

Necropolis 1941

Chapter 1941 – The Seventh Peak Grand Supreme

“Hot damn, peak grand supremes are seriously terrifying!” Cen Sui kept gulping next to Lu Yun. There was no place for him in a battle of peak grand supremes—any of the ripples emanating from their moves would dust him to ashes.

Thankfully, he’d stayed on top of Snow Lotus ever since they arrived in this strange world. Thus, the treasure’s protection extended to him.

“Where’s Wu Ru?” Lu Yun frowned. “He’s alive, the Disordered Empyrean Supreme only occupied his thoughts. She didn’t kill him, so he’s still around here somewhere!”

“Who cares about that traitor!” Cen Sui glared. “Given how strong Wu Ru’s shamanic arts are, it’s not easy even for a peak grand supreme to take over his mind. Not to mention, the Disordered Empyrean Supreme is only strong because of the disordered energy here. Her will hasn’t reached the level of a peak grand supreme in the outside!

“That kid let himself be taken over, or was putting on an act!”

Lu Yun’s heart skipped a beat. He’s right.

One hundred thousand grand supremes had been gathered to supplement her fragments of thought. However, if sheer quantity was sufficient to bridge the gap between grand supreme and peak grand supreme, would there only be six peak grand supremes in the chief worlds?

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Even if the shamanic ancestor’s skull boosted the Disordered Empyrean Supreme’s strength to that of a peak grand supreme’s, her will was only an ordinary grand supreme’s. Would an ordinary grand supreme be able to fully take over the mind of a peak shamanic genius like Wu Ru?

Shamans were the greatest authority in the chief worlds when it came to the study of the mind, flesh, and blood essence. Even after the appearance of formula dao and incredible demand for it, the shamans were the only ones who remained unmoved.

When the Disordered Empyrean Supreme saw the marks of peak grand supremes on Lu Yun, she brought them here without another word. Only in a place of intersecting disorder could she withstand such personages.

“Wu Ru... is just playing into the supreme’s schemes. He hasn’t given up on recovering his ancestor’s skull,” Lu Yun realized.

“I can also tell you something else,” Cen Sui sneered. “Although the three peak grand supremes are battling each other, neither side wishes to kill the other. Yun Yi has gone to so much effort and sacrificed one hundred thousand lives to resurrect this Disordered Empyrean Supreme. She won’t bear to kill her opponent at this juncture.

“Since the supreme owes Yun Yi a great debt of gratitude, she won’t kill her benefactor either. The three of them are most concerned with you!

“Yun Yi and Tailong wish to protect you and the Disordered Empyrean Supreme wants your hell...” Cen Sui chuckled ruefully at Lu Yun. “All of this will be over if you give her hell. You might even strike up a friendly relationship with her and the chief worlds would have another peak grand supreme.”

“Give her hell? I already said that I’d give it to her if she joins the immortal dao,” Lu Yun frowned. “Don’t try to pressure me with doing the right thing and keeping the bigger picture in mind. I don’t care about the livelihood of those in the chief worlds. I only care about my people in the World of Immortals.”

“Hell is what supports the immortal dao at the moment. If it’s stripped out from that great dao, immortal dao will be weakened many times over, if not outright collapse!”

Of the grand supremes, high supremes, and numerous supremes beneath the immortal dao, all of them were denizens of hell thanks to the Tome of Life and Death. The only exceptions were the ten billion supremes that Tailong had given him. They’d melded their great dao into hell dao, and since hell dao was subservient to immortal dao, that strengthened the immortal dao in turn.

Once hell departed from immortal dao, the latter would fade to a shadow of its former self.

Hell was the medium that connected immortal dao to the Tome of Life and Death, and was the first thing that the treasure had subdued. If this wasn’t the case, it would be as Lu Yun said—no big deal to gift hell dao to the Disordered Empyrean Supreme. It wasn’t as if he wanted to be the master of hell.

The combination of hell, the Firmament Prison, and Ruina was reincarnation. He wielded the power of reincarnation!

With the Disordered Empyrean Supreme cultivating disorder and being placed on the opposite of order, disorder would turn into another existence beneath immortal dao if she joined. If disorder and order were unified, immortal dao would truly be the greatest dao in existence.

Naturally, the Disordered Empyrean Supreme didn’t want to work for someone else’s benefit. Neither was Lu Yun seeking to kill her. There was no one in the entire chief worlds who could accomplish the deed. What he needed to do was to run for his life. He’d be safe if he left the massive disordered vortex.

The supreme wouldn’t dare leave it for the time being. If she did, attention from the land of darkness would quickly come for her.

“Ah, right, isn’t there only one empyrean supreme in the chief worlds? The primordial heavenly emperor? Where does this Disordered Empyrean Supreme come from?” Lu Yun asked with confusion.

“And I thought there were only four peak grand supremes in the realm. If it wasn’t for the sudden opening of the empyrean tomb and the images of the six peak grand supremes, how would I know there’s actually six of them?” Cen Sui harrumphed.

Apart from Yun Yi and Qiu Feishan, there were two out of the original four that Lu Yun had yet to meet. Tailong’s appearance was so abrupt that even Yun Yi hadn’t expected him. After that, another peak grand supreme appeared under her nose in the Firmament Prison—the Dao King.

Additionally, there was a group of crippled peak grand supremes recuperating in the Land of Reincarnation. But since none of them could exert the strength of a peak grand supreme at the moment, no one treated them as such.

To the general public, the primordial heavenly emperor was the only empyrean supreme in the realm. The appearance of a second, however, didn't raise too many eyebrows.

Their home was so big and fathomless that anything was possible. All they knew was what they'd seen and touched. In the meantime, there were plenty of unknown locales that they'd never seen or even heard of.

Not to mention that the Disordered Emphyrean Supreme had just come back to life. Although she bore "empyrean supreme" in her title, she was one no longer. She was the seventh peak grand supreme in the chief worlds.

"Forget that, there are some things you'll see only when you grow up. We see seven peak grand supremes now, but maybe we'll see even more when we're peak grand supremes ourselves. Maybe we'll even meet living emphyrean supremes!" Cen Sui said. "We should figure out how to save our asses first."

The Disordered Emphyrean Supreme was a fish in water given the presence of her throne in this world. She'd suppressed Tailong and Yun Yi, and it wouldn't be long until she could spare some effort for Lu Yun.

Cen Sui was in the same boat as Lu Yun now. When the latter was taken care of, Cen Sui would be eaten as an afterthought.

"We can't now, but we can if we find Wu Ru!" Lu Yun thought of the tiny crystal skull in Wu Ru's hands. That thing pulled strength from the Disordered Emphyrean Supreme—only her power would help them get out of here. But... where was Wu Ru?

They hadn't seen a sign of him since arriving in this place, but Lu Yun had determined that he must be here somewhere.

Chapter 1942 – My Friend Comes With A Sword

"I can locate Wu Ru!" Cen Sui hastily offered. "While we haven't become friends after all these years, we can sense each other's presence."

He glanced at the throne beneath the Disordered Emphyrean Supreme as he spoke.

"He's inside the throne?" Lu Yun blinked.

"Yep!" Cen Sui nodded. "The throne is a connate treasure that the supreme refined for her personal use. It projects its own world, and if my guess is right, the Disordered Emphyrean Supreme has stored Wu Ru in it."

"She's come back to life without any subordinates or friends. Therefore, her first task of the day is to find a faction to perpetuate her heritage. Only then will she benefit from the protection of the realm's orders. Otherwise, she will remain alone and be the first to die when enemies come for her," Cen Sui quickly explained.

Powerhouses such as supremes and those all the way to peak grand supreme valued their legacy with unusual fervor. The land of darkness was far stronger than the chief worlds. They possessed more peak grand supremes than could be counted and very possibly even emphyrean supremes.

But in all this time, the orders of the chief worlds kept them from making meaningful incursions into the realm. The orders of the chief worlds formed its worlds, and the power of heaven and earth happened to be the bane of the creatures of darkness.

The great daos and heritages of the realm adhered to the process of incorporating themselves into the orders of the chief worlds, thereby obtaining the realm's approval. Once they were acknowledged by the chief worlds, they were protected by its orders.

It was a beneficial relationship that was a positive feedback cycle. The stronger the realm's orders were, the stronger the supremes and peak grand supremes were. The stronger the latter group was, the stronger the orders would grow in return.

Both rose to preeminence if one found glory, and both perished if one fell.

Peak grand supremes were the strongest powerhouses in the modern day chief worlds. Inclusion of just one of their great daos in the realm's orders could enhance heaven and earth to nigh indestructible levels.

Personages such as Yun Yi and Qiu Feishan nurtured a personal faction in addition to their own strength. They expanded their operations through the realm via accepting disciples. This was why Yun Yi had gone to the trouble and depths of sacrificing one hundred thousand grand supremes. She was willing to shoulder all of the retribution for her actions because she had to create a new peak grand supreme.

Although the Disordered Empyrean Supreme was enemies with her at the moment and wanted to kill Lu Yun, she would have to set down roots as long as she didn't die in this conflict and share her great dao with the rest of the realm.

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"So... the Disordered Empyrean Supreme has her sights set on the shamans?" Lu Yun asked subconsciously.

"As opposed to saying that she's chosen the shamans, it's more like Yun Yi delivered them to her on a silver platter." Cen Sui had grasped a thorough understanding of the situation.

Having seized the skull of the shamanic ancestor, that meant the Disordered Empyrean Supreme also laid claim to the ancestor's legacy. She therefore owed a debt to him, so she had to protect his descendants.

The shamans lacked a peak grand supreme and a world of sequence, but their potential and strength were incredibly strong. They could hold their own and stand shoulder to shoulder with the Morans and dragons.

Based on the original plans of the realm's peak grand supremes, the world of sequence born in the Land of Reincarnation would be sent to the shamans. However, what actually transpired was that the shamans didn't even visit the Land of Reincarnation, much less fight for the world of sequence.

With that, Lu Yun sank into silent contemplation. The Disordered Empyrean Supreme hadn't killed Wu Ru because she owed debts of gratitude to both the shamans and Yun Yi. Their point of contention now

was Lu Yun, and he could only leave this area if he found Wu Ru and grabbed the tiny crystal skull from him.

But he wouldn't make it into the throne with his current strength, no matter what he tried. It was also the Disordered Empyrean Supreme's personal treasure. It would perfectly entrap him if he entered the throne.

Hum.

Hum.

Hum.

Hum.

Four enormous vibrations rang through the air as four massive swords cut through the region's barrier. A young daoist wearing bright red daoist robes and a wine gourd at his waist strode through the void. The swords hovered around him like four towering mountains.

Daoist Yuyu... Lord Ingress!

Peak. Grand. Supreme!!

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Lu Yun's jaw dropped and his eyes went round with astonishment. What on earth was Lord Ingress doing, descending from the sky at this moment and breaking through the indestructible barrier of this world with unmatched weapons?

"A-a-an eighth peak grand supreme?" Cen Sui gaped as he stared at the newcomer.

Lord Ingress didn't look at Lu Yun. He walked straight up to the Disordered Empyrean Supreme and swept a grand bow.

"Yuyu greets the Disordered Empyrean Supreme." He smiled beatifically, his sharply defined eyebrows crossing his face like swords. When he raised his head, two beams of sword light shot out of his eyes at the supreme in question.

The three halted their fight and looked askance at Daoist Yuyu. No one anticipated that this god of slaughter would pop out at this point—even Yun Yi and Tailong jerked with surprise.

If the history of the chief worlds was to be divided into sections, Yun Yi and Tailong would be characters from the Primordial Era. This god of slaughter in front of them... was from the Mythological Era.

He'd survived his time, albeit deeply injured due to a variety of reasons, and entered the Land of Reincarnation to rest and recover. But while recuperation could be found in the previous Land of Reincarnation, it wasn't enough to help someone like Daoist Yuyu recover his full strength. His presence now patently blazed at the prime of his peak.

He was a peak grand supreme on par with Yun Yi and Tailong!

“How did you recover so quickly?” Yun Yi couldn’t believe her eyes. Of course she knew that Daoist Yuyi and the others were resting in the Land of Reincarnation, He was the disciple of Daoist Hongjun, and while no one knew how strong the daoist was, his three disciples were all peak grand supremes.

As a disciple of the Disordered Empyrean Supreme, the god of Mount Tai also came with an awe-inspiring background. Those from Hongjun were just as peerless.

“I’m just lucky.” Daoist Yuyu naturally wouldn’t reveal that he’d recovered thanks to the Tome of Life and Death. The treasure started repairing his core essence ever since his name first appeared in the book.

When Lu Yun later erased his name—Ge Long—from the book, he’d finished recovering. He’d just kept a low profile and bided his time, fooling even the likes of Yun Yi and the others. When he sensed that Lu Yun was in danger, he immediately came with his swords.

“Disordered Empyrean Supreme, the god of Mount Tai is still alive. He bears a branch of the hell dao heritage, so you can easily create another. Why fixate on the one belonging to the World of Immortals?” He addressed her very respectfully, but the four swords revolving around him flared with stern killing intent. They were ready to dive at any second.

While Yun Yi kept the greater good in mind and wouldn’t kill the Disordered Empyrean Supreme, the same hardly went for Daoist Yuyu. He didn’t care about anything and would kill anyone he set his eyes on.

Chapter 1943 – A Large Patch of Forest

Daoist Yuyu’s appearance broke the tenuous balance that’d been struck. His four enormous swords brimmed with killing intent and simulated a killing formation, sending killing force crashing against the barrier of this disordered territory.

The Disordered Empyrean Supreme looked at him with dismay. The daoist really had recovered to his full strength! While he wasn’t an empyrean supreme, he was the strongest among the peak grand supremes. Armed with his swords, it would have to take four peak grand supremes acting in concert to take him down. Otherwise, just one or two alone would find it difficult to constrain him.

Not to mention, he was also aided by Yun Yi and Tailong.

“Hmph!” she snorted and looked deeply at Lu Yun. She waved her hand and sent away the throne and disordered radiance in the surroundings. She then turned on her heel and left as well.

Disordered vortexes reappeared in the area, but they posed no threat to the group since there were three peak grand supremes with them.

“Well, that was fast.” Daoist Yuyu stowed his swords and finally looked at Lu Yun, breaking into a huge grin. “How about it? Suuuurprise!”

“Meh, you recovered a long time ago, didn’t you?” Lu Yun huffed.

Daoist Yuyu chuckled sheepishly and didn’t respond.

"I suspect that the god of Mount Tai has betrayed the chief worlds," Lu Yun continued. "It might be the doom of the Disordered Empyrean Supreme if she seeks out her disciple."

"Don't worry," Yun Yi nodded. She'd guessed that it was the mountain god behind things after being caught in a trap set by a peak grand supreme from the land of darkness. "Although she is heavily injured, her core essence is still that of an empyrean supreme. She will be the foremost peak grand supreme of the realm again if she's given enough time to recover. It won't be that easy for the land of darkness to scheme against her and we can actually use her hand to tear down some of their setups."

The Disordered Empyrean Supreme would certainly be attacked by the land of darkness if she went to find her disciple. If both sides ended up worse for the worse, Lu Yun would be able to capture the mountain god and use him to create a new Land of Reincarnation.

The god of Mount Tai had been a peak grand supreme in the past, but he was also just a grand supreme now. Hell dao was his chance to recover his strength, so he would never give it up.

"Will the Disordered Empyrean Supreme defect to the darkness?" Lu Yun suddenly worried.

"She won't." Tailong firmly shook his head, but didn't give a reason why.

"Then... fine. We'll really give her the shamanic race just like this?" Lu Yun still wasn't at ease with letting the grand supreme run around like this. She was as if a tiger, ready to pounce at him at any time. In fact, he very much rather that the peak grand supremes protecting him kill the woman, once and for all.

"Shamanic dao is a great dao under dark dao and they have taken it to extremely prosperous levels. It sits at the same level as dark dao now, so the latter will certainly destroy shamanic dao if the land of darkness invades. Or at the very least, it will bring the shamans to heel. The Disordered Empyrean Supreme is the only one who can save them," Yun Yi explained. "She's not a bad person, she just wants hell dao to help her get back to being an empyrean supreme."

"...not a bad person, eh?" Lu Yun's teeth ached.

"That's right," Daoist Yuyu nodded. "But I'll still kill her if I have the chance to."

Although his name had been erased from the Tome of Life and Death, some things were branded into the depths of his soul. When he sensed the threat to Lu Yun's life, he immediately came to rescue his savior.

"Fine, fine, she's not a bad person if you guys say so. I'm going to the tomb of the empyrean supreme," Lu Yun grumbled and clapped Cen Sui's shoulder. "I'm going to take the void robbers, I trust you have no objections?"

Cen Sui glared at him, but shrank in on himself when he looked at the three peak grand supremes. These august personages were all here to protect Lu Yun. One of them even wanted to kill the Disordered Empyrean Supreme because she'd threatened Lu Yun's life. These backers were too strong for him to deal with.

"Take them if you want. They're a poisonous tumor in Cen Sui's hands anyway," Yun Yi waved her off. "If that's all, I'll be off."

She'd already left when her last word hung in the air.

Tailong looked meaningfully at Daoist Yuyu and smiled at Lu Yun. “My strategist, you can take your place by our sides when you become a peak grand supreme.”

He left as well.

“That’s weird. His tone sounds like they’re fighting someone else. Is our enemy not the land of darkness?” Lu Yun wondered.

“Hahaha!!” Daoist Yuyu poured a mouthful of wine into his mouth. “Enemy? What enemy?”

“We view the land of darkness as demons because their orders are the opposite of ours. In our world, order is order and disorder is anti-order. But in the land of darkness, our order is disorder and theirs is order.

“They view us just like we do them—demons.”

Lu Yun started, then nodded slowly.

“This plane of existence is like a massive jungle. We’re just trying to carve out a tiny sanctuary for ourselves. If we wish to survive, we must fight and tear at each other. We are this way and so is the land of darkness. And of course, there are more than the two of us in this forest.

“But you guys are too small to have the right to learn of this,” Daoist Yuyu concluded in a mysterious way.

“This guy’s small too?” Lu Yun pointed at Cen Sui.

“Well, he’s big enough, but he’s useless. He can’t even keep the void robbers under control, so who’s going to let him in on those secrets?” Daoist Yuyu rolled his eyes. “If my guess is right, Yun Yi was originally going to kill this guy as an afterthought after the Disordered Empyrean Supreme came back to life. She would send someone else to take control of the void robbers instead.”

Cen Sui shuddered.

“It’s actually for the best that you’re taking them. Let’s keep this all in-house, eh?” Daoist Yuyu cackled at Cen Sui.

The man was sweating profusely and shaking like a leaf. He bobbed his head up and down. It no longer mattered who he swore allegiance to—he’d been blacklisted by the peak grand supremes! He might die at any second!

“How about I take you to the tomb?” Daoist Yuyu smiled.

“Nah, he can take me. You should remain out of sight. Ah yes, how are your two senior brothers and Senior Hongjun?” Lu Yun asked.

“You need to work harder. We’ve attached our great dao to immortal dao and will live or die with it. I’ve made a full recovery, but they need immortal dao to help them. If you can recreate a Land of Reincarnation, you won’t need to worry about us anymore.”

Cen Sui wanted nothing more than to bash his head open on the ground. He’d just heard secrets he wasn’t supposed to and therefore completely tied himself to Lu Yun’s banner!

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Chapter 1944 – Divine Mountain

Lu Yun glanced at a Cen Sui repeatedly slapping his forehead and ignored the man.

“Alright, I’m off since you don’t need my help. And you’re right, I shouldn’t reveal myself too often in the chief worlds. If that group of peak grand supremes in the darkness sniff me out, then all of my previous hiding will be useless.” Daoist Yuyu also vanished as he spoke.

The lotus flower beneath Lu Yun’s feet slowly retracted back into a star.

“Damn, this is such a cheap trick!” Cen Sui stuck out his tongue at it. “This connate lotus of three hundred and sixty-five ranks is renowned throughout the chief worlds, but who would connect that with... this...”

A very plain, ordinary looking, yet weirdly durable star. Who the heck would look twice at that?

Wu Ru had likely seen hints of something else because he’d once tried to seize it. He was also Yun Yi’s pawn to begin with.

Only Lu Yun and Cen Sui were left after the departure of the peak grand supremes. Lu Yun sat down on the star and bade it streak toward the empyrean supreme’s tomb.

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The Disordered Island was still close to them and the Empyrean Disordered Supreme stood on it, silently watching the young man leave on a star with a fiery tail. There was another figure standing beside her— Wu Ru.

“Greetings to Your Highness.” He suddenly dropped to one knee and dipped his head.

“So you know?” She looked down at him.

“Not even a full empyrean supreme would be able to refine the ancestor’s skull. Only his flesh and blood can,” Wu Ru responded. “There is a myth that the ancestor sired one daughter, but nothing is known about her whereabouts. She is most likely Your Empyrean Reverence.”

The shamanic ancestor was an ancient heavyweight, one older than the primordial heavenly court. Hailing from the Mythological Era, it wasn’t strange that the Empyrean Disordered Supreme was his daughter.

Yun Yi wouldn’t have sent her the shamans if that wasn’t the case, nor given her the skull so she could be reborn.

But while Yun Yi knew of the matter, she didn’t bring it up. The Empyrean Disordered Supreme’s relationship with the shamanic ancestor was one of her weaknesses. If the land of darkness found it, they’d turn the shamans into a pawn and kill her again.

The ancestor’s skull was her sole hope for resurrection. If she died again, she would be fully dead. Not everyone was as lucky as Leize’s family, able to be revived through the Tome of Life and Death.

“Mmhhh,” the Empyrean Disordered Supreme inclined her head. “Back in the day... forget it. I’ve sent the full legacy of the shamans into your mind. You can return to the sacred land and access it through the altar.”

“Then what about Your Reverence...” Overjoyed, Wu Ru’s thoughts quickly returned to the supreme.

“I’m going to the tomb and fishing out the god of Mount Tai.” A keen light flashed in her eyes. “How dare my good disciple betray me!!”

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Lu Yun’s appearance changed once more after they left the central zone of the Disordered Sea; he resembled a rich son of a secluded faction. Cen Sui turned into a faithful old servant; his trademark hulking blade was nowhere to be seen.

Along the way, Cen Sui shared a great deal of knowledge about the chief worlds—its powerhouses, details about the factions, and summaries of the various secret zones and dangerous territories.

The chief worlds were so enormous that Lu Yun couldn’t imagine how vast they were even if he stretched his imagination to its utmost. Cen Sui himself didn’t know everything that was hidden within either, much less Lu Yun.

Thus, the young man disguised himself as the heir of a secluded powerhouse who didn’t exist and once more concealed his true identity. He numbered among the strongest of high supremes now and had glimpsed the life form of grand supremes from Cen Sui. He was slowly progressing in that direction. Although he was no match for a grand supreme with his current level of strength, it wasn’t possible for ordinary grand supremes to kill him either.

As strong as he was, however, he wasn’t the strongest of the high supremes.

Miao. [1]

This was a name from Cen Sui—one that belonged to a legendary genius who’d crafted one thousand and eighty levels of sequence. He was only a high supreme, but had once killed a grand supreme with his bare hands.

Very few in the realm knew of his feats and even fewer knew that he existed. His faction seemed to have purposefully hidden him away. Miao was also the disciple of a peak grand supreme.

With the addition of Daoist Yuyu and the Disordered Empyrean Supreme, there were currently eight peak eight grand supremes in the chief worlds. Lu Yun knew six of them; there were two more that he’d yet to meet. Miao was a disciple of one of the two.

The newly opened tomb of the empyrean supreme was surely calling out to him, so the legendary genius must be here as well.

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A divine mountain that floats in the void.

Any disordered vortex that came near it was ripped apart by the mountain's forcefield and scattered in the surroundings as the power of order. A tattered golden bridge situated in the air extended out from it. As time went on, it slowly repaired itself.

"There is a large contingent of grand supremes and stronger high supremes who have yet to come to the tomb. They're waiting for the bridge to be fully repaired," Cen Sui murmured.

"Are there... more peak grand supremes to be found in the chief worlds?" Lu Yun wondered.

"How are you asking me this?" Cen Sui rolled his eyes. "As far as the public knows, there were only four peak grand supremes left in the realm. But another two appeared when the tomb opened, and then... and then you know."

He wanted to continue, but anything he uttered beyond that point might reveal crucial secrets that would result in disastrous consequences. Being a grand supreme himself, he knew what he could and could not speak of.

"Yeah," Lu Yun nodded. "I can't see anything special about this divine mountain from the outside. Let's head inside."

As impressive as the mountain was, that was all Lu Yun saw. A very big, but not larger-than-life mountain. There were plenty of mountains like these in the World of Immortals. If it wasn't for the golden bridge and the forcefield around it tearing disordered power to pieces, he wouldn't look at it twice.

These two attributes, however, made it a divine mountain.

The tomb of the empyrean supreme was inside it, but Lu Yun couldn't see any trace of a burial layout from the outside. The landmass perfectly obscured the layout.

"Yun Yi and the Dao King are probably behind the bridge." Lu Yun said after making some calculations.

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No one had discovered the tomb of the empyrean supreme for all its years beneath the mountain. it'd suddenly appeared in the public eye because the golden bridge had broken through the landmass' layout and leaked the tomb's presence.

For all his knowledge of feng shui, Lu Yun couldn't see a hint of the tomb despite knowing full well it was beneath them.

He and Cen Sui set foot on tattered planks. A ghastly caterwauling broke through the air the moment they did so and a strangely shaped endarkened appeared out of nowhere, slashing at Lu Yun with sharp claws.

1. This is not the same character for the Miao of Tushan Miao AKA the little fox! This character means clever/ingenious or in modern colloquial usage: ...interesting... ?

Chapter 1945 – This Way Is Barred

“A creature of the darkness?” Lu Yun’s expression shifted and he took a half step back, evading the blow. When he caught his breath, he surged forward with the first move of the Divine Fists of Hell—Darkstar.

An enormous black star streaked out as a meteor and crashed into the endarkened.

Bam!

The creature yelped and flew backward. It swiftly made a neat turn in the air and came for Lu Yun again. Relatively unscathed by the countermove, it moved with an ease that made the young man suck in a sharp breath.

He was much stronger than before and an ordinary high supreme would’ve been obliterated by his blow. But this creature of the darkness remained completely unharmed!

This first move of his Divine Fists of Hell had been perfected with help from the young girl that was the manifestation of sea dao. Sea dao was a great dao that possessed a world of sequence. Despite its manifestation dying and becoming a ghost, it still possessed the most perfect combat arts and dao methods in the world.

Lu Yun’s Darkstar had reached great perfection with her as a sparring partner and was a perfect combat art. Even Yun Yi and Qiu Feishan failed to find any flaws and had to subdue it with brute force.

Yet, this exemplary combat art was unable to inflict a single scratch on the endarkened. It only caused some aches and pains to a creature that seemed weaker than Lu Yun!

There was no sign of Cen Sui—the premises seemed to be a vacuum that extended for half a kilometer in all directions. One thing that Lu Yun could be certain of was that this was no mental or visual illusion. Everything taking place here was very real.

With the Tome of Life and Death now in his mind, it was impossible for any illusion to replicate the treasure.

The endarkened in front of him possessed four heads and eight arms—human, dragon, tiger, and elephant. Its eight arms corresponded to each head and each of them deployed an unfamiliar combat art. Eight in total, they combined into an incomparably disordered will.

While it was far inferior to the Disordered Emyrean Supreme’s power of disorder, it was much purer than the latter’s strength. The Disordered Emyrean Supreme was a being under order and her command of disorder was derived from the order of opposition. The four-headed creature in front of Lu Yun... was a true being of disorder.

Just as the denizens of the chief worlds cultivated order, so did disorder reside in this creature’s very bones.

Humm!

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Humm!

Humm!

The disordered creature howled and waved eight different combat arts around, attacking Lu Yun with tempestuous waves of disordered will.

“Is this... a chance to let me meet a real creature of from the land of darkness before survival is on the line?” Lu Yun swallowed hard and backed up again, this time exploding forward with both fists deploying Darkstar. He sent black shooting stars wherever his opponent fired an attack at him.

This endarkened was purer than any he’d met in the Dark World. Its eight eyes were bloodshot and it howled in a language that he didn’t understand. As it forced the young man back, Lu Yun could clearly sense its cultivation level—high supreme!

But there was no presence of a dao palace on it, which meant that this being lacked a dao palace! Only cultivators of order forged dao palaces.

“No wonder... If it was another high supreme on my level here, you would’ve bashed their head in a long time ago. What a pity for you that you ran into me!”

BOOM!

Lu Yun released an explosive ring of air while the muscles of his arms swelled alarmingly. His fists waved with greater strength than before and he could now use the power of order to destroy his opponent if he wanted to.

But he didn’t choose to.

He used only his physical strength and personal combat arts to fight the creature of darkness. He knew more than just the Divine Fists of Hell—he’d just given up on things he’d practiced in the past, like sword dao. But with the addition of sword dao into immortal dao, he could use the myriad of great daos and combat arts beneath immortal dao as he wished!

Qing Yu was the Dao Sovereign and the will of immortal dao, whereas Lu Yun was the great dao’s flesh and blood and its Dao King. Everything he’d ever practiced or relinquished immediately returned to him and was etched into his bones.

He extended two fingers out of his fist and pointed them forward as a sword, striking at his opponent.

Dragonrise!

Hummm!

Cutting sword qi accompanied by a dragon’s long croon slashed through the air. Lu Yun took a quick step forward and punched with his left hand. Darkstar!

Dragon and star combined into a brand new combat art.

Kaboom!

The blow pierced the endarkened through and its four mouths gaped at the same time. Roaring with outrage, it fell to the ground.

Lu Yun's chest heaved for breath as he looked at the lifeless creature of darkness and sank into deep thought.

"I didn't continue in the same vein after inventing Darkstar because it turns out that my line of thinking was wrong," he murmured to himself. "I always thought that any combat arts under hell dao must be pure hell dao. But it seems that I must incorporate other great daos if I'm to create the second move of the Divine Fists of Hell."

He'd had no inspiration for a second move after creating Darkstar, but just now, spontaneous enlightenment struck when he deployed sword dao alongside the Divine Fists of Hell. Darkstar was the foundation of his method of hell and needed to employ hell dao as its basis. On the other hand, he had to utilize the great daos of many, or even of all life, to surpass it.

There was no combat art or great dao that was one hundred percent pure. Even hell dao was the combination of numerous great daos and the intersection of multiple rules and laws. Attempting to use one great dao to craft a combat method would not work!

Lu Yun's path of cultivation had been a journey of exploration through the Tome of Life and Death. No one had ever sat him down for lessons. Cen Sui imparted some knowledge during their trip, but their time together had been too short. The young man still depended on himself to invent new combat arts and investigate dao.

"As strong as that blow was, it was a function of my personal strength. That creature was less than me, so of course I beat it to death with one blow. It won't be that easy if I meet someone on the same level as me." Lu Yun came to this conclusion with careful deployment of formula dao.

While the combination of Dragonrise and Darkstar enhanced their offensive capability, they mostly relied on sword dao's keen edge and Lu Yun's own strength. He hadn't been able to harm the endarkened during their fight, so it'd belittled the human and was caught off guard by the fatal blow.

If they were to fight again, it wouldn't be that easy for Lu Yun to do anything to him. And if he met someone of the same level, they'd easily identify the flaws in his combat art and strike back at him.

"I need a lot more endarkened to help me refine my combat arts! There should be a lot more on this bridge!" With that in mind, he strode forward.

A log bridge stood at the end of this area and there was a trapped creature of darkness howling on it. It flung itself at an invisible barrier when it saw Lu Yun. There was very likely a strong relationship between it and the one that the young man had just killed.

Chapter 1946 – It Has A Home Too

The decaying log bridge in front of Lu Yun was thirty meters long and a third of a meter wide, permitting passage for only one at a time. The creature of darkness stood in the middle, blocking the way.

The bridge wasn't part of the vacuum; there was an invisible barrier between the two. The endarkened had thrown itself against the barrier when Lu Yun killed its brethren, but failed to break it.

This one looked different from the previous one. Its form was humanoid and its height similar to a normal human, but a shell covered its body. Looking more like gray armor, bone spurs jutted out at various intervals. The creature was altogether a horrifying sight.

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Lu Yun quickly understood what was at hand when he thought about it some more. The log bridge was the only way out of this area, and he would pass only if he defeated or killed the endarkened on it.

His opponent was also a high supreme, but its aura was far stronger than the previous creature of darkness. In fact, he was on par with Lu Yun.

The young man took a deep breath and slowly approached the bridge. When the creature registered his actions, it took a few steps back and bared its teeth in a leer.

Whoosh!

A large machete appeared in its hand, the point leveled at Lu Yun.

The young man set foot onto the bridge wielding no weapons.

“ROAR!!” snarled the creature as it rushed forward, bringing the machete down on the human. It was a blow of pure force—no combat art or power of disorder.

Lu Yun noticed cracks appearing in the void around the weapon. Space here was inordinately durable, unlike the air of the chief worlds. Grand supremes might not be able to break through it, but this endarkened was so strong that he punctured the void with a single wave!

“That guy’s not aiming for me, he wants to destroy the bridge and die with me!” Lu Yun suddenly realized.

The creature of darkness was certainly imprisoned here. Perhaps not every person who set foot onto the bridge would meet one, but it was an occurrence of extraordinary significance for Lu Yun. It helped him more fully understand the horrors of the endarkened.

Yun Yi had definitely arranged this for him.

Last time he faced them, he’d worn the Master of Darkness. All creatures of darkness apart from grand supreme had been intimidated into compliance, eventually turning all of them into new inhabitants of hell.

Compared to that group, the two he faced were the difference between huskies and wolves. The one on the bridge had been waiting for a genius of the chief worlds to arrive so it could ensure mutual destruction.

Naturally, Lu Yun wouldn’t let it succeed. He struck back with a ray of sword qi the moment it slashed down with the machete and forced it back. This was pure sword dao, as opposed to the Divine Fists of Hell.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Sword qi shot out from his fingers and demonstrated all of the sword dao methods that he'd known before. A myriad of techniques churned toward the creature of darkness.

The endarkened didn't think that the human would respond so quickly. Its first strike was the only proactive move it could make; it was caught on the back foot for the rest of the fight.

Lu Yun's sword qi was too keen—the power of order that lurked within thoroughly constrained the power of disorder within the creature. As strong as it was, it was disorder at its core. Disorder was countered by order in the chief worlds.

It snarled and tore at the ground, but it'd given up the initiative when it chose to attack the log bridge first. There was no chance for it to seize the momentum again.

The longer Lu Yun fought, the stronger he grew. Sword dao receded and the Divine Fists of Hell reappeared. A dark star combined with sword qi and gradually created a sword star. What was originally a dim star began to sparkle with light—the radiance of killing intent.

Hummm.

A massive blade descended from the sky and crashed into the creature, slicing it into two.

Thump!

Two halves of a body flopped weakly to the ground. A dense air of resentment and grief momentarily flooded the swaying bridge. Just like the creature before it, it didn't enter hell to become a new inhabitant. Both of them dispersed on the wind.

"Is this... a boxing method, or a sword method?" Lu Yun blinked. Although there was no difference between the two at his cultivation level since all daos were interchangeable, it was still illogical to slice someone in half with one punch.

He sighed to sense the air of sorrow around him. Creatures of the darkness were living beings too. They... also had homes.

But he quickly dismissed his tiny bit of sympathy. These two had been held here for him to practice against. Perhaps there were beings from the chief worlds in the same straits in the land of darkness.

When two different orders and civilizations clashed, both sides fought for survival. The only way to end the strife was to conquer one side.

Lost in his thoughts, Lu Yun walked over the log bridge. The tattered golden bridge reappeared in front of him, alongside Cen Sui. The latter seemed to have been waiting for a while.

"That fast?" Cen Sui started to see the young man.

"Just two endarkened, were they supposed to be difficult?" Lu Yun curled his lip.

"Don't you have any other thoughts about the situation?" Cen Sui blinked.

"What else can I think of? A father and son duo were delivered to me and I was to kill the son in front of the father. Then, I had to kill the father to get out of there. What am I supposed to think?" Lu Yun snorted with laughter. He'd determined the relationship between the two creatures—father and son.

“There can be no peace between us, so is there any possibility of a thawing in relations? They’ll kill us if we don’t kill them.”

“I thought you would pity them or think that they’re the same as us, that they have flesh and blood and emotions...” Cen Sui chuckled ruefully.

“The livestock that mortals eat also are flesh and blood and have emotions. It’s just a matter of survival, there is no right or wrong. We will die if they don’t, so it’s better that they die.” Lu Yun spread out his hands.

“You’re quite an accepting sort. The primordial heavenly emperor wanted to end the war, but...” Cen Sui sighed. “Being kind to the enemy is being cruel to oneself.”

“Well, that emperor’s a fool. Or perhaps he did that to warn everyone not to think of seeking peace with the darkness?” Lu Yun shrugged. “They’re much stronger than us. Ordinary cultivators won’t be able to withstand them if they really come for us.”

Chapter 1947 – The Enneaworm Coffinbearers in the Burial Mound

It’s your death or mine.

That was the current situation between the chief worlds and the land of darkness. It was reflected in Lu Yun’s inability to recruit the two pure endarkened even with the Tome of Life and Death. They dispersed upon the wind after death as there was no hint of succumbing to a chief world denizen in their mind.

The creatures of darkness in the Dark World had been tainted by the orders of the realm, they weren’t pureblood anymore.

Cen Sui didn’t know what to say. Lu Yun was the leader of a realm and the inventor of immortal dao. He’d led the immortals to ending the Land of Reincarnation, so his vision naturally extended further than his.

A civilization’s prosperity, the development of morals, and the proliferation of emotions such as pity and empathy were predicated on survival. Only when a race survived and propagated did it have energy for other matters.

The current chief worlds, however, only looked affluent on the surface. They were protected by scant few powerhouses and if the greenhouse was broken, the vast majority of its inhabitants—including those such as Cen Sui—lacked the ability to protect themselves from a vicious onslaught beasts and terrifying blizzards.

.....

As he looked into Lu Yun’s eyes, Cen Sui felt that the long speech of principles and logic that he’d prepared was superfluous. The kid wasn’t a rigid pedant, his awareness and the understanding of the situation was stronger than anyone’s.

“Does everyone have to experience that place at least once?” Lu Yun asked.

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“No,” Cen Sui shook his head. “I think... the venerable Tailong prepared that for you.”

Lu Yun started with comprehension. Since Tailong wanted him for a strategist, that meant they would face far more than the land of darkness in the future. There were more enemies waiting for them in the forest and any hesitance or waffling could implicate the entire chief worlds, resulting in their complete demise.

With the immortal dao’s official addition to the chief worlds, that made the World of Immortals part of the realm too. If Lu Yun was to be their strategist, then he must demonstrate pivotal value. There was no room for pity or mercy.

That had been a test for his heart that Tailong had set up. If Lu Yun hadn’t passed or showed mercy to the endarkened, Tailong would certainly have other methods to temper the young man’s spirit.

“Let’s go,” Lu Yun waved his hand.

The mountain sharpened into focus when they reached the halfway point of the golden bridge. It was a landmass wreathed in blazing fire that leapt and roared with ferocity. Illumination from the flames also brought the layout of burial into clear view.

An Enneawym Coffinbearers layout.

“Fuck. Me. This isn’t a tomb, it’s a burial mound!” Lu Yun started trembling.

“What?!” Cen Sui jumped with surprise. “The primordial heavenly emperor... an empyrean supreme... is buried under a pile of dirt?? Impossible!”

“The Enneawym Coffinbearers... layout!” Lu Yun sucked in a sharp breath.

It was no divine mountain in front of them; it was an incredibly large burial mound on fire! Intersecting order and disorder had formed a forcefield around it that concealed the truth of the place, preventing people from seeing its real form. Now that it was apparent, Lu Yun could clearly discern that this was no mountain, but a burial mound!

It was incredibly huge and most of it embedded in the void. The Enneawym Coffinbearers was a type of burial layout and also an outer-coffin.

It was beneath this mountain.

A large burial mound and a familiar layout by themselves weren’t enough to scare Lu Yun. The implications were what horrified him. If the Enneawym Coffinbearers were here, then so would there be the Nine-Phoenix Casket, Enneaqilin Coffinbiers, and Ninefooted Turtle Cist!

In the World of Immortals, Daoist Yuyu had killed the ancestors of the dragon, phoenix, qilin, and turtle to refine them into outer-coffins. They suppressed the blood demon and also nurtured his four swords.

However, the blood demon later employed other methods to raise a blood dragon, phoenix, qilin, and turtle from the coffins. Those later became Lu Yun’s Yama Kings. So what did it mean that they were in the tomb of the empyrean supreme?

Had someone placed the primordial heavenly emperor’s corpse into the coffin to breed another demon?

The Enneawym Coffinbearers was present in its entirety, so the other three must be around somewhere. Perhaps they nurtured the remnants of the emperor's other parts or perhaps... they held three other personages on par with the emperor?

Was the primordial heavenly emperor the only empyrean supreme in the chief worlds? Get outta here with that bullshit. The appearance of the Disordered Empyrean supreme was proof that there'd been more than one empyrean supreme in the past chief worlds.

Lu Yun was even thinking that perhaps the other three didn't hold empyrean supremes from the chief worlds, but other locales!

His brain was about to burst from all the implications of seeing just Enneawym Coffinbearers. The truth behind any of the wild possibilities he calculated was too fearsome to bear.

Pinpricks of horror also traveled down Cen Sui's back when he heard Lu Yun's muttering. He'd heard of all four of these evil coffins before—grand supremes would turn tail to run if they encountered them.

Those were demonic breeding grounds.

"So what do we do now? Do we continue?" Cen Sui swallowed uncertainty.

"Coward," Lu Yun rolled his eyes. "Aoxue, you're up."

"Aoxue greets the master!" Dressed in crimson robes, Aoxue appeared out of thin air and swept a graceful curtsy.

"Grand supreme!" Cen Sui gasped. A grand supreme was kneeling in front of Lu Yun?!

He'd always thought that the peak grand supremes favored the young man because of his potential. But the sudden appearance of a grand supreme only a hair weaker than him and kneeling at Lu Yun's feet made him abruptly reconsider his impression.

No one could force a grand supreme to kneel at the feet of an ordinary being—not peak grand supremes, not empyrean supremes!

Cen Sui followed by Lu Yun's side because of pressure from the peak grand supremes, but he treated the young man like an elder would a junior. And since they'd gotten along well in the Disordered Sea, he wasn't opposed to the arrangement.

But he would never kowtow to the young man.

As the scene happened right in front of him, Cen Sui regarded Lu Yun with shocked incomprehension.

"Come on, let's go." Aoxue quickly stood up with her master's wave and took point.

The Yama Kings were Lu Yun's strongest subordinates. With the completion of hell dao and the release of the power of reincarnation from the Tome of Life and Death, the first beneficiaries were the ten Yama Kings.

After he became a high supreme and recorded the life form of a grand supreme, the treasure relayed that knowledge to the Yama Kings and raised them to grand supreme. Their ascension had no effect on immortal dao since they'd always been under the Tome of Life and Death and not immortal dao.

When Lu Yun saw the Enneawym Coffinbearers layout, he brought forth Aoxue—she'd been born from it. Perhaps she could unlock the secrets within.

Chapter 1948 – Draw a Face

Lu Yun still stood on the golden bridge. He was very far away from the main body of the burial mound. He'd set foot into a special space earlier, thus enabling him to soundlessly close the gap. He needed to cross the rest on foot.

Flight was forbidden over the bridge, a prohibition that extended to even grand supremes such as Cen Sui and Aoxue. They had to pad forward on foot as well. A most uncanny detail was that there was no one else on the bridge apart from them. There wasn't even sound from any other source.

The place should've thronged with cultivators seeking their fortune among the myriad of opportunities in the newly opened tomb, to say nothing of the chance to become an empyrean supreme. But up to this point, they'd yet to see anyone who'd entered the tomb.

Not a single one.

A peculiar loneliness grew out of Lu Yun's heart and enveloped his being. The same occurred to Aoxue and Cen Sui next to him. The strange feeling turned their faces ghastly pale, like they were the walking dead.

An even more eerie thing happened next—both of them disappeared!

Lu Yun could sense through the Tome of Life and Death that Aoxue was still next to him, but his eyes and consciousness could find no sign of her. Cen Sui was completely gone without a trace.

The young man's footsteps halted. So did Aoxue.

"Master, what's going on?" Aoxue's voice rang in his head. "Is this the layout of a yin and yang tomb?"

"No," Lu Yun shook his head. "This is the effect of spatial laws. We should enter the tomb of the empyrean supreme as quickly as possible. Let's reconvene inside."

"Understood." Aoxue nodded and vanished with her voice.

There ought to be danger lurking on the bridge, but Lu Yun wasn't worried about her. She could resurrect from the Tome of Life and Death if she died. As long as one of them made it through, the other could instantly join them inside the tomb.

"This bridge..." Lu Yun's eyes suddenly went wide. "The Path of Ingress?!"

The Path of Ingress!

That was a treasure in Nephrite Major in the world of immortals of old, one that suppressed all formations and could pierce through all barriers in tombs. It'd formed out of one of God's boxing combat arts after he traveled from the great wilderness.

Lu Yun had only thought that the golden bridge beneath his feet was weirdly familiar, but he couldn't recall where he'd seen it before. It wasn't until now that he suddenly thought of the Path of Ingress.

This bridge wasn't from God's hand, but his combat art was definitely derived from using this golden bridge as a blueprint. God had been a peak grand supreme in his prime, perhaps even an empyrean supreme. A treasure that he would use as a blueprint for his own combat art was far from ordinary.

Lu Yun was suddenly sorely tempted. He didn't want to take the bridge—he just wanted to imitate God and use it as a foundation to supplement his hell dao combat arts!

The young man paused and peered at the bridge beneath his feet. It was made out of golden stone bricks and seemed the same as an ordinary bridge. It was almost impossible for him to sense it.

“Wait... no...” He went slack jawed. “This bridge is refined from a corpse!”

Lu Yun stooped and pressed his hand against the bridge. The Tome of Life and Death stirred within his consciousness and released the power of reincarnation. It was his first time using this strength and it was a mighty force superior to peak grand supreme. It was more sophisticated than anything that could be found in the current chief worlds.

Hummm.

Golden air currents rose from the bridge and surrounded Lu Yun. It felt like he sank into marvelous space.

When his eyes cleared, a limber man dressed in golden robes and a golden crown on his head stood with his back to Lu Yun.

“The... primordial heavenly emperor?” Lu Yun said subconsciously when he saw the man.

“Correct,” the emperor turned around to face him.

Lu Yun's mind almost spontaneously burst from the sight. He hastily backed up as he nearly gagged at a smooth face devoid of any features.

An overwhelming desire exploded out of his heart. He should... bring out the Three Brushes of Reincarnation and combine them into one. ...I want to draw a face for the primordial heavenly emperor.

He had no idea why he wanted to do so, but here the emperor was. As startling as it was, it made sense since this was his burial mound.

Lu Yun kept a firm grip on the strange desire raging in his heart and took a deep breath.

“You're not the one buried in the Enneawym Coffinbearers, are you?” his voice shook slightly, and not from agitation. The desire was too strong to contain and Lu Yun trembled from the force of his effort.

“No.” The emperor's voice was a bit wooden and dry, as if he'd fallen out of the habit of talking.

Lu Yun relaxed when he heard the response. Everything was fine and dandy so long as the emperor wasn't buried in the Enneawym Coffinbearers layout.

“This golden bridge is refined from my body.”

Boom!

Lu Yun's mind wavered and a black air current roared out of his body. Hellfire blazed to life and furiously suppressed the maddened thoughts in his mind.

"What are you keeping under control?" Curiosity filtered through the emperor's stiff voice. "Why are you suppressing your true nature?"

"Heh heh heh heh heh!!" Lu Yun started cackling. He manifested the three brushes with a flip of his hand.

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It was the emperor's turn to tremble and take a few steps back.

"Alright then, I guess I won't suppress myself any further."

Humm!

An intangible reverberation shot out of the Tome of Life and Death as the power of reincarnation forced the three brushes into one. It was now a brush of bronze with its tip like a sword, also forged out of bronze.

Lu Yun advanced on the emperor while wielding the brush like a weapon.

"I want to draw a face for you." He stretched his lips in an unnatural smile—like a ghost's. He seemed to have swapped places with the emperor. He was the frightening unknown existence and the primordial heavenly emperor couldn't offer any resistance.

Draw a face. Draw a face. Lu Yun was going to draw a face for the emperor.

Chapter 1949 – Black Dragon Clutches A Star

The primordial heavenly emperor was dead, his soul scattered to the four corners and his true spirit extinguished. There was only a fragment of his will left and he was a ghost, but he was still the primordial heavenly emperor and an empyrean supreme.

However, a deep fear also budded in his mind. He was afraid of Lu Yun and the Three Brushes of Reincarnation in the young man's hand.

The three brushes had become one! Lu Yun had attempted the feat many times before, yet always failed. They represented the past, present, and future. When they came together as one, that meant the past, present, and future were combined as one as well.

A strange emotion had taken over Lu Yun's thoughts. All he wanted to do was to use the bronze brush in his hand to draw a face for the emperor.

The ghost swiftly backed away, regretting his actions. Why had he brought Lu Yun here after sensing the power of reincarnation? He never fathomed that the great weapon of violence from the Mythological Era, the one that numerous empyrean supremes had paid the price of their lives to break, would be in the young man's hands.

Even more disconcerting was that the weapon became one when Lu Yun wielded it!

“Stabilize your mind and don’t let it control you!” roared the emperor, his voice one could that rouse the deaf as he tried to pull Lu Yun out of his peculiar mental state.

However, an exceedingly sinister smile curved the young man’s lips. “Let it control me? This thing?” He waved the bronze brush around and shook his head. “No, I’m the one controlling it.”

Lu Yun bounded forward and brought the brush up, wanting to draw features on the emperor’s blank face.

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The primordial heavenly emperor backed up with urgency, then punched out at the item in Lu Yun’s hand with a shake of his body.

Hummm!

A golden bridge exploded out of his fist and nearly formed a tangible bridge. It was the golden bridge that’d broken out of the tomb of the empyrean supreme!

Lu Yun remained coolly composed and gestured the brush into a gentle stroke, drawing a dark star into existence.

Bam!

The golden bridge smashed into smithereens when it crashed into the dark star.

Darkstar!

The first technique of Lu Yun’s Divine Fists of Hell!

The bronze brush’s utilization of Darkstar was superior to the primordial heavenly emperor’s combat art!

Lu Yun blinked with astonishment before advancing forward. The dark star was still intact and glowed with a slight hue as it continued careening toward the emperor.

The emperor roared with fury and brandished his fists, summoning nine golden bridges of heaven and earth as nine golden dragons and directing them to the star.

One, two, three...

The nine golden dragons shattered to pieces amid a cacophony of howls and snarls. Their destruction recoiled onto the emperor in the form of blackish-red soul mist rising from his head. However, the dragons accomplished their task and destroyed the incomparably disquieting dark star.

Taking advantage of the breathing space, the primordial heavenly emperor charged forward with his two arms almost resembling dragons. Golden dragons flew through the air and formed a massive bridge in the air. When the structure was complete, it loomed over Lu Yun’s head and threatened to land on the young man.

“The Bridge of Forgetfulness?” The young man’s eyes widened when he saw the bridge of dragons.

This was no longer a golden bridge of heaven and earth—it carried notes of the Bridge of Forgetfulness! It was many times bigger than the one in hell.

The ultimate treasures of the Bridge of Forgetfulness, Yellow Springs Path, Stone of Three Lives, and Gates of the Abyss had returned to hell. But they were all formed from the god of Mount Tai's ideals and forged out of his hell dao.

While the mountain god was the Disordered Empyrean Supreme's disciple, he was also under the primordial heavenly emperor's command to form hell!

From what Lu Yun could tell, the five hells that'd been destroyed before had contained the will of both the primordial heavenly emperor and the Disordered Empyrean Supreme. The mountain god himself was an unparalleled genius, so he'd managed to craft the five hells.

The Bridge of Forgetfulness that the emperor formed through his combat art was the core essence of the bridge in hell. Lu Yun couldn't subdue this one—it would suppress hell dao instead.

Regardless, the young man remained coolly composed. He drew an enormous black dragon into existence. It carried a dark star in its fore claws and slammed into the golden bridge.

Boooooom.

A mushroom cloud rose in the void and shockwaves traveled in all directions. The primordial heavenly emperor shuffled backward, but Lu Yun matched him forward step-by-step with the bronze brush in hand.

"Your Heavenly Majesty, you wanted me to stop suppressing my desires. Why are you giving me trouble for it now?" Lu Yun bared his teeth in a savage leer while the brush sparkled with black radiance. His voice grew hollow, losing its normal timbre.

Wisps of black smoke rose out of the emperor's smooth face—a sign that he'd exhausted too much of his ghostly spirit. Trembling, grief percolated through his emotions.

He'd once ruled heaven and earth, charging in and out seven times from the land of darkness. No one had been able to curtail him and he'd broken ground for an undying heavenly court with his bare fists.

But now, Lu Yun and the demonic brush from the Mythological Era was forcing him into dire straits.

"Lu Yun!" he shouted. "I've heard Yun Yi mention you and know that you're in the good graces of the mistress. You shouldn't be under the sway of this demonic brush!"

"Under the sway of the demonic brush?" Lu Yun shook his head. "I'm just releasing the inner desires of my heart to draw a face for Your Majesty."

He arrived in front of the primordial heavenly emperor with a black dragon coiled over his head. The image of a black dragon clutching a dark star was the second technique of the Divine Fists of Hell.

This move combined Lu Yun's past sword dao and the meaning behind the bridge of heaven and earth beneath his feet. It would normally be impossible for him to peer into the secrets of the bridge, but the emperor had just personally deployed the combat art and fully displayed its operations to him.

Despite the strangeness happening, Lu Yun was still him.

The combination of the three brushes fully deployed the strength of the Tome of Life and Death and turned him into an existence he didn't understand himself. There was nothing about the emperor's combat arts that he didn't comprehend.

Thus, he discarded the dross and kept the essence, thereby deriving the second technique of his Divine Fists of Hell.

Black Dragon Clutches A Star.

The last time the treasure exploded with power like this, it'd helped Lu Yun ascend beyond his original life form when he entered the fourth realm. He'd progressed by leaps and bounds after that and become a Nihil World Sovereign.

He ultimately relinquished that cultivation realm to reach it again through his own efforts.

With the combined brushes and direction from the Tome of Life and Death, unbounded power of reincarnation from the treasure spilled forth again and made him an incredible existence. Even empyrean supremes were no match for him in his current state.

He knew full well, however, that this was only temporary. Once he finished drawing a face on the primordial heavenly emperor's face, the brush's power would recede and he'd return to being a high supreme.

Chapter 1950 – Drawing Into An Akasha Ghost

Although the primordial heavenly emperor had perished and become a ghost, he was still an empyrean supreme and wielded that corresponding level of strength. But with Lu Yun firmly suppressing him, he felt an almost gibbering fear toward the young man.

Lu Yun walked up to the august personage and gently set the brush's keen tip against his smooth face. The primordial heavenly emperor didn't dare move; he held completely still as the bronze brush roved over his face.

Blood-like radiance flared from the brush's tip and transmuted to crimson ink that dripped onto the emperor's face. An eerie face appeared over the smooth expanse—one that laughed and cried at the same time and was horrifically resentful.

The face of an akasha ghost.

Power unique to an akasha ghost blossomed from the emperor's body and he trembled, then found his footing. Lu Yun had turned the primordial heavenly emperor into an akasha ghost!

After he finished printing the ghostly face onto the emperor, Lu Yun wavered and the brush in his hand split back into three. They vanished into his nascent spirit and rested back within the Tome of Life and Death.

"You have turned me into an akasha ghost..." When the emperor next spoke, his voice drifted upon the air and carried a hint of ghostly presence to it.

The power of reincarnation faded from Lu Yun and he reverted to a high supreme. But with that, he sank into deep thought.

“Yes, I did. But why did I want to turn you into an akasha ghost?” He stared at the emperor, murmuring the question both to his victim and to himself.

It hadn’t been the brush that controlled him just now; a primitive instinct that inspired the desire had gripped him. It wasn’t the Three Brushes of Reincarnation that compelled him to turn the primordial heavenly emperor into an akasha ghost, but Lu Yun himself.

The brushes had only given him inspiration.

“The golden bridge of heaven and earth is formed out of my body. A fragment of my will rests here to ensure my survival.” The emperor quieted down upon hearing Lu Yun’s words. “If this bridge is destroyed, so would I vanish. I can leave now that you’ve turned me into an akasha ghost and refine the bridge anew into my treasure.”

The laughing and crying ghostly face slowly faded from the emperor’s features, changing into the face of a handsome man. He looked at Lu Yun with a complicated expression.

The young man suddenly realized what’d happened. He’d become an incredible existence for a short while thanks to the three brushes and Tome of Life and Death. His consciousness hadn’t awoken with spontaneous enlightenment; he’d been subconsciously aware of how to save the primordial heavenly emperor.

Thus, he turned the man into an akasha ghost.

“Do you know the akasha ghosts?” Lu Yun frowned slightly.

Akasha ghosts drew power from the Master of Darkness—there was a similar laughing and crying expression present on the mask. Their origins, however, stemmed from Lu Yun’s future self.

His future self would experience the great devastation in the distant future. Alone, bereft of dao partners, friends, and family... his loneliness ultimately transformed into infinite resentment that nearly killed his future self.

Thankfully, his future self came to his senses in time and journeyed thirty-three loops of reincarnation to witness each repeating cycle for himself. He discovered the secrets of the Land of Reincarnation and ultimately met Moran Dongning in her capacity as the Time Guard.

She utilized the Master of Darkness to release the overwhelming resentment from Lu Yun’s future self, turning it into ink and drawing the akasha ghosts. When they appeared, the future brush responsible for their drawing was naturally tainted by Lu Yun’s resentment. It manifested in the form of the big-headed doll.

Lu Yun’s resentment was a bitterness directed at himself, which was why the akasha ghosts sought to kill him when he was still weak.

He was their source, but this heavenly emperor who’d died in the Primordial Era was also aware of them! Yun Yi had mentioned Lu Yun to him, but something like the akasha ghosts were insignificant ants in her eyes. She wouldn’t have thought to bring them up.

Hence, Lu Yun was very confused why the primordial heavenly emperor possessed knowledge of them.

“Akasha ghosts are ghosts of heaven and earth. They reside in all things and are present everywhere. Their source is in the future and they plague the past,” the emperor murmured. “So you’re the origin of those terrifying things. Just how much resentment do you carry to give birth to those demonic things?”

Resentment wasn’t delineated by the strength of a being. Anything with intelligence nursed resentment when faced with unjust treatment. A mortal’s resentment could shake even a grand supreme if it was strong enough.

Lu Yun remained silent. It frightened him whenever he had to recall what his future self would endure. He would be the only one left in a bleak and desolate future. Demonic dao would ravage through the realms and fill them with destruction. When the great devastation finally arrived and all life perished, resetting back to the beginning, it would ignite an explosion of his resentment.

Everything was dead, everything was gone. There was no hope in the future, yet he remained alive. How incredible would that resentment be?

Lu Yun had no idea.

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He had even less of an idea how his resentment, after becoming an akasha ghost, would travel to the Primordial Era and cause trouble in that time period.

“At the same time, every sip and bite is preordained. If this wasn’t the case, I wouldn’t be able to become an akasha ghost,” sighed the emperor. The primordial times were in the past and he could look back into them or even meet the eyes of himself during that period. But what was the point?

The past could not be changed.

“But...” The emperor suddenly clenched his fists. “I was unable to leave before because I was trapped here. Now that I’m an akasha ghost, it is time to set my daughter free.”

“Your daughter? Yun Yi?” Lu Yun blinked. “Free from what?”

“She uses her body as the medium to seal the fissure between the chief worlds and land of darkness with the strength of order and disorder. She walks between life and death at every moment, teetering on the edge of order and disorder!” Anguish flashed through the emperor’s eyes.

If it wasn’t for Yun Yi using her body for a seal, darkness and disorder would’ve stabbed into their home long ago and created Dark World after Dark World in the chief worlds. They would’ve devoured the realm eons ago.

Lu Yun’s heart spasmed. He cultivated order, so he knew the destructive force that arose from the clash of order and disorder. But since order ruled the chief worlds, his order could quell disorder.

At the intersection between the chief worlds and land of darkness, however, order and disorder were much more balanced. They clashed against each other all the time and since Yun Yi used her own body as the seal, she had to suffer an unholy torment at every second.

That also meant that Lu Yun had only ever met one of her replicas, never her primary body.