

## Necropolis 391

### Chapter 391: Stars in the Day

“What exactly are akasha ghosts?” Lu Yun asked urgently. Black hellfire burst out of his body to conceal his life signs from the terrors within the smoke.

A terrible presence of death pulsed from the heart of the manor; the demon fetus would soon be upon the world.

“As their name suggests, they are ghosts,” Qi Hai explained after a poignant pause, sitting in the courtyard at the center of the dragon palace. “Ghosts were people, immortal ghosts were immortals, and akasha ghosts were akasha, or the sky.”

“The... sky?” Lu Yun paused in befuddlement. What was the sky referring to in this case? Can the sky... die?

There was a tangled mess of thoughts in his head. However, now wasn't the time for them. He decisively pushed the confounding knot away and dispersed his projection in hell.

Someone was still alive in here; he could feel it.

The manor was now a barren land of death, and the servants who'd been waiting on Qing Ruyan had transformed into walking corpses as soon as the demonic energy surged. However, Lu Yun was now sensing more than a few survivors. Someone had protected them with a powerful combat art.

Without thinking, he shifted direction and made his way toward the concentration of life. Given the frightening density of the demonic energy here, he even had to use hellfire to move about. Those survivors couldn't be regular people! Perhaps they'd know a way to deal with the demon fetus.

He waded through the black energy with the kungpeng method, trying to evade the good number of terrible monsters that had been born. Although they couldn't sense Lu Yun's vital signs, the disturbance from his movement prompted them to rush at him, regardless.

“Time to eat, Ge Long.” There were too many monsters here, and they were fearless. Lu Yun was quickly bogged down by their attacks, leaving him no choice but to summon Ge Long.

“Understood!” Ge Long had been hovering outside for a long time and charged into the manor with delight as soon as Lu Yun gave the order.

Yuying and the other envoys shared a resigned look.

The concentration of demonic energy in the manor had reached its peak. Even they would be corrupted into monsters if they entered. Ge Long, however, was an exception. He was at home in this kind of energy, and he devoured the countless terrors like he was at a buffet.

With the immediate danger resolved, Lu Yun flashed away with the kungpeng method.

Kungpengs were among the greatest divine beasts in the world. They could travel forty-five thousand kilometers with a flap of their wings, and their agility was second to none. Naturally, he'd gotten a complete copy of the method from Beigong Yu.

“Mm... should I go in as well?” asked Canghai Chengkong. Seeing Ge Long chowing down to his heart’s content in the sea of demonic energy made him eager for a piece of the action. Like Ge Long, his name was written in the Tome of Life and Death; there was nothing the old servant could do that he couldn’t!

“Would you survive having your head cut off?” Yuying responded indifferently, throwing a glance at him.

“Um... my head cut off?” Canghai Chengkong shuddered. ...that’s right, this was the difference between him and Ge Long. That old freak could use his head as a weapon!

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With Ge Long devouring the monsters in the black fog, Lu Yun was finally able to catch his breath. It took only a few heartbeats for him to break through the fog and make his way to where the ripples of life were concentrated.

He found a roughly three-hundred-meter-wide garden. Hundreds of servants were huddled together, staring at the demonic energy outside with abject terror. At the center of the garden stood a handsome man clad in white, silver locks flowing down his shoulders.

Miao!

This was the form the little fox had taken the first time Lu Yun had met her—an unusually beautiful man who could topple a country.

“You’re the monster spirit ancestor!” Lu Yun narrowed his eyes at the Miao in front of him.

Xing Mou stood quietly on the other side of the garden with the little fox sleeping in her arms. Starlight flickered all over her body; her hair had turned silver the way Qing Han’s did when he used his starstones—a sign of her cosmic constitution.

The little fox was fast asleep, so this Miao couldn’t be her manifestation.

Lu Yun was abruptly reminded of the time when the monster spirit ancestor had appeared on Levitating Island to quell the great waves created in the battle between five powerful beings, saving countless lives with a simple move.

The starlight emitting from the one in front of him seemed reminiscent of something.

“You’re the last corporal soul part the little fox lost!” Lu Yun suddenly exclaimed. “The ethereal and corporal parts she first lost reincarnated as Xing Mou, while the corporal part she later lost became you!”

Miao finally turned to face Lu Yun, nodding slightly to confirm his guesses.

Shock quaked Lu Yun’s heart. The ancient monster spirit ancestor had split herself into three individuals!

With Su Xiaoxiao’s and Cangyin’s memories, he knew what the monster spirit ancestor represented. She’d been the overlord of all monster spirits, and even the immortal emperors back in the day had to show her deference. This was a being on par with Empress Myrtlestar.

“How do I deal with the demon fetus?” Lu Yun hurriedly asked, noting how the demonic energy was thickening.

“The demon fetus is but a symptom,” said Miao. “Scarlet Ape is the real problem here.”

She looked like a man, but her voice was that of a woman’s. Ethereal and light, it calmed Lu Yun’s agitation like a melody from the heavens.

“Promise me that you’ll kill Scarlet Ape,” Miao said slowly, casting her silver eyes at Lu Yun.

“Can you deal with the fetus? Wait, you aren’t going to....” Lu Yun would find a way to kill Scarlet Ape even if Miao hadn’t asked. That lunatic would stop at nothing to achieve its goals, consequences be damned.

Miao beamed when she saw Lu Yun’s reaction. “Do you want your future disciple to be a boy or girl?”

Lu Yun grinned wryly. Just as he’d thought.

Hum.

Silver starlight burst forth from Miao’s body and enveloped the manor, evaporating the thick demonic energy. An akasha ghost emerged in the silver starlight, whining as it attempted to flee, but the starlight stubbornly latched onto it and slowly gnawed away at it.

In no time, the akasha ghost that had stumped Lu Yun was destroyed.

Lu Yun seemed to catch Miao dimpling at him before she turned into a silver star, shooting into the lifeless Qing Ruyan’s womb. A beam of silver light then shot into the sky and the sunlight paled in comparison as a dense sea of stars appeared in the firmament.

Stars appearing in broad daylight!

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“How can this be?!” The old freaks on guard outside Dusk Province were flabbergasted.

“Stars appearing in the day. A great monster spirit is being born! The demon fetus has turned into a monster spirit fetus. We must stop it from entering the world!” screeched the origin dao crone.

A demon fetus would be short-lived. After destroying Dusk Province, it would slowly fade out of existence. But something had plainly dealt with it, and the stars in the sky were a sign that a great monster spirit was going to be born!

As she spoke, the other four elders had already blurred into motion. From their position outside the province, they attacked Dusk City with the power of origin dao immortals. They would destroy the unborn baby and raze Dusk City to the ground!

### **Chapter 392: A Ghastly Scream**

The five origin dao immortals didn’t have to enter Dusk, or even use their own power to attack the province. They could manipulate the power of the land to exert a crushing pressure and send a giant, invisible hand slamming into the province from the sky.

Thick, stifling shadows loomed over everyone. Formation upon formation lit up above Dusk City to counter the great power, but this was the power of origin dao immortals.

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Within the manor, Lu Yun looked up at the invisible hand with a steely expression.

“You should’ve stayed in your huts and licked your wounds, origin dao immortals. Dusk Province is no place for the likes of you to show your face!” He waved a hand and manifested the Black Emperor.

A beam of white light shot out and blasted back at the great power coming from the sky.

Bam!

The beam pierced through the air and scattered the power of the land.

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“Is that the weapon of war that Lu Yun’s refined?” Seeing his power scattered put a frown on one of the origin dao immortal’s faces.

“How can such a great treasure be left in the hands of a mere cultivator?” the old crone sneered, revealing what few teeth she had left. “We’ll take it!”

She flung open her arms and brought down a tremendous vortex of qi over the entire province. It rotated slowly at first, then with increasing violence, and summoned a terrible storm throughout the land.

“What are you waiting for, North Sea friends?” the old crone cackled as she manipulated the storms in Dusk Province. “Time to have some fun.”

“Humans. Still fighting among themselves as usual.” Injuries fully recovered, Scarlet Ape sniffed at the storms ripping through Dusk Province. It’d taken up residence on Levitating Island for a few months, but still hadn’t found what it was looking for.

“Protect the young ones under golden immortal realm and send them to Dusk Province, Beigong Xuan. Direct the Dusk River into the North Sea. Tsk, tsk, what a crazy surprise that no one has taken this treasure from Dusk.” It scratched its cheek and cackled, its fiery eyes dancing with cold fury. “The fox spirit is still alive... and dares call itself the monster spirit ancestor!!”

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The five origin dao immortals jointly created a superstorm and sent it rampaging across Dusk Province, destroying what Lu Yun had just rebuilt. At the center of the storm was Dusk City. The Formation Orb hovered in midair and exuded rays of formation light to protect the city, but the storm had made a mess of the local power of the land, preventing weapons of war from being powered up in an offensive defense.

Located in the center of the province, the ancient tomb exceeding emperor-grade lay silent. The five origin dao immortals had launched the attack from outside the province, which meant they hadn’t triggered the local restriction.

The destructive superstorm had sealed off the province and was attempting to crush the capital city, but the Formation Orb had emerged to defend the territory. This was the first time it'd appeared in public since its burial aeons ago.

It seemed to be a resplendent cosmic body itself, the light it radiated hearkening back to the stars twinkling in the sky. Even the five origin dao immortals gaped in shock. They'd never for one moment imagined that the Formation Orb would be in Lu Yun's hand.

"The formation light in the Myriad Formation Summit... Valley... is still there." One of the origin dao immortals threw a glance at the valley that'd once been a mountain. Layers of great formations still circulated the landmark, obfuscating the truth of the situation within.

No one expected Lu Yun to have taken the Formation Orb, but their foul mood didn't last.

The North Sea monster spirits had come ashore. Although they were all below the golden immortal realm, their numbers were tremendous. There was no shortage of life and monster immortals in the ocean; it was something the nine majors and ten lands couldn't hope to match.

"The one controlling the Formation Orb is only a peerless immortal. We have a chance to take it for ourselves!" Calculating light flashed through the old crone's eyes. "As for who should have the Formation Orb... let's deal with that after we get the treasure, shall we?"

"Agreed." The other four immortals exchanged a look and nodded.

"The entire province is only forty thousand kilometers from one side to the other. We'll just destroy the whole place.... Wait, what are those monster spirits doing?!" One of the origin dao immortals glanced in surprise at the invaders swarming toward the Dusk River. "Do they have a death wish? How dare they make a move against the river?"

"Well, they have no one to blame but themselves for their impending doom.... Raze everything in Dusk Province except for the ancient tomb and Dusk River." The speaker extended his fingers and gathered terrifying power in the heart of his palm. It was a terrifying kind of combat art that only origin dao immortals could master.

The other four immortals called upon their greatest techniques as well.

"The so-called Formation of Heavenly Spirits and Earthly Demons is nothing but a joke. It cannot be incorporated into an immortal's body. Those who have been eliminated by the times shall not struggle futilely." It was the old crone's turn to swat at Dusk Province.

Jade-green light sliced through the air like razors, tearing through the sky, ripping through the air, and sinking into the earth. All of Dusk Province shook and trembled, with the Dusk River and the ancient tomb being the only exceptions. It was as if Armageddon had arrived.

"This is the strength of origin dao immortals!" Lu Yun hovered above the province and cast a grave look toward the west. Five of them were attacking in unison with enough ferocity to destroy heaven and earth, aiming to sterilize Dusk Province of all life.

Bam!

The world shook suddenly as a young man grasping an emerald-green bamboo stick padded out from thin air. His gaze was empty and his expression stiff, like his face was the work of a sculptor. By his side followed an ethereal girl dressed in an emerald chiffon dress. She cast a baleful glare at the five origin dao immortals.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

The young man tapped his stick in the air five times, instantly scattering the origin dao combat arts of the five immortals.

“Impossible!!” goggled the old crone. Such power couldn’t possibly exist among current dao immortals! “Which celestial emperor are you?!” she demanded.

“Go back,” Wayfarer said stiltedly. “Dusk Province is the resting place of the human emperor. It will not be destroyed at your hands.”

As he spoke, though, a beam of white light three hundred meters across thundered out of the province and hit the old crone squarely in the chest.

Her ghastly scream rang through the sky.

### **Chapter 393: Natural-Born Peerless Immortal**

The sudden turn of events stunned everyone, including Wayfarer, who’d come to Dusk Province’s rescue. Lu Yun stood atop Dusk City with Black Emperor hovering beside him, the mouth of which was melting and still emitting black smoke with a burnt fragrance.

At full power, an attack from Black Emperor could rival an origin dao immortal. No one had expected him to make a sudden riposte now, and that was all it’d taken to kill the old crone. There were fatal injuries on the old crone to begin with, so when she was caught by surprise, she hadn’t stood a chance against the powerful attack.

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“That’s my Divine Seaward Iron!” Scarlet Ape screeched from its vantage point on Levitating Island, its fiery gaze piercing the air straight into Dusk Province and glaring at the cannon next to Lu Yun.

“You, die!” Blinding rage descended after the other four origin dao immortals recovered from their stunned trance. Again, they gathered the great combat arts they’d used before, but a chilling shudder from the bottom of their hearts interrupted them this time.

The cannon that had almost killed Scarlet Ape had appeared again, affording the group an up close and personal look. It was pitch black and shaped like a giant fortress ship, the bow tapering into its mouth.

Once the superstorm dissipated, the Formation Orb of Yin and Yang shielding Dusk Province embedded itself in the mouth of the cannon. The province was again cast in monochrome light by the treasure.

Poised for attack, the four origin dao immortals once again paused and stared incredulously.

“He’s tapped into the true power of the Formation Orb,” muttered one of them. “How is he doing that?” Even they might not be able to wield the power of a connate-grade treasure.

“The question is how many times you can activate that treasure.” Another dao immortal sucked in a breath and said frostily, “Your fortress ship will be destroyed after another shot.”

“That’s right. I can only fire one more shot.” Lu Yun landed on the fortress ship and looked straight at the dao immortals tens of thousands kilometers away to the west, his expression derisive. “However, I can assure you that the shot will kill one of you. So I wonder who it’ll be?”

The four origin dao immortals stilled and exchanged uneasy looks. In the form of a cannon, the Divine Glory could tap into the true power of a connate-grade treasure and launch an attack more powerful than Black Emperor was capable of, the level of which had already killed the old woman. Even celestial emperors would have trouble surviving the hit.

The four origin dao immortals were all already grievously injured. They couldn’t dodge the attack like Scarlet Ape had done, so one more of them would die.

They’d all narrowly escaped death to pick their origin dao fruit and valued their lives too much to take the risk.

Of course, Dusk Province would also lose its last line of defense after Lu Yun took his shot. The remaining three survivors would destroy Dusk Province and kill Lu Yun. Wayfarer might stop them from destroying the province, but he had no reason to stop them from taking a life.

“He’s just a cultivator!” an old man in dao robe narrowed his eyes and transmitted to his three surviving companions. “Without those creations of his from the supplemental paths, he’s nothing but an insect. We can kill him a million different ways as soon as he leaves Dusk Province.”

“We go!” The four origin dao immortals glared at the silver beam of light from the manor with open frustration. Its appearance, and the stars it’d manifested in broad daylight, was a truly irksome presence. Then, they slowly retreated. “Lu Yun isn’t our problem. We must kill the monster spirit fetus!”

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Lu Yun sighed in relief at their retreating backs.

“Origin dao immortals are the most powerful beings in the world of immortals, apart from the nine celestial emperors. Who would’ve thought they would suffer a defeat at your hands?” Wayfarer turned to gaze upon Lu Yun with unfocused eyes.

Wanfeng, the girl dressed in emerald, happily threw herself into Lu Yun’s arms. The Dusk lord was likewise delighted to see his long-absent maid.

“I exhausted all of my options to drive away the five origin dao immortals,” he smiled wryly. “If there are more....”

“Exhausted your options? Do you think I’ll believe that?” Wayfarer tried for a smile, but failed to tug his lips in the appropriate direction.

Lu Yun shrugged. He did have one final trump card—the celestial emperor corpse puppet. However, that was his final, last resort. The ape in the North Sea was bound to come after him if he acquired the power of a celestial emperor.

Anyway, he only had one use left of the corpse puppet, and didn't want to waste it here.

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Bam!

An explosion ripped through all of Dusk Province as a river soared into the air like a giant black dragon. Its howls shook the very sky above. North Sea monster spirits trying to direct the Dusk River into the North Sea were blown to pieces by the power of the black waters.

"Fools of the North Sea, going after the Dusk River like that." Wayfarer made another attempt at curving his lips, but still couldn't quite manage a smile.

"What is the Dusk River?" Lu Yun widened his eyes. The river had just... turned into a living being and killed those attempting to move it.

"I don't recall." Wayfarer shook his head after a bemused pause. "Alright, things are settled here in Dusk. It's time for us to take our leave as well, Wanfeng."

The girl looked at Lu Yun, reluctant to leave.

Lu Yun grinned and patted her head. "Go on. Learn all you can from the old man and sneak on back."

"Aye-aye!" A smile cracked her face and she skipped back to the impassive Wayfarer.

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Dusk River, which ran across half of Dusk Province, finally calmed down after raging berserk for three days and nights, then returned to its rightful place. All was serene and peaceful again.

The phenomenon of stars in the day lasted for three days as well. Everything settled down afterward, and the peace was only broken when a baby's cry rang throughout the governor manor.

Starlight washed over the manor, heralding the birth of a cosmic constitution. The ancient monster spirit ancestor had been one with a cosmic constitution as well.

Qing Ruyan had come back to life, but not from Lu Yun's doing. Her lifeforce had returned to her after the akasha ghost had disintegrated. She was now the mother of a beautiful, newborn baby girl. The child's eyes shone bright like the stars, and more importantly... the babe was born a peerless immortal.

A natural-born peerless immortal!

"Strange." The head of the Panorama Pavilion, standing guard outside Dusk Province, entered the city once the girl was born. "Shouldn't the child have been born a golden immortal? How is she a peerless immortal? And from my observations during Ruyan's pregnancy, she should've given birth to a boy. So why is it a girl?"

The turn of events was quite perplexing. With the Heaven Descent Pill building the foundation of dao, the child should've been born a golden immortal.

**Chapter 394: Liu Qingmiao**



Lu Yun smiled wryly. If the girl had been a regular child, the pill truly would've made her only a golden immortal. However, she was in fact the incarnation of a corporal soul part of the monster spirit ancestor. Born with the tremendous might of such a personage, she would naturally be different from others.

As for her gender... she had indeed been a boy, but it was a piece of cake for someone as powerful as Miao to change that.

Qing Ruyan was still pale from the exertion of childbirth. To her, it didn't matter if her child was a boy or a girl, or what level her cultivation was. This was her daughter, and that was the only thing that mattered.

Liu Chengfeng, the pavilion head's eldest son and Qing Ruyan's dao partner, steadied her with a hand and a foolish grin. He'd been staying with his wife all this time to take care of her. Unlike her, he was a peak aether dao immortal who hadn't yet plucked an arcane dao fruit. If not for Miao's protections, he would've turned into a monster as soon as the demonic energy emerged.

"Let's give the child a name, first!" Qing Han merrily approached Qing Ruyan. Lu Yun had already told him everything about the child.

Liu Chengfeng turned to Lu Yun and smiled. "You are her master, junior brother Lu. You should name her."

He was grinning so hard it threatened to split his face in half. His daughter was a natural-born peerless immortal, a starting point far more impressive than even that of Zhu Yan and Yue Longsha. She was destined to become someone on par with a celestial emperor in the future.

It was all thanks to Lu Yun.

Although Lu Yun was a mere cultivator, and Liu Chengfeng a peak aether dao immortal, he still called Lu Yun 'junior brother' like he was no more superior than the boy.

Lu Yun shook his head slightly. "It is not my place to name her. Her parents should name her."

"Then so I shall." Dressed in a long, mint-green robe, Liu Chengfeng was a handsome man with an uncommon bearing. He glanced at his wife and lowered his head to ponder, then cracked a smile. "Liu Qingmiao. Her name will be Liu Qingmiao."

Taken aback, Lu Yun looked blankly at the man. It made sense for the child to inherit his family name, and 'Qing' was naturally derived from Qing Ruyan's surname. As for 'Miao'...

Has he noticed something?

"Liu Qingmiao. Wonderful, it's a name that befits the child!" The pavilion head applauded with joyous laughter, waking his new granddaughter up from her slumber. She curiously scanned her environment with dark, big eyes.

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Liu Qingmiao's birth took the world of immortals by storm. Not only because the one forged by the Heaven Descent Pill had finally arrived in the world, but also because an origin dao immortal had died outside Dusk Province, killed by a single shot from Lu Yun's cannon!

The implications of this could not be dismissed.

Origin dao immortals were the stuff of myths and legends in the world of immortals. Most held them in the same regard as celestial emperors, yet Lu Yun had killed one of them so easily.

How had he done it? Weren't celestial emperors invincible?

A collective questioning of commonly held beliefs rippled through all of the immortals in the world.

Although Lu Yun had similarly driven away the large monkey from the North Sea with a single shot, the rest of the world hadn't thought that Scarlet Ape could rival the lofty celestial emperors, much less invincible origin dao immortals.

That mindset had changed when the old crone, much more powerful than an arcane dao immortal, was destroyed by the beam of light. Countless immortals had sensed the terrifying power for themselves, and it was all they could talk about now.

There was some chatter regarding Lu Yun taking a natural-born peerless immortal as his first disciple, but that hardly seemed important in comparison.

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There were ten days until the Sovereign Meet.

Dusk Province was still a ghost town. The inheritance tower and the Sword Pagoda, which was usually frequented by cultivators and immortals alike, saw little traffic. Almost everyone had forgotten about this sacred land of immortal dao, and no one recalled the soon-to-commence Sovereign Meet.

Three years after the tournament that set Dusk Province on the path to becoming a sacred land, it seemed as if the province would dwindle and sink into buffoonery.

Seven days before the Sovereign Meet, House Donglin of Aureate Major, the Exalted Immortal Sect of Exalted Major, the Feng and Qing Clans of Nephrite Major, alongside various powerhouses from the Nephrite and Truespirit court, made a joint announcement: the real Sovereign Meet would be held in Life Province of Nephrite Major in a month's time!

The news dropped like a bomb, obviously a plot against Dusk Province and Lu Yun.

Lu Yun had killed an origin dao immortal as a mere cultivator, which made him a threat in many eyes!

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Atop the city walls of Dusk City, Lu Yun faced the brisk wind and looked over the province. A sea of violet flowers now carpeted the land, painting a picturesque scene. They were the flowers of Violet Orchid Fruit that'd been personally cultivated by Su Xiaoxiao.

There was only one mother flower, but the Violet Orchid had split into tens of thousands of flowers across the province, much like the Hell Flowers. It'd bloomed, but hadn't borne fruit yet.

“The formation masters have left.” Qing Han came up to Lu Yun.

“All of them?” Dazed, the words escaped Lu Yun’s mouth.

“Eighty percent of them, anyway. Only a little more than twenty masters remain.” Qing Han’s expression turned derisive. “They took the copies of the Great Formation of Heavenly Spirits and Earthly Demons they’d been working on.”

“Let them. They’re a bunch of useless trash, desperately clutching at some formation diagrams. They’ll never succeed in incorporating the formation into their body.” Lu Yun cracked a smile.

Mo Yi had returned the day Scarlet Ape attacked Dusk Province. She’d stopped Donglin Taihuang outside the province, then returned when the danger was over. Of course Lu Yun had asked her about how one went about combining formations and combat arts.

Mo Yi’s answer was simple: the nascent spirit was the key to turning a formation into a combat art and making it your own. Setting up a formation with one’s nascent spirit would make it a combat art!

Her answer gave Lu Yun the epiphany he needed. Combat arts drew power from one’s spirit, rather than their corporal body. Incorporating an actual formation into one’s physical body would never work; they had to be turned into combat arts first.

Lu Yun changed course after that. The Great Formation of Heavenly Spirits and Earthly Demons was already complete. The last step was to incorporate it into the body, which he was working with Mo Yi, Feinie, and Aoxue to achieve.

Upon transforming it into a combat art, it didn’t matter whether those formation masters stayed or left the province. The formation wouldn’t do them any good, even if they owned a complete copy of it.

At its core, it was a feng shui layout. The major factions of the current world of immortals would come up emptyhanded no matter how much they studied it.

Awooo!

A continuous dragon howl rang through Dusk Province as a golden dragonling of about three meters long soared into the air, a baby less than a month old on its back. The eyes of the Dusk restriction opened in the sky, giving the baby a long, hard look. Then, it slowly faded away with resignation.

### **Chapter 395: Time to Show Them What We’ve Got**

“There’s definitely some history between the little fox and the human demon,” Qing Han stated seriously when he saw what happened.

The little fox was a golden immortal, and hadn’t sealed her cultivation when she entered Dusk Province. Despite that, she was given a free pass.

It wasn’t due to any inability on the part of the restriction, since it’d become stronger against golden immortals and above after the previous battle. The divine Black Tortoise, previously able to burst out with peerless immortal strength in times of emergency, was now firmly under its constraint as well.

That didn’t matter to Lu Yun, though.

He himself was so weak that powerful immortals could crush him like an ant. However, he had the supplemental paths to back him up. Although the paths weren't the mainstream dao, per se, and he had to pull out everything in his treasure chest to just hurt an old heavyweight, the longer one lived, the more they feared death. Those who opposed him wouldn't take the risk.

Back on Earth, human beings were vulnerable and weak, compared to other animals, but they'd managed to conquer the world with technology and were capable of destruction that could rival the immortals of this world.

Who was to say the same couldn't be achieved here?

In the end, Lu Yun was still an Earth native. He wouldn't confine himself to the box of established rules in the world of immortals.

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"Donglin Taihuang!" Qing Han cried out suddenly, his expression shifting. A silver hand had abruptly appeared out of nowhere to grab at the dragon and the girl on its back.

The dragonling was the one Lu Yun had brought out from the dragon tomb. Somehow, it'd become Qingmiao's playmate. It howled, bursting forth with golden light to keep the silver hand at bay.

Liu Qingmiao possessed a cosmic constitution; there was no hiding it. Her existence had been announced to the world by the pillar of resplendent starlight at the moment of her birth.

Donglin Taihuang needed a woman of that constitution to dual cultivate with. Now that there was one at hand, he didn't even bother to converse with Lu Yun or the Panorama Pavilion before making an attempt on Qingmiao.

"First he tries to carry off my future wife, now he's coming after my disciple. Does he take me for a doormat?" Lu Yun narrowed his eyes at the hand formed of starlight.

Qing Han glared at Lu Yun, but decided against saying anything.

"Formation!" Lu Yun exclaimed.

Hum.

The violet-blue flowers carpeting Dusk Province soared into the sky, their color washing over the province. The violet light they emitted was as sharp as any sword, and cut straight through the clouds.

"What?!" Donglin Taihuang screamed from midair, his silver hand quickly cut down by the violet sword light.

And then, the threat was gone.

The golden dragonling quickly shot back into Dusk City with its precious passenger, timidly keeping its head down.

The entire province had been set up with a tremendous sword formation, using the mother flower of the Violet Orchid Fruit as eye. All of Dusken soil fell within the formation's area of effect, and the sea of flowers was its outward manifestation.

“Lu Yun!!” Donglin Taihuang raged from outside Dusk Province.

“Uh huh?” Lu Yun remained on the city wall, a casual arm around Qing Han and a surprised look for Donglin Taihuang. Qing Han glared at him again. Lu Yun must know something, or he wouldn’t be acting like this!

After an uneasy squirm, the disguised girl stopped struggling and stood meekly by Lu Yun’s side.

“You better huddle in Dusk Province for your entire life. I’ll kill you if you set even a toe outside the province!” Donglin Taihuang’s sinister tones spread far and wide in waves. This was a threat and an attack!

Lu Yun was the top youth sovereign, and the greatest cultivator in the world! And he’d now ascended to the void realm and perceived the void with his nascent spirit. There was a limitless future ahead of him.

If he truly hunkered down inside Dusk Province because of Donglin Taihuang’s threat, it’d be a fatal blow to his confidence. Even if he ascended to immortality, he’d never be one of the best.

A proud genius with great ambitions would never permit this to happen. They wouldn’t allow themselves to stop advancing just because of a threat.

“Then... you’d better never come near Dusk Province, or I’ll kill you too.” Lu Yun smirked evilly.

Bam!

Eighteen beams of light shot out from eighteen cities in Dusk Province, converging into a single beam and slamming into Donglin Taihuang. Every single one of the light beams could rival a weapon of war, and all eighteen together could rival a peak arcane dao immortal.

Snarling, Donglin Taihuang used all the tricks up his sleeve and barely countered the attack.

Then, the eighteen weapons charged up again and flared in another burst of white. Scared witless, Donglin Taihuang bolted from the province.

“Ha, a mighty arcane dao immortal scared off by a widdle cultivator!” Lu Yun gave a loud bark of laughter. “I can’t very well just stay silent after you attacked Dusk Province and threatened me now, can I?”

His smile dropped as suddenly as his burst of laughter cut off. Dusk Province had seen many attacks during the past few months. First there was the North Sea court, then there were the five mysterious origin dao immortals, and now Donglin Taihuang had come to take his disciple.

The entire world of immortals would think they had Dusk Province at their mercy if Lu Yun didn’t do something.

“I don’t want to provoke the big monkey in the North Sea yet, and I don’t know where in the heavens the five origin dao immortals came from. I suppose I should thank you for arriving on my doorstep, Donglin Taihuang.” His expression steely, Lu Yun turned to give Qing Han a determined look. “To be honest, I’ve never been intimidated by House Donglin.”

“Well, that can wait until you’re an immortal!” Qing Han blurted out. He’s definitely guessed my true identity!

Sulking, Lu Yun turned away and waved his hand to summon the Skybearer Gates. It was not only the perfect treasure for dealing with ghosts, but could also be turned into a portal to transcend the limit of space and connect two points far away from each other.

Still, it was only a dao immortal treasure, and the distance it could bridge wasn’t that great. To solve that problem, Lu Yun sent out another treasure—the Ingress Path. They were simply a match made in heaven.

When combined, the treasures connected Dusk Province to Aureate Major. House Donglin’s ancestral land came into view before his eyes.

“Time to show them what we’ve got.”

Black Emperor emerged from the void and was aimed straight at the heart of the Donglin ancestral land.

### **Chapter 396: A Stick of Incense**

House Donglin sensed the coming danger the second Skybearer and the Ingress Path appeared. Bright flashes dotted Donglin territory as formations and restrictions activated in defense. Powerful immortals soared into the air and attacked Skybearer with resplendent plumes of sword energy.

Clang!

A penetrating bell’s knell sent soundwaves through the gates and scattered the sword light. Meanwhile, the Black Emperor continued charging.

“Lu Yun!!” a furious voice bellowed from House Donglin’s territory. “You need to think about the consequences!”

“I did think about the consequences. This is what happens when people offend me,” Lu Yun’s voice floated over from the other side of the gate. “Donglin Taihuang should’ve thought about his consequences before making his move.

“My attack will commence in forty-five minutes, the time it takes for an incense stick to burn. So you all better... run as far as you can.” Lu Yun’s voice dripped with mockery.

A blast at maximum power from the Black Emperor was on par with an attack from an origin dao immortal. It would destroy House Donglin’s defenses and kill a good number of people, but mainly insignificant cultivators or low-level immortals. House Donglin itself wouldn’t suffer that heavy a loss.

Making his retaliation hurt wasn’t all that important to Lu Yun; his goal was to slap faces.

An ancient aristocracy like House Donglin would declare their independence from their original clan if they desired to prove that they were the more powerful branch. Lu Yun’s actions now were a resounding smack across their face.

However, they also couldn't afford to not move their youths out of their ancestral lands. The five immortals had already proven earlier with their attacks that the Black Emperor could bring origin dao level strength to bear.

Frustration burned on the cheeks of countless Donglin experts.

Aureate Major and Nephrite Major were two distinct facets, but Lu Yun could transcend the spatial barrier with the Ingress Path and Skybearer. House Donglin hardly had such valuables at their disposal.

The gate was a hereditary Lu Clan treasure, and the Ingress Path was Nephrite's most treasured item. The two combined could naturally break through the protection of the Aureate heavenly mandate.

Qing Clan's hereditary treasure, the Arcane Golden Bell, also awaited on the other side of the gates, rendering it impossible for Donglin elites to charge into Dusk through the gateway. Lu Yun might shut it and retrieve the path as soon as they did so, leaving them stranded in an unknown spatial limbo. Therefore, they only dared attack from a distance with sword energy.

"Go! Borrow the Aureate court's weapon of war!" a Donglin elite snapped out, staring at the still-charging Black Emperor on the other side of Skybearer. Only the nine heavenly courts could deploy weapons of war. House Donglin was as influential as the Aureate court, but they still didn't have a weapon of war in their possession.

Over the past couple of months, the secrets of Lu Yun's cannons had been thoroughly investigated. These weren't actual weapons of war, but imitations!

Creating imitations of these terrifying war treasures was a feat that no one had been able to accomplish over the past eighty thousand years, until Lu Yun had shown up on their doorstep with tangible proof of his success. More importantly, the imitations didn't have to draw on underground veins, but could be fueled entirely by immortal crystals!

The dots were connected when peoples' minds turned to Lu Yun's raid of the North Sea Palace. Only by robbing a great faction like the North Sea monster spirits would someone possess enough wealth to splurge this way.

The North Sea might not be a powerful faction, but it was home to numerous immortal crystal veins. The current court had ruled over the North Sea for ten thousand years, and the dragon clan for seventy thousand before that. The amount of accumulated wealth in their waters was unfathomable.

Of course, the top clans and sects of the world, as well as the heavenly courts of the nine majors and ten lands, were wealthier than Lu Yun, but their fortune didn't belong to a single person. Theirs were collective possessions shared with everyone in their factions.

Lu Yun didn't have to share.

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"Milord, the heavenly court... declines to lend us the weapon!" An immortal quickly came back with the court's response. Their stance was clear: House Donglin should clean up their own messes. Don't think of dragging us down with you!

"Bastards!!" raged a Donglin arcane dao immortal, but there wasn't anything he could do.

“Leave now with our people.” Donglin E sighed in resignation. “It would be unwise to provoke Lu Yun when he’s in this mood.”

He’d crossed paths with Lu Yun in the dragon tomb, but failed to find a chance to kill the youth. Lu Yun had cemented his place as a formidable foe ever since then.

“Dammit!” a peak aether dao immortal growled in frustration. At the same time, he didn’t dare blame Donglin Taihuang. The man was the greatest genius of House Donglin, held in higher regard than even peak arcane dao immortals, and second only to the Donglin ancestor.

While the Donglin ancestor had ascended to origin dao immortal realm, he wasn’t home at the moment.

“How dare a mewling brat of a celestial emperor go against the will of House Donglin?! If he tires of being the celestial emperor, I wouldn’t mind switching him out with someone else, again!” Ruthlessness flashed through Donglin E’s eyes.

He was highly displeased with the celestial emperor’s rejection, but his house had no choice but to evacuate from their home. Lu Yun had allotted them only forty-five minutes before launching an artillery assault.

It was quite a rarity for a behemoth like the Donglins to suffer such helplessness. Lu Yun was driving them out of their own turf without even showing his face!

“No, we’re not going!” a clamor of angry cries sounded from within the complex. “We will live and die with the family!”

“We’re staying, do you hear? Kill us all if you can, Lu!”

“I’ll haunt you even after I die, Lu Yun! Kill me if you so dare!” Hotheaded youths took to the air and screamed challenges at the portal to Dusk.

Lu Yun and Qing Han remained on the Dusk city wall with a censer by their side. The incense stick within had burned through half of its length.

“I do hope all my enemies are idiots like them,” Lu Yun observed, leveling his gaze on House Donglin through the gate. He wasn’t loud, but he was loud enough for everyone on Aureate Major’s side to hear him.

“Fools, get out of here at once!!” Donglin E couldn’t be more furious.

If Lu Yun had invaded House Donglin, the youths’ words would be a fantastic boost for morale and demonstration of solidarity, which would in turn enhance their battle strength.

This, however, was hardly an appropriate response for the situation.

Their enemies were entirely untouchable, in a completely different location with a weapon aimed at them. Staying here and throwing down taunts was the most foolish of all possible actions.

The youths were asking for death, and their loss wouldn’t mean anything!

Seeing hundreds of imitations emerge around the Black Emperor and target the entirety of Donglin territory, the dao immortals of the house sprang into action. They stuffed their youths into hidden



spaces within their sleeves and quickly fled the danger zone, terrified that Lu Yun would change his mind and attack before the incense stick finished burning.

### **Chapter 397: Covert Violence**

As one of the foremost factions in the world of immortals, House Donglin was extremely quick to mobilize. They evacuated all of their immortals and cultivators before a stick of incense had finished burning. Even cultivators who'd reached critical points in closed door cultivation were interrupted and dragged out, leaving the place completely empty.

Not even origin dao immortals would be able to survive more than a hundred weapons of war. Abandoning their territory was the only choice left for the aristocratic house.

Lu Yun didn't care how House Donglin would retaliate in the future after this. The two of them could never coexist in peace anyway.

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"Nice city the Donglins have, alright. It'd be a shame if it were destroyed." Lu Yun and Qing Han descended upon Donglin territory with the Ingress Path after it'd been emptied.

They looked upon a city of five hundred kilometers in diameter that contained dense layers of spatial formations, which in turn created a great many subspaces. The city was only a hair below Xiankan.

"There's no time, Donglin immortals will soon come to their senses. Get moving, Feinie. Don't leave them anything!" Lu Yun immediately summoned his envoy.

Qing Han gave him an exasperated look. So Lu Yun had never actually planned to attack House Donglin; he'd given them the ultimatum simply to drive them off. With the people gone, he could do anything he wanted with the place.

Forty-five minutes were much too short, so the Donglins hadn't been able to take many of their possessions with them. Therefore, Lu Yun decided to steal this impressive city like he had the North Sea palace!

More than a hundred imitation weapons of war remained fixed on the Donglin territory and its surrounding area, intimidating the Donglin immortals from turning back. In truth, only eighteen of them were the real deal. The others, well, were works in progress. Useful for swaggering around, but useless in offensive capability.

Refining the imitations was extremely demanding in terms of materials. What Lu Yun had gained after raiding the North Sea court was enough for only eighteen of them. In addition, the cannons needed to be maintained after each use. Thus, he hadn't had the chance to refine more of them; unfinished molds were all he had.

Nevertheless, Lu Yun had proven to the world how powerful the imitations were. Even if they were fake, no one would dare run the risk.

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Feinie was brutally efficient. She blanketed the city with light from the Formation Orb as soon as she appeared, setting up formations at great speed.

Rumble!

After roughly half the time it took for an incense stick to burn, the earth beneath them began trembling. Donglin City shrank dramatically into a miniature metropolis.

“Collect!” Feinie commanded, and the city entered the Gates of the Abyss.

“The Donglin idiots are coming back. Let’s go!” Lu Yun grabbed Qing Han, and the two of them returned to Dusk Province on the Ingress Path.

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The earth was trembling.

“We’ve been fooled!” Donglin E came to a sudden stop and turned to look in the city’s direction, his fellow house members following suit. There was only an enormous crater in the ground now, the great city gone.

“Where’s our land?” a peak arcane dao immortal asked in shock. “Where’s Donglin City?”

“It’s Lu Yun. He scared us away so that he could steal our city!” Donglin E growled. “Go back!”

He rushed back to Donglin City on the back of a sword.

“House Donglin will not suffer you to live under the same skies as us, Lu Yun!!” shrieked an arcane dao immortal.

Earlier, they’d been too terrified of the weapons of war to think properly. After all, those cannons could kill even origin dao immortals! Considering the weapons’ impressive range—hundreds of thousands of kilometers—the Donglin immortals had abandoned their territory without looking back in a rush to get away.

Now, they finally realized that there was something amiss about how everything had happened. They shot back to their territory, eager for vengeance.

“Lu Yun!!” When they returned, Skybearer still remained open in the air. Donglin E’s gaze shifted from where the city should’ve been to the gates hovering in the air, his eyes blazing with fire.

“Return our land at once, or this seat will kill you even if it costs me my life!” Donglin E demanded in a cold voice, glaring at Lu Yun through Skybearer.

“The incense stick has burned up,” Lu Yun said in lieu of an answer and smiled.

“Huh?” Donglin E paused.

Hum!

Skybearer suddenly grew from a few meters to three hundred meters tall. Eighteen cannons emerged, each taking a shot at... the Donglin immortals who’d just followed Donglin E back to their former territory!

Boom!!

“No!!” Donglin E wailed.

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These days, there was a second major laughingstock in the world of immortals: House Donglin. Their territory had been stolen, just like how Lu Yun had done the North Sea court; but this time, it was to an even greater extent.

The North Sea monster spirits had lost their palace, but the monster clans that formed the court had their own territories. The palace was more symbol than home base.

House Donglin, on the other hand, had lost everything.

More importantly, Lu Yun had stolen the North Sea palace while the North Sea emperor was away, but the two heavyweights in charge of House Donglin had been scared off and gave the young man a chance to take the city.

This was the greatest blow to their reputation.

The shots Lu Yun took at the last moment sent a stillness through the world. He'd really attacked House Donglin and slaughtered many of their immortals! If anyone made a move against Dusk Province, he really would retaliate!

As Lu Yun had said, he didn't yet know the backgrounds of the five origin dao immortals, so he couldn't go after them. As for the North Sea monster spirits, he didn't want to provoke that monkey yet, and well... he had just stolen their palace.

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The closer it was to the Sovereign Meet, the less activity there was in Dusk Province. Even though there were holy grounds for training and cultivation here, to cultivators, the province was fraught with fatal danger. No one wanted to draw close.

Meanwhile, cultivators streamed into Life Province.

Three days before the Sovereign Meet was about to commence, the heavyweights of the nine majors, ten lands, and four immortal seas announced that they would be jointly hosting the True Sovereign Meet together. Moreover, Wu Tulong, Mo Qitian, and Zi Chen suddenly appeared and declared that they were going to Life Province to fight the geniuses of the world.

It seemed that Dusk Province had been forgotten by everyone.

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“This is too much!” Qing Han seethed when he received the news.

“Too much?” Lu Yun blinked. “We took Donglin City. They can do whatever they want.”

Qing Han threw a surprised look at him. “Um... aren't you mad?”

“If Wu Tulong and the others hadn’t started it by saying they would ascend to immortality in Dusk Province, I wouldn’t have let a mess like the Sovereign Meet be held here in the first place.” Lu Yun smiled. “This is good, we’ll let them fight to their hearts’ content elsewhere. Meanwhile, we’ll just quietly get rich here.”

Earlier, he’d plotted to use the combat art of the Great Formation Heavenly Spirits and Earthly Demons as an incentive to draw attention from the so-called True Sovereign Meet. Now, however, Lu Yun had taken Donglin City, rendering his previous plan moot.

He had another plan, one that would shake the great factions of the world of immortals and the heavenly courts, disrupting the status quo forever.

An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth.

They asked for this.

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The three days soon passed, and the day quickly arrived which countless ambitious cultivators had picked for the Sovereign Meet three years ago.

However, Dusk Province remained quiet as if nothing was taking place. There were no immortals, nor were there cultivators. The Chen cultivators and some of the Lu cultivators who’d settled down in Dusk Province seethed with humiliation. They’d been abandoned by the entire world, and some even considered leaving.

“It’s better to be a wandering cultivator than a Dusk cultivator.” Somehow, this saying quietly spread in the province, and cultivators and immortals alike began taking their leave.

Some members of the Chen Clan and the senior members of the Lu Clan gradually lost confidence in the province as well. They didn’t fear being the world’s enemy, but they did fear being abandoned by the world. This kind of covert violence could destroy Dusk Province’s momentum and isolate them without waging a war.

The future sacred land of immortal dao?

People were the foundation of everything. Even someone who claimed to be the immortal emperor would attract no attention without any people under his command.

Dusk-bound transportation formations across the world of immortals were shut down. One could leave Dusk Province, but not enter it. In the neighboring provinces, all major paths leading to Dusk were closed off as well to stop people from entering in other ways.

Scarlet Ape followed suit and cut off the paths from the North Sea to Dusk.

Qing Han had been anxious when the news came, but calmed down after noting Lu Yun’s lack of reaction.

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“Let’s go.” Ten days before the commencement of the True Sovereign Meet, Lu Yun sought Qing Han out.

“Where to?” Qing Han asked in confusion.

“To their Sovereign Meet, of course.” Lu Yun smiled. “I want to find out what’s going on with Wu Tulong, Mo Qitian, and Zi Chen. They should be dead, shouldn’t they?”

### **Chapter 398: Restriction Against Immortals**

The Dao Flower had melded back into the immortal dao the moment Lu Yun had ascended to the void realm, and from the flower’s feedback, they’d learned that Wu Tulong, Mo Qitian, and Zi Chen were dead.

The marks the flower left on them were transferred to Qing Han, but somehow, the three youths had appeared yet again and were traveling to Life Province of Nephrite Major to attend the Sovereign Meet.

There was something fishy going on, and Lu Yun intended to get to the bottom of it.

Just when he’d decided to set out for Life Province, he received two messages, one from Lu Daoling and the other from the lord of Panorama Pavilion. They both asked for Lu Yun to attend the True Sovereign Meet!

“The nine majors, ten lands, and four immortal seas jointly organized the tournament because a great opportunity has emerged in Life Province,” said Lu Daoling. “The implications are great. You and Qing Han must attend the Sovereign Meet!”

The pavilion head’s message was simple and blunt: Hurry to Life Province. Regret it for the rest of your life if you miss the Sovereign Meet!

Then, the great sovereign of the Star Demon Sect personally visited Dusk Province to request an audience with Lu Yun. Although Dusk Province had been sealed off from the world, no faction would dare prevent a Star Demon sovereign from entering.

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“Just what is going on here?” Lu Yun looked upon a thin, shriveled old man whose eyes shone with the light of blood. When Lu Yun had first met the man, he’d almost knee-jerked into leveling the Judgement of Life and Death on the sovereign.

The retribution on the elder was so thick that it’d almost consolidated into karmic fruit. He’d killed at least eighty million people, if not more!

The Star Demon Sect was a demonic sect through and through. There were other demonic sects in the world, but they didn’t consider themselves demonic. They opted for names playing off of variations like the Sacred Sect, Immortal Sect, or Divine Sect.

The Star Demon Sect, on the other hand, proudly wore their notoriety like a badge. Being called a fiend was a wonderful compliment to them, so of course they’d have to do things that befitted their self-image.

By this point, Lu Yun was subtly questioning his decision to become their sect head.

“In response to the sect head!” The great sovereign retracted his aura to show Lu Yun deference. “The will of the immortal dao has given its blessings to the True Sovereign Meet commencing in ten days.

“The day the tournament begins, a secret realm from the ancient world of immortals will open! All clans and sects in the world are welcome and allowed to enter and search for fortuitous opportunities.”

Lu Daoling and the pavilion head had refrained from giving Lu Yun the full explanation, since the message had come from the immortal dao. Likewise, the greatest elites of the major factions followed the instructions, but didn’t dare leak the orders.

The great sovereign however, didn’t care. Lu Yun was the head of the Star Demon Sect. He would never hold anything back from the young man.

“Blessings given by... the will of the immortal dao?” Lu Yun and Qing Han exchanged a look of disbelief.

“Is the immortal dao... sentient?” Lu Yun asked subconsciously.

“It is,” answered Empress Myrtlestar from the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals. “The ancient immortal emperors were able to rule over so many worlds because they’d earned the approval of the immortal dao.

“The will of the immortal dao is ephemeral and undefinable, but it holds sway over everything between the heavens and earth. Where the immortal dao is, its will can reach.”

“What is the will of the immortal dao then? Is it the will of someone who controls the dao?” Lu Yun followed up.

“The will of the heavens is the will of the people, and the will of the immortal dao is the will of all lives under the immortal dao.” After a pensive pause, Empress Myrtlestar continued, “The dao of immortals was established by living beings. Naturally, its will is derived from the will of all lives. However, if my guess is correct, that will dissipated when the immortal dao was severed in the great war a hundred thousand years ago.

“You and Qing Han have recently restored the path of cultivation, which was part of the immortal dao. After the Dao Flower bloomed and was reintegrated into the immortal dao, its will was resurrected as well.

“The Sovereign Meet was approved by the immortal dao because the gathering follows its rules and is conducive to its development. But do not fear it. The will is merely... a pattern that the immortal dao follows.” Empress Myrtlestar finally found the right words to explain what the nebulous will was.

Lu Yun nodded faintly.

“With the immortal dao reawakened, the world of immortals is on the cusp of a period of great progress,” Empress Myrtlestar said in a lighter tone. “We will be seeing a great number of additions to the ranks of void realm cultivators.”

It was clear from her tone that she was delighted by the turn of events.

“Why didn’t the immortal dao approve of the tournament in Dusk, then?” Lu Yun asked with a frown.

“Because there’s a restriction against immortals here,” responded the empress. “The restriction against golden immortals is essentially a ban on immortals. If my guess is correct, all of the immortals in the world died in the ultimate battle a hundred thousand years ago. Any possible survivors still fell from immortality, and it was all because of the restriction.

“Someone set up a great restriction over the entire world of immortals to sever the immortal dao. That restriction... should now reside in Dusk. More precisely, the one we all know from the ancient tomb.” Empress Mytlestar presented her theory with great certainty.

She’d been observing the world through Qing Han ever since they’d left the Skandha Extinction Tomb, and had even snuck away to travel the world for a while before returning. That was how she came to these conclusions.

Lu Yun and Qing Han shared another stunned look. Was the Dusk restriction responsible for the destruction of the immortal dao?

“There was a restriction in Life Province?” Lu Yun asked quietly.

“That’s right.” Empress Myrtlestar nodded. “The restriction originated from Life Province, but was then confined to Dusk Province.

“The world is very vast.... I couldn’t even see it for what it was when I was the immortal empress of the east. Never did I foresee that someday, someone would shatter the world into twenty-four facets. Even the immortal emperors of my time couldn’t do that.”

Since the restriction was in Dusk Province, the immortal dao would never approve of Dusk. In fact, it considered the province an enemy of the world because of it.

Meanwhile, the portion of the original restriction hidden in Life Province had been dispersed the moment the Blood Sea had emerged. The Dusk restriction was now the only one left in the world.

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Three days before the True Sovereign Meet, Lu Yun and Qing Han left Dusk Province. With its isolation, it was impossible to enter the province. Meanwhile, immortals and cultivators who wished to leave had to undergo a series of interrogations, since the important paths had been blocked by checkpoints.

Thanks to Lu Yun’s shapeshifting death art, their departure was an easy one after changing their appearances and constitutions.

### **Chapter 399: Destiny City**

After they departed from Dusk Province, Lu Yun and Qing Han took the transportation formation from Outré Province to make their way to Life Province.

Contrary to the almost empty Dusk, Life Province was chock full of cultivators and immortals. As soon as the pair walked out of the transportation formation, they were met with a sky full of immortals rushing about their business. The groups of people were so numerous that they blotted out even the sun.

Being jointly held by the nine majors, ten lands, four immortal seas, and many other major factions, it was only natural that this year's gathering would attract more attention than the tournament in Dusk.

The precedent three years ago had benefited many cultivators, further enhancing the allure of the repeat occasion. This year, many ancestors of the major factions had left closed door cultivation and ordered their youths to participate in the True Sovereign Meet.

After a month of buildup, the hype for the True Sovereign Meet was about to froth and boil over.

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Destiny City was located in the east of Life Province, fifteen thousand kilometers away from Xiankan. It possessed an extremely long history, as even texts unearthed from ancient tombs mentioned it. It was also one of the few cities to survive the war of immortals.

Eighty thousand years ago, when the divine race had ruled over Nephrite Major, the city was their capital in the major. It was now the second greatest city in Nephrite, and the tenth greatest in the world of immortals. Over time, four satellite cities had formed in each of the cardinal directions of Destiny, making it look as if the city had expanded outward for thousands of kilometers.

On paper, the city lord served the Nephrite court, but they were effectively autonomous. Its city lord was a mysterious heavyweight in the world of immortals.

Destiny was chosen as the venue for the Sovereign Meet. The city spanned a thousand kilometers, but was currently packed to the brim with cultivators and immortals. Among their numbers were reclusive sects, families, and factions who'd distanced themselves from the world.

Some even dated back to the age of the divine race's rule.

There was barely even room to stand in the city, so it was impossible for Lu Yun and Qing Han to enter, unless they revealed their identity for preferential treatment. Only members of the top factions with high status could enter the city now. Regular cultivators had to do with making camp outside the city.

There were simply billions upon billions of cultivators here.

Since Lu Yun and Qing Han had disguised themselves with the Shapeshifting art, they didn't intend to enter the city. The tournament hadn't yet commenced, but information about it was spreading like wildfire.

Much of it stunned even Lu Yun.

Arcane dao immortals had chosen to sever their own cultivation!

Apparently they'd reached peak arcane dao immortal realm, but seeing that origin dao remained out of reach, they'd elected to sever their cultivation, inner energy, and constitution. They returned to the spirit realm, desiring to experience the void realm this time on their journey upward.

In fact, a few had already made it to the void realm!

"Do you think Fairy Mo Yi will attend this year's Sovereign Meet?" a nearby cultivator asked in an impassioned tone.



“Fairy Mo Yi became an immortal immediately upon ascending to the void realm,” snorted a derisive voice. “Why would she bother to attend a tournament for cultivators?”

Many sighed, yearning to see Mo Yi themselves. They held her in higher regard than they did Qing Han, Wu Tulong, Mo Qitian, and Zi Chen.

The young sovereigns might have restored the void realm, but immortality had previously been possible even without the void realm. In fact, the restored realm had become an obstacle that prevented many of them from reaching immortality.

It was Mo Yi who’d lit the path to the void realm, bestowing unto them a sliver of hope for ascension.

“Perhaps Fairy Mo Yi really is a fairy from the nine heavens, and she returned to them after pointing out the right way to us.”

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As they strolled, Lu Yun and Qing Han heard cultivators and immortals discuss Mo Yi, the geniuses who’d been held in reserve by the major factions, and dao immortals who’d severed their own cultivation.

Some of them mentioned Lu Yun and Qing Han as well. Bets were made as to whether or not the two would dare participate in the Sovereign Meet. If they showed their faces now, someone more powerful would immediately kill them with no concern for the established rules.

Being the head of the Star Demon Sect had made Lu Yun enemies all over the world. Moreover, he’d killed an origin dao immortal with a shot from his cannon, which further caused the world to be wary of him.

As for the Great Formation of Heavenly Spirits and Earthly Demons, many formation masters had taken the blueprints back to their factions. Various grandmasters of the supplemental paths were summoned to study how the formation might be incorporated into a body.

In addition, the matter of how the world saw Lu Yun divided a small settlement outside the city into two. One side supported and admired Lu Yun and criticized the top factions at the top of their lungs for their pettiness and retaliation, while the other looked down on Lu Yun, considering him a puppet of the infamous demon sect and a fiend pillaging the world.

“Young brothers!” a voice piped up just as Lu Yun and Qing Han were enjoying the heated debate between the two factions.

“Hm?” Qing Han turned to see a graceful old man with grey hair and beard. There was a faint smile on his thin face.

“You must’ve only recently arrived,” the old man said with a smile.

“What can we do for you?” Lu Yun also turned to give the old man a onceover. The newcomer appeared to be a golden immortal, but he’d concealed his true cultivation. He was a peerless immortal, and a monster spirit at that.

“Yi Tianling, at your service,” said the old man. “Your cultivation is impressive, so you must’ve come to participate in the Sovereign Meet in Destiny City. However....” He paused with a regretful look.

“However?” Qing Han played along, blinking curiously.

“The Sovereign Meet is a weighty and important affair. I can tell you’re both extraordinary cultivators and dragons among men. You will certainly rank high on the final list.” Yi Tianling made his approval of Lu Yun and Qing Han very clear. As a ‘golden immortal’, royalty in the world of immortals, his compliments would’ve made regular cultivators lose themselves.

Lu Yun and Qing Han puffed out their chests and looked around pridefully.

“Unfortunately, despite your more-than-sufficient strength, you lack some fortune.” Deeply concealed mockery flashed through Yi Tianling’s eyes. “Not everyone can participate in the tournament. You’ll need Life Glyphs to do so.”

#### **Chapter 400: Blood Ganoderma**

“Life Glyphs?” Lu Yun and Qing Han looked at each other.

They had indeed heard of that item. The Sovereign Meet was to be held in an unknown ruin from the ancient times, and one had to possess a specialized Life Glyph if they wished to enter the ruins.

Originally, all one had needed to do was to enter Destiny City and obtain a glyph from the city lord. However, the city currently strained at the seams with people. There was no opportunity for the two to enter and make their requests.

“That’s right.” Yi Tianling smiled amiably. “I just so happen to have two of them that I can gift to my two young friends!”

“Really??” Qing Han’s eyes lit up and desire floated across his face.

“Naturally! But the Life Glyphs are too precious to carry on my person. Even if we were in the city proper, we’d have to fight a qualification round to obtain one. Therefore, please come with me, my young friends.” Yi Tianling gestured with one hand.

Awestruck and dazed, like two country bumpkins entering the city for the first time, Lu Yun and Qing Han followed dumbly in the old man’s wake.

“Ah... those two young’uns are in for it!” A golden immortal sighed to see the two youths follow the elder.

“Why?” Someone else asked curiously when they heard the golden immortal.

“That Yi Tianling... heh. He’s a fiend who won’t bat an eye when killing someone. Those brutes from the Star Demon Sect can’t even begin to compare to his ruthlessness!” The golden immortal quickly stopped talking when Yi Tianling turned around and glared at him.

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Plenty of structures had risen outside of Destiny City, forming numerous satellite cities of their own. The monster spirit’s dwelling was in one of these.

Creak.

A burgundy door creaked open to an inner room, sending a faint, pungent smell of blood and gore wafting into Lu Yun and Qing Han's noses.

"My little sweetheart, I've found two more bags of good food for you. You should be able to take form after eating the two of them, hmm?" Yi Tianling waved a hand as soon as he set foot inside the room, activating the burgundy light of a formation that sealed off the premises.

Gurgle.

A strange noise sounded, like the sound of a hungry stomach rumbling loudly.

"This is..." Wide-eyed, Lu Yun's eyes shot to the center of the room.

It was an enormous, scarlet ganoderma the size of a grinding stone—the kind used for soybeans and rice. Crisscrossing lines of dark gold patterned its surface.

"A Blood Ganoderma, it's a Blood Ganoderma! Do such things still exist in the world of immortals??" Lu Yun shrieked with surprise, agitation coloring his eyes. Qing Han would be able to reach the void realm with this spirit herb!

Yi Tianling started, looking somewhat incredulously at Lu Yun. This spirit herb had gone extinct back in the ancient times, and even records unearthed from ancient ruins made no mention of it.

His specimen was grown from a seed he'd found in some ruins in a patch of sky outside the world of immortals. He'd killed countless youths with great potential over all these years, watering the Blood Ganoderma with their blood to nurture it to its current size.

Who would've thought that his latest victims would recognize it as soon as they'd set foot in the room?

"Die!" Uncommonly decisive on this day, Yi Tianling pointed at Lu Yun. A single point from a peerless immortal would be enough to destroy any cultivator's nascent spirit and reduce him to a pile of ground meat.

Bam!

A delicate little fist poked out from the air in front of Lu Yun, smashing right into the finger pointing at the youth.

"It really is a Blood Ganoderma!" An absolutely adorable little girl of about twelve years old bounced out from the void, cheering when she looked upon the scarlet spirit herb in the center of the room.

Lu Yun had been able to recognize it thanks to Xingzi; Blood Ganodermas had been exceedingly precious even back in her time.

"With this Blood Ganoderma, me, Yuying, and Xiaoxiao can join hands and create a cauldron of Blood Restoration Pills. That way, the mistress—eh, um, Sir Qing Han will be able to immediately break through to the void realm!" Quickly realizing she'd made a mistake, Xingzi wrenched her sentence around and snuck a look at Qing Han at the same time.

The disguised girl was glaring up a storm at Lu Yun, who was utterly fascinated by his captivating shoes. Xingzi stuck her tongue out, wrapped her arms around the spirit herb, and skipped her way back through the Gates of the Abyss.

Cheeks incredibly flushed, Qing Han looked very uncomfortable with the sudden turn of events. What now?

Yi Tianling sagged on the floor like a sack of potatoes, all of his bones, and his nascent spirit, destroyed by Xingzi's punch. However, he was still alive and goggling at Lu Yun and Qing Han.

Qing Han!

He'd heard that name loud and clear just now from that terrifying little girl. If one of them was Qing Han, the other must be Lu Yun!

Yi Tianling would choke himself on pills of regret right now if he could. Who would've ever fathomed that the two random bumpkins he'd picked off the streets would be those two harbingers of doom!

"Where are the Life Glyphs?" Lu Yun bent in front of the fallen monster spirit and asked softly.

Yi Tianling struggled to rise. However, Xingzi had perfectly controlled the amount of force she'd brought to bear. She'd immobilized him, but he was in no danger of dying.

"In, in my storage ring." Giving up on his struggles, Yi Tianling chuckled wryly. "Just make it fast. Also, the Blood Ganoderma is about to take form..."

"Did you want to refine it as a replica for yourself when it did?" Lu Yun blinked.

Yi Tianling shook his head and refused to say anything else.

"Sir, the spirit herb is indeed about to take form, and there's actually a tiny soul being nurtured inside. ...it doesn't seem like the old man wanted to refine it for a replica." Xingzi's voice sounded in Lu Yun's ears.

Light twinkled past Lu Yun's fingertips when he heard this, cutting off Yi Tianling's head.

"Um!" The monster spirit immortal stood up again in the next second, staring dumbly at his new master with a bit of horror.

"Get in there and use your blood to feed the ganoderma." Lu Yun deftly relieved his new Infernum of his storage ring.

"Under—understood!" Yi Tianling stammered to get his words out, then almost tripped over himself to enter the netherworld. He really was concerned that Xingzi would refine the entire spirit herb in a fit of impulsiveness.

"Are Beigong Yu and the Scaled-Dragon King the same as Yi Tianling?" Qing Han gathered her courage and asked.

"Those who I kill become my subordinates." Lu Yun nodded.

Qing Han shrugged his shoulders a bit uncomfortably while Lu Yun crushed the storage ring, scattering a heap of glittering, jade-colored glyphs all over the ground—Life Glyphs.

“There’s so many of them! Just how many people did he kill??” Qing Han blinked.

“At least several hundred... the heavyweights of the world are seriously blind to allow something like this to happen beneath their noses!” Lu Yun laughed coldly.

People might not mind if it’d happened once or twice. But for several hundred to go missing at once and no one to investigate what was happening?

This could only mean that the major factions of the world were only concerned with their own interests. They didn’t care, as long as it wasn’t one of them who went missing. After all, everyone here was a competitor.