

## **Necropolis 1931**

### **Chapter 1931 – Involvement**

The grand supreme released the star in his hand and landed on it. Lu Yun didn't dare show a hint of disrespect to this level of powerhouse. He docilely took his place on the star and directed it to the island.

Since his newfound traveling companion had already discovered the ripples of order from Lu Yun, the young man didn't bother concealing his abilities. He fully deployed the power of order and broke through the layers of disorder around them, shooting for Disordered Island.

"Tsk tsk tsk little fellow, I wonder who showed you the way here. Most people head straight for the tomb once they enter the Disordered Sea. Only a few come here to wait for the treasure to emerge," Big Beard chuckled as he watched Lu Yun quietly focus on leading the way.

"A few..." Lu Yun's lips twitched as he gazed upon their surroundings strewn with limbs. More than ten thousand were dead around them just from what he could see alone, and all of them were grand supremes! How the hell was this a few?!

How many grand supremes were there in the chief worlds??

"Now, don't dismiss my words. More than one million grand supremes have come to the Disordered Sea and more than ninety percent of them have gone to the tomb. Only approximately one hundred thousand are here," Big Beard grinned. "But none of the high supremes or genius supremes dare visit the island. You look like you broke through in a hurry and haven't fully stabilized your cultivation level. What are you doing here?"

"Well, you do cultivate order and are very skilled in it. You're not afraid of the disordered intent at all. Whose disciple are you?"

Big Beard was a chatterbox who didn't put on the airs of a grand supreme. When Lu Yun didn't join him in conversation, he carried on perfectly fine by himself. But when he asked about Lu Yun's background, the young man's heart skipped a beat.

"No, wait," Big Beard rebuffed himself as soon as he spoke. "Your talents are superb and your potential wondrous. It's only a matter of time before you become a grand supreme. If your master is also a grand supreme, he wouldn't let you rush in here ill-prepared like this."

Lu Yun relaxed with ease. "You are right, senior. My master isn't a grand supreme, he's a high supreme."

He knew why Big Beard was following him around—the power of order he released could cut through disorder. Although their progress wasn't that fast, it wasn't much slower than a grand supreme traveling by himself.

Grand supremes had to expend a great deal of effort to traverse the sea, and Big Beard had just endured a huge fight. He needed to conserve energy and be ready for the next round at any time. More important was this star!

He'd broken the head of another powerful grand supreme with it. Plainly, this star was a mighty treasure as well. With the grand supreme's abilities, he could tell that this dusty-faced youth had refined this formidable treasure.

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While he chit chatted without pause along the way, he also gave Lu Yun pointers from time to time. Ever since the start of his cultivation, Lu Yun had walked his path alone. He'd never really received any guidance from anyone. While he called Fuxi his master, Fuxi was more like his pathfinder. Everything that Lu Yun possessed was the result of his own efforts and deductions.

Naturally, he was very happy to receive personalized thoughts from a mighty grand supreme, especially after he'd ascended so hastily. Granted, he would slowly acclimate to his new level through his own efforts and eventually probe the limits of being a high supreme. His own strength was sufficient to address the lingering effects of breaking through.

Everything that Big Beard shared with him resulted in enormous benefits. In less than ten days, Lu Yun cleared up most of the after effects of his ascension and inspired another wave of astonishment from Big Beard. If it wasn't for the young man cultivating order, the grand supreme would want to take in a new disciple.

"Stop!" Big Beard suddenly roared and stood up on the star. He slowly drew out the broadsword that'd remained sheathed all this time.

Lu Yun tensed—he didn't see any danger. Everything seemed as usual and there were fewer vortexes here than elsewhere.

"ROAR!!" shook the heavens as a pungent mouth loomed out of the gloom. It bit down on Lu Yun and the star beneath his feet.

"Die!!" Big Beard slashed out with his sword and brought down a ray of brilliant blade light and towering killing intent onto the mouth.

Blackish-red blood sprayed through the air and a corpse the size of a minor world fell through the void. It was sucked into a nearby vortex and pulverized to dust.

With a wave of his hand, a gray crystal core landed in Big Beard's hand.

"This belongs to the disordered beasts unique to the Disordered Sea. I have no use for it, but you'll find it very nicely handy. Take it." Big Beard tossed over the murky core roughly three meters long.

Lu Yun accepted it with a rueful smile and a nod. The intent of disorder suffused the crystal core. It was indeed useful for order cultivators, but even more suited for Lu Yun. His hell dao suppressed and refined all disorder. However, he used the power of order within his body to refine it, strengthening it instead of hell dao.

He did so partially to continue hiding his identity, and also partially because hell was yet to form its order. It would take a very long period of time before that was complete. He practiced order now so he could hasten the formation of hell's orders.

After he obtained the crystal core that was larger than his entire body, he sat down cross-legged to assimilate it.

“Oof!” His eyes lit up when he realized that the lingering deficiencies after his ascension seemed to have improved some.

“Told you so, little fellow,” Big Beard roared with laughter. “I’m not riding your flight treasure for nothing.”

“It is this junior’s honor that the senior travels with me,” Lu Yun smiled shyly back and bent his mind to taking them to the nearby Disordered Island.

“You need to be careful, there’s a powerful force field around the island. You won’t make it through with your current level of cultivation,” warned Big Beard before Lu Yun rushed in. “I recommend you to stay out of it, there’s no chance of survival for you.

“A few grand supremes specializing in order once made it here, but they were all killed by others. As a high supreme specializing in order, your best outcome is to become another’s tool or puppet through the disorder.” Big Beard had nursed the same intention at first, but he’d formed a budding relationship with Lu Yun along the way. Added to that using the young man’s treasure to recover and evade danger, he decided to thoroughly set the thought aside.

If he’d thought of the notion, so would others when they saw Lu Yun. The young man would ultimately be captured by others and turned into a puppet.

“How dare you come back, Cen Sui!” A furious roar shook the void as a pillar of brilliant aureate splendor descended from above, aimed at Big Beard on the star. It was a grand supreme—the one that’d run off after taking a star to the head.

“Wu Ru of the shamans!” snarled Cen Sui. His broadsword shot out and slashed at Grand Supreme Wu Ru with a flurry of snowy radiance.

Wu Ru’s speed was too fast for Big Beard to wield his weapon himself, but he’d been on the alert and deployed his treasure the moment his enemy appeared.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

Wu Ru squawked with outrage after a few collisions, gravely injured by Big Beard’s response.

“What else do you know other than ambush, Wu Ru?” Big Beard belly laughed. “Die!”

Whoosh!

Big Beard swung his broadsword at Wu Ru’s head, intending to split his skull wide open.

“Put down your blade, Cen Sui, or I wring this little guy’s neck.”

Lu Yun suddenly felt piercing cold envelop him as a pair of ice-cold hands gripped his neck.

## Chapter 1932 – False Appearances

“A replica!” Cen Sui’s eyes went wide.

Although Wu Ru was weaker than him, that didn’t make the shaman an easy target. He was well versed in the shamanic dao of the chief worlds—his methods unpredictable and constantly changing. Cen Sui numbered among the strongest beneath peak grand supreme, but he still fell short when coming up against Wu Ru.

The shaman was present in his true form, a man with a feminine cast to him. One of his hands was locked in a death grip around Lu Yun’s neck and he smiled placidly at Cen Sui.

The big-bearded grand supreme glowered. He’d been caught by one of Wu Ru’s ambushes last time and didn’t have time to unsheathe his blade. He would’ve suffered an enormous loss if he hadn’t grabbed Lu Yun’s star and thrown it at Wu Ru.

This time... the shaman used a replica to fool him completely.

“Hand it over.” Wu Ru stretched out a hand with a soft chuckle. “I know you don’t care about this kid. You travel with him only because you want to repay a favor.” He paused, continuing when Cen Sui didn’t respond. “We shamans have a plethora of methods at our disposal and I can tie your fates together since you’ve formed a karmic relationship with him.

“Thus, don’t say stuff like how a lofty grand supreme doesn’t care about an ant.”

Cen Sui froze in place and he stared at his enemy, grinding his teeth. “Fine, I’ll give it to you, but the thing isn’t on me at the moment.”

“Where is it?” Wu Ru was calling upon his shamanic arts and linking Cen Sui to Lu Yun through the tiny karmic echo between them. Both would die if one died, yet both might not prosper if one found glory.

Naturally, this kind of shamanic art wasn’t infallible. Wu Ru needed to continuously cast it, therefore creating a constant drain on his body. He wasn’t able to maintain it for long. If that wasn’t the case, the shamans would’ve conquered the chief worlds long ago through such a terrifying art.

Another important prerequisite was the countless years of scheming that Wu Ru had conducted against Cen Sui. He’d collected too much information about his opponent and thus easily connected his life to that of a weaker being’s.

“It’s on Disordered Island.” Cen Sui never imagined that Wu Ru would use this kind of shamanic art on him! He could clearly hear a second heartbeat grow from his chest—one that belonged to the high supreme youth.

Their heartbeats slowly matched the same pace.

“The fuck, you’re making out like a bandit from this,” Cen Sui mumbled. “Come with me.”

He had no other option given how uncanny shamanic methods were.

Wu Ru held Lu Yun from the neck in one hand and the star in his other, following closely behind Cen Sui. What his opponent possessed was extraordinarily valuable to him. He’d plotted and schemed

uncountable years for it. Now that he finally grasped one of Cen Sui's weaknesses, he would take full advantage of it.

Lu Yun's breathing sped up rapidly as a second heartbeat pounded in his chest. His life was connected to that of a powerful grand supreme's. His heartbeat and the various ripples of energy in his body perfectly melded with Cen Sui.

Cultivation was the evolution of life itself, and the sophistication of a grand supreme's life form was far beyond a high supreme's. Wu Ru connecting the two of them together was the equivalent of instilling the life form of a grand supreme into Lu Yun's body. The shaman had forcefully changed his being to the form of a grand supreme.

When Cen Sui muttered that someone was making out like a bandit from the situation, he'd been addressing Lu Yun. No matter how strong Lu Yun's foundations or how mysterious his nascent spirit was, he was just a high supreme.

This type of shamanic method was meant to nurture shamanic juniors. Instilling the forms of grand supremes or other powerhouses into the bodies of juniors would enhance their cultivation speed, make them stronger, and change their beings.

Only the most preeminent geniuses could endure the process. More often than not, targets of the method exploded from an inability to contain the change.

As a genius of his race, Wu Ru had modified the method and refined it with karmic dao to turn it into a method that connected lives to each other. He'd used it to great success on other grand supremes. Apart from Cen Sui, another grand supreme counted among his victims. That one was on par with Cen Sui, but hadn't even known how he'd died.

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Tranquility seemed to reign over Disordered Island when it was actually the congregation of all disordered power in the entire Disordered Sea. Grand supremes also had to carefully pick their way through the area upon arrival.

Lu Yun wasn't paying attention to the situation around him; he was wholeheartedly focused on sensing the life form that was Cen Sui. Rather than copy the grand supreme entirely, he tried to identify the direction most compatible with him.

"What is that?!" Lu Yun suddenly shuddered, shocked out of his meditation. He regarded the sight in front of them with horror—there was a massive vortex looming ahead!

The Disordered Island was a gigantic vortex of disorder!

The major world from earlier was an illusion! Now that they were here, the Spectral Eye revealed a veritable field of death information to him!

One hundred thousand grand supremes!

Still following behind Cen Sui, Wu Ru grasped Lu Yun in hand and was ready to proceed into the mammoth vortex.

“Stop!! STOP!!” Lu Yun shrieked at the top of his lungs. “Do you guys want to die?!”

The power of disorder inside the vortex was so overwhelming that the tiny bit of order he exuded wouldn't even register. Water could extinguish fire only if the two were in equal amounts. One drop of water could not douse a forest fire. His amount of order was a drop of water and the vortex a raging sea of fire.

“What is it?” Connected to Lu Yun as he was, Cen Sui noted the incredible fear in the young man. The latter's heartbeat raced out of control.

“This isn't a Disordered Island, this is a huge vortex! Everyone here is dead and we need to get out of here right now!!” Lu Yun struggled wildly, trying to break free from Wu Ru's grasp. However, the grand supreme's slender hand held him in place like it was a mountain range.

“What??” Cen Sui's jaw dropped, he didn't see anything out of the ordinary. It was indeed a major world close at hand.

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Wu Ru's eyes widened as well; he could clearly sense Lu Yun's emotions traveling up his arm from his hand. He stopped and turned to Cen Sui. “Did you really put that item on Disordered Island?”

### **Chapter 1933 – I Am Lu Yun**

“After I discovered your traces, I gave it to my junior brother Cen Ran and had him take it into Disordered Island.” Paling, Cen Sui tried contacting his junior brother with increasing urgency, but received no response.

While both grand supremes failed to see the truth of Disordered Island, they halted in their tracks nonetheless. At their cultivation level, they could sense the rhythm of heaven and earth. After Lu Yun's warning, they both perceived that something was a bit off.

Disordered Island had existed within the Disordered Sea for countless years. As dangerous as this particular spot was, it was known as a major world just like any other major world. No one thought otherwise or suspected it of being anything else.

Grand supremes possessed extraordinarily strong minds and Lu Yun's reaction raised doubts in their hearts. When they reoriented their line of thinking along his declaration, they immediately discovered what was wrong.

Wu Ru's face darkened—the item was incredibly important to him. If this major world was actually a colossal vortex, he would never obtain it.

“Are you sure that this major world is a huge vortex of disorder?” Wu Ru set his jaw and sank his fingers into Lu Yun's neck, turning it into a mess of blood and gore.

“Yes.” Silver fire flashed through Lu Yun's eyes when he narrowed them. The illumination reflected a massive vortex in front of them. Countless corpses floated inside and out of it, bobbing up and down according to the vortex's forcefield. He wouldn't have seen through the truth of things if they hadn't drawn so close to it.

His inner heart was as calm as still water; his maddened frenzy from earlier had been an act. He wouldn't have alarmed the two grand supremes otherwise or alerted them to the truth of the matter.

The two grand supremes naturally noticed the reflection in his eyes. Overwhelmed with shock, an atmosphere of mutual hostility immediately evaporated.

Lu Yun could clearly read a trace of fear from them—the grand supremes were afraid. They couldn't identify the truth of this locale and couldn't even determine anything untoward! That was what was most frightening of all.

On the other hand, Lu Yun knew full well what had taken place here.

An incredibly mighty connate treasure was taking shape and the process had caused the energy of disorder to erupt. That made the entire Disordered Island collapse into a mammoth vortex. Grand supremes already on the island didn't have time to react before they were swallowed and churned to pieces by the change.

If Lu Yun's judgment was correct, the terrifying connate treasure was at the center of the vortex. It had likely formed its own will and reshaped the vortex to masquerade as the island of old. In doing so, it would attract more cultivators to explore.

The limbs floating in the void had lost all traces of vitality. Souls and spirits of their owners had been devoured by the treasure inside the vortex. It seemed likely that the soul of the treasure gathered grand supremes so it could form its true spirit. Once it evolved into a true living being and manifested in physical form, it would rule the Disordered Sea.

Lu Yun didn't know if it came with good intentions or not—he was just interested in the treasure. If he could obtain it, his cultivation of order would immediately reach great perfection and he'd be able to swiftly coalesce the order of hell. He might even be able to manifest the world of hell dao sequence!

Gravely tempted, the young man buried his burning desire deep inside his heart. He'd commanded the Tome of Life and Death to absorb everything it could about the life form of a grand supreme.

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He could deploy strength beyond grand supreme in the Dark World and the world of the book, Lu Yun. None of it belonged to him—it was just using his body to express itself. He knew nothing about the secrets of grand supremes, and they were suddenly right under his nose, free for the taking.

"Hmph!" Wu Ru suddenly let go of Lu Yun and leapt into the air, vanishing without a trace in his escape. He could've used the young man to kill his nemesis, but Lu Yun identifying the truth of Disordered Island with a single glance made him pause with uncertainty.

The kid might be the disciple of a high supreme!

There were six grand supremes in the chief worlds and they dominated the realm. Offending any one of them meant a painful death and dishonor. Thus, Wu Ru decisively gave up his plans, dismissed his shamanic art, and left.

Cen Sui heaved out a long sigh of relief. The cessation of the shamanic method meant that his life was unlinked from Lu Yun's. His gut reaction was to plop down in the void and sag weakly, sweat dotting his brow.

"What kind of secrets do you keep, kid?!" Cen Sui glared at him. "Don't tell me that you can see through to the truth of this place because you're an order cultivator! I know a few order cultivators myself and they're all grand supremes. They'd never make out the reality of this place if they were here!"

Cen Sui stared intently at the young man, wanting to dissect him alive. Although it was Lu Yun's secret, he didn't care about coddling the young man's feelings. He was a grand supreme and the kid was just a high supreme.

Whatever a grand supremes wished to know, high supremes could only obey.

"I am Lu Yun," Lu Yun enunciated carefully as he looked back at the grand supreme.

Every hair on Cen Sui's body stood on end. The current World of Immortals was an enormous powder keg. Although he'd spent all of his time in the Disordered Sea, he was well aware of matters in the chief worlds. The name of Lu Yun was very familiar—someone who'd resolved the Dark World, one of the land of darkness' pawns, by himself.

All the same, the reputation would fool only those blithely in the dark. Someone of Cen Sui's level could easily guess that it was the result of games of scheming between grand supremes. Lu Yun was just the convenient piece to deliver the final blow to end the Dark World! The grand supreme behind the young man was far more terrifying.

"Oh fuck me... I shouldn't have asked!" Cen Sui gnashed his teeth and wanted nothing more than to turn on his heel.

"You'll die a very grisly death if you dare reveal my whereabouts or let others know that I'm in the Disordered Sea. It'll completely be your fault too." The corners of Lu Yun's mouth raised and he curved them in a half smile. "There are three peak grand supremes in the World of Immortals."

There was a threat in his words, wasn't there?

"Out with it, what do you want from me?!" Cen Sui nearly yelled. Of course he knew what the young man was getting at. Three peak grand supremes behind this kid? There were only six in the chief worlds, and he had support from three of them? Now wonder immortal dao had expanded so quickly and occupied three hundred and sixty-five major worlds!

### **Chapter 1934 – A Three Hundred and Sixty-Fifth Rank Connate Lotus Flower**

Grand Supreme Cen Sui wasn't a hapless brute. Having lived for so many years, even his eyelashes brimmed with shrewdness. Lu Yun was casually threatening him that if he dared leave this area, a peak grand supreme would come for him whether or not he revealed the young man's whereabouts.

He didn't know who the other two peak grand supremes were, but the foremost powerhouse from the Autumnus Realm had entered the Land of Reincarnation the moment it opened. Lu Yun revealing his identity to Cen Sui was meant to drag the man down into his troubles.

There was most certainly a bit of the peak grand supremes' will on the young man. It would protect him in crucial moments, so Lu Yun had been wholly without fear from beginning to end.

He released a bit of it now, leaving Cen Sui no choice but to believe him!

It didn't matter how many peak supremes stood behind the young man, just one was enough to claim his life!

"I don't have much in mind, just come take a walk with me in that vortex," Lu Yun said after momentary thought.

"You're crazy!" Cen Sui jumped with shock. When he saw the vortex from Lu Yun's eyes, he could immediately tell that he would be ripped to pieces by horrific disordered forces if he took another step forward. "Not going!"

The grand supreme shook his head rapidly. Nothing but death awaited him if he entered, and he just had to keep his mouth shut if he didn't. Peak grand supremes wouldn't lower themselves to bullying the weak.

"I'll go with you since he's a coward," Wu Ru's voice rang out. He'd returned after his departure!

Or rather, he'd hid nearby all this time with the shamanic arts. Lu Yun and Cen Sui hadn't discovered his presence.

It wasn't like Lu Yun was concerned, in either case.

"Really?" Lu Yun brightened.

"You're not a fool and won't simply go to your death like this. Since you're willing to venture in, you must be assured of your safety and success. Plus, helping you here means meeting a peak grand supreme in good faith. There is only upside for me.

"Additionally, I want to seek what is mine in the disordered vortex!" Wu Ru was dressed in long black robes, his long hair starkly offsetting fair skin. Every single strand of his hair seemed to glow with a dim hue.

He was a grand supreme of shamanic dao, a great dao that shared the same roots as shamanic dao in the World of Immortals. The version in the chief worlds, however, had progressed far beyond the one in the World of Immortals. At the same time, the one in the World of Immortals had submitted to immortal dao and become shamanic immortal dao.

As immortal dao grew stronger, so did all great daos under its banner.

Wu Ru was the greatest heavyweight of shamanic dao. All that was this great dao centered on him and there was no one more accomplished than him in this dao.

Shamanic dao was constantly shifting and impossible to predict. Not even Lu Yun could calculate what exact combat arts could be found within. The art that'd connected him to Grand Supreme Cen Sui was a prime example of something he'd never encountered before.

“Alright!” Lu Yun nodded. “I’ll help you get what you want, but you must help me get what I want as well!”

“What do you want? Is there something else in that vortex?” Cen Sui joined their conversation. Wu Ru made a lot of sense. It’d be wonderful to leave a good impression on a peak grand supreme.

Since Lu Yun bore a peak grand supreme’s mark, that meant that the revered personage deeply valued the young man. This was special treatment that some disciples might not even receive! When Lu Yun met with danger, the mark would activate and summon the peak grand supreme or their replica in person.

It was originally meant for use against the creatures of darkness, but Lu Yun had discovered that the treasure inside the vortex was more important than the endarkened!

This was why he exposed himself—he had to get that connate treasure no matter what!

By now, both Cen Sui and Wu Ru felt that there weren’t any treasures in the enormous disordered vortex. That connate treasure was just a trap.

As for who’d set the trap, no one knew. But it wouldn’t be anyone with kind intentions.

“That can wait until we’re inside.” The star that’d been used for a vehicle reappeared in Lu Yun’s hand with a casual wave.

“Um...” Wu Ru shuffled awkwardly. That star had been so durable that it’d smashed a grand supreme’s head open. He’d seized it for that alone and shoved it into his seed storage. Who would’ve thought that it’d come flying back out when Lu Yun waved a hand?

“A peak grand supreme bestowed this on me and I’ve refined it a bit. Did you think you could just take it?” Lu Yun snorted with laughter.

He had indeed obtained it from Yun Yi, but not as a gift. He’d carted it out from Yun Yi’s seed storage. Preparations had to be made if he was to head for the tomb of the empyrean supreme.

Mo Yi’s obvious consideration for him made Qiu Feishan and Yun Yi view him in a different light. When Lu Yun wanted the star, Yun Yi gave it to him without hesitation. After a bit of refinement, the star became a formidable treasure of order.

A ray of silver splendor bloomed from the star’s surface when Lu Yun tapped it. A three hundred and sixty-fifth ranked lotus of pure silver light gracefully unfurled its petals. This was no star, it was a connate lotus of three hundred and sixty-five rank! It’d just been curled into a ball.

That particular ranking referenced the chief worlds and made it a preeminent connate treasure among the chief worlds. Yun Yi had disguised it as a star, otherwise Lu Yun would’ve been robbed as soon as he set off with it.

“I thought there was something familiar about it! It’s His Reverence Yun Yi’s connate Snow Lotus!” Cen Sui swallowed hard while color drained from Wu Ru’s face. He’d just tried to steal from Yun Yi! Thankfully, he hadn’t gotten far or the peak grand supreme would’ve slapped him to death through the void.

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A powerful force of order flared from the Snow Lotus as it blossomed. Lu Yun set foot on it and accepted the force flowing through him.

He shouldn't have been able to refine order so quickly, but the Snow Lotus had been without attribute. Once it was dyed with order, it became an ultimate treasure of order and the basis for Lu Yun cultivating order. When he meditated earlier, he'd sat cross-legged on the lotus in the form of a star.

It could wipe away the lingering effects after his hasty ascension, but Cen Sui had neatly taken care of that problem. The two grand supremes hastily took their places on the lotus; their reservations melted away after learning that Yun Yi supported Lu Yun and boldness marked their actions.

A terrible tearing came from all sides, but the forces of disorder transmuted into a gentle breeze when they drew near to the treasure. Yun Yi had enhanced the power of order within the flower, raising it to greater heights than it would reach under Lu Yun.

### **Chapter 1935 – The Skull of the Shaman Ancestor**

"Just like you said..." Wu Ru and Cen Sui inhaled sharply at the same time, their scalps crawling with numbness. The connate lotus of three hundred and sixty-five ranks flared with the power of order. It tore apart the deception from the connate treasure and revealed the truth to their eyes.

A horrific vortex and countless severed limbs assaulted their senses. If it wasn't for Lu Yun, they'd be like the owners of these limbs—dead and floating in the void.

"Take a close look and see if there's anyone alive out there," Lu Yun said.

"Alive?" Cen Sui curled his lip. "No one can survive in that apart from peak grand supremes. I'm one step away from being a peak grand supreme, but that one step is the difference between heaven and earth.

"Peak grand supremes would survive, but there would be no other outcome other than death for me."

"Indeed." Wu Ru swept a glance at Cen Sui. "What I seek is likely destroyed as well, if your junior brother Cen Ran really brought it here."

"What did he take from you?" Lu Yun asked curiously. He'd thought that Wu Ru wanted to kill Cen Sui for one of the man's treasures, but it rather seemed the other way around. That was why Wu Ru pursued the man so relentlessly.

"I don't know what it is either," Cen Sui scratched his head. "It's a skull made out of a piece of empyrean crystal. I took it from a junior shaman that I robbed back in the day."

"Robbed?" Lu Yun's jaw dropped.

"Pah, Lu Yun, do you think Cen Sui is some benevolent saint?" Wu Ru sneered. "The void robbers of the chief worlds rob merchant vessels along their merchant roads. He's the mastermind behind them!"

Lu Yun broke out in a coughing fit. Cen Sui was a muscular hulk who seemed as open as a book. He was the chief of the void robbers??

Cen Sui pursed his lips. "There are so many void robbers in the chief worlds, how are they all my men? I just took pity on some of them and gave them a place to stay. Somehow, that made me a robber too!"

"And so you somehow found yourself robbing people?" Wu Ru retorted. "The skull of empyrean crystal that you speak of is an ultimate treasure of my shamanic race. The junior shaman you robbed was the son of the last shaman king. He is now the current shaman king."

Cen Sui shuddered convulsively.

"A skull of empyrean crystal," Lu Yun smacked his lips. He had a piece of empyrean crystal the size of a human head too. They were extraordinarily precious materials; one piece the size of a speck of dust could manifest an entire major world. But no one would use that resource to do such a thing.

There were enough major worlds in the chief worlds, there was no need for more. Instead, empyrean crystals were premier refinement ingredients so valuable that their worth was measured in cities. Even grand supremes fought over them.

Diexi's past self was buried in a coffin of empyrean crystal. Her background was likely another enormous secret; she had to have been a peak grand supreme in her past life.

Lu Yun knew that what made the shamanic treasure valuable wasn't the crystal itself, but the treasure it'd become.

"The skull isn't carved out of empyrean crystal," Wu Ru muttered. "It's the skull of the shamanic ancestor, left behind after he died."

"What?" Both Lu Yun and Cen Sui blinked.

"That's not possible! Not even peak grand supremes can refine their skull into empyrean crystal after they die. So, so, so, w-was your ancestor an empyrean supreme?!" Cen Sui stammered.

"How can the two of you possibly understand the methods of us shamans?" Wu Ru curled his lip. "The hallowed ancestor was not an empyrean supreme, but he was only half a step away. He died in his tribulation! He would've become the second empyrean supreme of the chief worlds had he passed, but sadly, he failed his trial!"

He flicked a sideways glance at Lu Yun; the young man was busy addressing the goosebumps rising over his body.

"So the skull of my race's ancestor is here. Can you now tell us what else is in here?" Wu Ru pressed.

"How did this disordered vortex turn into the Disordered Island? Or is it the other way around?"

He'd told Lu Yun everything on his mind to pave the way for an information exchange. Since Yun Yi stood behind the young man, Wu Ru didn't dare try any tricks or force the young man into giving up knowledge. He could only use his own secrets in trade.

"Damn it, why are things turning out like this?" Lu Yun ground his teeth before replying with resignation, "This is indeed Disordered Island and there is indeed a connate treasure about to emerge."

"Huh?" The two grand supremes paused.

“But the connate treasure should be an incredibly mighty treasure of disorder. Once it emerges, it will collect all of the disordered force in the sea and turn this area into a massive vortex!” Lu Yun took a deep breath. “The treasure should’ve formed its own sentience by now, but it’s just a fragment of thought. It needs to devour other true spirits or souls if it wants to become a true treasure spirit or living being.

“Therefore, it used the treasure to disguise this area as Disordered Island once more. It recreated the signs of a connate treasure about to emerge and set up a massive trap for you grand supremes.”

Cen Sui and Wu Ru shook with horror.

“The empyrean crystal skull! Damn it!” Cen Sui quickly realized. That was no ordinary treasure made of empyrean crystal, but a real skull! If the will of the disordered treasure was that strong, it would refine the skull and obtain shamanic dao!

“You fucking bastard, why did you bring it here?!” Wu Ru bawled at Cen Sui.

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The man had no idea what to say.

“I just wanted to borrow the island’s power to get rid of you... Only that skull could lure you here...” he mumbled. He’d reached the end of his rope after being hunted by the shamans for so long. Wu Ru was their greatest expert and the race wouldn’t be a threat anymore after he was gone.

Who would’ve thought the situation would end up like this?

The strength of the shamanic ancestor, one infinitely close to empyrean supreme, was sealed inside the skull. If the disordered treasure swallowed it, it was only a matter of time before a half step empyrean supreme emerged.

“But the treasure’s will shouldn’t be that strong yet or it wouldn’t lay a trap. It’d go on the hunt instead, so we still have a chance! Additionally, I want that disordered treasure. You guys can split up whatever else we get!” Lu Yun barked out. There shouldn’t just be one singular treasure in the vortex, there ought to be other living beings too!

### **Chapter 1936 – Ancestor of Shamanism**

“His Reverence Yun Yi wants the connate treasure?” Cen Sui asked subconsciously.

“Not him, me.” Lu Yun flicked a glance at Cen Sui, who pursed his lips. The peak grand supreme’s mark and treasure are both on this kid, so whatever he says goes, I guess.

“I don’t care, I just want to retrieve my race’s ultimate treasure,” Wu Ru responded honestly.

With that, the three fell silent.

The three hundred and sixty-fifth ranked connate lotus had entered the range of the Disordered Island. Disordered forces here were so intense that they almost formed tangible storms, ones that continuously gusted past the lotus.

Given that it was suffused with the power of order, the lotus wouldn't come to harm no matter how strong the disorder was. But the closer they drew to the massive vortex, the more apprehensive its passengers became.

There were more and more broken bodies drifting in the void around them. Fresh blood had gathered into patches of Blood Sea and resentment flourished inside them. Demonic intent howled and snarled in them, the souls of their owners devoured by another. All that remained of them were fragments of thought tainted by malice, turning them into terrible caricatures of their previous selves.

Instead of real spirits or souls, they were just lingering will. At the same time, it made them more horrifying than real ghostly spirits. Even Lu Yun shuddered when he saw them. Thankfully, Yun Yi had fortified the lotus before Lu Yun set out. The demonic intent didn't dare draw near the lotus.

"Be careful," Lu Yun suddenly muttered. "The sentience within the disordered treasure is extremely weak, so it has to recruit stronger beings to protect it."

When the connate Snow Lotus entered the gargantuan vortex, unearthly wills and screams reverberated in their ears and horrific illusions appeared in their way. Lu Yun mentally hunkered in on himself and held steadfast to his mental weaknesses, focusing on protecting his heart and mind.

Demonic intent was born after the death of a grand supreme and Lu Yun couldn't hold them off with his current level of strength. If it wasn't for the Tome of Life and Death, he'd already be under their thrall and a walking dead.

At the same time, they weren't the most frightening entities on the scene. If Lu Yun's calculations were correct, there was at least one unknown being, or even more, on par with Cen Sui that protected the disordered treasure.

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Cen Sui and Wu Ru were on their feet and alertly scanning the premises.

"I'm guessing it's disordered beasts." Wu Ru took a step back and stood behind Cen Sui. He was weaker than the other in terms of battle strength; it was his unpredictable shamanic arts that gave him an edge.

"Disordered beasts..." Cen Sui drew his blade and sent piercing light toward the horizon.

It was impossible that the disordered treasure hadn't discovered something as prominent as the three hundred and sixty-fifth ranked connate lotus. Since they'd been discovered, there was no need to continue hiding themselves. They might as well release their full strength and be ready to do battle at any time. That was far more preferable to being caught off guard.

Indeed, immense disordered beasts swam toward them from the depths of the vortex. Each of them was several thousands of kilometers long and Lu Yun was strangely familiar with their form—kun!

There was a divine beast in the World of Immortals called the kungpeng. It represented the strength of heaven and earth as the peng soared in the skies whereas the kun swam through the waters of the earth. When great emperors separated the beast, they'd split the beast into precisely those halves.

The beast also existed in the fourth realm. After creatures of the darkness in the Land of Reincarnation took possession of the Kun Sovereign King and Peng Sovereign King, both were ultimately killed. Lu Yun didn't see any more of these beasts after that encounter.

When the Netherdark Hell was split into two and one half of it took shape as the netherworld, there'd been rotten kun in it. That stemmed from the dead half of the kunpeng after it was separated.

It wasn't until he reached the chief worlds that Lu Yun thought some things through. Kunpeng was unique to the Land of Reincarnation as a divine beast that could incorporate heaven and earth inside its body. It'd never been the great emperors of the worlds that split the beast apart, but the endarkened.

They wanted to use the beast to identify the weaknesses of heaven and earth. Order could restrain the creatures of darkness and the worlds were the ultimate form of order. But kunpeng were living creatures after all, not true worlds. The endarkened didn't gain much for their efforts and ultimately gave up.

Whether it was the kun that Lu Yun saw in the fourth realm or here, they all came from the worlds. When he saw the disordered beast appearing in the form of a kun, a foreboding feeling grew in Lu Yun's heart.

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Cen Sui rushed out of the protection of the connate lotus and met the group of massive kun swimming toward them. Since they were disordered beasts, there were disordered crystal cores within their heads. That would be immensely useful for Lu Yun's cultivation of order.

As Cen Sui killed the grand-supreme-level beasts, he collected their cores and handed them to Lu Yun.

Although these beasts commanded grand supreme level strength, their life forms were not that of grand supremes. They were just violent beasts on par with ordinary life forms. But as ordinary life forms with strength beyond what they should possess, they would easily tear a regular grand supreme to pieces if they mobbed the hapless traveler.

"Stay here and cultivate while you direct the lotus." Wu Ru understood Cen Sui's intentions when he saw the latter hand cores to Lu Yun. The stronger Lu Yun was, the more of the Snow Lotus' strength he would be able to release.

"I say... should I take him out while we're at it?" Wu Ru leered at Cen Sui's back. He'd fought his nemesis for countless eons because Cen Sui had stolen the ultimate treasure of the shamanic race—their ancestor's skull. There was no mutual appreciation or anything of the sort between them. They would kill the other as soon as an opportunity presented itself, showing no mercy whatsoever.

Even now, Wu Ru knew that Cen Sui was purposefully showing his back and tempting the shaman to make a move. That, in turn, would give Cen Sui the chance to kill his archrival.

The two grand supremes had been the picture of harmony earlier, telling Lu Yun their thoughts and revealing their secrets. Though they'd struck a temporary truce, they also constantly jockeyed for position in both overt and covert ways, not wanting to bypass a single chance to kill the other.

Cen Sui displaying such an obvious opening was bait for Wu Ru. But the latter was no fool and could tell that he would take the opening to his death.

“What is that?!” Cen Sui suddenly jerked and shrank in on himself, returning to the lotus. He stared incredulously ahead of them.

A head the size of a major world floated to the fore, its darkly deep eyes fixed on the Snow Lotus racing through the void.

“That is the head of the great ancestor... Has he... revived?” Wu Ru gasped.

If the shamanic ancestor hadn't resurrected, that meant something else was in control of the skull of empyrean crystal and had manifested the image of the shamanic ancestor.

### **Chapter 1937 – Wind, Forest, Fire, Mountain**

There was already flesh and hair on the skull of empyrean crystal—they formed a woman's face. Ominous ripples traveled out from it and it was infinitely close to peak grand supreme. It was almost on par with the Cen Sui!

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Most frightening of all was that the ripples were still building in strength and growing ever closer to the level of a peak grand supreme.

Indeed, peak grand supreme! The woman manifested by the skull possessed cultivation levels! Lu Yun could even see tendrils of flesh, blood, and tendons extend downward from the skull, as if they were constructing a body.

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“Is your shamanic ancestor a woman?” Cen Sui turned to Wu Ru. The disordered beasts around them were spooked by the appearance of the skull and scattered, so he had nothing to kill at the moment.

“No.” Wu Ru stared intently at the skull. “The empyrean crystal skull belongs to my race's ancestor, who is male. Not only is it our ancestral treasure, it contains the lifelong cultivation of our ancestor and a fragment of his will.

“Theoretically speaking, it is possible for him to resurrect, but the one coming back to life now is not him.”

“Stop it!” Lu Yun suddenly roared. “It's the will of the disordered treasure, it's trying to take possession of the shamanic ancestor's skull!”

As he looked at the skull with the Spectral Eye, he could clearly see a fragment of pure spirit inside the empyrean crystal. A tendril of thought that wasn't very strong, but particularly resilient was encroaching upon the fragment. Although it was a shard of true spirit, it would give rise to a full spirit if the thought took it over.

“How is that possible?? ...it isn't possible!!” Wu Ru couldn't believe it. Generations of shamanic powerhouses had had their own designs for the skull, but they'd all failed.

The skull had been lost because a traitor dwelled among their ranks. The last shaman king's most trusted junior disciple had betrayed them and stolen the skull; the king had lost his life over it.

The current shaman king had chased after the traitor and personally executed him, but the traitor was so strong that the king was at the end of his rope after the ordeal. Cen Sui had conveniently happened upon the scene at that time and made off with the treasure, giving rise to everything afterwards.

It was said that the infamous junior disciple was the greatest genius of the race. He'd determined how to take possession of the skull and retrieve the ancestor's cultivation from it. But what the shamans wished to do was to resurrect their ancestor, not pillage his knowledge.

Hence, the junior disciple betrayed his race and stole the skull.

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"Lu Yun!" Wu Ru suddenly narrowed his eyes. "Do you have the guts to do something big?"

"What something big?" Lu Yun's heart clenched, the foreboding feeling growing stronger.

"All of us will die if that woman fully possesses the skull. Even Yun Yi arriving in person won't be a match for her." Wu Ru was very confident in the strength of his race's ancestor. Even if the cultivation level within the skull wouldn't reach empyrean supreme due to the ancestor's demise, it was still the strongest among peak grand supremes.

It had been a very long time since a peak grand supreme appeared among the shamans. Despite the prolonged interval, the peak grand supremes of the chief worlds remained extraordinarily respectful toward the shamans. The Autumnus and Cloudmist Realms had always viewed the race as equals.

"What do you want me to do?" Lu Yun's breathing hitched—he thought of something.

"The shamanic art of extending lives!" Wu Ru responded. "The art that I used on you and Cen Sui earlier. I was in a hurry then and didn't have time to deploy it to its maximum capability. Showing you the life form of a grand supreme was but the tip of the iceberg.

"My race has worshiped the skull for countless years and I am very familiar with it. If that thing is using the skull to manifest a body, I can deploy the art to link your lives together."

"Alright," Lu Yun agreed without further thought.

"Are you... are you not going to think about it?" Wu Ru paused.

"Think about what? That thing's body will finish growing once it fully takes over the skull and it'll be a peak grand supreme then. It'll slap us to death with a casual backhand." If they wanted to take action, they needed to do so immediately. The art also conferred too many benefits onto him and Wu Ru wouldn't dare lie to him at this time.

"Cen Sui, hold off that thing while I focus on deploying the art!" Wu Ru called out.

"Okay." Cen Sui took a deep breath as his blade flared with radiance. He rushed out of the lotus' range and transformed the radiance into a mountain that blasted into the skull.

Having yet to reach the height of a peak grand supreme, that made Cen Sui the strongest beneath peak grand supremes. This blow was the culmination of all of his strength and the peak combat art that his weapon could deploy. He shattered the disordered energy around them and broke it to pieces.

The mountain was as if dao itself, a tangible combat art that transformed blade into mountain and deployed the mountain as a blade.

The woman shrieked with agony and anger sparked in the depths of her deep eyes. In her simplistic line of thinking, she was about to transform into a living being after assimilating the enormous skull. All outside creatures should be fleeing in a panic, just like how the beings on the island had fled when the vortex first took shape.

In her muddled thoughts, she couldn't understand why these three beings were attacking her.

Her mind spun from the blow. If it wasn't for the skull being too durable and protecting her thoughts, the blow would've destroyed her.

She shrieked and spewed a disordered vortex from her mouth. It churned toward Cen Sui like a massive tornado.

He roared furiously in return and formed another shape with his blade. He manifested a dense forest this time instead of a mountain. It was instantly blown apart by the vortex, but the forest also shredded the tornado to pieces.

Cen Sui was starting to put his life on the line. He manifested wind, forest, fire, and mountain one after another, surrounding himself with the images.

Disordered vortexes gushed out of the skull's mouth and ate away at his defenses. Cen Sui could clearly sense the treasure's desire—it wanted their souls!

"Hurry up, you sons of bitches! I can't keep this up!" he yelled.

### **Chapter 1938 – Intent of Disorder**

A dogged Cen Sui erupted with full strength and managed to hang on in the face of the skull's salvo. However, this was just a momentary burst of stamina. Not only was the skull infinitely close to peak grand supreme, it was also the underlying basis for the will of the disordered treasure.

The massive vortex they were in flared with terrifying destructive power, adding it to the skull. Cen Sui wouldn't be able to endure the pressure for too long.

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"He's probably reached his limit... If we don't take action soon, he'll likely strike back at us to take us with him," Wu Ru remarked with some pity and brought out a tiny crystal skull. It glittered just like the empyrean crystal skull, but it wasn't made of empyrean crystal.

As the foremost powerhouse of the shamans, Wu Ru naturally enjoyed the privilege to study their ancestor's skull. He'd formed the crystal skull in his hand after extracting some power from the ancestor's skull.

With the two skulls sharing the same origin, Wu Ru used his as a sounding rod to determine where the empyrean crystal skull was. He followed it to the Disordered Sea, but the rules and laws were in such disarray here that anything resembling a compass lost its efficacy. So all Wu Ru knew was that the empyrean crystal skull and Cen Sui were inside the sea, but he didn't know that the skull had already been taken to Disordered Island.

Cen Sui was counting on this; he wanted to use the disordered energy within the sea to eliminate Wu Ru once and for all.

The tiny crystal skull in Wu Ru's hands still maintained a connection with the empyrean crystal skull. Since the skulls were physically close to each other, Wu Ru easily connected the two together.

Using the skull in his hands as the medium, he deployed the great shamanic art of life extension and connected Lu Yun to the empyrean crystal skull. There was life in that skull!

Boom!

An enormous ripple reverberated through the void and the disordered vortexes coming for Cen Sui immediately dispersed. He was sent flying by the backlash, landing in an unknown patch of space. He was no fool—he'd collected some power of order from the Snow Lotus before he left, so the disordered forcefield in the void wouldn't threaten him for the time being.

Up in the air, the massive skull had grown out half of its body. She suddenly stopped and the deep look in her eyes dimmed. Lu Yun also froze as well—a massive mind flowed into his body through the tiny skull in Wu Ru's hand.

He was as if a fly caught in amber, unable to move anything except his thoughts.

"I told you to think about it some more. See, now you've fallen into my trap." A smile floated onto Wu Ru's face and he carefully put the crystal skull away. He looked appraisingly at the young man.

"How do you know I've fallen into a trap?" Lu Yun suddenly shook his head and restored mobility to his body.

Wu Ru's eyes widened; Cen Sui also appeared back on the connate lotus instead of floundering around in the void.

"The gig's up," Cen Sui sneered at his arch nemesis, his weapon in hand.

"Gig? What gig?" A hint of caution floated onto Wu Ru's face. Despite being at arm's length, Cen Sui wasn't afraid of the other and even took two steps forward.

"He's not Wu Ru," Lu Yun interjected. "Wu Ru's soul has been devoured. He's the will of the disordered treasure."

"Oh? How did you know? When did you find out?" chuckled "Wu Ru".

"I miscalculated," Lu Yun narrowed his eyes. "I thought that the will from the treasure was very weak, that it was able to make mischief only because of the disordered treasure. I thought it wasn't that intelligent."

“But you devoured all those grand supreme spirits and souls not to forge a true spirit for yourself, but to manifest your intelligence!”

The disordered treasure had executed one hundred thousand grand supremes. Its will absorbed all of their thoughts and intelligence, thus enabling the woman inside to develop an exceedingly high mental capacity. She'd also occupied Wu Ru's mind through his connection with the empyrean crystal skull.

The treasure's will started luring Lu Yun into her plot from the very first usage of the life extension art, leading him to believe that this kind of uncanny shamanic art really did exist. Everything had paved the way for this moment, to once more deploy the life extension art and connect him to the empyrean crystal skull. That gave the treasure's intent a split second of opportunity to rush into Lu Yun's body.

Wu Ru nodded smilingly. He still appeared the same as before, but his thoughts were someone else's.

“All I've done is awaken from a dull, muddle-headed state. After I devoured one hundred thousand souls, I learned that you ended the god of Mount Tai's Land of Reincarnation and forged the origin hell before he could. I don't want anything else—just the hell,” Wu Ru said. “Don't count on having Yun Yi rescue you. She can't see anything that's happening here and can't come to this place.”

A kingly, female voice echoed in Lu Yun's mind, saying the same things that Wu Ru did.

“You want hell?” Cen Sui struck before Lu Yun could respond and slammed his weapon down on Wu Ru's body. Wind, forest, fire, and mountain operated at the same time, releasing a formidable power beyond imagination.

He was as swift as the wind, as calm as the forest, plundered like fire, and as immobile as a mountain. This was the great dao that Cen Sui cultivated.

BOOM!

The four forces gathered together as one and smashed into Wu Ru.

Clang!

A disordered vortex appeared over Wu Ru and shattered the forces. Cen Sui spat out blood and looked disbelievingly at Wu Ru.

“Peak grand supreme!” he yelled. Wu Ru, or rather, the will of the disordered treasure, was a peak grand supreme!

Lu Yun remained unmoving, his eyes fixed on the enemy. He mentally replayed Wu Ru and the treasure's words again and again.

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“Hell needs a true master and it's not me.” Lu Yun raised his head. “I can give you hell, but you must join the immortal dao and become the master of hell under immortal dao.”

“Hmm?” Wu Ru frowned.

“Yun Yi cannot see me, but four out of the six grand supremes in the chief worlds stand behind me. Yun Yi cannot come to this place by himself, but what if all four of them come at the same time?” Lu Yun extended his hand and released the marks of four peak grand supremes.

Tailong, the Dao King, Yun Yi, and Qiu Feishan.

Wu Ru finally lost his look of complete assurance.

### **Chapter 1939 – Disordered Empyrean Supreme**

Yun Yi alone wouldn't threaten the will of the disordered treasure in the Disordered Sea, but if all four peak grand supremes arrived at the same time...

Both the will and the massive disordered vortex in front of them would be instantly pulverized and turned to dust.

There were only six peak grand supremes in the chief worlds and each of them was an apex powerhouse of the realm. Four of them acting in concert would be the manifestation of the strongest power in the chief worlds. They would even be able to call upon the realm's will of heaven and earth.

Peak grand supremes represented the worlds of the realm and could utilize heaven and earth as they saw fit. That was why the nine clawed golden dragon hadn't protested when Tailong told him to get lost. He'd simply left without another word.

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Wu Ru's eyes transformed into an expanse of stars and he looked deeply at Lu Yun. A massive disordered vortex abruptly loomed into existence and swallowed the connate lotus of three hundred and sixty-five ranks.

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When Lu Yun next got a handle on his bearings, he found himself in a strange void. Multicolored radiance sparkled in the air and an extremely disordered ripple swam through them, like it was alive. The lotus floated quietly in the air.

A lofty, stunning woman had replaced Wu Ru. Seeming as removed as an empress on high, she wore a small crown of pure gold in her hair and yellow robes hemmed with gold. Perched on a throne, she regarded Lu Yun coolly.

“You're... not the will of the disordered treasure!” Lu Yun realized when he looked at the newcomer.

The woman had finished refining the shamanic ancestor's skull long ago and made it part of herself. Leveraging the power within, she'd been in the process of manifesting her true body and had reached peak grand supreme.

The skull's reappearance earlier gave Wu Ru the pretext of using the life extension art, creating an opportunity for the empress to descend upon Lu Yun's body and seize his mind. Unfortunately for her, the young man used the Tome of Life and Death to render the combat art null and void. With the failure of her plot, she showed herself in person and demanded what she wanted from Lu Yun.

“I do not tolerate threats, particularly ones from an ant.” She rose from her throne and looked at Lu Yun with a cold glint in her eyes. “You can have those four peak grand supremes come and see if they can do anything in this world.

“They will try, but to no avail. In the meantime, I will kill you without pause and seize hell for myself!”

“Long time no sea, Disordered Empyrean Supreme,” came a clear voice as the woman’s shout rang through the air. Something akin to a black hole appeared in the void as a handsome young man in white robes stepped through it.

“Tailong.” The woman raised her sharply angled eyebrows.

“Tailong greets Your Empyrean Reverence.” Tailong swept a grand bow at the woman.

Lu Yun and Cen Sui’s hearts skipped a beat when they heard the greetings.

Empyrean Supreme??

The Disordered Empyrean Supreme?!

Wasn’t there only one empyrean supreme in the chief worlds, the primordial heavenly emperor? When did a second one jump out??

The title also made Lu Yun’s heart clench painfully. Based on the order of opposition, where there was order, there was disorder. In certain regards, disorder was another type of order that was the perfect absence of order. It was just unsuitable for creatures of order to live under.

On the other hand, it was ideal for creatures of the darkness. If there were life forms that could cultivate order, then there would be ones that could cultivate disorder!

Since the empyrean supreme in front of them carried the word “disorder” in her title, then she must be one that cultivated disorder. Was she an empyrean supreme of the darkness? Lu Yun’s face drew taut as he thought of the giant kun of disorder that had appeared before.

Who the fuck would’ve thought that the treasure of disorder would hold the fragment of an empyrean supreme’s will? This was probably all planned as well, just like everything before!

Lu Yun could no longer contact the World of Immortals or the three peak grand supremes dwelling within it. He hadn’t summoned Tailong—the young man had appeared of his own accord. There was likely an indescribable connection between him and the Disordered Empyrean Supreme.

“Lu Yun is my strategist and our future pillar of strength. It wouldn’t be the thing to do to take his hell, now would it?” Tailong straightened with a smile on his face, but an arctic gleam in his eyes.

He wasn’t afraid of this empyrean supreme.

He wouldn’t dare talk to her like this in her prime, but she was currently just a half-crippled peak grand supreme. Although she’d obtained the strength of a powerhouse infinitely close to empyrean supreme, that strength did not belong to her.

Just as Lu Yun had once said to Nine Claw, heavyweights on the level of Tailong could break through to empyrean supreme with their own strength. He wouldn't be tempted with anything happening in the tomb of the empyrean supreme.

Tailong wasn't the only one—all six peak grand supremes thought nothing of the opportunities in the tomb. All that'd taken place before had been an act to fool the grand supremes of the darkness.

The Disordered Empyrean Supreme had claimed the shamanic ancestor's skull so she could be reborn through it. She wouldn't have co-opted someone else's strength at any other time.

"Your strategist?" sneered the Disordered Empyrean Supreme as she looked at Lu Yun. "That's true enough, the formula dao that he created represents the wisdom of all life and can derive all things.

"But the god of Mount Tai is my disciple and I left the seed of hell on him before I perished. I had him manifest hell dao and create hell, forging the world of hell dao sequence. I am merely taking back what is mine."

"Yours?" scoffed Tailong. "The mountain god half-assed his creation and didn't even manage to create hell dao order. Instead, he forced the eighteen layers of hell into existence and tried to use them to create a world of sequence. For his efforts, that world of his collapsed before it was finished and nearly took the entire Land of Reincarnation with it."

The primordial heavenly emperor had laid out plans for the Land of Reincarnation through the god of Mount Tai, and the seed of hell dao on the latter had come from the Disordered Empyrean Supreme.

No one knew what the origin of hell was, but the blueprint of hell in the chief worlds most likely came from this empyrean supreme. It was similar to when Mo Yi created Ruina with a wave of her hand. However, Lu Yun's hell was vastly different from the empyrean supreme's hell.

"Not mine?" The woman strode forward and came up to the two young men.

Humm!

She erupted with a violent reverberation and brought her palm down on Lu Yun's head, wanting to kill him on the spot!

Tailong didn't have a chance to respond as he hadn't anticipated that this legendary empyrean supreme would seek to fatally strike without warning!

### **Chapter 1940 – A Triple Threat**

No one imagined that the venerable Disordered Empyrean Supreme would bully the weak and move on Lu Yun. When such a powerhouse took action, even the nearby Tailong could do nothing. He could only watch as her hand descended on Lu Yun's head. The Tome of Life and Death had no recourse against a peak grand supreme—the young man wouldn't be afforded the chance to revive.

Hummm.

A purplish-black ripple wafted through the air the moment the supreme's hand was about to touch Lu Yun's head.

“Hmm?” The Disordered Empyrean Supreme hadn’t held anything back and would’ve turned the young man to dust had the blow connected. His true spirit would be destroyed and his replicas and will in the outside world would be extinguished.

At the moment, however, the supreme felt like her hand was imprinted on a massive mountain of empyrean crystal. Lu Yun’s head, body, and everything about him remained unmoving.

She reflexively backed up with urgency and considered him with consternation.

“Disordered Empyrean Supreme, you’re being quite the ingrate,” sounded an ethereal female voice. Yun Yi stepped out of the void wearing long purple robes.

The three hundred and sixty-fifth ranked Snow Lotus beneath Lu Yun’s feet bloomed anew when she pointed with her finger. A haze of light around him faded away. It’d been her treasure that protected the young man just now.

Cold sweat beaded his forehead. Although he knew that Yun Yi, Tailong, and Mo Yi wouldn’t let him die, that had been much too close for comfort.

“Yun Yi,” the supreme snorted with laughter. “You say that this seat is an ingrate?”

“You’d still be a ball of muddled thought if I hadn’t employed some wiles to send you the shamanic ancestor’s skull,” Yun Yi answered with a half smile. “Why do you think one hundred thousand grand supremes showed up to hunt for treasure just when your disordered throne happened to reappear? And why is it that you were able to devour grand supreme souls in sufficient numbers to occupy that shaman’s skull?”

Lu Yun’s scalp went numb when he heard Yun Yi’s words. He’d grown aware of how ruthless and terrifying Yun Yi could be from all of the schemes she’d laid to nurture Chu Xingran. To think that her ambitions would span so far as to entrap one hundred thousand grand supremes merely to enhance the Disordered Empyrean Supreme’s consciousness!

True enough, the latter wouldn’t be strong enough to possess the shamanic ancestor’s skull otherwise. While Yun Yi may not have personally killed the one hundred thousand grand supremes, the retribution for their deaths would certainly fall on her!

Not only was she the cause of so many grand supremes’ deaths, the shamans, void robber Cen Sui, and others had been dragged into her plots. The shamans fought Cen Sui for countless years after the shamanic ancestor’s skull was taken. Uncountable people died as a side effect and all associated karma would be attributed to Yun Yi.

Lu Yun had wondered where Yun Yi and the Dao King had gone off to. Now it seemed that they’d left to open the tomb of the empyrean supreme.

The tomb’s opening coincided with the reassembly of the shattered disordered throne. Yun Yi needed to craft a new peak grand supreme for the chief worlds, or even an empyrean supreme. She didn’t hesitate to use the blood of all life to accomplish her goal.

She had three choices available to her—raise Chu Xingran to peak grand supreme and sacrifice him to the realm monster in the Firmament Prison, use the realm monster to recreate the primordial heavenly court, or the Disordered Empyrean Supreme in front of them.

Out of an abundance of caution, she'd proceeded on three different fronts and laid down a triple-layered plan. They were all relevant and connected to each other.

At the same time, Lu Yun couldn't be certain that this was all Yun Yi had up her sleeve. What if she had a fourth plot, a fifth? The woman was too frightening to comprehend... No wonder Mo Yi and the others called her the crown prince of the primordial heavenly court, as opposed to just a regular princess.

The Disordered Empyrean Supreme's expression sank when she heard the words.

"Of course, I also anticipated your current state of mind. You can't fault me for showing no mercy if you continue to be this thickheaded." Purple light glowed in Yun Yi's eyes as the shadow of a purple sword appeared in her hand. Its keen edge glowed with energy and burst with resolute killing intent.

A resurrected Disordered Empyrean Supreme was within her calculations. Having made all of these plans, she could also very well kill the supreme and have someone else take over the body.

Rumble!

The throne behind the Disordered Empyrean Supreme rose with a boom and manifested images of all life worshipping it.

Yun Yi and Tailong looked at each other before rushing their opponent. Snow Lotus beneath Lu Yun's feet turned purple, protecting the young man. The throne had sealed off the premises, preventing the treasure from breaking through the void and carrying him to safety.

Lu Yun tried opening the Gates of the Abyss—his attempt was successful, but he couldn't connect to hell.

Mortals suffered when the gods fought. Although Lu Yun was the mightiest god to the World of Immortals, he wasn't even a mortal compared to these even stronger gods. What worried him the most was that while Yun Yi appeared undaunted, she was very weak and was already covered with injuries.

He hadn't known why this was the case before, but now realized that it was from opening the tomb. Retribution and overwhelming resentment from the Disordered Empyrean Supreme killing one hundred thousand grand supremes had all recoiled onto her.

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Even as a grand supreme, it was very difficult for her to endure this level of backlash. If it wasn't for the Dao King helping shoulder some of her burden, she might've died long ago. Yun Yi's plans were thorough and complete, but she didn't account for Lu Yun's existence!

Lu Yun was a complete accident outside of her parameters.

She could've ignored him and let the Disordered Empyrean Supreme take the origin hell since she wanted it. But Mo Yi valued Lu Yun and even Tailong viewed the young man as his future strategist.

Therefore, Yun Yi had to drag her battered body and fight the supreme to win Lu Yun a chance of survival.

The combination of the disordered throne and the shamanic skull was too strong, allowing the Disordered Empyrean Supreme to hold her own despite battling two people. She was even starting to get the upper hand!

But worries plagued her all the same. Yun Yi and Tailong had come, yet Lu Yun still held the marks of two more peak grand supremes. If they came as well, that would spell the end of her. Thus, she searched for an escape route as she fought—but she would take down the young man before she left. She must have hell!