. Unfortunately, he was too weak to do anything. He could only see the massive mountain behind him upon arriving here, as well as the endless plains in front. There was nothing else he could glimpse apart from those.

Swing was right, they weren't qualified to fight for the treasure.

"So what did the Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme send me here for? For the dragons? Or the two girls?" Lu Yun shook his head with bafflement and climbed a random tree, taking stock of the situation around him.

There were plenty of people in this unknown world already. Their expectant gazes were focused on the enormous plains at the foot of the mountain.

"Just focus on cultivating, don't worry about anything else." Firstspirit's voice suddenly traveled into Lu Yun's mind.

"What are you doing here?" he quickly asked.

"Because master wants the Sea of Creation, of course." Since she hadn't shown herself, Lu Yun couldn't be certain where she was. "The appearance of the treasure gives rise to all sorts of fluctuations in order. That effect on the surroundings will be exceedingly beneficial to you. You are twenty-eight levels now—the ripples from the treasure's emergence will help you become a senior cultivator!

"From there, you truly set foot onto the path of sequence."

"What was with that world earlier?" Lu Yun frowned. There didn't seem to be a need for the world of uncontrollable emotion. Was it simply to fend off the sequence cultivators that didn't have impressive backing?

Firstspirit paused—Lu Yun could tell that she didn't want to answer the question. Or couldn't?

Plainly, there was a specific purpose for that world. He decided to drop the matter since he'd likely still be trapped there if not for Yun Yi. He didn't have the right to be here either, much less know the truth behind that world of emotion.

There were only two reasons for Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit bringing him here. The first because they wanted to protect him and formula dao, and the second for the ripples that occurred when the Sea of Creation appeared.

Everything else was par for the course.

Chu Xingran was also qualified to train in the ripples of the emerging treasure, but Yun Yi had other plans for him.

Lu Yun calmed his mind of a myriad of thoughts and sought inner peace. All that mattered now was that everything happening had nothing to do with him. He just needed to focus wholeheartedly on cultivation and growing stronger. He needed to grow so strong that he could see the truth of this entire world and didn't need to find a thigh to hug.

His greatest benefit thus far in the World of Soul Dominion was learning the truth of this world. The weak had no right to choose and Lu Yun could only quietly bear the arrangements that Yun Yi and Tailong made for him.

He could tolerate that, but there were some things that were his bottom line.

Time passed by with each tick while he maintained a state of perfect serenity. He'd never meditated with such tranquility before, whether in the world of immortals or in recent times. As opposed to cultivation, it'd be more accurate to call this honing his heart and mind. He was strengthening his mental state so that it could encompass and tolerate more.

Immortal dao re-coalesced in his body, from the first level to twenty-eight. Instead of accessing new levels of sequence, he silently fortified what he had.

When it felt like someone pushed him, he opened his eyes.

"Is everything over?" he asked the face in front of him, the Firstspirit Grand Supreme was here.

She nodded with satisfaction at seeing that the young man was still twenty-eight levels of sequence. Firstspirit would've thought a bit less of Lu Yun if he was in a rush for achievement and bounded up several levels in a row.

Although he was still twenty-eight levels, he was more than three times stronger than before.

"It's over. Pity we couldn't beat out the rest," she nodded with immense regret.

The Sea of Creation was extraordinarily important to Leize and the azure dragon ancestral god. Sadly, the brother and sister duo hadn't been able to triumph over the competition.

Lu Yun took a look at the mountain behind him; the world of emotion was within it.

"The treasure wouldn't have appeared without the sacrifices of gore in that world," Firstspirit mentioned. "You must grow stronger. Otherwise, there may come a day in which you become a sacrifice yourself. The weak have no right to choose."

Chapter 1886: Tomb of an Empyrean Supreme

And so, curtains fell on a titanic struggle for a treasure that didn't have much to do with Lu Yun. He neither knew who ended up claiming the Sea of Creation, nor was any of this relevant to him.

Instead, he and Chu Xingran left the World of Soul Dominion.

"This is the real heavenly court," Lu Yun couldn't help remarking as he looked back at the crimson world behind them. "The primordial heavenly court was once rooted in this world..."

Chu Xingran turned for a look as well and nodded wordlessly. He was the only one left. The one hundred dragon geniuses by his side followed him no more—they were all dead.

Dead in the world of emotion.

Yun Yi cared only about Chu Xingran. In her eyes, the greatest purpose for the dead dragons was to hone the man's mentality.

She'd succeeded.

The current Chu Xingran was unrecognizable from his past self. Previously vivacious and opinionated, he was now a quiet man of few words.

The Myriad Spirit Grand Supreme took a deep look at Lu Yun and Chu Xingran before waving his hand, whisking them all away from the world.

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"I could've saved them." Chu Xingran didn't go about his business after returning to the Land of Reincarnation. He hovered directionless around Lu Yun, lost and helpless about how things had turned out.

"Don't worry," Lu Yun patted his shoulder. "They're still alive."

"Did you do something?" Chu Xingran blinked rapidly with fearful hope.

"Those should be the last hope of the dragons, so how could I let them die like that? So don't worry, I collected some soul force from them when I left you guys and sent the soul force into the sea of Hell Flowers. They'll resurrect before long and can go to the azure dragon ancestral god then."

A broad grin split Chu Xingran's face as an enormous weight crushing his chest lifted. Even he hadn't thought that Lu Yun would do such a thing.

"What of the Azure Dragon King? Or Ao Qin?" Lu Yun frowned. "If the nine clawed golden dragon crushed Dragon City in the World of Soul Dominion, then he'll definitely move against the azure dragons."

The Azure Dragon King was most likely a grand supreme, but Nine Claw was beyond that.

Chu Xingran shook his head with resignation. "We can barely protect ourselves with our current strength, we don't have anything to spare for those heavyweights. Perhaps not even the Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Grand Supremes can save the dragon king."

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Lu Yun was in a bit of trouble these days. Instead of taking Myriad Spirit's advice and going with the grand supreme to his world, he returned to the Land of Reincarnation.

Fires of war still burned throughout. After war ended between New Nihil Homeland and Nihil Homeland, the two factions regrouped for their common goal. While they weren't on the same side as each other, they both wanted to occupy the Land of Reincarnation and seize its treasures.

They had a new direction these days—force the immortals of the land to acquiesce and release formula dao from immortal dao, thereby directing it into the chief worlds.

The marvelous nature of formula dao was well known. While there wasn't anyone as heaven-defying as Qing Yu or Lu Yun in its usage, being able to access all supplemental daos through simply cultivating formula dao was enough to drive the outsiders mad.

A war never seen before swept through the Land of Reincarnation and showed signs of destroying it entirely. Only twentieth level sequence cultivators had entered the land before, but now senior cultivators could be glimpsed, and even stunning geniuses above forty levels.

There was nothing the Demonic Vine could do when faced with opponents of this caliber.

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“They court death!” Lu Yun could barely sit still given the situation. Apart from the world of immortals and a few Formula Academies, all other worlds in the fourth realm had fallen to the enemy. None could resist when the chief worlds flexed their muscles.

“Shall we go?” the little fox asked uncertainly. “We can take our people and leave this land!”

“No,” Lu Yun shook his head. “There are certain aces that I didn’t dare use before out of concern that they’d attract powerhouses we couldn’t withstand... but we don’t need to worry about that anymore.”

“The tomb of an empyrean supreme has manifested in the chief worlds. The high supremes, grand supremes, and even more lofty powerhouses have all been drawn to it!” Chu Xingran commented.

The tomb of an empyrean supreme!

Lu Yun didn’t know who the supreme was, but this was all anyone could talk about in the chief worlds these days. The tomb and the supreme’s affairs filled various editions of the spirit paper.

The version circulating in the chief worlds talked about nothing else and Myriad Spirit sent back word that this was the best chance for Lu Yun to counterattack. None of the chief world heavyweights had effort to spare for the land these days.

The appearance of the tomb meant an opportunity to become an empyrean supreme! There were none in the chief worlds at the moment.

Lu Yun tried to contact Tailong through the medallion and discovered that he’d left the chief worlds. This further cemented current circumstances as the best opportunity for the Land of Reincarnation to develop rapidly.

Both Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit had gone to the tomb.

“No wonder senior cultivators have come...” Lu Yun leered. Since the stronger supremes had left the chief worlds, there was nothing for him to worry about.

On a certain day in the thirty-one thousand and three hundredth year of the Xuanhuang calendar, the world of immortals finally struck back. It was a day in which blood didn’t stop flowing and despair was endless. At its end, all of the outsiders in New Nihil Homeland were dead!

No one knew what or how it’d happened, not even the projections of the supremes. Cultivators with Resurrection Talismans managed to come back to life a few times before they ran out of talismans and died for good.

Following that, all outsiders in the Land of Reincarnation were exterminated to the last. Again, no one knew why it took place. The only thing that was certain was that this was Lu Yun’s territory now.

Several hundred supremes projected their wills in to try to retake or rebuild their foundations in the Land of Reincarnation, but they all died the second they entered the land. Just as surprise reverberated through the chief worlds, grave injuries descended upon the primary bodies of the supremes and some outright died.

“It’s not the spacetime travelers, so who is it?! The god of Mount Tai??” What signs they could glean pointed to the mountain god, especially as no one was able to corral him. No one knew either that the god had left the Land of Reincarnation and was in the tomb of the empyrean supreme.

Chapter 1887: Counterattacking the Chief Worlds

Due to the sudden emergence of an empyrean supreme’s tomb, the nine claw golden dragon temporarily put aside attacking the dragons.

All of the powerhouses of the chief worlds, apart from an exceedingly few high supremes, congregated in that tomb. Other than the opportunity to ascend to an empyrean supreme, all sorts of treasures and valuables could be found within.

It was said that empyrean supremes were existences beyond time, that no space could confine them. The tomb of this supreme had stood firm at the end of time and collected all treasures within this era.

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Within the Land of Reincarnation, Lu Yun utilized Tailong’s medallion and deployed one hundred million headless supremes to cleanse his home of invaders. He did so so swiftly and thoroughly that the outsiders had no chance to react.

With that, the land was free to connect with Myriad Spirit major world and thus the chief worlds. It entered a period of fast paced development.

While the Myriad Spirit and Firstspirit Supremes were both absent, the former’s disciples followed their master’s orders and looked after the Land of Reincarnation. In truth, it didn’t need particular attention these days. Lu Yun had seized countless enigma stones during the spacetime tide and the land no longer lacked enigma stones or ancestral veins of heaven and earth.

Supremes no longer dared enter the land. Chu Xingran’s grand curse had taken full effect and could kill the primary body through its projection—supremes were no exceptions.

The tomb of the empyrean supreme caused the chief worlds stir to life. They also advanced at a rapid clip, and cultivators that’d once invaded the Land of Reincarnation left behind many of their legacies and dao methods. All of those were absorbed by the local orders.

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“What is an empyrean supreme?” Fuxi and Lu Yun sat across from Hongjun on the peak of Mount Buzhou. The two had remained there all this time, never departing.

The cosmos outside Earth had grown into new Major Cycle Worlds to support the entire land. As the seed of nothing, Earth was swiftly evolving as well. It was beginning to meld with the world of immortals and receiving the bulk of the world’s inheritance.

“Empyrean supremes...” Hongjun looked into the vast cosmos. “There was once an empyrean supreme that appeared in the chief worlds. He later died. This suddenly manifesting tomb is his.”

“Actually, there were signs that it was about to appear,” Fuxi smiled. “The spacetime tide arrived ahead of schedule and the long vanished Sea of Creation also reappeared. These were all signs that the tomb was about to manifest in front of the public eye.”

Though the two conversed with each other, they didn’t tell Lu Yun what level an empyrean supreme was.

“Is that kind of supreme stronger than both of you?” asked Lu Yun after musing silently.

“You are so tiny right now...” Fuxi pinched two fingers together out of resignation. “Yet you ask about something that is greater than the entire world...”

“I need to have an idea of it, okay?” Lu Yun made a moue. “I’m going to be that big one day.”

“Che and Yun Yi have gone to the tomb of the empyrean supreme,” Hongjun murmured to himself, ignoring the exchange.

Lu Yun:

“I’m sure you know of the many levels above supreme,” Fuxi sighed as he looked at Lu Yun’s expression. “Supreme, high supreme, grand supreme... the title ‘supreme’ denotes nobility and majesty.

“Much of the knowledge in the current chief worlds is wrong. Sequence cultivators already exceed a mortal soul when they set foot on the path of cultivation, access sequence, and wield rules. They are not children, but true cultivators.

“Supreme reigns over sequence, which means supremes exceed ordinary cultivators and to craft their dao palaces. That is why they are hailed supreme!

“The same holds true for high and grand supremes. They are all supreme over order and venerated by order.

“An empyrean supreme comes after that. Supremes, high, and grand supremes cultivate order. Empyrean supremes cultivate heaven and earth. Heaven and earth is the final product of order and gives rise to all things. It is a tangible kind of order, so everything is but ants to an empyrean supreme.

“There is only one person who has ever attained that level in the history of the chief worlds—the heavenly emperor who unified the chief worlds and built the primordial heavenly court. He is the one buried in the tomb of the empyrean supreme,” Fuxi relayed to Lu Yun.

“You’re all grand supremes?! I thought you were above that!” Lu Yun cried out incredulously.

“Exceed grand supreme? That is so much easier said than done.” Hongjun stroked his chin. “We are indeed grand supremes, but the past us stood at the peak of our level and looked down over life itself.

“Myriad Spirit is also a grand supreme, yet the past me could crush a million of him with a single hand.”

“...I see,” Lu Yun chuckled wryly. He wouldn’t understand this kind of level before he reached it. “Are you two not going to the tomb then?”

Not just Hongjun and Fuxi, but Leize, Huaxu, Wahuang, Pangu, God, and the azure dragon ancestral god were all staying put in the Land of Reincarnation. Meanwhile, the god of Mount Tai and corpse god had left. If Lu Yun's guess was right, they were already on their way to the empyrean supreme's tomb.

"All of us are half crippled and thus lack the right to fight for that opportunity," Fuxi shook his head.

"And what are your plans? It doesn't seem your style to quietly stay in one place."

"You got it, that's not my style," Lu Yun nodded. "I've already sent people to attack the chief worlds."

Having just taken a sip of tea, Hongjun promptly spat it back out. "Attack the chief worlds? You've got some nerve. You know, those high and grand supremes will come back one day."

There were still supremes in the chief worlds, but Lu Yun was no longer afraid of them. He had one hundred million of them at his disposal, and they were a trained army! The hell was he afraid of??

He'd refined the headless supremes with his own hellfire and used the power of hell to forge them into a unified whole. Not only did that elevate them to new heights, but the origin hell benefited as well and hell dao was strengthened more than a hundred times compared to before.

The headless supremes weren't alive—Tailong had used the spacetime tide to collect dead geniuses from various eras. In a certain regard, these one hundred million were all dead souls. Lu Yun could incorporate them into hell as his Infernum if he wanted. Tailong wouldn't mind if he did so.

These headless supremes were a greeting gift to the young man.

Meanwhile, Lu Yun decided to raise a war in the outside realm not long after its powerhouses left. The cultivators of the chief worlds had committed endless vile acts and sowed incredible retribution. These matters would not be glossed over so easily.

Counter attacking the chief worlds was a slogan that the spirit paper eagerly reported on, and the cultivators of the Land of Reincarnation readily brought the fight to the outside realm.

Chapter 1888: Occupation

The vanguard for bringing the fight to the outside realm wasn't one hundred million headless supremes, but the heavenly soldiers of the world of immortals.

The world of immortals had developed far beyond expectations and powerhouses abounded within. It had become the heart of the Land of Reincarnation. While the Hongmeng and chaos still existed, they were subordinate to the world of immortals. Their powerhouses needed to undergo the ascent protocol when they reached a certain level and enter the world of immortals to cultivate further.

The world of immortals also finally took charge of the fourth realm.

Lu Yun wouldn't have been able to do all this if he didn't command one hundred million supremes. With such strong support by his side, would he use them as simple guard dogs?

The great daos of one hundred million supremes melded into hell dao and bolstered it by over a hundred times. Hell dao was part of immortal dao, so immortal dao was strengthened as well. When immortal dao grew stronger, the first beneficiaries were the immortals of the world of immortals.

As the fourth realm had experienced numerous wars, it was still slowly recovering. On the other hand, the world of immortals hadn't been too affected by the situation because the outsiders hadn't been able to make their way to it.

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Calmlight major world.

Calmlight was the closest major world to the Land of Reincarnation and it used to be ruled by the Calmlight Supreme. But when the Land of Reincarnation opened, the craven supreme quickly evacuated the premises.

It was the last notable stop for chief world cultivators seeking to enter the land. Even now, they were loath to give up the riches of the backwater Disintegrated Land. Numerous factions of the outside realm kept each other in check before, resulting in no one being able to fully flex their muscles.

With the true powerhouses having gone to the tomb of the empyrean supreme, the supremes were no longer curtailed in their behavior and could completely bare their fangs. Various supremes gathered on Calmlight and put their dao palaces together, intending to use their palaces to force through the orders of the Land of Reincarnation and enter with their primary selves.

"Everyone, we do have another option available to us!" The Greatred Supreme had fallen flat on his face during his first excursion. His projection had been destroyed and his primary body almost perished. Hence, he was the instigator for many things this time around.

"It's too risky to use our dao palaces to force our way into the Land of Reincarnation, but we can mobilize the major world beneath us and crash it into that forsaken place!" A cruel smile twisted his expression.

"There are countless beings that live in the Land of Reincarnation. If we do that, hardship and misery will drown the land and we will have to bear the karmic consequences of our actions." Prudent tempering was the name of the game at their levels. There were many sorts of karmic relationships they weren't willing to form, much less actively seek out retribution.

Lu Yun possessed a death art that could ignite one's accumulated retribution and instantaneously kill an enemy. Ironically, it was useful when he was weak, but inapplicable when he was stronger and met opponents of corresponding caliber.

The stronger one was, the more afraid one was of death. Thus, the more unwilling one was to attract retribution. Powerhouses sought to negate karmic consequences even when they purposefully slaughtered innocents.

As opposed to a combat art, it'd be more accurate to describe the Judgement of Life or Death as a law. Laws weren't meant to punish, but to supervise and warn.

Thus, Greatred's suggestion met with general distaste. The associated retribution was too massive. Even though it would be split among one hundred or so supremes, the sheer magnitude of the karma would render them to dust all the same.

Crashing two major worlds into each other wouldn't just result in horrendous casualties, but also destroy the worlds. It was too much for the supremes to bear.

"We don't need to actually endure the retribution from this matter," Greatred transmitted without skipping a beat after taking in everyone's reactions.

The crowd brightened.

"In that case, let us not waste time. Let's go find the Corpse Refiners' zombies and have their mindless minions do the deed." A supreme rose.

"None of you are going anywhere," came a sinister voice. Black wraith-like figures manifested in the tiny meeting room before a bloody slaughter commenced.

After more than one hundred supremes died without a word, the heavenly soldiers from the Land of Reincarnation arrived.

They were highly experienced thanks to their battles with the outsiders. Those clashes had taken place during a time when immortal dao wasn't near as strong as it was now. Regardless, the soldiers stalwartly guarded the gates to the world of immortals and kept the invaders at bay.

With immortal dao now more than one hundred times stronger than before, all immortals were lifted by the rising tide and their strength improved massively. Aided by the reinforcement of the headless supremes, they quickly conquered Calmlight.

The death of so many notable supremes in possession of a major world raised a significant ruckus in the chief worlds. Since the tomb of the empyrean supreme was open, that left basic supremes as the current masters of the chief worlds. Thus, many factions denounced Lu Yun for being a coldblooded murderer who killed without blinking.

It was one thing to occupy a major world, but why kill the innocent?!

The spirit paper published a recording a few days later—the supremes discussing how to shift blame to the Corpse Refiners. They wanted to use the sect's zombies to ram the major world into the Land of Reincarnation!

The chief worlds were stunned into silence and no one spoke on behalf of the dead supremes anymore. They were courting death and the Corpse Refiners howled with fury! They reached out to the spirit paper branch in the chief worlds and penned a sobbing wail denouncing the group of supremes.

Then, they published an even more unexpected feature article, pointing out that many of the evils attributed to them over the years were, in fact, not of Corpse Refiner doing! They hadn't refined worlds, turned supremes into zombies, or killed people for their treasures. They were framed!

Corpse Refiners were infamous throughout the chief worlds and mentioned in the same breath as the Dark Hell and Ghost Sect. No one would believe them at any other time, but the video recording a group's intention to pass all responsibility onto the sect gave the public pause.

The Corpse Refiners hadn't been able to enter the Land of Reincarnation due to Yun Yi's interference, yet a variety of unpalatable things had still taken place in the land. Gradually, some began to believe what the sect said.

Of course, none of that had anything to do with Lu Yun. On the second day of the occupation, he made several plans in the major world and created the Calmlight Formula Academy. He then posted a “Missing” notice in the spirit paper, inviting the Calmlight Supreme to return to his world and be the academy’s headmaster.

Formula academies were where formula dao was disseminated, but if one wanted to learn formula dao, one had to cultivate immortal dao first. The heavyweights of the world of immortals never compromised in this matter. So while the missing notice seemed to be the work of a just and upright man, it was just for show.

The Calmlight Supreme would never relinquish his own great dao to re-walk the path of immortal dao, and so he’d never return to Calmlight World.

A few days after Calmlight Formula Academy was established, the heavenly soldiers of the world of immortals mobilized and traveled to another great world!

Chapter 1889: The World of Immortals, World of Immortals!

The heavenly soldiers advanced with unstoppable momentum and swiftly conquered eighteen major worlds. Each time they occupied a new world, they established a new Formula Academy. Eventually, their achievements were so formidable that they became a source of shock and consternation for the chief worlds.

Eighteen major worlds was no small sum—a divine nation like Darklake owned only three.

A more incredulous matter took place after the Land of Reincarnation seized the eighteen worlds; Lu Yun announced a name change for the Land of Reincarnation. The Discarded or Disintegrated Land was no more. Instead, it was now the World of Immortals!

Indeed, Lu Yun changed the entire land’s name into the World of Immortals.

The action would’ve met with considerable backlash from fourth realm cultivators at any other time. In their eyes, the fourth realm was the Boundless Planes and their home for countless eons. Not even the formidable emperor of the original Hongmeng had changed their home’s identity.

But now, the entire fourth realm had been occupied at one point by the chief worlds—the world of immortals was the only place that hadn’t fallen. Those of the fourth realm had surrendered to the invaders, and while the world of immortals accepted them back into the fold, they had no place at the table anymore.

More importantly was that the world of immortals had fought its way out of the Land of Reincarnation and brought the conflict to the outside realm! It now occupied eighteen major worlds, an unprecedented feat of wondrous magnitude!

To the fourth realm, the chief worlds were an upper realm that was resplendent and inviolable. The Land of Reincarnation was a broken land discarded by existence. If it wasn’t for the plethora of treasures appearing in the land, the chief worlds wouldn’t even bother setting eyes on the place.

But now, Lu Yun led the heavenly soldiers of the World of Immortals in a victorious campaign through eighteen major worlds. Each world was bigger than the entire Land of Reincarnation. If the land wished to change its name, there was nothing that anyone could say about it, even if they wanted to.

The blood of more than a hundred supremes was yet to dry on Calmlight. If Lu Yun dared to kill mighty supremes, what did some insignificant sequence cultivators matter?

Thus, the world of immortals finally took its place among the chief worlds. It was no longer a tiny minor world among the Land of Reincarnation. Immortal dao had fully traversed the entire land, so it was no hyperbole to call it as a whole the World of Immortals.

The moment the land changed its name, immortal dao flared with exuberant vitality and immortal notes reverberated throughout the fourth realm. Immortal dao took tangible form as divine dragons. Accompanied by boundless enigma stone veins and ancestral veins of heaven and earth, they soared through the fourth realm in triumphant splendor.

The worlds were the first realm of the World of Immortals, the chaos the second, the Hongmeng the third, and the final of the fourth realm. When the four realms were one, they were the World of Immortals!

This was something that Lu Yun had once pictured a long time ago, and now it was finally reality!

The world from the seed of nothing had melded with the world of immortals and then the rest of the worlds, becoming the vast first realm of this major world. Fairylands came into view and sat firmly in the center of the first realm, also combining with the world of immortals. With the Central World, nine hells, nine facets, ten lands, and four seas, the thirty-three facets were an awe-inspiring Fairylands.

Immortal dao's world of sequence separated from Fairylands and slowly rose into the air, assimilating with the realm of Soul Dominion, the mental world that the Dao King had left behind, and the cosmos that Lu Yun's replica had metamorphosed into. They became the celestial world of immortals.

With Fairylands anchoring the world as the ground and the celestial world of immortals in the sky, they fully replaced the function of heaven and earth.

As the manifestation of the seed of nothing, Earth hovered in their middle and became the true core of the first realm. Its cosmos also became the night sky of Fairylands. It wasn't until then that the world of immortals truly became what its name indicated it should be.

Eighteen thousand Hongmengs within the fourth realm all came together and incorporated themselves into the third realm, recreating the sight of the original Hongmeng.

All of this finished in the blink of an eye.

When Lu Yun announced the entire Land of Reincarnation as the World of Immortals, a myriad of powerhouses within the land shifted into motion and reforged the fourth realm. The daos of the eighteen major worlds that Lu Yun had conquered transformed into immortal dao and also became part of the World of Immortals.

Quick-witted individuals noticed that the eighteen worlds newly taken by the World of Immortals were as if a path. They pointed in one direction—the Firmament Prison!

Closest to that restricted area, Huangpang brimmed with vitality. The Immortal Sect that Yu Jiang and Hu Ruofei had created on that major world echoed with immortal notes while immortal light shimmered through the air.

Many of the cultivators that Lu Yun had given pointers to during the spacetime tide had made their way to Huangpang and joined the Immortal Sect, changing their dao to the immortal dao. They'd trained in second or third rate daos to begin with and didn't even necessarily have the potential to access thirty-one levels of sequence. Switching to a great dao with a world of sequence meant that they saw twice the results with half the effort.

And so, the tiny shoot that was the Immortal Sect began to thrive and prosper.

Naturally, some in the chief worlds noticed the presence of immortal dao on Huangpang, but none of them dared make a move. Huang Pang and Mo Fei were the world's greatest guardians. No one dared venture in while they were in residence.

The dragons and Morans sent representatives to the world when the two resurrected, but were all chased away before they could set foot on the world's soil. The newly reborn Qu Cu also practiced immortal dao; he was the supremes' spokesperson.

After Lu Yun gave Qing Yu the medallion for the army of headless supremes, he plunged headfirst into the chief worlds and didn't tell them what he was planning next. The two women looked at each other. They had no idea what the guy was up to now. Dumping his responsibility on them again?

"Well, it's true that he needs a bigger stage at the moment. Though he didn't intervene in the World of Immortals' affairs, everything that happened within it was a result of him," Chu Xingran chuckled ruefully as he looked in the direction that Lu Yun had left in. "The guy yearns for freedom and also loves giving people freedom."

Qing Yu nodded silently. "Let us continue. There are three hundred more major worlds between the World of Immortals and Huangpang. We'll pave a road and turn it into a road of nothing in the chief worlds—an avenue of immortal dao!"

"I'm afraid that's much easier said than done," Chu Xingran shook his head slightly. "The Moran Clan and dragons definitely won't sit on their hands if you do that, and we also have secluded factions like the Autumnus Realm to consider. One hundred million supremes seems like a powerful force, but any of three of them can deploy armies like that as well."

"The Autumnus Realm will not move against the World of Immortals," an ethereal voice floated upon the wind.

"Qiu Feishan!" the little fox shrieked. She was extraordinarily sensitive to this name since her son had been defeated by one move. Everyone from that faction had left the World of Immortals, so no one thought that Qiu Feishan would still be here!

"How are you still here?" Qing Yu walked up with incredulity.

"There remains one person in this world that constantly threatens the ancestral gods." She appeared in front of the group with a calm expression, as if she was relaying something commonplace or

unimportant. "Autumnus Realm owes a debt of gratitude to Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermillion Bird, and Black Tortoise. I must stay here since they find themselves in trouble now."

"Wait, wait... hang on... no... way... You're still here after Lu Yun cleaning house... The strongest in the chief worlds is from the Autumnus Realm... Are you that strongest powerhouse in the realm?!" Chu Xingran gasped.

Chapter 1890: Ghost Sect

Lu Yun didn't and couldn't care about what happened in the World of Immortals anymore.

"So this is the Ghost Sect?" He frowned at a pitch black major world in front of him and didn't want to enter it as it gave him a very uncomfortable feeling. However, Nightmare had said that the sect master wished to see him.

With her name in the Tome of Life and Death, she couldn't harm or lie to Lu Yun.

"Well actually... I told you the opposite of the truth before," Nightmare said sheepishly. "It is our Ghost Sect that wants to raise you up as the master of all ghosts. The Dark Hell wants to devour you and claim hell for themselves."

Lu Yun raised a silent eyebrow at her.

"Those who are not of our race must surely share different thoughts from us," Nightmare quoted. "Ghost cultivators are living beings in the end, they just practice ghost dao. Ghosts, however, are dead entities. They naturally don't wish to see hell in the hands of the living."

"Ghosts?" Lu Yun blinked.

There used to be a ghost race in the Hongmeng, one that'd originated from the land of darkness. It was derived from owners once buried in the Hell Tombs. By now, the ghost ancestor had eaten all of the original owners and filled the position of the dean of ghost dao in the Mount Xuanhuang Dao Academy. He oversaw ghost cultivators and ghost dao beneath the immortal dao.

Ghost dao under immortal dao was very different from the version in the chief worlds. Lu Yun's greatest goal for following Nightmare to her home was to subdue the ghost dao of the chief worlds and incorporate it into immortal dao.

After that, immortal dao would take another step forward.

Lu Yun's ambitions were great, but the current World of Immortals couldn't quite match his vision. There were still no supremes under the immortal dao. He relied on the crutches that were Tailong's army and people such as Leize and Fuxi in the world of immortals.

Without them, the world of immortals would still be a minor world in the Land of Reincarnation. Thus, what Lu Yun needed to do now was to grasp ahold of all external items that he could and use them to fortify himself.

He'd utilized the ripples formed by the emergence of the Sea of Creation in the World of Soul Dominion to reforge his levels of immortal dao sequence and solidify his foundations. He could break through to twenty-nine, thirty levels at any time and become a senior cultivator.

With the opening of the empyrean supreme's tomb, basic supremes were in charge of the chief worlds. Senior cultivators were the heavyweights in the meantime.

"Right, the ghost race," Nightmare nodded. "The source of ghosts is the land of darkness. Come with me."

She strode forward into the major world that never saw the light of day. In the absence of a blazing sun, everything seemed eerily sinister in this world. Although cultivators of the Ghost Sect were living beings, they became similar to yin ghosts after walking the path of ghost dao. But to Lu Yun's eyes, there wasn't much different about this world other than the lack of sunlight and abundance of yin energy throughout.

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In a palace wreathed by ghostly energy and aura.

The sect master of the Ghost Sect was a woman. Women were of the yin attribute and stronger in ghost dao than men, so there were more female cultivators in the Ghost Sect than male cultivators.

She wore a black silk dress with long black hair scattered over her shoulders. Fair as snow, she was particularly eye-catching in this world. With black lips and eyes, she seemed inordinately uncanny.

"You're here." She made a welcoming gesture. Nodding, Lu Yun took a seat. Nightmare stood next to the sect master with her hands by her side.

"What does milord think of my daughter?" the sect master smiled.

"Your daughter? Nightmare?"

"Foster daughter. She led a hard life in the past and almost died to the ghosts. I saved her." The sect master lifted a tea cup and took a tiny sip of the beverage that wafted a chilly air. "What if I betroth my daughter to milord? Her dowry will be the entire Ghost Sect."

Lu Yun could clearly sense a violent upheaval of emotion in Nightmare. Her chest rose and fell from the force of her breaths.

"I already have two dao partners," he shook his head. "My heart cannot contain another."

"Is milord not tempted by the notion of the entire sect as dowry?" The sect master blinked.

"I would like the sect... but I don't want another dao partner," Lu Yun declined.

"And I don't want to marry off my daughter to you." She picked up Nightmare's tiny hand and gently caressed it. "But if I don't do so, I will be unable to trust you."

"The World of Immortals pushes forward with domineering momentum. One hundred million supremes charge as its vanguard through the chief worlds. My Ghost Sect is less than the dragons and Morans, as well as the Corpse Refiners. We will not be able to protect ourselves if you renege on your word."

"I'd thought that all the grand supremes in the realm had gone to the tomb in search of opportunity. But to think that you'd stay here, sect master," Lu Yun changed the topic. "You are a grand supreme, so why are you afraid of an immortal dao that has yet to produce a single supreme?"

“The immortal dao is a dragonling and I am but an old dog. When a dragon soars through the nine heavens, old dogs must bow, no matter how many of us there are,” the sect master responded. “We covet hell, not immortal dao. We can enter hell, but we will not join the World of Immortals.

“Thus, my heart will not be at ease if you are not dao partners with my beloved daughter.”

“A partnership formed out of gain is no guarantee,” Lu Yun declined once again. “The Ghost Sect can enter hell right now if you wish to. It is newly formed and quite empty. There aren’t that many living beings in it and you’d be the first batch of ghost cultivators. The benefits to you are many and drawbacks few.”

The sect master was plainly tempted, but she still didn’t trust Lu Yun.

“Let’s do it this way—we will enter hell if you accomplish one task for me. We will be available for your command, but none of this stands if the task cannot be done.” Plainly, the sect master had come prepared and expected that Lu Yun would refuse her.

“What is it?”

“The Dark Worlds. There are a few special worlds among the chief worlds that are formed out of power from the land of darkness. They are called the Dark Worlds. If you can retrieve one world heart for the Ghost Sect, we will be yours.”

“Mother!” Nightmare’s expression changed drastically when she heard the request.

“A world heart?” Lu Yun flicked a glance at Nightmare, taking in her reaction. “Then let us speak of further matters after I return with it.”

He rose to leave and the sect master readily allowed him to go.

“Mother... it will take at least a high supreme to retrieve a world heart. He...” Nightmare anxiously objected.

The sect master took another sip of bone-chilling tea instead of responding.

“Go with him,” she waved a hand.

“...understood.” Nightmare grit her teeth and caught up to Lu Yun.

“It’s not a Dragon Dominance Ring or any enslavement method... how did he make my dear be so devoted to him?” the sect master murmured.