

Necropolis 1951

Chapter 1951 – Yun Yi’s Plot

Lu Yun hadn’t considered Yun Yi with much respect before. Although she strove for the greater good, she sacrificed too many innocents along the way. Her sins screamed to the high heavens and Lu Yun felt that if he was a little bit stronger, he would be able to execute her through the Judgment of Life or Death.

But in this moment, he found her larger than life.

She used her body as a seal for the intersection of order and disorder? Death was far more preferable to torment like that!

Lu Yun finally understood why she was so crazed in her methods. She could naturally sacrifice other people when she sacrificed even herself. The fissure between order and disorder... she would be the first to die when war broke out again between the chief worlds and land of darkness.

The primordial heavenly emperor addressed Lu Yun when he saw the young man’s face rapidly flicker through different expressions. “I have escaped the golden bridge, so it is time to take my daughter’s place.”

“You cannot go,” Lu Yun frowned. “Although you’re an empyrean supreme, there are empyrean supremes in the darkness as well. They will move against you if you go, thus rendering all of Yun Yi’s arrangements during this time null and void!”

Lu Yun wasn’t certain if him drawing a face for the primordial heavenly emperor was part of Yun Yi’s plans. She knew that the Three Brushes of Reincarnation were on him, but didn’t know what the Tome of Life and Death was or what level the treasure was at.

Regardless, the movement of an empyrean supreme affected the orders of the chief worlds. The land of darkness had already infiltrated and walked among them, keeping the realm under constant surveillance. Once they discovered that the primordial heavenly emperor still existed... he would die again.

While Lu Yun didn’t know how the man had died in the first place, he could die a second, a third, a fourth time... until he was dead forever.

Weaknesses were inevitable after having died once.

The emperor quieted down. His face reverted back to an akasha ghost’s and flickered uncertainly.

“What you need to do now is stay here until you’ve recovered to your peak, or even exceed it.” Lu Yun paused before continuing, “Even if you are an empyrean supreme, you and your heavenly court have been eliminated by the times. The current you can’t keep up, and an obsolete empyrean supreme is useless to the chief worlds.”

The primordial heavenly emperor shook violently before nodding with resignation. The young man was correct, he and his court were behind the times. If he’d been strong enough, flawless enough, then his era would’ve never ended.

“Then let me cultivate your immortal dao,” the emperor said. “I’m an akasha ghost now and there must be immortal ghost dao.”

“Alright!” Lu Yun immediately agreed.

Immortal dao had reached maturity and the peak of its current condition. It wouldn’t expand explosively with the primordial heavenly emperor cultivating it and transferring his great dao to immortal dao, but its strength could conceal his presence. There might be many who didn’t recognize him even if he revealed himself later in the future.

“In my era... I also cultivated immortal dao,” he suddenly said.

“I know,” Lu Yun nodded. “Senior Hongjun’s immortal dao comes from your heavenly court, doesn’t it?”

The emperor of the primordial Hongmeng was this emperor’s disciple and had made his plans in the Land of Reincarnation. Though a myriad of daos had vied for prominence in the original Hongmeng, immortal dao remained the core great dao and pillar of the realm.

Lu Yun had thought that immortal dao was born from the Land of Reincarnation, but realized the truth after he learned of Meng Wang’s identity. At the same time, the immortal dao of modern times was stronger than the version that Meng Wang and Hongjun had brought with them.

It wasn’t strength from growth, but of the core essence—an adult wolf versus a dragonling.

“No,” the emperor shook his head. “It’s Hongjun’s immortal dao.”

Lu Yun’s eyebrows rose, but he didn’t inquire further. “Who’s buried in the Enneawym Coffinbearers?” he finally asked about the tomb of the empyrean supreme. It wasn’t the primordial heavenly emperor inside the tomb—the burial mound—but it was definitely an empyrean supreme.

The Enneawym Coffinbearers, Nine-Phoenix Casket, Enneaqilin Coffinbiers, and Ninefooted Turtle Cist always appeared together. The other three had to be around somewhere.

“I don’t know who he is either,” the emperor shook his head blankly. “He doesn’t come from the chief worlds and he’s not from the land of darkness. He might be from elsewhere in the forest and his appearance was a grave threat to us. Thus, all of us acted together to kill him and section him into the four coffins.

“The golden bridge is one of my contingency plans. I sensed that I would die sometime in the future, so I surreptitiously left traces of myself behind when we attacked that person. That I could retain this bridge and maintain this wisp of lingering will is all thanks to his presence.”

The emperor’s death must have occurred in a layout of absolute death. His enemies would wish to ensure that nothing of his body or will remained. Everything that spoke to his existence would’ve been erased.

But since he’d taken this additional action when they killed that person, he was able to salvage his corpse and will through the cover of that person’s will. Their enemy’s presence fooled his killers into thinking that his body had drifted apart on the wind.

“So... why has the tomb of the empyrean supreme opened now?” Lu Yun set the emperor’s affairs out of his mind.

Yun Yi had put three plans into action and set up a triple-layered plot to scheme against the peak grand supreme of the darkness. Nurturing Chu Xingran, having the realm monster resurrect the primordial heavenly court, and reviving the Disordered Empyrean Supreme had all stemmed from this tomb.

But if this tomb buried an existence that required numerous empyrean supremes to kill, then all of these preparations didn’t seem that relevant.

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“I don't know what she wants to do either,” the emperor was also at a loss. “But you need to be careful no matter what. It’s not just the Enneawym Coffinbearers that is present, the other three evil coffins are also inside the burial mound.

“I strongly suspect that the existence buried within has awoken.”

Lu Yun nodded. He was too weak as of now; a high supreme didn’t have the right to be involved in matters like these. He’d already reached the limits of his current condition after forcefully ascending himself to high supreme.

Chapter 1952 – The Young Man In Blue

The primordial heavenly emperor being in the bridge wasn’t part of Yun Yi’s plans. He was purely trapped here and struggling for survival while in hiding.

Yun Yi’s plots had mostly nothing to do with her father. At most, she used this tattered golden bridge of heaven and earth to suppress the forcefield outside the burial mound. Only then could the “tomb” of the empyrean supreme be revealed to the public.

Everything that the emperor knew now came from when his daughter and the Dao King jointly opened the tomb. Yun Yi took advantage of the opportunity to transmit a small message to her father, updating him on current events and the modern chief worlds.

She was the only one who knew that the primordial heavenly emperor’s lingering will had become a ghost of the bridge. No one else knew, not even the Dao King. One more person being in the know was further risk of the secret being leaked.

Lu Yun’s arrival and transformation of the emperor into an akasha ghost was pure accident. Yun Yi hadn’t factored the young man into any of her plans. His appearance was an unknown and unpredictable factor.

“Then stay here, I’m going to take a look around the burial mound.” Lu Yun nodded at the emperor. “Don’t leave this place no matter what. Fatal danger will surely come for you if you do. It might even implicate Yun Yi or the entire chief worlds.”

The primordial heavenly emperor nodded with a rueful chuckle. It was at this moment that he truly felt behind the times and that he couldn’t keep up.

“This is a piece of Mount Xuanhuang in the world of immortals, it contains immortal dao. You can become part of the World of Immortals if you refine it and the path of immortal ghost dao will be open to you.” Lu Yun handed a piece of ancient bronze to the emperor.

“Mm, I understand.” The emperor put the bronze away.

“Your condition cannot be shared with another,” Lu Yun suddenly said. “You cannot tell anyone that you’ve become an akasha ghost or that you can leave the bridge. No one. Not even Yun Yi.”

“I understand the theory behind it,” the emperor nodded. Secrets could not be shared with a third party—that was an unspoken rule. The number three meant more than just a number in the chief worlds. It was a special number to all of existence.

From dao came one, and one begat two, two gave birth to three, and from three resulted all living things!

A third party learning of a secret meant that all of existence would soon know it.

The scene changed in front of Lu Yun’s eyes as he reappeared on the golden bridge.

“To think that such a powerful existence would be respectful and reserved in front of me... ai,” Lu Yun sighed as he thought of what’d just occurred.

The primordial heavenly emperor had been drawn into an akasha ghost by the Three Brushes of Reincarnation. The brushes were irrevocably tied to the Tome of Life and Death; Lu Yun was the creator of the akasha ghosts. He was the master of the brushes, Master of Darkness, and the Tome of Life and Death.

Therefore, he felt no pressure when facing the emperor in akasha ghost form. Any aura of power that the emperor might have worn was nothing in front of him. In the same vein, the emperor was be definition on weaker footing in front of Lu Yun since his current origins stemmed from the young man. This was true even though he was neither Lu Yun’s subordinate nor written into the Tome of Life and Death.

Lu Yun was the only traveler on the bridge, but the previous loneliness and bleakness had disappeared. Those emotions had come from the primordial heavenly emperor. He’d been alone in the bridge for far too long. He’d subconsciously released his feelings and impacted every being that walked the bridge.

While the emotions still existed, they no longer affected Lu Yun.

“Ah, yes, the endarkened will certainly investigate the bridge. But since the emperor’s lingering will has transformed himself into resentment and imbued the bridge with it, he’ll be able to fool everything that scans it.” Lu Yun abruptly realized that the most dangerous thing on this bridge was most likely the vengeful spirit that was the primordial heavenly emperor.

Spotches of blood colored the bridge as he walked over it. Their death information indicated that their owners were creatures of the darkness that’d made it into the chief worlds. It looked like the emperor had ripped countless endarkened to pieces after setting up the bridge.

The emperor would have to keep up the act, however. He would still have to be a medium of uncontrollable and unbounded resentment.

“It is said that all travel alone on the legendary golden bridge of heaven and earth. How is it that someone walks with me?” came a startled voice from behind Lu Yun.

He turned around to see a young man in long blue robes. Wrapped in a dashing air and eyes looking around energetically, he’d appeared at some unknown point in time.

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Sitting cross-legged on the ground, he looked at Lu Yun with surprise.

“But since you’re here, that means my meditation is at an end.” The young man rose, patted off nonexistent dust, raised cupped fists at Lu Yun, and drifted away.

Lu Yun frowned. The laws of space were chaotic on the bridge, resulting in everyone traveling alone on the structure. Affected by the primordial heavenly emperor’s emotions, they wouldn’t see their traveling companions even if they walked side by side.

It was very strange that he could see someone else.

“Dao brother.” Lu Yun stepped forward with the Boundless Step when he saw the young man leave and caught up to him.

He halted and looked at Lu Yun with a smile. “What knowledge might this junior brother have to impart?”

“I wouldn’t dare, but we do share a destiny given that we’ve met on the bridge,” Lu Yun grinned. “It’s so lonely here, why don’t we travel together?”

“That’s alright, I’m not used to traveling with others.” With another smile, the young man drifted off again.

Lu Yun grinned and deployed the Boundless Step again, catching up after a few steps.

The young man finally considered the situation with a different expression. Even peak grand supremes had to proceed on foot with the bridge and he was using a combat art to travel. There was no high supreme who was his match, but the young man had caught up to him with just a few steps!

A competitive spirit flared and blue light emanated from his body. His footsteps picked up speed and he left Lu Yun in the dust again.

Lu Yun naturally wouldn’t admit defeat and he propelled his death art to new heights, catching up once more.

The two continued the game of cat and mouse on the bridge until they were indecipherable blurs, no one willing to fall behind.

“I know there’s a stunning genius in the chief worlds who defeated a grand supreme with the strength of a high supreme. Might that be you, dao brother?” Lu Yun suddenly asked.

The young man jerked to a halt. “That’s me.”

“I thought so!” Lu Yun brightened.

Miao.

The young man in long blue robes was the genius that Cen Sui had spoken highly of—Miao.

Chapter 1953 – Who’s the Demon

Lu Yun formed a bit of curiosity and fascination for the legendary genius after Cen Sui spoke of his exploits. When he met Miao in person, he felt that all the stories didn’t measure up to one encounter with the actual person. If it wasn’t for his Boundless Step death art, he wouldn’t have caught sight of even Miao’s shadow.

He stood no chance if they started fighting each other. Lu Yun would be no match for him even if he used the Three Brushes of Reincarnation and the second form of the Divine Fists of Hell—Black Dragon Clutches A Star.

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“You’ve heard of me before?” Miao asked with surprise. He habitually kept a low profile and never unduly publicized his feats in the chief worlds. Even the most prolific spirit paper in the realm had never run an article on him.

But this unknown young man had identified him on his first try!

“The elders at home mentioned you once or twice,” Lu Yun responded with an easy smile.

“I see,” Miao inclined his head. “I’m still not used to traveling with others. Good day.”

He appeared easygoing, but his tone was anything but. Very patently keeping Lu Yun at arm’s length, he wasn’t interested in getting to know the other at all.

This time when he left, Lu Yun didn’t give chase.

“Forget it, all geniuses have weird tempers,” Lu Yun pouted. He wouldn’t shamelessly trail after the guy if he was unwilling to be friends. Lu Yun cleared his mind of random thought and continued down the path.

Miao had been sitting cross-legged on the golden bridge of heaven and earth likely for the same purpose as Lu Yun—he wanted to perceive the secrets in the bridge to use as a blueprint for his own combat arts.

He’d most likely failed.

Lu Yun didn’t know how long the bridge was. He could see the fiery divine mountain whenever he lifted his head and also pick out the massive burial mound layout within it. Likewise, he could determine the patterns created by the Enneawym Coffinbearers.

But the end of the bridge didn’t come into sight no matter how far he walked.

Indiscernible ghostly shadows flitted around him, raising gusts of yin wind that howled at his ear. Instead of the resentment of the primordial heavenly emperor, they were creatures of darkness that’d died on the bridge.

When the tomb opened, everyone understood it to be the tomb of an empyrean supreme from the chief worlds. The endarkened lurking in the realm were naturally curious about the secrets inside. What could they find out about their enemies?

In the same vein, the primordial heavenly emperor showed no mercy to his ancient enemy. The resentment that lingered on the bridge's surface was enough to kill the majority of endarkened that crossed. Those who could pass were the strongest from the darkness.

Creatures that died during their passage were naturally bitter about their death. There was a large burial mound in front of them—burial mounds bred ghosts, so those who perished here turned into ghosts to kill everyone else that tried to pass.

Lu Yun suddenly felt the scene darken in front of him. The mountain was gone, replaced by a dense layer of thunderclouds. A shadow with a tendril of crimson smoke wrapped around it walked out of the gloom. It charged Lu Yun before he could react, releasing towering resentment and throwing itself into the young man's body.

"A mere yin soul wants to steal my body?" Lu Yun sneered and nearly let loose with hellfire. Just a second before he did so, he broke out in a cold sweat.

The grand supremes of the darkness would absolutely capture any hint of hell that appeared in existence. They were on guard for it, and anything having to do with hell would be connected to him. He'd caught the eye of their peak grand supremes and would attract personal attention from one if the presence of hell appeared.

The land of darkness preferred to kill innocents to ensure that they left no stone unturned!

Whoosh!

The yet-to-be-released hellfire abruptly turned into the silver flames of order.

The fire of order consumed all disorder in the chief worlds and suppressed creatures of darkness. The yin soul in front of him was manifested from a perished endarkened, making it both a ghost and a creature of darkness. It shrieked with dismay when fire roared into existence around it, then hastily retreated at ten times the speed from before.

"An order cultivator from the chief worlds!" it pronounced with difficulty. Its resentment abruptly transmuted into killing intent and it suddenly took tangible form—four heads, eight arms.

It was the form of the creature that Lu Yun had seen when he first arrived in the tomb. They were from the same tribe. It wasn't the one who he'd killed earlier since that one had been held in a prison and turned to dust. This one possessed no rules of disorder and wielded only ghostly force from disorder.

It snarled and came for Lu Yun once more.

Creatures of order from the chief worlds were the greatest enemy of the darkness. The threat that they posed was greater than what was represented by peak grand supremes. Peak grand supremes used force against all things, including the endarkened, but cultivators of order used ingenuity and cleverness in the absence of strength.

In the war between the two sides, grand supremes of order could harm the peak grand supremes of the darkness. Thus, when an order cultivator appeared in front of an endarkened, it would take down this nemesis through whatever means possible. Even if it'd died in an unknown land.

The wisp of disorder churned the local order into pieces, using an extremely short period of time to turn the area into a land of disorder and darkness. The ghost then set itself on fire to consume its core essence and its last mark of life. Once the mark was consumed, it would no longer exist.

It wanted to ensure mutual destruction with Lu Yun!

The young man regarded the development with some alarm. The creature was dead, but was still unwilling to submit!

Whoosh!

It released a pure black flame that set its body ablaze. This was the flame of disorder, much like the one of order.

The chief worlds were a place of order and possessed the relevant cultivators and fires. The land of darkness was one of disorder and naturally boasted of the appropriate cultivators and fires as well.

The creature in front of Lu Yun wasn't a cultivator of disorder. It was igniting the fire of disorder with its own core essence so it could do battle with the human.

"Die, demon!" it roared and extended its arms, latching onto Lu Yun. It wanted to use its fire and the power of darkness in the vicinity to burn its foe alive.

For a moment, Lu Yun's fire of order was swallowed by disorder. Order could suppress disorder in the chief world, but in the darkness, disorder could suppress order!

"Demon!" Lu Yun grit his teeth. "Assholes that have invaded my chief worlds call me the demon?! I'll show you what's a demon!"

Whoosh!

He threw caution to the wind and flared with black hellfire. Whether it was disorder or order, all was destroyed when they met hellfire.

"Hell..." was all the creature had time for before it turned to dust.

It wasn't taken by the Tome of Life and Death.

Chapter 1954 – Unbending Will

In a remote corner of the chief worlds.

"Found him." The peak grand supreme opened her eyes and looked in the direction of the tomb. "He's in the tomb of the empyrean supreme."

She furrowed her forehead. "Pass my orders and kill that Lu Yun at all costs. Remember, no matter the cost. I only want him dead, not alive!"

“Your Majesty... is that worth it?” A handsome youth frowned behind the peak grand supreme. He wouldn’t question the august personage at any other time, but the order of “no matter the cost” was rather frightening. It meant that if needed, the peak grand supreme would sacrifice herself to kill Lu Yun.

Was he worth that astronomical price?

“Yes!” She trembled and looked at the young man with a slightly offended look. “Tanlong, you have operated in the chief worlds for countless eons and supervised everything that takes place in this realm, but you overlooked someone as crucial as Lu Yun!

“The chief worlds are the source of all evil and all cultivators here are demons that will destroy existence itself. Lu Yun is a demon among demons! It will be our doom if he grows into his strength!

“Immortal dao! The dark empyrean supreme of our Infinite Deorc [1] coordinated with empyrean supremes of other worlds and sacrificed his life to bring it down! You let it be reborn and it is even stronger than before!” She nearly screamed at the end.

The Infinite Deorc was what the creatures of darkness called their home. Of course, those of the chief worlds much preferred calling it just the land of darkness. The current World of Immortals was weak and immortal dao not nearly as formidable as it was in the Primordial Era, but a dragonling was much more frightening than an adult wolf.

Grand Supreme Tanlong shook with horror.

The land of darkness had turned immortal dao into a trap and thoroughly lined it with mines in an era too ancient for record. They broke the path of cultivation, prevented immortal dao from cultivating heaven and earth, and planted the Dao Tree to completely cut off immortal dao at its knees.

Cultivation realms beyond immortality were also filled with traps. Whoever dared cultivate them would die before they knew it. But no one imagined that someone like Lu Yun would appear along the way!

He brought a few cultivators with him and slowly reconnected the immortal dao, starting from the path of cultivation. He even used his mighty body of heaven and earth to forcefully make it whole again!

Meanwhile, Fuxi and the others held ceremonies until the organs of the world came into being. They created them to supplement the immortal dao as well!

No one anticipated that Lu Yun would collect all of the organs in his replica and turn it into the cosmos of immortal dao.

Lu Yun’s replica also carried the will of the Tome of Life and Death. The treasure was so strong that it smoothly filled in the potholes that had been dug into the immortal dao. What was a great dao replete with devious trickery rose from the ashes like a phoenix.

Grand Supreme Tanlong was the strongest representative from the darkness in the Land of Reincarnation. Residing in the chief worlds, he was the mastermind behind everything, the hand in the shadows. Many things in the realm, such as its cultivation methods and the fixation on cultivating “nothing” were his work.

After the god of Mount Tai died, the grand supreme shattered the orders of the chief worlds with the power of disorder. If not for that, the recovering Hongjun, Pangu, and God wouldn't have had such a difficult time of things.

However, the mystery that was the Land of Reincarnation was too encompassing. Everything repeated again and again, but it also felt removed from the chief worlds at large. Its time seem to operate on a different scale. That made it impossible for the dark grand supreme to keep a firm eye on everything.

He'd noticed Lu Yun's appearance, but the young man rose with unimaginable speed. A few thousand years—or a few ten thousand thanks to the time boundary—was absolutely nothing. A few ten thousand years in the chief worlds wasn't sufficient for a baby to learn how to walk.

Grand Supreme Tanlong regarded Lu Yun seriously only when the latter truly became a threat. That was when the Dark World in the Land of Reincarnation was refined into hell and became the foundation of Lu Yun's dao.

When Qiu Feishan, the greatest powerhouse of the chief worlds, entered the Land of Reincarnation after it opened, Tanlong was even more at a loss of how he should proceed. While he'd listed Lu Yun as a threat, he didn't place enough importance on the young man.

In his eyes, Yun Yi or some of the other peak grand supremes from the chief worlds were behind Lu Yun's actions. The human was just a pawn, a grasshopper that would no longer hop around once the peak grand supremes were eliminated.

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But now a peak grand supreme from the Infinite Deorc had listed Lu Yun as a priority target. He had to be eliminated at all costs, even if the cost was too high to pay!

"I hear and obey!" Tanlong left to make his preparations.

The peak grand supreme cast a meaningful look into the land of darkness. Killing intent appeared on her face that was the exact copy of Chu Xingran's.

"What a pity that Lu Yun isn't someone ruled by love. If that wasn't the case, Chu Xingran... Even though that pawn has grown a new soul and become an individual personality, when need be..." A cold smile flashed across her lips.

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"An unbending will," Lu Yun sucked in a breath when he sensed the last burst of thought from the creature before it died. "I just released hellfire and permitted the will of hell to bloom here. If that peak grand supreme from the darkness is keeping tabs on me, she'll know that I'm in the tomb.

"But she only knows that I'm here, not precisely where I am. It won't be that easy to find me. That spirit, however... bore an unbending will even in the face of death..." He frowned.

Unbending, unyielding, preferring to die rather than surrender.

Logically speaking, only heroes carried that kind of will.

Heroes?

“That’s right, it called me a demon. The clash between order and disorder is the conflict between two civilizations. It is a monster in my eyes, but I am a demon in its eyes. It is indeed a hero to its people,” Lu Yun sighed. “All of this is out of a desire for survival. But no danger exists in our current environment and situation. Why do the chief worlds and land of darkness fight each other? For survival? Is that possible only through war and mutual slaughter?”

The chief worlds were incredibly vast and its population sparse. Its resources were unlimited and there were plenty of undeveloped worlds and untapped assets. It was nonsense to say that war raged due to a need to claim resources or take land from the darkness.

Then, from the other perspective?

Lu Yun didn’t feel that it was very likely their enemies needed to do the same, either.

He remained where he was for a very long time before he moved forward. Although there were many questions in his mind, he had no answers. As things stood, there was a blood feud between them. If only one could survive, then let the land of darkness die.

1. Deorc is Old English for darkness. This name deserved a bit more oomph. ?

Chapter 1955 – Protection Fee

Lu Yun continued to advance, meeting an increasing amount of disordered ghosts along the way. Given his previous experience, he called upon order in his greatest capacity as soon as they appeared and obliterated them from existence. He wouldn’t give them a chance to immolate themselves and manifest a land of darkness.

Corpses of those who’d died crossing the bridge slowly came into view. Resumption of normal spatial law operation marked the end of the structure. It wasn’t long until Lu Yun could see numerous shapes leap off and rush into the depths of the divine mountain.

Miao was long gone, probably having entered the burial mound already.

Lu Yun heaved a sigh of relief when he reached this point. Living presences were abundant here, leaving no room for the terrifying ghosts.

“Master!” Aoxue’s voice traveled into his ears.

“Don’t approach me. Head inside and explore the burial mound by yourself. Take action as you see fit,” Lu Yun quickly transmitted back.

“I hear and obey.” Aoxue vanished.

“Huangqing, Cangyin, and Luli, you guys should come as well.” Lu Yun summoned the other three of the four blood demons—the blood phoenix, blood qilin, and blood turtle respectively. Since the primordial heavenly emperor had said that the other three evil coffins were here, then let the other blood demons seek them out as well.

For some reason, Lu Yun suddenly thought of Daoist Yuyu. As opposed to saying that the original blood demon had created Aoxue and the others, it would be more accurate to say that Daoist Yuyu and his companions had borrowed the blood demon's hand to nurture the four.

They'd done so for the secrets inside the tomb of the empyrean supreme, but none of them thought that Lu Yun would subdue the blood demons and turn them into his Yama Kings. Despite the unexpected development, the four became grand supremes in the shortest amount of time possible and arrived at the tomb. The plan was still in motion.

While Yun Yi had her arrangements in mind, she wasn't the only one in the chief worlds setting up her plots. Daoist Yuyu, Hongjun, and the others were also laying their plans from the shadows while they recovered in the World of Immortals.

"Let's find the god of Mount Tai first. The Disordered Empyrean Supreme isn't a fool, she must be aware by now that her disciple has betrayed the chief worlds." Lu Yun picked up the pace when his thoughts traveled here. He didn't see Cen Sui—the man had likely already entered the burial mound.

"Halt!" A shout rang out before Lu Yun set foot off the bridge. "High supremes must hand over a protection fee if they wish to disembark from the golden bridge and enter the tomb of the empyrean supreme."

Roughly one hundred people descended from the sky. Their leader was a middle-aged man in a black combat uniform. He spun a pike in one hand and blocked the way for Lu Yun and a few others who'd also reached the end of the bridge at this time.

There were high supremes and grand supremes in his group, but they seemed to be a temporary grouping and not from a common faction. They looked at their leader with a hint of admiration, but he was only a high supreme!

With the golden bridge of heaven and earth still repairing itself, it couldn't fully suppress the burial mound. Any high supreme that could make their way here was a true powerhouse among high supremes. Even someone like Miao, however, wouldn't be able to command respect from grand supremes and make them his subordinates!

Identity!

Lu Yun suddenly realized the crux of the issue. Apart from strength being of paramount importance in the chief worlds, so were identity and status equally important. This high supreme likely had a powerful grand supreme behind him—someone on the level of Cen Sui or the nine clawed golden dragon, or one of their confidantes.

He was only a mouthpiece. Was he one of Cen Sui's, a void robber?

But Yun Yi had just warned the man, so he wouldn't dare do anything out of line here.

"Don't presume that you can defy us, this is a rule set by three hundred and sixty venerable grand supremes. If you're strong enough to defeat me, you can enter the tomb.

“But if not, you must pay a protection fee and have a venerable grand supreme escort you in. Otherwise, you head in to your death.” The high supreme delivered his spiel without waiting for anyone’s response.

“A rule set by three hundred and sixty grand supremes?” The crowd looked at each other with astonishment. Most of the cultivators that’d just crossed the bridge were high supremes. Grand supremes would’ve entered the tomb at first light, they wouldn’t be as tardy as this.

“Correct,” the man responded. “I am Luo Qin, disciple of the Effortless Grand Supreme who is master of the Effortless major world. I guard this place with the grand supreme’s orders!”

As a hostile atmosphere began to develop, Luo Qin quickly realized that his words had been misinterpreted and explained himself more thoroughly. He wasn’t running an extortion racket. The last thing he wanted was to give rise to unwanted karmic repercussions and bring disaster down on his head.

The Effortless Grand Supreme was a heavyweight among grand supremes. On par with the likes of Cen Sui and the nine clawed golden dragon, his words carried weight.

“Grand supremes can pass, of course, and strong high supremes can pass as well. But those who are too weak will either pay the protection fee and be escorted in or leave!” Luo Qin shouted. “Too many have died inside already, there can be no more unwarranted deaths in the tomb of the empyrean supreme!

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“You need to either defeat me or pay ten ancestral veins of heaven and earth. If neither of those are to your liking, you can get lost!”

Humm!

Jade-green light blossomed from his pike as his authority on the scene rose to a peak. He was the standard by which adventurers needed to measure themselves against for the qualification to enter the tomb. Only when they triumphed over him could they ensure their own survival inside.

As for the other detail... There were always plenty of grand supremes happy to make a bit of pocket money. Ancestral veins of heaven and earth could only be found in major worlds and one could never have too many of them.

Quite a few high supremes were here not for treasure, but to undergo trial and tempering in preparation for becoming a grand supreme.

“Also, don’t think of using a Lifeline Talisman or Resurrection Talisman in the tomb. What comes back to life won’t be you.” Luo Qin’s last word of caution sent shivers of fear down everyone’s back.

Too many had died inside and they’d all become ghosts. It made the tomb much more horrifying than it needed to be. The grand supremes inside wouldn’t have created this blockade if not for that. Tombs nurtured zombies and burial mounds bred ghosts... Everyone who died inside became a ghost!

“Luo Qin of the Effortless major world, is it? I’ll fight you!” A muscular man wielding a massive ax jumped out, swinging it at Luo Qin.

“Hmph!” Luo Qin sneered and put his pike away, sending his would-be challenger flying with a kick. “Someone of your caliber doesn’t even count as cannon fodder inside the tomb. Are you that eager to go to your death? Next!”

Chapter 1956 – Porcelain Doll

Luo Qin’s appearance at the golden bridge marked most people’s first instance of hearing his name, yet he sent the muscular man flying with one kick!

His opponent was a powerful high supreme renowned throughout the chief worlds. In fact, he was one of the strongest among high supremes, but he hadn’t been able to handle a single kick from the grand supreme’s disciple!

Since Luo Qin wielded a pike, that meant he was an expert at using the pike. His kick was just an ordinary, casual response.

The move froze all of the high supremes on the scene.

Next?

To be humiliated?

They took a step back in unplanned unison.

Jumbled in a heap on the ground, the muscular man was mortified and wanted nothing more than to faint dead away. Unfortunately for him, Luo Qin had perfectly calculated his blow and ensured that it would be painful for a moderate duration, but wouldn’t knock the man out.

This kind of embarrassing intimidation was the perfect way to intimidate a crowd of hot-blooded high supremes.

“Allow me,” came a clear voice. A little girl approximately roughly eight years old walked out of the crowd. Wearing a downy yellow dress, her face was so exquisitely sculpted that she looked more like a porcelain doll. She even carried a cloth doll wearing the same dress as her in her arms.

“Only a supreme?!” Jaws dropped when people took a good look at the girl. The little girl was just a supreme!

Mere supremes couldn’t possibly make their way here. Lu Yun had had gone to the trouble of sacrificing his cultivation foundation and forced an ascension ahead of schedule. There was no other way around it, he didn’t dare set foot into the Disordered Sea and the golden bridge of heaven and earth otherwise.

It was completely impossible for supremes to venture in, even if they were protected by a grand supreme. But here one was, standing in front of everyone.

Luo Qin was also at a loss for words. What was he supposed to do against a child? He could tell that this was no method or secret art to appear younger than one’s years. She really was only eight years old. Her bones, her soul, and everything about her was on full display. She wasn’t the result of rebirth after seizing possession of someone else’s body and neither was she a reincarnated personage from myth and legend.

“Well I’m going to fight if you aren’t going to. No crying allowed!” She vanished on the spot like she was a ghost.

Bam!

Luo Qin hurtled backward before he had a chance to react. The little girl appeared where he just stood and vanished again.

“Wait, wait, you win!” Luo Qin quickly cried out with dismay.

When the little girl next reappeared, her fist was one millimeter away from Luo Qin’s right eye. It was only then that bystanders realized his left eye was already black and blue.

Sharp gasps rose and fell within the crowd. Almost no one had made out her movements apart from the grand supremes present. And she was only a supreme!

What kind of monster was this?!

Her age was one thing and could be overlooked. There were stories in the chief worlds of people being born as supremes, so that was less remarkable. But a supreme trouncing a high supreme?

Last time that occurred, it was in the Dark World when Lu Yun broke through to supreme, establishing himself as a supreme without a dao palace. He’d smashed a Moran high supreme into a meat pie with one slap.

While the Moran high supreme was inferior to Luo Qin, he’d also been a powerful high supreme. The dark dao that he cultivated possessed a world of sequence.

However, Lu Yun slapping him to death in one move was just rumor. While many had witnessed him doing so, very few of them were on the premises. On the other hand, all of them had just watched the little doll of a girl trounce Luo Qin!

The high supreme had been in fine fettle moments ago, taking a peak high supreme with ease and flair. That made the contrast to this development even more stark.

“Little fellow daoist, you absolutely have the right to enter the tomb of the empyrean supreme. You may enter at your leisure!” Luo Qin scrambled up from his feet with a bead of cold sweat running down his nose. He hastily circulated his power to heal his blackened left eye.

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It’d be too appalling to have both of his eyes beaten black and blue.

“That was fast. I haven’t even made you cry yet,” grumbled the little girl before she hopped off the golden bridge and entered the hazy mountain.

It was up to her own abilities whether or not she could find the tomb proper.

“Who else?” Luo Qin exhaled and roared at the assembly.

“If even a little girl can make it past, then I should be able to as well,” murmured a young man as he walked forward.

Luo Qin's gaze sharpened with intent when he heard the words. It was an incredible humiliation that an eight year old supreme had beaten him. Here was someone rubbing salt in the wound before it'd even healed!

Eyes narrowing, his hands tightened around his pike as he stared coldly at a young man in white. Luo Qin's latest opponent seemed a bit frail and went unarmed. There were no treasures of note on the young man. While he was also a peak high supreme, the ripples of his power weren't that strong. He was weaker than the muscular man from earlier—plainly, he'd just broken through.

"Ah, er, sorry, I didn't mean to say that," Lu Yun paused. The little girl reminded him of Hong guarding the mausoleum among the stars of the Hongmeng, which was why he'd spoken without realization or further thought.

Hong was still in the Hongmeng and had become ruler of the realm along with her younger brother, Meng. It was supposed to be the little fox in charge of the Hongmeng, but she was so lazy that she'd shirked her duties and ran off to the World of Immortals with Lu Qing.

"Hmph." Radiance erupted from the pike as Luo Qin leveled his weapon at Lu Yun. "Cut the bullshit, come at me."

His tones were frosty—he really was going to establish his authority this time. He'd become a laughingstock of the chief worlds if he didn't teach this young man a harsh lesson.

"Then here I come." Lu Yun nodded and clenched his hands into fists.

Hummmm.

Black light blossomed from his body as a black dragon surged out of his fists. It clutched a dark star in its claws. The second technique of the Divine Fists of Hell—Black Dragon Clutches A Star!

It was no longer a pure hell dao combat art. The second move contained Lu Yun's sword dao and more so the will of the primordial heavenly emperor on the golden bridge. He purposefully borrowed the bridge's aura to mask the telltale ripples of a hell dao art.

"The golden bridge of heaven and earth! You've comprehended its combat art!" Luo Qin shrieked when he registered the move.

BOOM!

The punch landed on his body and flung him into a cliff next to the bridge. When the black dragon vanished and the dust settled, everyone saw his splayed-out body embedded in the rock.

Chapter 1957 – Black Wind Takes Form

The crowd was stunned. While they found it uncanny that a pretty little girl had trampled Luo Qin, it didn't seem that unexpected since her presence didn't make sense in the first place. A supreme trouncing a high supreme seemed almost given, in that case.

But the young man in front of them looked very ordinary and run-of-the-mill. He seemed weaker than even the first man that Luo Qin had defeated. But he'd utilized only one move to beat Luo Qin into a meat pie!

Wait, a meat pie?

Some blinked with dawning realization. This scene... seemed somewhat familiar!

"Is it him?" someone murmured.

"Who?" another person asked blankly.

"Lu Yun. He smacked a Moran high supreme into a meat pie with just one move in the Dark World," the first speaker cackled. "But he cultivates hell dao and its combat arts are impossible to conceal. This young man seems to be a cultivator of order and his combat art is similar to the golden bridge of heaven and earth beneath our feet. I wonder whose genius he is to be able to comprehend some of the profound mysteries within the bridge?"

He ended his response with serious respect; his listeners also nodded in agreement.

Life was difficult for the World of Immortals these days. Rumors ran rife that immortal dao was a demonic dao and that its cultivators were merciless killing machines who'd slaughtered everything on the major worlds that they'd conquered.

There were even hints that immortal dao was a pawn of the land of darkness. How else could a puny Lu Yun destroy the Dark World? That was a place that stymied countless grand supremes and even peak grand supremes!

After Lu Yun destroyed the Dark World, he visited the Dark Hell and Ghost Sect. The former surrendered to the World of Immortals and the latter moved its entire faction, stunning the chief worlds.

It'd been such a short period of time since the young man's rise that even Grand Supreme Tanlong hadn't had time to react. It felt like the young man had only just come into view when, an eye blink later, the grand supreme could no longer keep up with him. He was shooting in a direction that Tanlong had no control over.

Naturally, no one believed that Lu Yun could be so miraculous. The only possible explanation was that he was someone's pawn. His master might be a peak grand supreme of the chief worlds; it could also be a peak grand supreme of the darkness.

Regardless, all sorts of hearsay and wild rumors abounded regarding Lu Yun and the World of Immortals these days. Thus, the crowd innately believed that the young man should be at his wit's end right now and cowering inside his realm.

No one thought it possible that he'd join the bustle at the tomb of the empyrean supreme. The young man who'd slapped Luo Qin into a meat pie with a casual move was just an amusing coincidence.

While Luo Qin had been flattened, he hadn't suffered any tangible harm. He peeled himself off the cliff face with difficulty and restored himself to normal condition.

"You... may enter," he said with a rueful expression. As mighty as he seemed, he was in very awkward straits at the moment. True, he could strut around in front of other high supremes and flaunt his prestige, but some perverse geniuses would jump out from time to time.

It'd been Miao at first, then the little girl, and now this guy.

These heaven-defying monsters usually cultivated in a quiet corner or explored the dangerous territories of the chief worlds during normal times. But when something like the tomb of the empyrean supreme emerged, they had to attend.

Geniuses such as them were fiercely proud and never took a leaf out of someone else's book. But perilous areas such as these were very valuable in terms of training. Most important was that, while the knowledge and treasures of their forebears were flawed, they would serve as prime examples of what to avoid. Their wisdom could also complement one's own dao so that it was all the more perfect.

Luo Qin had thought that it would be enough to adjust to the situation and let those peerless geniuses pass as needed. But he'd only recognized the Miao that his master often mentioned and failed to identify the other two.

"Okay." Lu Yun huffed on his fist. "That's right, how would I be weaker than a little girl?"

He continued muttering to himself as he jumped off the bridge.

"Oh, right." He turned around and addressed the high supremes on the bridge. "This golden bridge of heaven and earth is the personal treasure of that empyrean supreme. It contains the venerated one's will. You guys will be able to comprehend some of the meaning behind this cultivation level if you stay on the bridge and meditate on it.

"Weird, this bridge is obviously a treasure. Why do so many people throw away a watermelon to scabble at sesame seeds in the mud?" Lu Yun's figure disappeared.

He hadn't said all that for the benefit of the high supremes. He was telling the primordial heavenly emperor inside the bridge to not be so miserly. The emperor should be giving these juniors some pointers when the occasion arose.

The primordial heavenly emperor was an empyrean supreme, after all. Lu Yun said he was obsolete and eliminated by the times because the young man stood tall enough to look down over the development of this era. His focus was on making immortal dao whole, pioneering formula dao, and ensuring that immortal dao illuminated the chief worlds.

Formula dao had become an existence that everyone in the chief worlds coveted. Just formula dao alone was sufficient to create a new trend and era. That was why Lu Yun pronounced that judgment on the emperor.

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The same definitely didn't hold true for anyone else, particularly those on the bridge. They were just ants struggling for survival in troubled times and the primordial heavenly emperor a personage that they had to treat with great veneration. One casual word from him would result in great benefits for them.

The emperor understood Lu Yun's meaning and incorporated some of his will into the bridge, subconsciously influencing the cultivators that passed through it.

.....

"This entire divine mountain is the burial mound. Alighting from the bridge is the same as entering it." Lu Yun stopped after he passed through a valley and frowned at his surroundings.

A moderately sized clearing lay ahead of him and a decently sized mountain cave could be found at its end. There was only one path—cliff faces were found in all other directions. He still couldn't fly as the spatial restriction extended from the bridge.

"A lot of people have died here... and all high supremes, tsk tsk tsk." The Spectral Eye revealed a dense web of death information. No wonder the grand supremes set up a blockade at the end of the bridge.

"It looks like that cave is the only way into the burial mound." Lu Yun carefully set foot into the clearing.

Aouuuu!

A wild gust of wind whipped up like the cry of a ghost. His eyes widened when he saw a gust of black wind slowly condense into a humanoid form in the air.

Whoosh!

The figure of black wind charged Lu Yun.

Chapter 1958 – Crying

Lu Yun evaded the attack with a quick half step back.

"Ordinary physical attacks are useless against it, they won't touch it." Lu Yun didn't make any brash moves as he didn't know what would result from attacking the shadowy form. It didn't seem as strong as someone like Luo Qin, not by far.

It would be laughable if this black wind manifestation had caused the grand supremes to set up the blockade. On the other hand, there were tens of millions of high supremes dead in this moderately sized clearing.

Tens of millions of supremes was no trifling sum.

"To fight a wind..." Lu Yun further backed up and created images of towering trees with a shake of his body. They clustered around him and formed a massive forest.

To be as compact as a forest!

That was one of Cen Sui's greatest combat arts.

To be as compact as a forest, as swift as the wind, to plunder like fire, and be as immobile as a mountain!

Cen Sui's combat art could counter most wind-based combat arts and dao methods. When Lu Yun copied his grand supreme life form, his new knowledge naturally contained the various great daos and combat arts that Cen Sui cultivated. When considered in conjunction with formula dao, Lu Yun easily derived his strongest combat arts.

But given how mighty a powerful grand supreme's combat arts were, Lu Yun could only deduce surface level insight. Even so, an overview of what Cen Sui knew resulted in enormous benefits to the young man.

This move of being as compact as a forest was no longer Cen Sui's version, but Lu Yun's modification.

BOOM.

The massive forest occupied all available space in the clearing when it appeared. The black wind manifestation keened briefly and violently disassembled, returning to being black wind. It darted around the trees in the forest until it was completely destroyed and vanished without a trace.

Lu Yun suddenly shuddered and jerked his head up to look at the sky. Omnipresent black wind had formed pairs of crimson eyes that mutely observed the young man beneath them. If he'd cut the manifestation apart with one move, the manifestations up in the sky would likely swoop down and tear him to pieces.

But since he'd projected the forest, it restricted their available space and the order for their existence. The one he'd destroyed would reappear once he left—it hadn't really died.

Since the black wind manifestation that was bait hadn't died, the rest of its brethren up in the sky didn't rashly dive down. Lu Yun's forest would be able to restrict them too.

He breathed out more easily and continued deploying his combat art. Safely ensconced by the forest, he approached the moderately sized mountain cave. He retracted the expansive forest only when he entered the cave.

The black wind manifestation that'd been sectioned by the forest immediately reappeared. But as Lu Yun had already gone inside, he didn't see that the manifestation's previously black body was now blood-red. There were also indistinct features on its face to be found.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

The dense collection of manifestations in the sky rushed down and landed around it. The presence of a living being slowly appeared around the blood-red manifestation.

"How long has it been?" it rasped hoarsely. "I thought I would be sealed away forever, doomed to be trapped here for all eternity. Who was that young man?"

The humanoid manifestation tottered forward, heading into the mountain cave with the gait of a zombie.

The grand supremes standing guard took note of the development, both relieved and worried to see the man enter the divine mountain. It was wonderful that there was no longer a guard at the door and they could enter without risking their lives, but highly worrisome that the terrifying entity on par with the mightiest grand supreme had entered the tomb.

It would be the start of another gruesome slaughter.

.....

Lu Yun didn't find the burial mound's layout strange or unfamiliar. He even thought it was a bit run-of-the-mill. This was just an ordinary burial mound, no different from a pile of dirt at the side of the road.

However, an incredibly horrifying existence was buried inside. It was one that had required multiple empyrean supremes working together to kill, and there were four evil coffins located inside as well.

Their power enveloped the burial mound and changed its layout to theirs.

The layout of the burial mound was nothing special—what was hidden and couldn't be seen was the most terrifying.

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Aoxue, Huangqing, Cangyin, and Luli were already inside. They'd died more than once, each time reviving from the Tome of Life and Death to continue their explorations.

What made Lu Yun's heart palpitate with fear was that, in the split second of their resurrection, an unknown will tried to possess their mind and soul while they still wandered between the boundary of life and death. But since they were his Yama Kings, they were protected by the Tome of Life and Death. The treasure crushed the strange will to pieces the moment it showed itself.

There was great nourishment to be found at the edge of life and death, but there was also confusion.

Transforming from a state of death to life was when a being was at its most vulnerable. No wonder people were cautioned against the use of Resurrection and Lifeline Talismans here. Even Lifeline Talismans resulted in a second of confusion when they took the fatal blow for their owners. That was the perfect opportunity for the strange will to strike.

To ordinary cultivators, they couldn't die here no matter what. Once they did, they would no longer be themselves. Luo Qin had warned everyone at the end of the golden bridge that they should not rely on those talismans inside the tomb of the empyrean supreme.

"Wuwuwu—

"Wuwuwu—

"You've died such a horrible death. How come you died like this?! I haven't grown up yet, I haven't married you yet!" A grief-stricken voice traveled through the narrow tunnel, every twist and turn of the passage turning it more eerie and haunting. It was more hair-raising than the ghostly cries of the black wind manifestation outside.

Lu Yun trembled like a leaf. Although the voice was distorted, he could make out that its owner was the delicate little girl who'd defeated Luo Qin with one punch. He subconsciously went on the alert.

The little doll of a girl could only be crying so piteously over someone she was extremely close to. Birds of a feather flocked together, so anyone who could walk by her side was someone just as heaven-defying as her.

Lu Yun took a deep breath and headed toward the source of the sobbing. Well, there was only one road here, so he had to go in that direction even if he didn't want to.

Light gradually filtered through the dark tunnel—crimson light. He saw a soaring tombstone on which was nailed a person.

A person that he'd seen before.

Chapter 1959 – Lu Yun's Tomb

"...Miao." Lu Yun's voice was slightly dry as incredulity filled his eyes.

The genius was twisted in a weird position on the tombstone. Three swords nailed him through the forehead, chest, and dantian. His eyes were wide open and stark fear in them yet to fade away. Scarlet blood flowed down his body and seeped into the tombstone to be absorbed.

The pretty doll of a little girl had sagged in front of the tombstone and was crying her heart out. She hadn't noticed Lu Yun's arrival, or perhaps she didn't care. All she wanted to do now was to cry and cry and cry so she could express her grief.

Lu Yun took a clear look at the tombstone when he drew closer to it. His scalp went numb when he read it more carefully.

Miao's Tomb.

The two words were etched into the tombstone with fresh blood. They had formed with the tombstone and weren't a later addition. That meant the tomb had been built with Miao's name on it!

Someone had created it just for him!

It never occurred to Lu Yun that this heaven-defying genius of humble stature in the chief worlds would die here, just like this!

"You'd probably still be alive if you traveled with me," he sighed despite himself. The little girl continued to cry and paid no attention to the newcomer.

Lu Yun's expression abruptly shifted and he struck, slamming the side of his palm into the back of the little girl's neck. She immediately crumpled to the ground.

He'd caught sight of another tombstone next to Miao's. Chu Xun's Tomb.

According to his calculations, Chu Sun was the little girl. If her tomb was also here, that meant she would be nailed to its tombstone in the near future. He could even sense that her vitality was beginning to fade away—she was so sorrowful that it was hurting her core essence.

The most terrifying thing inside a burial mound wasn't the burial mound itself, but the demonic creatures born within it. Plainly, some awful creature was targeting these two heaven-defying geniuses with the layout of the tombstones.

Lu Yun wasn't someone who liked to stick his nose where it didn't belong, even if it was something having to do with the land of darkness and chief worlds. When his personal safety was threatened, his next course of action would be to turn on his heel and leave without second thought, instead of fighting it out.

But for some reason, he was reminded of Jian Bu'er and the Demonic Vine when he saw Chu Xun. The Demonic Vine would probably cry in the same way if Jian Bu'er died.

Unbidden, he picked up Chu Xun and continued forward.

“Busybody,” rasped a hoarse voice. A burry humanoid form strode out of the scarlet void and stared fixedly at Lu Yun with stark-white eyes.

“Piss off,” Lu Yun sneered at the ghost. “You’re just a watchdog. Get your master out here.” He released the power of the Tome of Life and Death in a flourish.

It was the purest power of reincarnation. Only a trace of it appeared since it lacked hell as a medium, but just a nearly intangible wisp of reincarnation was the most frightening thing in the world to this ghost.

Ghosts weren’t ghost cultivators in that they neither cultivated ghost dao nor were protected by it. That was precisely what made them more terrifying than ghost cultivators. If a cultivator faced a ghost of the same cultivation level, there was no other possible outcome for the former other than to become the ghost’s plaything.

But without the protection of a great dao, ghosts were helpless when they encountered hell or reincarnation. Just a tiny hint of either was sufficient to kill them.

Burial mounds bred ghosts... yet that was the last thing that Lu Yun was afraid of. He could even obliterate a peak grand supreme ghost if it appeared in front of him right this very second.

However, reincarnation was a difficult power to control and he didn’t want to reveal it to the chief worlds. It was only because this ghost was on par with a grand supreme that he utilized this trump card.

The would-be ambusher had frozen out of fear and cracks ran through its ghostly form. It’d almost been scared to death!

Lu Yun vanished into the void with Chu Xun dangling from his hand. It took a long moment before the ghost recovered its mobility.

“Reincarnation... That was the power of reincarnation that disappeared long ago. It’s here again! I must tell master this!” it murmured.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Gusts of red wind suddenly blew into existence. A figure in red, seemingly made out of wind, walked out of the bright red gale.

“You, you, aren’t you sealed at the entrance of the burial mound? What are you doing here??” the ghost shrieked when it saw the figure.

As a fellow spirit entity born of the burial mound, it was naturally aware of this fellow’s existence. This was the most terrifying entity in the empyrean supreme’s burial mound! Not even powerful grand supremes wished to run afoul of it.

It’d been sealed at the entrance of the burial mound, held to the same fixed spot. How had it broken free and made its way inside??

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“I’m rather hungry after just breaking out of the seal. Some ghosts will do...” The person chuckled and extended his jaw, swallowing the grand supreme ghost with one gulp. He then turned his sights to Miao nailed to the tombstone.

Miao was long dead and his body being sacrificed to someone. Lu Yun had no intentions of resurrecting him—the two weren’t close and he wouldn’t be reviving the original Miao in any case.

“More scum from the darkness. Are they trying to end the bloodline of the chief worlds?” He shook his head. “But what do the chief worlds have to do with me? One of them killed me back in the day and sealed me here, just because I wasn’t willing to be a tomb keeper.”

He gently beckoned Miao’s body to him, then destroyed Miao and Chu Xun’s tombstones with a casual blow. The red wind dispersed as he entered Miao’s body, occupying the body with incredible potential.

“So his name is Miao and he is the last disciple of the Vacant Peak Grand Supreme. The peak grand supreme already put his name down for the fifth peak grand supreme of the chief worlds in the future.” The person paused after reading the memories left in the body. “The mighty chief worlds... only has four peak grand supremes left?”

He sighed despite himself. “Although the chief worlds have not been kind to me, they are still my home.”

He vanished in the air after a moment of contemplation.

Rumble.

The void began to tremble after he left and a tombstone even grander than the last two rose from the ground. Three words were etched on it.

Lu Yun’s Tomb.

Chapter 1960 – A New Miao

“Weird, don’t they say that the tomb of the empyrean supreme is incredibly dangerous?” Lu Yun didn’t know how long or far he’d walked, but he hadn’t come across anything that resembled a threat other than the area of tombstones and the black wind manifestation at the door.

The layouts here were complicated and interconnected. It was one singular tunnel when he first entered, but more forks popped up the further in he walked. By now, he was completely turned around and had lost his bearings.

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He wanted to operate formula dao, but something was interfering with it. The answers he received were hazy and indistinct. There seemed to be a layer of fog in front of him obscuring everything. That had also been the case when he tried to calculate the tomb of the empyrean supreme prior to entering; he hadn’t been able to derive anything useful.

While he didn’t run into anything, Aoxue and the others were having a ball of a time. They died with moderate frequency and hacked their way back after resurrection.

Lu Yun wanted to get a status update from them, but their ire was so roused that they rushed off after distracted, half-hearted replies. It was aggravating, but he knew that they must have discovered something important. They couldn't pay full attention to their master in their throes of urgency, or they never would've treated him like this, not in a thousand years.

Whatever they'd found must be very important to him.

And subconsciously, they didn't want Lu Yun to go to them. That was a true zone of danger and he could very likely die inside. It was a subconscious protection from the Tome of Life and Death. Having him experience life and death as part of cultivation was one matter, needlessly heading to his death was another.

Ao Xue and the others were grand supremes, and very powerful ones that were only a hair weaker than the nine clawed golden dragon and Cen Sui. But even they constantly died and came back to life—a sign of how terrifying that zone was.

After thinking it over, Lu Yun summoned his other six Yama Kings and sent them to help the four already in the tomb. He could clearly sense the latter group's delighted surprise when reinforcements arrived.

At this stage of their development, the Yama Kings could take full responsibility and initiative for their duties. They were able to act on their own. The other six wanted to come help a long time ago, but the tomb of the empyrean supreme was so unique that they weren't able to make it in. They couldn't even contact Lu Yun from their side.

With all ten Yama Kings in the tomb, they immediately set up the Formation of the Ten Yama Kings. Only then did Lu Yun feel the situation slightly stabilize. While they continued the cycle of dying and reviving, it was much better than before.

"What kind of place is this?" he wondered with trepidation. Although ten Yama Kings were no match for a peak grand supreme, they wouldn't have any trouble killing someone of Ben Sui's level. He didn't sense the aura of a peak grand supreme from their location, so there was something there that could only wield the strength of one.

"Am I just lucky to not run into anything else so far? But no danger means no treasures. The god of Mount Tai must be exploring that most dangerous area and trying to locate the opportunity to become an empyrean supreme."

Just as there was the opportunity for ascension here, there were naturally items that called out to geniuses such as Lu Yun, Miao, and Chu Xun. But he didn't feel any summons to anything once he entered the burial mound.

"Alive..." Chu Xun stirred in his hands, exhaling an almost inaudible sound. "Big brother Miao is alive..."

Lu Yun put her on the ground, finding that she was just murmuring to herself and wasn't fully awake.

"No, she is awake. Something's clouding her heart and mind," he realized. "...and I wondered why I didn't bump into anything strange. Something on the level of a ghost king's been following me around!" He stood in place and muttered, "You must be tired after following me all this time, friend. Why not come out for a chat?"

“My mistake. You discovered me because I let my concentration lapse for a single second,” came a slightly hoarse voice behind Lu Yun. The latter’s pupils contracted violently when he saw a familiar form.

Miao.

“Miao?” Lu Yun frowned. “No, Miao is dead. You’re someone else who’s taken his body.”

“That Miao is indeed dead,” the person in front of him nodded. “But I need a legitimate identity in this world after breaking free of my seal, so I am Miao now. My consciousness, soul, and spirit are all Miao. The only thing different is that I think different thoughts.

“All that matters is that I am Miao, the one who killed a grand supreme with the body of a high supreme.”

Lu Yun nodded and handed Chu Xun to the other. “Then since you are Miao, you can have her back.”

Miao glanced at the little girl in his hands. She should be awake, but the reborn Miao had clouded her thoughts with an illusion that sent her into a half awake state. It was this maneuver that gave Lu Yun an opening to detect Miao’s presence.

“Um... look after her for me for a few days?” Miao asked stiltedly after staring at Chu Xun.

The previous Miao had spoiled the little girl to no end, but didn’t feel anything beyond pure brotherhood toward her. She was a little sister to him. At the same time, neither did a little girl of eight years old know what love was. He was more her idol and someone she’d placed on a pedestal.

The new Miao didn’t inherit those same emotions. All he wanted was to be reborn in the chief worlds through Miao’s identity.

“Alright, I’ll look after her for now, but you have to take her with you before we leave the tomb. I’m not a babysitter,” Lu Yun nodded. “I’ll expose you to the realm if you leave her with me!”

Miao’s expression turned stiff.

He’d already been standing behind Lu Yun when the latter deployed the power of reincarnation—Lu Yun hadn’t discovered him then. But now that he stood in front of the young man with Miao’s appearance, Lu Yun most certainly knew that he’d witnessed the usage of reincarnation.

More importantly was that Lu Yun knew who he was.

The manifestation of black wind in front of the doors to the burial mound.

He wasn’t actually a spirit of the black wind, but a victim of an incomparably strong entity who sealed him away in the black wind. His resulting massive resentment had turned him into a ghost. Having fought Lu Yun once, the young man immediately recognized him when he showed himself.

“I owe you a favor since you freed me from the seal. So don’t worry, I will take the little girl with me,” Miao nodded with a rueful chuckle.