

Necropolis 291

Chapter 291: Boy Toy!

Lu Yun hadn't expected the master of the Panorama Pavilion to arrive so quickly. Qing Xun borrowing the dao weapon had been conducted with a transportation formation, but it seemed the Tribulation Surrogate Pill warranted a personal trip.

The newcomer was a tall, lean man, roughly thirty years of age. He was an arcane dao immortal, but right now, his cultivation was held back by layer upon layer of restrictions. He didn't dare give the slightest hint that he possessed any dao fruits.

His arcane dao fruits' communion with heaven and earth would inevitably draw the monsters protecting the origin dao fruits to him—or him to them, either one.

As he wasn't confident in his ability to pick an origin dao fruit, he had no recourse but to seal away his own dao fruits. Death in failure was far too out of the question for him to contemplate. Even a grievous injury would reduce his Panorama Pavilion to rubble!

The master looked fervently at the youth before him. Despite being wet behind the ears, this young man could help him survive his tribulation! A dao weapon alone didn't necessarily mean he could defeat the long-haired monsters, but a Tribulation Surrogate Pill would provide considerably more assurance.

After the Panorama Pavilion obtained the herbs in question, its lord keenly sensed that they were vitally important to him. His ignorance of what their actual purpose was hadn't hindered his premonition. That was why the faction had spent several thousand years attempting to restore them, hosting auction after auction in order to attract the world's strongest and brightest.

After receiving Qing Xun's report, the lord had immediately set out with a panoply of medicines: a hundred and eight thousand immortal herbs, three hundred eighty thousand supplemental ingredients, and his sole remaining portion of skyphoenix blood.

"Young friend, what conditions do you have in mind? What will it take for you to refine the Tribulation Surrogate Pill?" He cut straight to the point as soon as he arrived.

"What conditions?" Lu Yun mused over the question for a moment. "It's simple. The Panorama Pavilion will join Dusk Province, with you as its guardian."

The lord colored slightly, but said nothing.

"I didn't really want to make Dusk Province into a sacred land at first, but... a lot of people everywhere are forcing my hand, you see?" Lu Yun was a little troubled.

Initially, he'd only wanted to establish a tomb raiding sect to teach and pass on his traditions. Alas, too many people saw him as a future threat to be stamped into the ground. His very life itself was in danger! What could he do except follow through with their wishes? Dusk Province... had to become a sacred land!

The inheritance tower was there, as was Sword Lake. Even the dao flower had bloomed there. When it came to natural blessings, Dusk Province was more than qualified. Sadly, it lacked a critical mass of reliable manpower.

The Skandha Range commanded the respect of many villains, but they owed favors to the desolate willow, not him. At present, strengthening Dusk Province however he could was Lu Yun's top priority.

The restriction against golden immortals and above?

It was powerful, sure, but the Nephrite Emperor had once deployed the power of origin dao in the province through a replica of himself. The restriction hadn't done a thing about that, proving that it wasn't omnipotent in its security.

If an origin dao immortal wanted to destroy Dusk Province, it was still quite possible for them to do so. According to Lu Yun's present information, the Donglin clan had at least one such member.

Having said his piece, the youth looked quietly at the Pavilion Lord. He wasn't much worried that the Panorama Pavilion would take over the province; he wouldn't have dared to make such a proposal in the first place without a failsafe up his sleeve.

"Alright, I agree." After perhaps twenty breaths, the lord of Panorama Pavilion exhaled loudly. "Ruyan's child will be born in another year and you will be their master. In the future, the Panorama Pavilion would still have to join your province!"

He laughed helplessly. Qing Ruyan's child had the potential to become a celestial emperor. Even if they couldn't defeat the long-haired monsters and pluck an origin dao fruit, they were still guaranteed peak arcane dao immortality. They would even become Panorama Pavilion's future lord. At that point, there'd be no question of which side the faction would stand on, so it was only a matter of time before the foregone conclusion came to pass anyway.

A smile stretched across Lu Yun's face.

"However..." the Pavilion Lord said hesitantly. "The herbs and skyphoenix blood are one thing, and the skydragon blood isn't hopeless either—not with North Sea's soon-to-open tomb—but qilin are extinct in the world."

"Not to worry, I have some skyqilin blood right here." Lu Yun grinned. A drop of cerulean blood appeared in his palm, which he extended to the lord.

The anxious lord received the droplet of blood with a mixture of utmost care and shock. The qilin had gone extinct after the ancient war. In the known world, no qilins, or even creatures descended from them, existed anywhere. Yet the drop of blue blood Lu Yun produced was identical to the aura of an ancient qilin nest!

"The master of Dusk Province is no ordinary man. This qilin blood is proof of it!" The Pavilion Lord breathed a sigh of relief.

The drop of blood belonged to Lu Yun's sixth envoy, Cangyin. She was only a true immortal at the moment, but she was a real qilin; more specifically, a young and immature one. A time manipulation art had reverted her back into a qilin egg before her death. Although it had reverse-aged her, it hadn't stripped away her bloodline.

"The skydragon tomb is important enough for me to go myself, is it not?" The lord smiled with confidence born of reassurance.

“Ah... that’s quite alright, senior. Let us take care of it.” Lu Yun shook his head. “The tomb’s pretty complicated. If your seal is disturbed, there’s no telling what could happen.”

The Pavilion Lord blinked, then nodded in sad acquiescence. Right now, he wasn’t exactly in fighting shape.

Boom!

The deafening sound of rock smashing against rock cut through the air, shaking the floating island in the center of Levitating Island.

A loud yell accompanied it. “I only give away crystals to people I like! If you want to rob me, you’ll have to get through my crystal mountain first!”

Boom, boom, boom.

A series of loud impacts followed shortly after, and the entire island creaked under the stress.

“Bastard! I only came to ask Lu Yun for an explanation. Since when did I want your crystals?” Fang Feixing’s furious voice sounded through the air.

“You stole the treasure senior brother Lu wanted last time, and now you’re back for more, eh? Feel the wrath of this prince’s crystals, you boy toy!”

Clang, clatter... crash!

The building that Lu Yun and the others were in collapsed around them.

Chapter 292: An Alliance of Profligates

“What’s all this about? What’s got him so mad?” Taken aback by the sight of the Deaf Prince shouting in midair, Lu Yun was unsure of how to react.

The Pavilion Lord was just as confused as he. Fairy Qing Xun had messaged back all that’d transpired here. He knew about the ‘Draggin’ Prince’, a man who swung his enormous wealth around like a hammer. However, he hadn’t thought he’d encounter the infamous prince so soon.

Currently, the Deaf Prince seemed to have gone berserk. He held a silver treasure box whose glow seemed to control the rhythmic smashes of his crystal mountain.

This place....

This place was the heart of all of Levitating Island! Myriad Returns City, the center of the floating isle. Although the market occupied the floating island as a whole, the city remained Levitating Island’s core. Indeed, the market only existed because of the city.

But now, under the slams of the enormous crystal mountain, the entire floating island was shaking and hideous cracks were spreading in every direction. The Great Formation of Myriad Returns was quite powerful, given that a master who understood Return to Origin had set it up. Alas, no amount of mystifying technique could spare it from the Deaf Prince’s alpine blows. A few more bashes were enough for the formation to crumble altogether.

Fang Feixing wanted to cry. He'd come to extort some crystals from Lu Yun and the Deaf Prince, that much was true. Unfortunately, the Deaf Prince, who'd been so incredibly generous before, had practically exploded at his words. He'd taken out his mountain of crystal without a second thought!

Fang Feixing knew about the deafness of the xiangliu prince. As such, he'd explained everything in a direct transmission alongside a demand: Lu Yun should pay two million in reparations.

How was he supposed to know the prince would get right to smashing?

If he'd been a bit weaker, he probably would've already been mashed into a pulp. What, one or two slams aren't enough? He's coming back for another round?!

Fang Feixing really broke into tears this time.

All of Myriad Returns City was in ruins now, its busy sea market little more than dust. The great formation continued crumbling, and the formation that refined illusion into reality returned to illusion.

Countless immortals fled in every direction, and the floating island itself began to break apart.

Crash!

Bang!

Thump!

The Deaf Prince remained relentless. His mountain of crystals pounded upon the floating island with vicious force. At this point, Fang Feixing was long gone. He'd fled into the air with a shifting talisman.

"Get out here right this instant, boy toy Fang Feixing! If one smash isn't enough to kill you, this prince will just try again!" the Deaf Prince's voice rumbled through the sky.

Fwoosh—

An inky trail of sword light slashed at his head!

"No matter who you are, anyone who destroys the North Sea's Myriad Returns Market will be executed," a cold voice followed closely behind.

Thud!

The black streak was deflected by a pillar of crimson light before it could get anywhere close; Hongxiu's form slowly materialized at the prince's side.

"The Dark North Sword Sect... we will remember your attempt on our prince's life." Contempt curled at the corner of her mouth. "How dare you North Sea monster spirits extort our prince? You've made enemies of the great East. Any North Sea immortal who dares trespass in the East Sea henceforth... will die!"

"Hmph!" A black-robed man wielding a black sword soared through the air. A peerless immortal from the Dark North Sword Sect, he was the one who'd made a pass at the Deaf Prince's life just now.

"Who gave you the gall to lord your East Sea privilege here in the North?" the man in black sneered.

"You forbid our immortals from your sea? Why don't you try leaving here alive first!"

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

A shadowy thicket of dark blades materialized in midair, locking down the airspace. At the same time, a burst of white light erupted from the floating island beneath, caging the enormous crystal mountain within its power.

“The Myriad Returns Market doesn’t belong to the North Sea alone. It’s a valuable resource for innumerable immortals throughout the world,” the peerless immortal in black declared with heartless indifference. “Your destruction of millenniums’ worth of heritage makes you their public enemy. I, Canghai Chengkong of the Dark North Sword Sect, shall cut you down for the sake of all!”

The black sword shadows quivered as he spoke, thickening the fabric of space all around them. One hundred and eight blades completely sealed off Levitating Island’s sky. The immortals who’d missed their chance to escape from the floating island were stuck, as the North Sea court and Ingress Island’s immortals had flocked to assist Canghai Chengkong.

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Amid the ruins, Aoxue and Beigong Yu protected Qing Han and Xing Mou from the oncoming storm above.

“This Canghai Chengkong is very strong!” Beigong Yu raised his head in mild shock. “He’s only a little weaker than me!”

Qing Han and Xing Mou rolled their eyes. This fishbird of a fish was just flattering himself!

Still, he wasn’t wrong about the man in black. As a peak peerless immortal, Hongxiu was as strong as someone of her realm could be. Furthermore, her real body was that of a tremendously powerful immortal beast. The ability to repel her with a hundred and eight sword shadows was already an enormous feat.

Lu Yun stood up, his eyes fixated upon the airborne blades with curiosity and admiration. He was just as astounded as his Infernum.

“A sword immortal! There’s more to the Dark North Sword Sect than I thought.” The young man took a deep breath.

Many immortals in the world studied sword dao, but sword immortals were rare. If Dongfang Hao had been able to attain immortality, he would’ve been a sword immortal. In some ways, this Canghai Chengkong was very similar.

“There’s more to the Dark North Sword Sect than meets the eye, so surely a peerless sword immortal is something to worry about? Aren’t you concerned about your friends over there?”

The equally protective Pavilion Lord was baffled by Lu Yun’s reaction. Wasn’t he friends with that third prince over there?

“The Dark North Sword Sect is impenetrable, and Ingress Island even more inscrutable.” Lu Yun nodded a little. Ingress was the realm after the dao realm; there had to be a deeper reason behind Ingress Island’s name!

Wait, does anyone know that there’s an ‘ingress realm’ in the first place?

“But, the Deaf Prince is also much smarter than he looks. The East Sea immortals came north for the sea market here, not the skydragon tomb.” Spotting a large boulder out of the corner of his eye, Lu Yun casually sat down on it.

The Pavilion Lord’s face paled.

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“Hahahahaha—” an equally loud voice responded with raucous laughter. “For the sake of all, eh? The fuck are you talking about? You think a slimy old snakehead like you can represent this young master? Are you courting death, or suffering from dementia?” Coarse and broad, the voice was brimmed with a tyrannical rage.

“Yeah! Who’re you trying to represent here, Canghai Chengkong? We Lins of Primus Major, or the Beicangs of Lazuli Major?” another voice ripped through the air, just as arrogant as the last.

Every single one of them represented a major faction in the world, and there were five in total. Adding the Deaf Prince to that number made six. In what ways were they alike? Rich, haughty, and insufferable, every last one of them. An alliance of profligates!

Chapter 293: Fetch Me My Crystal

Canghai Chengkong scowled at the six princes, the look in his eyes uncertain. In addition to Deaf Prince Xiangliu Hongzhen, the other five were all irreverent youths with infamous reputations. There was one thing they all had in common: they were all third children in their clans.

The alliance consisted of the third son of the Lin Clan, the third son of the Beicang Clan, the third prince of the South Sea, the third prince of the Unmeant Sea, the third princess of the Unsullied Sea, and finally, the third prince of the East Sea.

They called themselves the Alliance of the Third Princes, even with the inclusion of a girl, but others considered them a group of profligate heirs.

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“I ask you, Canghai Chengkong,” demanded the third son of the Lin Clan as he hovered in midair, “who are you representing?”

Canghai Chengkong didn’t dare respond with anything.

The Lin Clan was so influential that they stood independent of Primus Major. Despite the lack of a celestial emperor, overall they were even more powerful than the Primus court. It was even said that House Donglin, the aristocracy dominating Aureate Major, was a branch of the Lin Clan.

“That’s right, Canghai Chengkong,” piped up the third son of the Beicang Clan, his voice louder than even the Deaf Prince’s. “Are you representing the Lin Clan, or my clan?”

Canghai Chengkong cut off his attack in mid swing, his gaze wavering. The North Sea could afford to offend a singular East Sea, but with children of five powerful factions backing the prince up, even the Dark North Sword Sect would have no choice but to surrender Canghai Chengkong if the sect needed a scapegoat.

The six were their clan’s most treasured babies. Even if they blasted a hole in the sky, their clans would clean up the mess for them. The scions of the Unmeant, Unsullied, and South Sea hadn’t said anything, but their challenging looks at Canghai Chengkong spoke volumes.

“Gentlemen!” Canghai Chengkong flailed for an appropriate response. “The Myriad Returns Market is one of the greatest events in the world of immortals. Why do you disturb it?”

“Hahaha!” a clear, pleasant voice sounded. “A member of Ingress Island has robbed my brother of his immortal crystals. Are you the only ones allowed to take from others? How’s that fair?”

It was Jing Dichen, the third princess of the Unsullied Sea, and the only girl in the alliance of princes. Her deep blue dress matched the color of her hair and eyes, and her skin was fair and unmarked. It was quite a contrast for a dainty girl like her to heartily call the others ‘brother’.

“Guards!” Jing Dichen exclaimed. “Fetch me my crystal!”

“Crystal?” Bystanders were befuddled by the order. Was the princess going to pay the market back for their losses?

But when the female immortal behind Jing Dichen offered up a box sparkling with silver light and little more than a foot long, many cultivators screamed and bolted. That was similar to the box the Deaf Prince wielded; it was a box containing an immortal crystal mountain!

Heavens!

Why would the princess have such a thing as well? Was this standard issue equipment in the alliance?

Bam!

White light blasted out of the box and formed a crystal mountain of five thousand kilometers in diameter, smashing into the market below.

“Hahaha!”

“Fetch mine too!”

“And mine!” The other four youths laughed heartily and took their respective silver boxes from the peerless immortals behind them. Five crystal mountains slammed into the market like unstoppable waves.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The impacts shook the floating island like continuous earthquakes, reducing the market and Myriad Returns City into rubble. The island itself wobbled and seemed it would fall into the inner sea at any given moment.

A veritable storm of chaos descended as countless immortals fled in all directions. Fang Feixing stared dumbly at the chaotic scene before him. How had things developed in this direction?

The Deaf Prince burst into laughter. "Good, fantastic!"

With a wave of his hand, he summoned his silver box and opened its lid. Bolstered by the burst of white light, his crystal mountain broke free of its container and took flight, joining its five brethren in annihilating the island.

Everyone finally understood what was going on. The six youths were here to destroy the market!

"Stop... stop it!!" Canghai Chengkong shrieked. The one hundred and eight sword shadows around him whirred into sword aura and slashed at the six youths.

If the market were to be destroyed, everything the North Sea had built over the years would evaporate overnight, and he would be executed for his incompetence. When his thoughts traveled here, he pushed his reservations aside and launched a killing move against the six youths.

"Ha!" Hongxiu and the other five peerless immortals snorted and unleashed their power to block all of the sword slashes.

"What a pity," the third princess of the Unsullied Sea sighed as she hurtled the crystal mountain. "Why didn't those from the North Sea set up a formation to stop us? We'd be able to smash more people, then."

The crystal mountain was powerful, but its deployment took time. The Deaf Prince had been able to defeat Jiangchen Wushang's dao immortal zombie last time only because the Jiangchen scion had set up a great formation which ended up trapping himself in the end. The dao immortal zombie had had no choice but to face the mountain head-on.

Normally, however, immortals would be able to escape even if they couldn't take on the crystal mountain. Therefore, the six princes hadn't killed that many people, despite the unbridled havoc they'd wrought on the island.

"A pure sword immortal... hehehe..." a sinister voice whispered into Canghai Chengkong's ear, raising his hackles.

"Who is it?!"

Bam!

A white club clobbered him in the back of his head. I'm a peerless immortal, but a club is enough to knock me out!? How absolutely embarrassing! I'm glad... no one I know... is around...

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Rumble.

Thousands of years after its inception, the floating island at the center of Levitating Island crashed into the inner sea with a great rumble, eliciting tall waves that swept over the island proper and destroyed a good number of cities as well. Immortals and cultivators alike scattered frantically in any corner that seemed safe.

“Hahaha! That was so satisfying!” Beicang Qiong, third son of the Beicang Clan, roared with laughter.

The decennial Myriad Returns Market had been destroyed by the six reckless princes. Fang Feixing stood dumbly in the air, trembling like a leaf and not knowing what to say.

“Still want to take my crystals, Fang Feixing?!” the Deaf Prince yelled at him. “I’m rich, but my crystals are gifted, not robbed! This prince will smash anyone who dares rob me!”

And so the blame was firmly pinned on Fang Feixing, who almost fainted then and there. Immortals observing Levitating Island from afar finally understood what had happened. So... Fang Feixing of Ingress Island had tried to rob the Deaf Prince, and in return the prince had called on his friends to destroy Myriad Returns Market?

However, relief descended in equal measure after comprehension. With the market destroyed, the influence of the North Sea would decrease commensurately, and they would finally be released from the exploitation of Levitating Island.

Chapter 294: Flesh and Blood as the Brush, Soul as the Ink

Not only was Myriad Returns Market in shambles, but the floating island at the center of Levitating Island had sunk into the inner sea. The six princes hovered in the air, highly pleased with themselves.

“I’ve finally avenged you, little sister!” Pain flashed through Jing Dichen’s blue eyes. Her little sister had once found a rare treasure when venturing around the North Sea, but someone from Levitating Island had set their eyes on it and killed her for it.

With the skydragon tomb opening, all of the dao immortals in the North Sea had convened in the capital’s waters, including those normally stationed on Levitating Island. It was the perfect opportunity for the six princes to stir up trouble and destroy the island.

“No.” Beicang Qiong, third son of the Beicang Clan, shook his head slightly. “This is far from enough! It was Beigong Chonglou, first prince of the North Sea court, who killed your sister. We must kill that bastard and really hurt the court to truly avenge her!”

His shoulders were double that of an average man’s shoulder span and his impressive frame athletically powerful, which lent further weight to his proclamations.

Jing Dichen nodded slightly while the other four agreed in silence. They were here for revenge!

“The market has been destroyed, but Levitating Island remains, as do the pirates of the North Sea....”

In the end, Fang Feixing fled with his tail between his legs. The scions of the Unsullied Sea, Unmeant Sea, South Sea, and Lin Clan called upon immortals of Levitating Island to enter the North Sea and go after the pirates in the nearby waters, while the Deaf Prince and Beicang Qiong sought out Lu Yun.

Lu Yun and his companions had long returned to Kunpeng Palace. The palace was situated on the peninsula by the inner sea, but the waves caused by the sunken floating island hadn't damaged it at all. With the six heirs running rampant through the locale, even he had trouble keeping himself safe. He had no choice but to return to the palace with Qing Han and Xing Mou, but not before he had Beigong Yu knock out Canghai Chengkong and transported him to hell.

Meanwhile, the lord of the Panorama Pavilion escorted their members to another city on Levitating Island.

Lu Yun had sensed something unusual about the Deaf Prince's behavior early on. No one would randomly fling about crystals everywhere on the path to Myriad Returns Market, no matter how rich they were. The prince was obviously looking to throw a wrench into the market's operations.

What gratified Lu Yun was that the Deaf Prince hadn't used his idol's argument with Fang Feixing as a pretext to start trouble. Only when Fang Feixing had come looking for them did the prince and his friends erupt in fury and destroy the floating island.

That alone told Lu Yun that the Deaf Prince was a worthy ally.

Levitating Island was a treasure trove that collected all of the riches from the waters around it. They'd exploited passing immortals without mercy in the past. Anyone who dared resist would be raided and killed by the North Sea pirates.

With the floating island destroyed and Levitating Island's influence greatly undermined, all it would take for the pirates to be exterminated was for someone to lead the charge.

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"Where... am I?" Within the resurrection layout, the only patch of living energy in hell, Canghai Chengkong trembled in a prone position on the ground. This place was simply too terrifying.

Eerie winds seemed to howl right into one's soul, and a sinister chill pervaded the air. Countless terrifying humanoid creatures trained in uniform precision and matching armor stood nearby. What terrified him most were the two giant coffins laying at the center of this sunless realm. One was carried by nine dragons, and the other was enveloped by the body of a nine-headed phoenix.

"Isn't that... the Scaled-Dragon King!" Canghai Chengkong couldn't believe his eyes. "And his hundred thousand soldiers.... Didn't Lu Yun kill him with formations? Why is he here now?"

Canghai Chengkong stared dumbly at the army undergoing training exercises next to the two giant coffins. With the Kunpeng King Beigong Yu dead, the Scaled-Dragon King had become the foremost king of the North Sea. Though Canghai Chengkong was a sword immortal, he wasn't the king's match at all. But never in his wildest dreams, did he expect to see the dead scaled-dragon king in such a strange world!

There was a sudden weight on his shoulder. He turned around and screamed with horror, "The Kunpeng King! Beigong Yu! How are you still alive?!"

He jumped up with another shriek and stared fearfully at Beigong Yu, who scoffed and stepped aside with his head lowered.

“There aren’t many pure sword immortals in the world,” sounded a mild voice. “So it’d be a shame to kill you.”

A young man in white, looking about seventeen years of age, emerged from behind Beigong Yu with a warm smile and appreciative gaze.

“Lu Yun... you...” Canghai Chengkong’s face clouded over. He was clever enough to figure out what was going on.

“However,” Lu Yun muttered to himself rather than respond to Canghai Chengkong, “I will also be a sword immortal once I ascend to immortality. Someone like you isn’t qualified to be one of my envoys.”

Canghai Chengkong paled, speechless.

“With your flesh and blood as brush and your soul as ink, write your name on the first page of this book.” Lu Yun brought out the Tome of Life and Death as he spoke.

“I...” Canghai Chengkong took several steps backward. Although he’d recovered some mobility, he was still at Lu Yun’s mercy. He could sense the great power in Lu Yun; it seemed as if the human could control everything in this world with a single flicker of thought.

“Write your name down or die,” Lu Yun said calmly.

Beigong Yu threw Canghai Chengkong a look of enviousness. “Dammit, this brat is weaker than me, but he’s so lucky that he can have his name in the book.”

With his name written in the Tome of Life and Death, the sword immortal would become something like Ge Long. He wouldn’t be an envoy, possessing the power of the Tome, but he would be unkillable under the book’s protection.

Infernum like Beigong Yu, on the other hand, wouldn’t be able to come back to life once dead. Ge Long’s name had been written on the tome first, though, even earlier than Yuying’s. Therefore, he would be more powerful than the others who came after him. Canghai Chengkong would never be his match, even after writing his name down.

“I’ll do it!” Canghai Chengkong yielded to preserve his life. Crimson light flashed through his fingertip, his nascent spirit and soul manipulated by a strange force.

Canghai Chengkong! appeared in bloody strokes on the book.

“This...” Canghai Chengkong’s eyes went round. “Canghai Chengkong greets the master!”

His heart swelled with pride and awe as he finally understood who Lu Yun truly was. The overlord of life and death!

“This servant swears to die in your service, master!” He got on his knees and kowtowed to Lu Yun.

“Oh shut up!” Beigong Yu scowled. “Die in service? You can’t die!”

Canghai Chengkong gave Beigong Yu a self-satisfied smile. By this point, he knew why Beigong Yu and Scaled-Dragon King were here.

Chapter 295: The First Void Realm Cultivator

“Lu Yun? Top youth sovereign of the world of immortals?” Eyebrows arched, Beicang Qiong gave Lu Yun a once-over. “A pretty, frail little boy like you is the top youth sovereign?”

Beicang Qiong was a peak spirit realm cultivator and a rare genius of his clan. He hadn't participated in the Dusk tournament two years ago, so he wasn't inclined to acknowledge Lu Yun's supposed superiority.

Now that he had the chance, he immediately took the opportunity to challenge Lu Yun. Unlike the Deaf Prince, who was mediocre at best before his xiangliu bloodline awakened, Beicang Qiong was a real genius. Even if he destroyed heaven itself, his clan would clean up after him. He'd opted to stick by the Deaf Prince this time, rather than going kill pirates in the North Sea, because he wanted to know if Lu Yun was truly better than him.

“Let's fight, top youth sovereign,” Beicang Qiong shouted, rolling up his sleeves and shaking his bowl-sized fists. “If you defeat me, I'll admit you're the best!”

Oblivious to the topic at hand, the Deaf Prince kept telling them to drink up.

“Alright!” Lu Yun rose to his feet and accepted the challenge. He'd met more than his fair share of rich second generations and proud heirs. Only with a show of real strength would he earn their respect, or they'd keep causing trouble for him at random times.

Their alliance had caused great damage to Levitating Island in order to avenge the little sister of the Unsullied Sea's third princess. What Lu Yun had done in all of his past history amounted to nothing by comparison.

This was someone worth getting to know.

“That's the spirit!” Beicang Qiong laughed and transmitted the developments to the Deaf Prince.

The Deaf Prince paused and broke into laughter as well. “I know senior brother Lu only by reputation, and have never seen him fight in person. I look forward to the demonstration!”

Rubbing his hands together in excitement, he ordered his men to prepare a sparring ground.

Boom!

An enormous rumble sounded from the sky, shaking the entire world. The snowy-white Dao Flower bloomed again, manifesting an indistinct white path over it.

A woman dressed in men's clothes stood atop the path, her clothes fluttering in the breeze and inky black locks framing her stunning face. She wore a confident smile, and slowly sharpened into focus as Mo Yi.

“The first void realm cultivator has appeared!” Countless cultivators tilted their heads up to the figure on the white path. With the cultivation path restored, the first cultivator to ascend to the void realm would have their name recorded on the Dao Flower.

“The methodology Mo Yi used for her ascension has been recorded by the flower and distributed to the world. Now everyone can use her method as their map, which will greatly decrease the difficulty level of ascending to the void realm!” Qing Han looked up at Mo Yi with a hint of cheer. “I was worried that others would make the ascension first, but Mo Yi’s one of us. Since she’s the one who invented the way to the void realm, the strength of the Dao Flower will be gifted to her. This benefit will remain within our own!”

Since Mo Yi’s approach would enable others to follow in her footsteps, she, too, would become a dao sovereign, which earned her the protection of the Dao Flower.

“That’s only the way to the perceived void realm, though,” murmured Qing Han. “I wonder if the unraveled void realm and then the returned void realm....”

Bam!

With a single step that shook the sky, Mo Yi ascended from perceived void realm to unraveled void realm!

Another cultivation approach was established, and another tremble shook the void. The returned void realm!

With three steps, she trod through the perceived, unraveled, and returned void realms!

All three courses of action were recorded by the Dao Flower and incorporated into the path of cultivation, which was then distributed to all cultivators in every world, similar to when the path had been restored.

Some cultivators throughout the worlds cheered, while others sighed. All of their reactions were recorded by the flower as well.

There had previously been no relevant path of cultivation in the world. The path emerged only because enough people had tread upon it. The mortal dao, immortal dao, heavenly dao, and great dao all had one thing in common: they were all created by living beings.

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Heavy tribulation clouds gathered in the sky as lightning crackled and thunder rumbled. A heavenly tribulation was at hand. However, Mo Yi destroyed the thunderbolts with a simple flourish of her sleeve.

A ray of white luminance scattered down upon her, upon which she ascended to immortality and disappeared from her place beside the Dao Flower.

“What... insanely mind blowing talent!” Lu Yun didn’t know how to feel about the vanished figure. New knowledge entered his mind at the same time—the methodology of void perceiving, void unravelling, and void returning!

There’d been no cultivation methodology for the void realm, yet Mo Yi had single-handedly created three schools of thought and forged a complete path through the void realm. As long as cultivators followed her way, they would be able to make up for their otherwise lack of knowledge about various void realm arts and methods. And it’d only been a few months since the lost realm had been restored!

In less than a year, Mo Yi had severed her own cultivation, invented the void realm approaches, and regained her immortality!

“You know Mo Yi best, little fox,” Qing Han said to the fox standing on his shoulder. “Do you know who she is?”

“She’s a perverse genius!” the little fox responded with great certainty. “She’s the greatest genius the world of immortals has ever seen! Lu Yun is known as the top youth sovereign, but he’s just a particle of trash compared to Mo Yi!”

Lu Yun rolled his eyes.

“I’ll be damned, so this is how one perceives the void...” On the other side of the courtyard, Beicang Qiong’s face settled into a smile after going through several other expressions.

“Lu Yun! I hear you created two sword techniques during the Dusk tournament and another one later on. Show me what you’ve got, top youth sovereign!” Beicang Qiong shouted at the top of his lungs. After acquiring the methodology of the void realm, he couldn’t wait to validate his own comprehension by fighting Lu Yun.

“Let’s fight.” Violetgrave glowed in Lu Yun’s hand as a vast, boundless ocean surged around him. Acquiring Cangyin as an envoy had granted him a water qilin’s talent in water manipulation, further improving his understanding of water’s intent. His ocean of sword intent had reached new heights as a result and become a true ocean.

Lu Yun struck before Beicang Qiong could make a move.

Roar!

An enormous cerulean dragon shot out from the ocean and lunged at his opponent.

Chapter 296: Void Realm Methods

It was still a dragon made of sword energy, but this time it looked like a real heavenly dragon, claws and all, rather than a manifestation of qi. Dragon roars ripped through the sky, churning the sword ocean into a mad froth.

“Well met!!” Brandishing a giant, black iron staff, Beicang Qiong leaped high into the air and threw himself at the incoming dragon like a cannonball.

Bam!

Clonk!

He hurtled backward through the air, knocking into the light barrier of the sparring area and sliding down like a hunk of battered meat. The battered meat squirmed and regained human shape, returning to an upright position.

“Among the six of us, Beicang Qiong is the strongest physically and possesses the greatest brute strength.” The Deaf Prince smacked his lips. “However, he can’t even take one hit from senior brother Lu. Tsk, the top youth sovereign exceeds his reputation!”

“Freaking hell, he’s strong!” Beicang Qiong breathed out deeply. “Again!”

He rotated the staff into a black vortex and lunged at Lu Yun.

Wham!

The vast sword ocean around Lu Yun reared into another great wave to give way to a giant fish that transformed into a great peng bird after barreling out of the water. It unfurled its wings and took flight.

Peng of Kun! Soaring forty-five thousand kilometers into the sky!

Boom!

Clonk!

Again, Beicang Qiong ended up plastered on the barrier, but this time, Lu Yun didn’t give him time to recover. The sword ocean boiled as countless cerulean dragons rushed out and pounced on him.

“Holy!” Beicang Qiong shrieked. Not yet recovered from his flattened state, he bounced up from the ground and fled on two-dimensional legs. However, Lu Yun’s dragons were much faster. They caught up in an instant and flung his flat body into the air.

Terrified howls and wails rang through the courtyard as Beicang Qiong bounced up and down in torment. All of the spectators and the peerless immortal serving him looked away, wincing too hard to keep watching. However, Lu Yun stayed well within the limits of propriety and bore no trace of killing intent. He only made the scion experience what it was like to toe the fine line between life and death, tempering both his will and body.

Roughly an hour later, Lu Yun sheathed his sword and stood at the heart of the arena, while Beicang Qiong lay panting on the ground, his limbs extended and prone like a starfish.

“Need more convincing?” Lu Yun walked up to him, picking up the staff and sticking it firmly into the ground.

“No... no need!” Beicang Qiong was on the verge of tears. If he’d known Lu Yun was this unreasonably powerful, he wouldn’t have challenged the human.

“Good.” Lu Yun straightened his back and turned to the Deaf Prince, transmitting and shouting at the same time. “Want to spar, Your Royal Highness?”

“No, no, that’s alright!” The Deaf Prince shook his head rapidly. Even Beicang Qiong had ended up with bruises everywhere and several broken bones! His frail little form wouldn’t be able to take even one hit from Lu Yun.

“How merciless, how cruel!” A pouting Beicang Qiong sat on the ground and barely managed to restore his body, but couldn’t do anything about the bruises on his face. “My waist, my legs, my elbows... and my handsome face!”

“Senior brother Lu is an eminent, real genius who is wise and magnificent. I knew you wouldn’t be his match!” The Deaf Prince helped Beicang Qiong up. “He kept himself in check, however. In your current state, you should be able to ascend to the void realm after a period of closed door cultivation.”

“Hehehe...” Beicang Qiong cackled. “I’ve already found the doorway to perceive the void, I just didn’t exactly know how to do it. Getting beaten up by senior brother Lu has cleared my mind. I’ll definitely make a breakthrough after a bout of seclusion!”

Though many had found the door to the perceived void realm, they had no way of passing through it. Now that Mo Yi had achieved her breakthrough and created a methodology, cultivators would be able to learn from her and follow her example by studying the approach recorded in the Dao Flower.

However, it was a method Mo Yi had created for herself. It could act as a guide, but cultivators still had to probe their own way to progress on the path of cultivation.

Although Beicang Qiong had seen the hope of ascension with Mo Yi’s method, there was still an enormous barrier stopping him from finding his way. But the hearty beating from Lu Yun had shattered that final obstacle. As long as he kept cultivating, he’d be able to create his own way.

In this era, the Dao Flower was newly bloomed, and with it, the path of cultivation had taken shape. The cultivators of this generation were lucky. As long as they had enough talent, they’d be able to create their own void realm methods with the support of the Dao Flower.

Once the flower faded into the great dao and the path of cultivation fully became part of the immortal dao, only the foremost geniuses could invent their own methods. Most would have to borrow from others.

The Deaf Prince looked at Beicang Qiong with great envy and huffed, “Are you still coming to the ancient tomb under the palace with us?”

“Nah, I’m entering closed door cultivation!” Beicang Qiong laughed heartily. “If I can ascend to the void realm and repair my clan’s cultivation method, the overall strength of my clan will improve significantly. We won’t be left behind by the times!”

He dusted the dirt off his clothes and picked himself up, making a speedy exit. Not only might cultivators and immortals be left behind without void realm methods, well-established factions that had been around for eighty thousand years or more would be eliminated as well!

“Lucky bastard. I’m too physically weak to fight senior brother Lu Yun for now. If I do, it’s more likely that my cultivation will be knocked down a peg than pushed to the void realm.” Disappointment was writ large across the Deaf Prince’s face.

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The ancient tomb of Levitating Island lay under the Kunpeng Palace. The floating island had been fractured and sent into the inner sea by the six veritable demons, the pearl-in-jade layout was broken, and the coiled mountains keeping the tomb protected had disintegrated as well. Not long after, the tomb would show itself to the world like the skydragon tomb.

Levitating Island was in utter shambles, though. No one cared if there was a tomb here. Accompanied by Qing Han, Miao, and the Deaf Prince, Lu Yun dove into the ocean and looked for the tomb.

Chapter 297: The Early Bird Gets the Worm

As legend had it, Levitating Island had been the holy land of the monster spirits in primordial times. Several thousand years ago, it had fallen into the North Sea and given rise to a giant island. There was a great tomb on this island that held the secrets of the monster spirit ancestor. Only, no one had ever found it. Many formation experts of the immortal world had come to investigate over the years, but none of them had discovered the inkling of a clue.

Lu Yun had barely managed to locate it this time, thanks to the Dragonsearch Invocation and the cosmic feng shui method. It was located beneath the Kungpeng Palace!

Even Beigong Yu was a little taken aback. He'd chosen Levitating Island as his temporary residence back when the island first formed, but in the several thousand years since, the kungpeng had never noticed anything amiss.

The pearl-in-jade structure was indeed extraordinarily wondrous. Fusing with the power of the stars in the sky, it'd unexpectedly created rings of coiled starry mountains. With the mountains now broken, the tomb below the palace was slowly revealed to the world.

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Kungpeng Palace rested partly on the island, but the greater part floated on the sea. Along with Qing Han, the little fox, and the Deaf Prince, Lu Yun silently stole beneath the water's surface without alerting a soul.

At night, the crystal clear waters of the sea emitted a faint chilliness. When the power of the stars slowly dissipated from its waters, the obscure layout slowly revealed itself.

"The tomb's entrance is over there!" Lu Yun transmitted as he pointed at a pitch-black opening below the palace. It was around three hundred meters wide; as dark and mysterious as the open maws of a giant beast, it quietly hid at the bottom of the sea.

"This is...." The Deaf Prince looked on in confusion. "Why is this here? I explored this area carefully back when I moved in, but I never saw anything of the sort here!"

As the prince was an ancient divine beast, he could roam the seas and move underwater unimpeded. Lu Yun, Qing Han, and the small fox, on the other hand, had to rely on talismans.

"It's because Levitating Island crashed into the sea and broke the layers of protection around the tomb. That's why we can see the entrance now," Lu Yun patiently explained. However, his expression was somewhat grim.

Someone had beaten him to the punch! The ancient tomb had begun releasing its energy the moment it was opened. He could tell that half of it had leaked outside by now.

There was obviously an extraordinary figure on Levitating Island. The moment the island's layout had been broken, he or she had used a special method to locate the tomb and rush inside ahead of Lu Yun.

They may have found the tomb, but they don't know the first thing about feng shui. They used simple brute force to break the layouts around the tomb, but the real core's still intact.

Tombs, especially in the immortal world, were strange and abnormal existences that could either be man-made or born from the world.

Man-made tombs were built by feng shui masters proficient in the way of burials. They arranged many a formation, mechanism, and feng shui layout, adjusting them to the identity of the one buried inside so that the dead may rest in peace and bless their descendants.

As for the connate tombs born from the world, they originated from feng shui patterns that arose from the death of figures that affected the fabric of the world itself. Huang Qing's tomb, for example, had once simply been a sword barrow, and not, strictly speaking, a tomb. But because Huang Qing had been buried there, the outside world had formed many layers of protection, giving birth to the layout of a noble's tomb.

The burial mound in Myriad Formation Summit was another case in point, where the divine Wushen Ruyi had been buried. Once one of the twenty-four divine kings, she had nevertheless been ignobly entombed there despite her exalted status. As a result, the overflowing resentment from her dead body had transformed what had been a small mound into a towering mountain, while she herself had become an undead hag.

The tomb in front of them was surrounded by a pearl-in-jade layout. The one resting inside such a place was either an unspeakably wicked, evil existence, or a saint who'd once brought deliverance to the world. In Lu Yun's opinion, this kind of layout suggested a type of connate tomb.

Saint or devil, the dead buried within had caused the pearl-in-jade layout to appear on Levitating Island. On Earth, it would've been a fantasy tale straight out of the Arabian Nights, but nothing seemed impossible in the world of immortals.

In fact, such occurrences weren't difficult to understand. Just as the wind eroded the land into different geological structures depending on the terrain, so too did the energy of the world change as a result of dead bodies special enough to influence the fabric of the world, thereupon resulting in different tomb structures.

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"There's not even a speck of light in here. I can't see my hand in front of my face!" the Deaf Prince cried out. The group couldn't help the shudders that ran through their bodies once they'd entered inside the giant opening.

Qing Han furrowed his brows slightly and took out a luminous pearl from his storage ring. It was bright enough to illuminate an area hundreds of meters wide, but even here its glow was particularly dim and bleak.

"It's because of the layout—hm, formations here," he transmitted to his three companions. "Careful, the water reeks of blood. Many of those who came here ahead of us must've died here...."

The little fox immediately tensed. "Ahead of us.... Did someone come here before us?"

Lu Yun nodded gently, but the fox couldn't see him.

Swish.

All of a sudden, an urgently swift current surged underwater as something made straight for the Deaf Prince.

“Damn it all to hell, what’s that?!” the prince shouted in anger. The space around him instantly whipped up a whirlpool and scattered the current when it came close.

“Undead hag!” Qing Han shouted in shock and subconsciously drew closer to Lu Yun. It was too dark to see, but his consciousness could clearly discern a female undead clad in white, her hair like kelp and flesh that resembled some sort of gelatinous substance plastered over black bones.

A pair of deathly pale eyes stared fixedly at the four underwater.

The little fox’s hairs stood on end. She climbed on Qing Han’s shoulders, pulling up his hair to hide herself, exposing only a pair of big blue eyes that nervously looked in the undead hag’s direction. Of course, the fox couldn’t see anything either, and was instead sweeping the area with her consciousness.

“Little fox!” Qing Han grabbed the furball and dragged her in front of him. “You’re a golden immortal!”

“I’m a golden immortal!” the fox agreed, her childish voice bold and confident. “But I’m scared!”

Qing Han was struck dumb by the little fox.

“Don’t worry, this undead hag isn’t particularly strong. It’s only about the level of a true immortal,” Lu Yun reassured them. After seeing its attack countered by the Deaf Prince, the creature kept its distance, content to just float behind them and follow the group.

“Let’s hope we don’t run into another titanic undead hag,” Qing Han mumbled. The hags couldn’t be killed and they stuck to their prey like glue, just like a toad. Moreover, they were water creatures and fully at home beneath the sea.

“What’s an undead hag?” The Deaf Prince couldn’t help but shiver as he listened to his companions.

“A type of water monster.... Damn it!” Lu Yun stopped all of a sudden, his expression once again grim. “There’s actually a titanic hag blocking the way in front of us.”

Chapter 298: Vicious in Motives

The further they went, the narrower the path became. Starting out at three hundred meters in diameter, it was roughly forty meters at the end and solidly blocked off by the head of an undead hag that filled the tunnel from bottom to brim. Hundreds of smaller undead hags then filed out of nowhere to block the way behind them, sealing them into the watery tunnel.

Qing Han paled and touched his chest reflexively. With all the treasures he possessed, he shouldn’t be afraid of these monsters. However, having been chased down by those things back in the burial mound under Myriad Formation Summit had traumatized him too much.

Even Lu Yun’s hackles raised at the sight of the undead hags. Starlight radiated from his friend as he channeled the power of starstones, but Lu Yun stopped him from casting out the energy.

“Protect the Deaf Prince,” Lu Yun said quietly. “Don’t let the apple of the East Sea’s eye get hurt.”

Qing Han paused and nodded without thinking.

“The last time I faced undead hags, I hadn’t even reached core realm, but this time, I’m the top cultivator of the world of immortals, first of the youth sovereigns!” His very being exuded confidence.

The giant undead hag blocking their way was no match for the one Ruyi had turned into; she had rivaled a golden immortal. This particular one was somewhere between empyrean immortal and august immortal. When it came to august immortals... Lu Yun had lost count of the number he'd killed.

Swoosh!

Sword energy burst from Lu Yun's hand, dousing the area in hazy violet.

"Wait!" screamed the little fox. "There's a restriction in the water, which will be triggered by any significant energy clashes!"

Restriction, not formation!

Lu Yun could see through formations and barriers, but not restrictions, which were a kind of immortal art. He stilled and broke into a cold sweat, which was quickly swept away by the seawater.

The little fox hadn't noticed the restriction either, at least not until Lu Yun had lit up the place with his sword and afforded her a better look. Triggering the restriction would kill everyone, including Lu Yun.

"Restriction... and undead hags! I know who's come before us." Lu Yun tightened his hand around Violetgrave and slowly reeled in his sword energy.

"Waugh waugh wauuuuugh!" the undead hags shrieked piercingly and rushed toward them in a tide of unearthly, ghostly beings.

"Get away from this prince, you disgusting abominations!" growled the Deaf Prince and sprang into action with a flare of dark cyan radiance. The water around them formed powerful currents and knocked back the onslaught of undead hags

However, these creatures were resilient and almost impossible to kill. His xiangliu talent allowed him to drive the monsters away, but not kill them. He was just a transformed spirit cultivator and hadn't yet awakened his bloodline fully, while the undead hags could rival true immortals.

"Hang on, that didn't trigger the restriction!" Lu Yun's lit up.

"Water!" Qing Han said without missing a beat. "Use water techniques or combat arts to avoid setting off the restriction!"

"Right!" Lu Yun roared.

Water reared around him and formed a giant vortex that took control of all the currents in the area. His talent in water manipulation was formidable once awakened, and... he'd overlooked this ability until now. Not to mention he had a dragon, water god, and water qilin as envoys!

He quickly brought all of the seawater in the tunnel under his command. The enormous vortex rotated faster and faster, until it sucked in all of the hundreds of undead hags.

Even the giant undead hag blocking their way was affected. It clung to the walls of the tunnel to resist the vortex's suction, but proved too weak in the end. Eventually, the undead hag was sucked in with a scream as well.

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In the eerie, empty main hall.

Jiangchen Wushang stopped in his tracks and looked back in the direction of the tomb entrance.

“What’s wrong?” Jin Heyi cocked his head at him.

“I’ve lost contact with the water ghosts under my control. Someone’s here, and they haven’t triggered the restriction.” Jiangchen Wushang’s expression darkened.

“It must be someone from the water clan. The restriction was integrated into the water, so only their combat arts can bypass it.” Jin Heyi nodded. “Let them come. Your Great Formation of Corpse Refinement lays at the entrance of the tomb. Even golden immortals will be refined into zombies when they encounter it.”

Jiangchen Wushang nodded. “Senior brother Jin, are you sure this is the tomb of the ancient poison doctor—”

“Quiet!” Jin Heyi frowned. “Don’t invoke the name of the tomb owner in an ancient tomb!”

Jiangchen Wushang trembled.

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Cerulean glyphs gathered in Lu Yun’s hands, forming a fist-sized water orb that trapped the giant undead hag and hundreds of smaller ones within it. This was a water qilin’s natural skill, allowing him to leverage the power of the sea to create a seal. Anything whose cultivation was below his could be captured.

Lu Yun may only be a refined spirit cultivator, but the undead hags possessed only the brute strength of immortals and no corresponding cultivation. Thus, they were easily captured once one of their greatest advantages was nullified.

“Such terrifying water manipulation!” The Deaf Prince briskly shook his head. “Am I the xiangliu, or is it Lu Yun instead?”

He could only keep the undead hags at bay, and might even be eaten if he wasn’t careful enough. Lu Yun, on the other hand, had easily sealed away all of the monsters with a powerful water technique.

“Watch out,” Lu Yun cautioned gravely. “There’s a Great Formation of Corpse Refinement ahead of us! The Corpse Refiners and some others have entered the tomb.”

The awful formation would refine whoever wandered into it; even immortals would be transmuted to zombies. It was beyond despicable for the Corpse Refiners to place the formation at the entrance of the tomb.

With the coiled mountains of the tomb broken, the tomb would gradually emerge and attract increasing numbers of immortals. So anyone who came through the entrance would be refined into zombies and become fodder for the Corpse Refiners.

Lu Yun could tell that this particular formation was of a high level and could refine even golden immortals. He had seen two such instances before—the first by Jiangchen Wushang to trap the Deaf Prince, and the second by Jin Heyi to rescue the Jiangchen scion.

Lu Yun knew the formation very well by now.

“A golden immortal-grade formation? I’ll break it!” Lu Yun approached the formation and called back over his shoulder, “Stay put and don’t come any closer!”

He threw the orb with the sealed undead hags into the formation.

Chapter 299: Poison Doctor from the Ancient Times

Lu Yun had the Formation Orb in his possession. Even though Feinie couldn’t yet tap into its full power, its light was enough to reveal the weaknesses of most formations in the world.

The Great Formation of Corpse Refinement was indeed very powerful and radiated waves of corpse energy upon its establishment. The most powerful variation of its kind could refine even dao immortals. However, its major weakness was that it was vulnerable to outside force!

Attacking it from the outside with great power would utterly shatter the formation. The Deaf Prince had previously destroyed Jiangchen Wushang’s formation with his crystal mountain, back on the floating island. However, Lu Yun didn’t dare have the prince do the same at the moment. The crystal mountain was so powerful that it might bring the tunnel down on them.

Bam!

The water orb contained a hundred million tons of sea water, along with Cangyin’s special sealing force. It burst with a violent might that overwhelmed the almost invisible and untraceable Great Formation of Corpse Refinement hidden in the air.

Pah!

Jiangchen Wushang threw up a mouthful of blood mid-stride.

“My formation has been destroyed!” His expression twisted in an ugly fashion. He’d already lost his skeletal ship, the original formation, and the dao immortal zombie under his command. He’d set up this new formation with Jin Heyi’s help, but it’d been destroyed just a few days later!

Sheer fury alone almost sent Jiangchen Wushang into a cultivation deviation.

“It looks like I underestimated those who came after us.” Jin Heyi’s lips thinned. “The formation was destroyed with raw power... it must be those good-for-nothings! Let’s go. They’re all their factions’ most treasured jewels, it’ll be troublesome if they catch up with us!”

“Why are you afraid of them, senior brother Jin?” Jiangchen Wushang had wanted to talk Jin Heyi into enacting revenge for him, so this reaction was highly irritating.

Jiangchen Wushang was highly regarded among the Corpse Refiners; even the Bag of Corpse Refinement was a gift from the high council. No punishment had been forthcoming, either, after he’d outed the sect and made them the public enemy of the world of immortals.

Unfortunately, his second failure had left his skeletal ship and great formation in broken tatters. He had no choice but to seek shelter himself under Jin Heyi's banner.

"It's not that I fear them, but that I can't afford to set them off!" Jin Heyi said seriously. "Their backgrounds are too great for us to offend. They're the top geniuses in their respective factions. If they'd participated in the Dusk tournament two years ago, at least one of them would've become a youth sovereign as well. They also possess a good number of lifesaving treasures, which will protect them even in a battle with a dao immortal. There's no reason for us to provoke them.

"The ancient tomb opened without warning. We're here to look for treasure, not make enemies. So let's go!

"The first prince of the North Sea court entered the tomb before we did, and that zombie king should be here as well, if my speculations are right." With a flourish of his sleeve, Jin Heyi vanished, taking Jiangchen Wushang with him.

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Lu Yun's face was pale after destroying the great formation. The destructive power of the formation whiplashed into him, along with a thick burst of corpse energy, shattering the undead hags sealed within the water orb and leaving only pieces of shredded flesh.

What an insanely powerful formation! Even golden immortals would be refined into zombies if they wandered in, and the corpse energy it released upon being shattered could turn even a peerless immortal!

Hellfire flickered around him and burned through the corpse energy that billowed over him. It was fortunate that Qing Han and the others hadn't come with him, or they wouldn't have been able to block the corrupting energy.

"Come on over!" he transmitted to his companions.

Qing Han hurried to him with the little fox and the Deaf Prince. The entrance to the tomb was right before them! The little fox tugged Qing Han's hair in a fit of excitement.

"I can sense the bloodline of my ancestor within the tomb!" the fox transmitted unsteadily.

"Are you sure it's the monster spirit ancestor who was buried here?" Lu Yun frowned and cast his Spectral Eye at the depths of the tomb. The coiled mountains outside had been destroyed; although some obstacles remained that blocked his vision, he could still gain some insights into the dead.

"There's a human buried here.... She was known as Doctor Poison!" Lu Yun was a little uncertain. A doctor of poison? There are doctors in the world of immortals as well? And why's it a tomb of another woman?

Lu Yun shook his head. The North Sea was a region of utmost yin in the world of immortals. The most powerful beings here were mostly women or divine beasts of yin, such as kunpengs and blackwater snakes.

“Eh? Human?” the little fox grumbled. “Levitating Island used to be the sacred land of the monster spirits. The one buried here must be our ancestor. Why would it be a human? Besides, how do you even know who’s buried here without entering the tomb?”

The little fox was willing to stay on Levitating Island because the island used to be her kinds’ sacred land, and was very likely to be where their ancestor’s tomb was. Compared to the skydragon tomb of the North Sea, this was a far more tempting proposition.

“The monster spirit ancestor exceeded dao immortal realm. Although this tomb dates back to the ancient times, the owner buried here hadn’t exceeded that realm, and the presence of the tomb pales in comparison to the tremendous presence released from the ancient dragon tomb. In fact, very few have even noticed this place.” Lu Yun shook his head.

From outside the entrance, he was able to gain some basic information about this Doctor Poison through his Spectral Eye. She hadn’t even ascended to the dao immortal realm, and was only a golden immortal.

However, it didn’t make sense for a golden immortal to possess such great presence that it’d affect the power of the land and transform Levitating Island to form a pearl-in-jade layout. She wasn’t an aristocrat, nor was she a dao immortal. The tomb left after her burial shouldn’t have created such an impressive feng shui layout.

Lu Yun developed an almost compulsive curiosity about this doctor of poison.

Dejected, the little fox leapt into Qing Han’s arms and nuzzled him with her furry head.

“Strange.” The little fox cocked her head up at Qing Han. “Why does it feel so similar to be held by you and big sister Mo Yi?”

Qing Han stilled.

“Doctor Poison! The doctor of poison from the ancient times!” the Deaf Prince suddenly roared. “Aha! So this is the tomb of the ancient poison doctor Su Xiaoxiao! It’s said that Doctor Poison was a disciple of the top pill master, Qi Hai, and that she’d acquired his mastery in pills!”

“This is Su Xiaoxiao’s tomb?!” Qing Han couldn’t believe his ears. With all the books he’d read, of course he’d know who the woman was.

The ancient poison doctor was Qi Hai’s last disciple. She’d grasped all of her master’s tutelage and created the dao of medicine, saving countless people. However, Su Xiaoxiao swiveled between a duality of good and evil. When she felt like helping people, she might save a dying beggar of the mortal world and help him become the most powerful man in the world. When she was hit by the urge to do bad, she might scatter poison and slaughter every living thing in the world!

That was how she’d become known as the doctor of poison.

Chapter 300: Tombs of Yin and Yang

As Su Xiaoxiao was too unpredictable and morally fickle, Qi Hai had destroyed her cultivation and disowned her after she killed all of the living beings in an entire world. Since then, she’d disappeared from the world of immortals.

And yet, here her tomb was.

The Deaf Prince's explanation answered Lu Yun's question. No wonder there was a pearl-in-jade layout here. Doctor Poison could save countless lives with her medicinal expertise, but she could also kill an entire world with her unrivalled mastery of poison. Her notoriety and history of committing mass murder fulfilled the prerequisites for this kind of feng shui layout, and it was only natural that a pearl-in-jade layout would emerge.

Lu Yun didn't ask how the prince knew about the doctor, or how he'd recognized this as her tomb. After all, xianglius were ancient water gods and had their own secrets.

Having identified the tomb's owner, Lu Yun's heartbeat and breathing quickened in anticipation. It was said that Lü Guhong's Poison Wheel and the Poison Fiend within it were both Su Xiaoxiao's handiwork! Thus, she might be able to cleanse Qing Han's poison!

"Alright, let's head in!" Lu Yun made the decision.

"What?" the little fox whined. "Didn't you say this isn't my ancestor's tomb? Why should we enter?"

"Because I want to." Lu Yun glanced at Qing Han with a smile.

"Fine," grumbled the little fox. "Maybe we'll find some clues in the doctor's tomb that will lead to my ancestor."

Knowing Lu Yun's thoughts, Qing Han bit his lip, a conflicted look flashing through his eyes. The current Dusk Province and Lu Yun weren't powerful enough to face an enemy as strong as House Donglin. Qing Han wasn't just someone with a cosmic constitution, but was also a dao sovereign who'd restored the path of cultivation. If House Donglin found out about him, they would throw all caution to the wind and come for him, holding nothing back.

House Donglin was very, very powerful. The Lin Clan of Primus Major was the greatest clan in the world, surpassing even the Primus court. However, House Donglin had earned their independence from this exalted faction and settled down in Aureate Major, establishing their dominance there.

Few things escaped the house's notice. Xing Mou's cosmic constitution had yet to awaken and she resided in a lowly place on Levitating Island. Despite that, House Donglin had found her and killed everyone around her, allowing her free-range growth until she reached maturity.

Qing Han had been so blissfully oblivious to all the ramifications at first. He—she—had thought that once she told Lu Yun the truth, and if Lu Yun accepted her, they could be together. Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi would deal with House Donglin for her—her two brothers had promised as much.

The more involved she became in the world of immortals, though, the more terrifying she found House Donglin. It seemed that if she told Lu Yun the truth now, she would be dragging him down with her. No matter how powerful Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi were, they were but two men.

Qing Han knew what he had to do to keep Lu Yun safe—leave, and never darken his doorstep again. Then he would stop risking his life for her and wouldn't make House Donglin his enemy.

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“What’s wrong?” Lu Yun asked with a frown when he noticed Qing Han’s pale face.

“If I disappear one day,” Qing Han couldn’t help but ask, “would you hate me?”

“Disappear? Where to?” The question escaped his mouth before Lu Yun could think.

“I....” Qing Han stopped helplessly. That was right; where could she possibly go?

The Qing Clan had branded her a traitor. They wanted her back only because of her title as the Youth Dao Sovereign—which she didn’t deserve—and because they wanted to use her to develop their own void realm methods.

As for the Chen Clan, they’d moved into Dusk Province with the help of the Panorama Pavilion and the Skandha Range. Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi would probably settle down in Dusk Province after they returned, too. Where could Qing Han possibly go?

“Alright, stop thinking all these wild things.” Lu Yun put his arm around Qing Han’s shoulder to pull his friend in close and grinned. “I don’t know what you’re worried about, but don’t be so pessimistic. Two years ago, I was a nobody, forced to face the giants of the world of immortals alone. Those lofty immortals could kill me with a sneeze, let alone dao immortals!

“I said then that I wouldn’t back down from fighting immortals and heaven itself! Let’s see if I’ll puncture a hole in the sky first, or if the heavyweights in the world will slap me down before that.” An arresting confidence radiated from Lu Yun’s expression and he levelled a piercing gaze at Qing Han. “I know you’re hiding something big from me. I can sense it!”

Qing Han felt himself relax, and his lips curved into a smile on their own accord. A great weight lifted from his chest.

“I’ll tell you once you become an immortal,” the disguised girl said with a smile.

“Alright, wait for me!” Lu Yun smiled slightly. Breaking through the void realm and reaching immortality were as easy as a flip of the hand for him.

The Method of Life and Death was his natural-born method. After the wheel of reincarnation shattered and hell was destroyed, the Tome of Life and Death had claimed Lu Yun as its host and created this method for him.

Even if the path of cultivation hadn’t been restored, he would still be able to ascend to the void realm and fully complete his cultivation. As long as he accumulated enough goodwill, he’d be able to ascend immediately. Thus, it was only a matter of time before he became an immortal.

“Remember to invite Qing Yu the day I become an immortal,” Lu Yun chuckled. “I want to marry her if she’ll have me!”

Qing Han couldn’t help his blush as he nodded.

“There’s definitely something going on between them!” The Deaf Prince craned his neck and cast a curious glance at the two men. Although he couldn’t hear their conversation, he could tell there was something not quite platonic about their expressions.

“Qing Yu?” muttered the little fox. “So the girl who’s a little prettier—pah, a little less pretty than me is called Qing Yu!”

Her current human form was too embarrassing to transform into. A delicate, eight-year-old girl was too different from the image she’d dreamed up for herself.

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At the entrance of the tomb was a giant stone door. It’d been opened by a hair, making it clear that someone had entered.

“Wait, this isn’t right!” Lu Yun’s hackles raised right before he and his companions entered the door. He immediately pulled Qing Han and the Deaf Prince back.

“What’s wrong?” the Deaf Prince asked in bewilderment.

“This is a fake tomb!” Lu Yun breathed out deeply. “This ancient tomb consists of a yin tomb and a yang tomb. One is real and the other is fake. I almost fell for it!”

A luopan appeared in his hand and the indicators rotated before settling in one direction.

“I get it now. The fake tomb is safe, but empty. The real tomb is dangerous, but that’s where Doctor Poison was buried! No wonder I made the wrong call. Follow me!” He took Qing Han’s wrist and walked in the direction the luopan was pointing. The Deaf Prince hurriedly caught up with them.

Within the Tombs of Yin and Yang, yin and yang were reversed, and heaven and earth were in disarray. The information Lu Yun had gathered about the tomb owner with his Spectral Eye was incomplete due to the disturbance from the reversal. Even the location of the tomb’s owner was false.