

Necropolis 421

Chapter 421: Sword Atlas

Lin Yu and Lin Xuan didn't concern themselves with the cultivators in the formation any longer. After raising cupped fist salutes to Lu Yun, they took their leave. Anyone who'd offered a bounty of a hundred billion crystals for Donglin Taihuang was a friend of the Lin Clan. In their eyes, House Donglin was filled with traitors who all deserved death.

"Activate the formation with this and eliminate the cultivators here," Lu Yun said, handing the little nun a spirit stone.

"Why aren't you doing it yourself?" Eyes wide, the girl uneasily took the stone. Suddenly, an idea came to her and she warned, "I'm Lu Yun's dao partner. Don't you dare get any funny ideas about me!"

Lu Yun rubbed his forehead and showed her the jadeite-colored scroll. "There's a combat art in here that will benefit me greatly. I have to practice it before ascending."

He was now at peak life core realm, a step away from origin core realm. Since the origin core realm was when a cultivator began nurturing their nascent spirit, it wouldn't be as easy to practice the combat art then. Once he ascended to the spirit realm, he wouldn't even be able to learn it.

The combat art was highly important to Lu Yun. He'd shamelessly accepted the gift earlier only after taking a peek at what it was.

"Alright then!" Confusion still lingering on her face, the little nun injected the spirit stone with her internal energy.

Bam!

The killing intent within the formation grew tenfold stronger. Cultivators who'd been struggling to maintain their footing were instantly eliminated. Face flushed, the little nun made a great leap through the core realm and reached peak nascent spirit realm.

"Finally... finally! I've returned to the spirit realm at last!" She whistled with delight. Silver moonlight burst forth from her body and a terrifying presence rippled in all directions with her at the center.

"You..." Lu Yun jumped. The power she was demonstrating didn't rival Wu Tulong from when he'd attended the Dusk Tournament, but it was a near thing. However, Wu Tulong had been a peak transformed spirit cultivator at the time, while the girl now was merely at peak nascent spirit realm! There was a difference of two realms between them!

"I've recovered some of my strength, so I'll protect you from now on!" She cracked a self-satisfied smile and smacked Lu Yun on the shoulder.

"Then I'm entering closed door cultivation," Lu Yun said bluntly. "Look after me!"

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He really did need to cultivate. He was a life core realm cultivator at the moment. Once he left the central world and recovered his original cultivation, he wouldn't be able to practice the combat art at all.

“The Ten Thousand Sword Immortal in the ancient times was only a peerless immortal, but he could call upon ten thousand swords with each move...” Lu Yun sat cross-legged in a dark cavern, studying the book with great concentration. Made out of a jade slip, the book was to be read with the consciousness.

Lin Yu and Lin Xuan had given it away so easily because the legacy contained within it had only belonged to a peerless immortal.

Origin dao corpses litter the ground everywhere here, casually discarded like they didn’t matter. However, the legacy of the Thousand Sword Immortal was found in a burial mound. Whoever buried the book must’ve believed the peerless immortal to be more powerful than origin dao immortals.

“Sword Atlas.” Lu Yun smiled at the combat art recorded in the book. “Endless Cosmic Ocean, the fourth sword technique I’ve created, can only reach its full power by deploying a hundred and eight thousand flying swords at the same time. However, they’re too heavy to manipulate simultaneously. Even if all of them are the lowest-rank flying swords, I still can’t bear their weight.”

In hell, Lu Yun had upgraded his sword intent to the cosmic sword ocean and invented his fourth technique. He was now able to divide the Sugato Sword into a hundred and eight thousand immortal swords and critically injure the prisoners in the depths of the netherworld, but that was only thanks to the bolstering effects of hell. When outside, he couldn’t use the technique, but the Sword Atlas would help him overcome this problem.

Countless swords could be merged into an atlas, and the atlas could be stored on his person and be his to command. However, he had to etch the atlas into his golden core or life core. Once his nascent spirit was fostered, he wouldn’t be able to acquire the combat art.

“The Thousand Sword Immortal was able to create an atlas of ten thousand immortal swords at the same time. I can’t do that yet, but I can create an atlas of a thousand and eighty flying swords!

“Once I’ve created a hundred sword atlases, I’ll have a hundred and eight thousand flying swords at my command!” With this in mind, Lu Yun began cultivating the combat art.

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The central world was silent, save for the sounds of conflict from clashes between cultivators. There were no living things, only barren burial mounds, terrifying skeletons, and spirits inhabited the land.

Lu Yun had secluded himself within a cavern, the little nun standing guard at the entrance. She’d studiously guarded him all this time, driving away monsters and cultivators alike that approached the cavern. She wasn’t in a rush to ascend.

After returning to the nascent spirit realm, she’d noticed numerous minute flaws left in her cultivation from back when she was inexperienced and impatient. Although there was no telling what fixing the flaws would do once she returned to her true body, she still made an attempt to do so.

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Ten days passed.

It'd been seventeen days since the cultivators arrived at the land of darkness, and twenty days since the Sovereign Meet had commenced. Many had grown accustomed to the environment and raised their cultivation through hunting.

Ten days ago, there'd only been a handful of void realm cultivators, and they were considered the best of the best. Now, most cultivators had reached the spirit realm, and a good number had recovered to their peak—the void realm.

The dark land of unknown size saw surging immortal light every so often over the past few days, indicating that more burial mounds had been broken into and their legacies unearthed. Many cultivators reached new heights after obtaining these legacies, exceeding their peak and reaching even the unravelled void or the returned void realm!

Slowly but surely, the mysterious veil concealing the truth of the land was being lifted. Small burial mounds were located on the fringes, while behemoth burial mounds stood at the heart of the land, each of them towering like a mountain.

That was where the legacy of the true heavyweights was buried.

A great number of cultivators had been eliminated, leaving only a little more than a hundred thousand. Ten powerful leaders were born among them, and they'd gathered their own followers to use as scouts in the behemoth burial mounds.

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Bam!

On the seventh day, there were finally signs of Lu Yun's closed door cultivation coming to an end. Powerful sword energy soared into the sky, triggering natural phenomena that were as dramatic as those the ancient legacy had triggered.

"Help, little female!" The little nun was about to look in on Lu Yun when a voice wailed at her.

She turned, and her eyes widened in recognition.

"Oh, it's you."

Chapter 422: Silver Moon in the Sky

After crying out for the little nun, the silverback gorilla rushed at her like he was reuniting with a family member. There were several holes through his body, and his shining, silver hair had been dyed crimson. He was in the nascent spirit realm now.

A dozen more cultivators of the same cultivation level chased after him, brandishing immortal swords.

"Help, little miss!!" the gorilla whined when he saw his pursuers catch up. Despite his six-meter-tall body, he quickly made his way to the little nun. Despair and regret crashed down on him when he saw she was alone. "Damn, I've dragged you into this too..."

“Don’t worry, just watch how I teach them a lesson.” A confident look flashed over the little nun’s face. The gorilla had twice saved her back on the Ingress Path, so she wouldn’t sit idly by when he was in danger.

Over the past ten days, she’d been locating and fixing all the flaws she’d left in herself when she first traveled this path. Although she was still a peak nascent spirit cultivator, she’d made tremendous progress from the cultivator she’d once been.

“Oh? Look at the immortal light surging to the sky, there’s a burial mound here!” The cultivators chasing after the silverback gorilla came to a halt. They didn’t consider the little nun, a mere nascent spirit cultivator, a threat. The burial mound was far more important to them.

“What a great opportunity! Just look at this surging sword qi, the heritage of a powerful sword immortal must be here! Junior sister, since we’re both humans, we’ll let you go if you walk away now.”

The leader of the group was a peak nascent spirit cultivator as well. His gaze was as sharp as his sword, and his presence inspired dread in others. After all, only the best of the best had survived to this point.

The little nun took a step forward and shielded both the gorilla and the mouth of the cave. “Just for that courtesy, I’ll extend the same to you. Leave now, and I’ll let you off the hook.”

Swoosh!

“...what?! You asked for this!” The man’s sword energy reached the little nun as soon as he finished talking.

Clink!

The girl raised her hand and blocked the attack with a crescent of silver moon.

“Hypocrite,” scoffed the little nun, advancing and slashing at the man with her crescent. She may be young, but she was extraordinarily experienced. She knew that if she walked away now, these people would ambush her.

The wounds on the silverback gorilla were explanation enough; he’d only been injured so seriously because he’d been ambushed.

“She’s good!” The cultivator bore the brunt of her attack head-on and staggered back, his arms going numb.

“Call in reinforcements!” snarled the leader.

However, that wasn’t really necessary. The surging sword qi in the cave had already attracted the attention of many cultivators. A good number of them had come to the area and were lurking about, observing the situation before making a move.

Quite a few in the dark world used the radiance from the burial mounds as bait to kill cultivators.

All of these cultivators were on the same side. As soon as the leader called out, a good number of them encircled the girl and the gorilla.

“We need the plant in the gorilla’s hand, kill it!” transmitted the leader. They’d been doggedly chasing after the gorilla because it’d acquired a great treasure. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of slashes coalesced into one enormous patch and slammed into girl and monster like a descending mountain.

The gorilla snarled furiously and readied himself to charge them, but the little nun pushed him away.

Hum.

A silver moon emerged over her head and her bun unraveled, scattering her hair down like a waterfall.

“Open!” she declared. The moonlight radiating from the silver moon rebounded the sword energy away like it was a physical thing.

“That’s the combat art of the Yue Clan from the Nephrite Major! Is she a member of the Yues?” cried out bystanders in the vicinity. The crescent moon hanging in the air signified the full activation of the Yue Clan bloodline. There were very few in the clan that could reach such heights.

“A member of my Yue Clan? Why have I never seen her before?” a Yue Clan cultivator said with great confusion. “But the nascent spirit manifestation over her head does belong to our clan. Is she a genius that the clan’s been secretly raising?”

Currently, the little nun faced a hundred cultivators on her own with a crescent moon hovering above her.

“It looks like this isn’t a trap. Let’s use this chance and make a grab for the legacy in the burial mound!” Onlookers could resist their urges no longer and sprang to action.

There were a lot of burial mounds in this land, but it wasn’t easy to excavate them. Someone had even been bitten to death after unearthing a zombie from a burial mound. The surging immortal light, however, told them that the legacy buried here had already been unearthed. All of the cultivators rushed toward the cave, abandoning their reservations.

“Your master is cultivating in that cave, big gorilla. Stop them from getting in.” The little nun threw a healing pill at the gorilla, who took it with a shudder when the words registered.

That one was cultivating inside the cave? Isn’t this a burial mound?

Regardless, he quickly swallowed the pill and took a giant iron rod out of his storage treasure before rushing into the cave, preparing to drive the intruders away. He’d only been running away because he’d been seriously injured after an ambush; the pill was enough to heal eighty percent of his injuries. Swinging his giant iron rod, he swept the cultivators rushing in backward.

“Grrr!!” Howling, he expanded rapidly into a giant monster roughly forty meters tall, blocking the way in. Although there were formations guarding the cave, Lu Yun was most likely in closed door cultivation and thus not to be disturbed. Therefore, the gorilla blocked the entry with its body.

“Get out of the way, Yuan Tong,” spoke a chilling voice.

The silverback gorilla stared at the woman who’d spoken, its expression turning into one of adoration.

Tall and slim, the woman reached nine feet in height. Her silver hair glowed under the moonlight emitting from the little nun's moon. She was absolutely stunning, and her silver eyes shone coldly bright as the stars when they settled on Yuan Tong, her gaze chilling.

"Siversnow..." Yuan Tong muttered.

"Get out of the way, or die." This woman was the top genius and greatest beauty of the silverback gorilla race, even with killing intent streaked through her gaze.

It was staggering humiliation that Yuan Tong had become the mount of a human during the first round. Now, he was going so far as to help the human fight other cultivators! Siversnow was prepared to kill him for his actions.

"I won't!" Yuan Tong clenched his teeth with a firm shake. "On the Ingress Path, master gave me pills and guided my cultivation. I am nothing but a discarded pawn to the clan, and no one has ever given me anything! This time, if the Silvermoon Wolfking hadn't taken a shine to me, I wouldn't even have had a chance to participate in the Sovereign Meet!"

The Wolfking was now Qing Han's pet.

"Then die!"

Bam!

Siversnow turned into her true form and swung a giant fist at Yuan Tong's head.

Chapter 423: Testing the Technique

Within a patch of vitality in the land of darkness, a three-foot-long wolf radiating silver moonlight lifted her head in confusion.

"Strange, I sense the ripples of my tribe's combat arts nearby. Is there another Silvermoon Wolfking here?" The little wolf stood up and cast an inquisitive gaze into the distance.

Next to her, Qing Han put away the dao book in her hand and followed the wolf's gaze.

"It is indeed the combat arts of the Silvermoon Wolfkings, but whoever using it has disguised it as the bloodline power of the Yue Clan." Qing Han cocked his head and hummed bemusedly. "It must be a strange talent that can replicate other people's combat arts."

The silver wolf shook its furry head. "Aren't you going to look for your sidekick, master?"

"No." Qing Han shook her head firmly. "Opportunities abound in this land. This is the perfect chance for him to grow stronger. If I seek him out, he'll just give me all the treasures he finds. So no, I'm quite happy staying here."

The Silvermoon Wolfking looked at him in confusion. What was so bad about being given treasure?

"I know he's had his fair share of great encounters, and he's more talented than most cultivators in our world. However, our world is vast, and there are many worlds apart from our own. No one can predict the future."

"I saw many great geniuses when I restored the path of cultivation," Qing Han murmured at the book in his hand. "Some had already glimpsed the void realm, but kept their cultivation in check because of the severed path ahead of them. Now that the void realm has been restored, the elites who've been laying low all these years will be reemerging as well.

"What he has is not enough, it's far from enough... Lu Yun needs more opportunities to further his potential if he's to realize his dream.

"The current me will only be an obstacle in that pursuit. Not even Mo Yi is unrivaled in this world. If there's one of her, there will be more of her. Lu Yun is powerful, but he's far from being on her level."

The Silvermoon Wolfking stared at Qing Han in abject shock. Finally, she'd realized that her master was Qing Han, and his sidekick was Lu Yun!

Since Qing Han had made the wolf her loyal pet, there was no harm in letting the wolf learn her true identity. Besides, they were currently residing in the blind spot of the Sovereign Ranking in the sky. Even the immortals in Destiny City couldn't see the two of them.

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In front of the cave.

Silversnow's attacks broke open wounds that had just knit together, but Yuan Tong didn't fight back. Instead, he clenched his jaw against the pain and stubbornly blocked the entrance, his eyes tender as they settled on the female gorilla.

"Die!" Silversnow snapped, manifesting a sparkling golden club and swinging it at Yuan Tong.

"Out of the way!" The little nun intervened just in time. The silver moon above her head shone even more intensely, and the bloodline power concealing it shattered. A silver wolf bathed in moonlight howled and leapt in a powerful strike.

"No!" Yuan Tong panicked when he saw the girl's blow.

Bam!

Moonlight blasted Silversnow's giant body backward, sending her crashing heavily to the ground.

"Don't worry, I know you have feelings for her. I checked my strength accordingly." Her robes fluttering, the little girl's black locks streamed in the air and an immortal sword hovered around her.

"That combat art... You aren't from the Yue Clan. You're a Silvermoon Wolfking!" A disbelieving clamor arose from the monster spirits circling the area.

"Impossible! How can she be a Silvermoon Wolfking?" General disbelief and incredulity reigned. The little nun was clearly human, yet when the disguise shrouding her combat art fell away and she'd tapped into her true power, it was clear that she was using the signature combat arts of the Silvermoon Wolfkings!

"Who are you?!" roared a giant black wolf.

The little nun stood before Yuan Tong and the cave, looking around coldly at the cultivators in the area.

The crowd was growing bigger. As time went by, there were increasingly fewer burial mounds for cultivators to raid. Every time there was a burst of immortal light, bloodshed would follow. More than a thousand people had gathered here in no time. The little nun paled slightly at the size of the assembly she faced.

“Speak!” the refined spirit realm wolf roared again. “Who. Are. You?!”

“Shut up!” With a single point, the girl sent her flying sword at the black wolf and pierced a hole between its brows.

Thud!

The mountainous wolf collapsed to the ground. Its Life Glyph flew out of its body and sank into the Sovereign Ranking. She’d eliminated a refined spirit realm elite with a single attack!

“She’s so strong! She killed a refined spirit realm monster in one move!” Cultivators in the nearby vicinity sucked in stunned breaths and fell silent.

“Whoever sticks their neck out,” declared the little nun coolly, “dies.”

The sword next to her exploded with sword light amidst a penetrating dragon howl that swept the area. Then, the silver moon above her head merged with the sword light to form... a cerulean dragon!

Vast Dragon Seaturner!

That was the first of Lu Yun’s original sword techniques!

“Wait, that’s one of Lu Yun’s techniques!” Her demonstration alarmed the crowd into instant petrification; they’d all witnessed the might of the Vast Dragon Seaturner before. Lu Yun had employed it to kill an august immortal back in the Dusk Tournament.

“What’s your relationship with Lu Yun of Dusk Province?!” demanded one of the cultivators.

“Lu Yun and I?” The little nun puffed out her chest with a proud smile. “I’m his dao partner! Well... in the future...”

“Lu Yun’s dao partner, hmm...” Many looked at her and committed her appearance to memory.

“No wonder Lu Yun himself didn’t come,” someone grumbled. “He sent his dao partner on his behalf.”

“Dammit! The light from the cave is dimming, someone’s collecting the heritage!”

“Ignore this witch. Shatter the mountain with everything you’ve got!” someone immediately roared. “Each to their own for the opportunity inside!”

This was patently the leader of the group. As soon as he finished giving orders, a few dozen slashes slammed into the mountain behind the little nun.

“Come on!” The others quickly followed suit when one had taken the lead. Thousands of sword slashes criss-crossed the sky, descending upon the dark mountain like locusts swarming the crops.

A loud rumble roared from the mountain as ugly cracks spiderwebbed through its surface.

“What a hard mountain. Again!” came a furious roar, followed by another wave of attacks.

“Damn, we need to get out of here!” Color draining from her face, the little nun punted Yuan Tong out of danger and dodged out of the way.

The attacks would hit both her and Yuan Tong this time. She might be able to defeat all the cultivators if she charged into them, but sitting there and facing the concerted attack of more than a thousand cultivators would surely destroy her.

Bam! ...crackcrackcrack.

The giant mountain crumbled into pieces.

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“I was looking for a target to test my new technique on,” a voice muttered from the ruins of the mountain. “How nice of you all to oblige.”

Chapter 424: Might of the Sword Atlas

The voice wasn't loud, but all the cultivators present were powerful enough to hear it.

“Someone's in there!”

“You in there, surrender the ancient legacy!” They hollered demands with eyes glinting of avarice, wanting nothing but to make the legacy their own. Here in the land of darkness, ancient legacies granted cultivators an edge over everyone else and could make them the leader of a small group.

The ‘immortal light’ had just faded, so the heritage must have just been unearthed and not yet refined. They still had a chance to lay hands on it!

Though there were countless burial mounds and thus innumerable legacies here, that didn't mean everyone could acquire one.

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“Ancient legacy?” Lu Yun paused. Ah, he finally knew what was going on.

Over the past ten days, he'd refined a thousand and eighty flying swords into a sword atlas. At the precise moment the atlas was completed, it'd sent sword energy soaring into the sky, unimpeded by even the mountain over his head.

“Er, all of them are spirit realm cultivators. It seems that a lot of things have happened during my closed door cultivation.” Lu Yun took a good look at the cultivators outside. They'd all formed their nascent spirits, and the strongest of them had ascended to the transformed spirit realm.

“A little life core cultivator. It's rather fortunate for someone of your level to have survived to this point!” The cultivators sighed in relief when they checked Lu Yun's cultivation.

It was fortunate that whoever had discovered the legacy wasn't as perverse as the little nun. This young man wouldn't be a threat, no matter how talented he was. Only geniuses could've survived to this point. Even if the young man had great potential, his lackluster cultivation meant he'd fallen behind.

“He’s latched on to the thigh of Lu Yun’s dao partner,” someone mocked when he saw Lu Yun’s befuddled face. “Tsk tsk, no wonder he’s survived to this point.”

“Lu Yun’s dao partner?” Deadpanning, Lu Yun turned and looked at the little nun.

Her face was pale from narrowly dodging the previous attack, but she straightened her back and flashed a proud look when she heard the cultivator’s words.

Lu Yun slapped his forehead.

“Master, why are you still in the life core realm?” Yuan Tong pulled a long face.

“Since when did I become your master?” Lu Yun glowered. He hadn’t planned to make the gorilla his spirit pet; it’d simply been a useful mount on the Ingress Path.

He hadn’t even thought about looking for the gorilla once they’d arrived in the central world. Why would the spirit monster return to him and call him master? Was he such a masochist that he wanted to be someone’s ride?

Yuan Tong pulled a pitiful face.

“So you’re Qing Yu’s Sidekick, the one who killed many contestants before reaching this round!” someone recognized him.

In the last stretch of the Ingress Path, Lu Yun had fought the divines and thrown many of them into the Blood Sea, earning himself a formidable reputation. Many had thought he must’ve already recovered to his peak and become one of the greatest in this land, but... here he was, still a core realm cultivator.

“Ten lords are more than enough for this world. We don’t need another leader... Kill him!” growled the transformed spirit realm cultivator.

Although Lu Yun was merely a life core cultivator, he’d more than proven himself before. Though it was a mystery why he hadn’t already ascended to higher realms, given enough time, he was bound to rise in power.

“Kill!” echoed the cultivators around the transformed spirit cultivator. Just as they’d attacked the little nun and shattered the mountain earlier, they sent another thousand slashes at Lu Yun.

“Get out of the way!” the little nun yelled with a pale face. Even she would be disintegrated if she was hit by such a concerted attack.

“I said I’d test my technique on you. I’ll make full use of this opportunity since you’ve arrived on my doorstep!” A faint smile tugged at his lips.

With a wave of his hand, an atlas unfurled with a gracious swoosh and released a thousand and eighty flying swords. With another wave of his hand, the flying swords and atlas simultaneously rushed toward the dense thicket of sword rays.

A sword atlas was comprised of sword intent, rather than embodied by a physical atlas. There were very few in the long history of the world who were able to form their sword intent in only the core realm. Not

even Lu Yun had managed to achieve such a feat back then. Thus, the Sword Atlas had been a combat art that'd gone extinct.

The Thousand Sword Immortal had been a peerless immortal when he passed on, and not even he had deployed the combat art to its limit. His mediocre fame had resulted in his legacy being buried in an unassuming burial mound on the fringes of the central world.

Lu Yun had manifested an atlas with his cosmic sword sea and incorporated a thousand and eighty flying swords into it, tapping into the power of the combat art.

Endless Cosmic Ocean!

This was also the debut of his fourth sword technique, its first appearance in the public eye. Its full power required the manipulation of a hundred and eight thousand swords at the same time; this attack had tapped into only a hundredth of its power.

Bam!

An earth-shattering explosion rocked the air as the sword atlas instantly dispersed all of the light descending upon Lu Yun.

Pah!

Flying swords were directly connected to one's nascent spirit. The impact left many cultivators reeling and throwing up blood. Lu Yun's face paled, and blood streaked down from the corner of his mouth.

"He's hurt. Let us—gah!" A cultivator's bloodthirsty howl was interrupted by another upwelling of blood. He collapsed to the ground, exhaling his last breath.

He was dead!

One after another, the weaker cultivators toppled to the ground under the impact. Meanwhile, Lu Yun calmly took out a pill and popped it into his mouth.

"He... he!" the transformed spirit cultivator spoke up in shock. "He wasn't collecting an ancient legacy. The sword light was triggered by him practicing a combat art! Run!"

Scared witless by Lu Yun's demonstration of power, the speaker jumped onto a sword and fled. Equally intimidated by the observation, the other cultivators scattered in all directions.

"Kill!!" Yuan Tong raised his iron rod to rush after them, but the little nun yanked it back by the scruff of its neck.

"Why aren't we going after them?" the gorilla asked, blinking in confusion.

Lu Yun shot him a look. "I need time to recover!"

Chapter 425: Dragon King

Though the Sword Atlas was heaven-defying, Lu Yun was still in the life core realm at the end of the day. Meeting the attacks of more than a thousand spirit realm cultivators—and geniuses at that—head-on had left him with severe injuries.

After killing the weaker cultivators, he'd ascended to origin core realm. With the combat art successfully mastered, the ascension didn't matter much anymore.

Three days passed before Lu Yun fully recovered from his exertions. Yuan Tong, the silverback gorilla, looked at him with puppy dog eyes when he ended his seclusion.

"What's its deal?" Lu Yun threw the gorilla a confused look. Why does it look at me like I've wronged it?

"It's worried that you might abandon it," sighed the little nun. "It betrayed its tribe three days ago in order to protect you."

"Betrayed its tribe?" Lu Yun's eyes shot wide with surprise. "Your body is still in the outside world!"

Lu Yun had found the gorilla's tracks when he was looking for Qing Han, but he hadn't sought the spirit creature out. They'd left their physical bodies outside, and there'd be consequences from their time in here to deal with once they returned.

"My physical body is with the Wolfking, rather than my tribe," Yuan Tong pouted. "Don't abandon me!"

The pitiful look it cast raised goosebumps all over Lu Yun's body. "Fine, fine, you're with me."

"Thank you, master!" Joy swept away its earlier despondence.

Back in Destiny City, all monster spirits of the silver bloodline shot hostile looks at the silverback gorillas, who in turn were scowling deeply.

"Wolfking!" a silverback gorilla called out to the old wolfking.

"The silver bloodline doesn't have many descendents," boomed the old wolf.

"Then please return our traitor to us!" forced out a glowering silverback elder through clenched teeth.

Yuan Tong had publicly betrayed them, seeking out humiliation as bad as being slapped in the face!

The silverback gorillas had joined the banner of the Levitating Island Sacred Land, and their new leader was so hostile to the human race that it even forbade monster spirits from taking human form. However, Yuan Tong had willingly sided with a human cultivator for all to see. Unlike the young wolfking, it hadn't even been enslaved! That was beyond unacceptable for the silverback gorillas.

"We'll wait for when they return from the Sovereign Ranking." The old wolfking maintained an impassive expression, but its green eyes kept shifting in the direction of Jadeite Manor. If they could kill that Qing Yu, then their young wolfking would have a chance to regain her freedom as well!

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It'd been twenty days since the start of the second round, and this segment would be over in another ten days. During the last stretch of the competition, the cultivators grew even fiercer in eliminating their competition.

Those who had survived to this point were mostly divided into various factions. The ten most powerful of the factions were the ones led by the ten lords.

As time went by, many recovered to their peak cultivation and found it extremely difficult to improve further. Thus, vying for heritages and opportunities became mainstream strategy.

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Another three days passed.

Lu Yun and the little nun maintained their original cultivation—origin core and nascent spirit realm, respectively. They were in no rush to break through.

Meanwhile, the silverback gorilla had made a dramatic leap in cultivation, exceeding even its original level and reaching the refined spirit realm. Its potential was immense, as it was able to go tit-for-tat against transformed spirit cultivators while it was still in the nascent spirit realm.

Most cultivators were working toward restoring their cultivation and recovering their full strength, but very few had been able to further ascend like Yuan Tong had.

Over the past three days, the three of them had unearthed some ancient legacies, which was how Yuan Tong had broken through. Lu Yun had also refined its iron rod and turned it into a permanent weapon, rather than the cheap expandable it'd been.

The ancient legacies might seem valuable, but they weren't of any help to Lu Yun. Still, he divided the legacies between himself and the little nun. He didn't have any use for them now, but that might not be the case in the future.

"Are you going to stop looking?" the little nun asked curiously, looking at Lu Yun's calm face.

Lu Yun paused. "Looking for what?"

"Qing Yu," the little nun responded like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Your lover."

"Lover..." Lu Yun grew embarrassed.

"It was so obvious with the way you kept throwing flirty looks at each other," the little nun giggled.

"Your companion is actually a woman, isn't she?"

Lu Yun nodded.

"So you're not gonna look for her anymore?" The little girl had been wondering about that for a while. In the beginning, Lu Yun had been doing nothing but look for Qing Yu. Now, though, it was as if he'd forgotten all about her.

"I'm not." Lu Yun shook his head and smiled wryly. "She's been hiding from me, so I can't ruin what she's trying to do for me."

Qing Han knew what Lu Yun was thinking, and the inverse was true as well.

With Empress Myrtlestar personally guiding her and the Dao Flower marking her as the only Dao Sovereign beneath the immortal dao, she was no less powerful than Lu Yun. Nothing in this world would be able to threaten her, so Lu Yun wasn't concerned for her safety.

“I don’t get you two,” the little nun mumbled and then flashed a sweet grin. “Lu Yun and I would never do that to each other!”

Lu Yun did a mental eyeroll.

“A silverback gorilla with the silver bloodline travelling with two human slaves?” The sound of swords piercing through air rang out as a few cultivators landed in front of the gorilla from the sky.

“There’s still core realm cultivators even now? How rare! Are you one of the Monster Lord’s?” asked a humanoid cultivator.

“Monster Lord?” Confusion flashed through the gorilla’s eyes.

“Ho? You’re not? Take them down then!” Seven transformed spirit realm cultivators moved to capture Lu Yun and the others. They didn’t take their quarry seriously, since the gorilla, the most powerful of the group, was merely a refined spirit realm cultivator. These three were otherwise as weak as insects.

Wham!

To their shock, Yuan Tong manifested a silver rod and knocked them off their feet with a single sweep, then took a step forward and slammed it down on one of their heads.

Bam!

The transformed spirit realm cultivator’s head exploded like a rotten watermelon.

“Don’t you dare!!” the other cultivators called out in panic. “We serve the Dragon Lord! You can’t hurt us!”

“Dragon Lord or Pathetic Worm Lord, you’ll die for insulting my master!” Yuan Tong advanced again, prepared to kill the six surviving cultivators.

“Wait!” Lu Yun stepped in. “Who’s this Dragon Lord you’re talking about?”

“We serve the Dragon Lord, one of the ten lords of the Sovereign Realm,” one of the cultivators declared haughtily, his tone dripping with venom. “If you dare get on our lord’s wrong side, you’ll be decimated even after you leave the Sovereign Realm!”

Chapter 426: Great Opportunity

Lu Yun tilted his head.

Bam!

Yuan Tong’s staff flattened the man into the ground like minced meat, terrifying the others out of their minds and leaving them scrambling to flee. However, Yuan Tong was too quick for them. It dashed about like a silvery shadow, collecting, then dumping the remaining six in a heap.

“That silverback gorilla is so strong!” The six transformed spirit cultivators paled in terror.

“Out with it. Dragon Lord? Sovereign World? What’s going on here?” Though he’d been here for twenty-three days already, Lu Yun had spent most of that time looking for people and cultivating. He’d barely run into anyone, much less talked to them.

Evidently, the initial chaos and infighting had subsided. Most of the cultivators had formed factions and now interacted with each other in that manner. However, the title of 'Dragon Lord' was peculiarly surprising.

Once upon a time, the dragons had nine kings—immortal emperors, all. Anyone who styled themselves 'lord of dragons' nowadays certainly had guts. Plus, wasn't this the central world? When did it become the Sovereign World?

"The Dragon Lord is one of the strongest existences here in the Sovereign World, more than worthy of his lordly title! He's already a half-step returned void expert!" The six cultivators quickly babbled out everything they knew. Naturally, nothing they said was a secret.

The 'Sovereign World' name came from the fact that this continent was nameless and unknown. Therefore, the cultivators had borrowed the Sovereign Ranking's name.

The ten kings were the strongest cultivators here. In addition to obtaining tremendously precious opportunities, they'd all reached at least unravelled void realm.

Ten great factions had formed around them as a result, and each commanded the allegiance of several thousand more cultivators. The ten lords had then swept across the Sovereign World, unearthing graves for the immortal heritages within.

Naturally, their original peers from the outside formed the bulk of their respective underlings. Anyone unrelated who joined them would only be treated as cannon fodder.

The half-dozen cultivators at Lu Yun's mercy were the Dragon Lord's subordinates. They roamed the Sovereign World to look for graves and tombs, as well as coerce lone cultivators into the service of their lord.

"Immortal tombs? So this place has more than just graves, huh?" The mention of tombs piqued Lu Yun's interest.

"The outskirts of the Sovereign World are a huge graveyard over thirty thousand kilometers across. After you cross that distance, tombs start showing up!" one of them answered honestly. "Several of their honors have already gone in deeper for them."

Immortal tombs were far more dangerous than burial mounds. Looking for more cannon fodder was the main reason these people had come here, as there were many smaller groups scattered about who didn't wish to follow the ten lords. All of the contestants were highly self-assured geniuses; plenty of them were too proud to listen to the orders of others.

The ten kings themselves came from highly distinguished backgrounds. The 'Dragon Lord', for example, hailed from the Unselfish Sea.

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After all was said and done, Yuan Tong got rid of the cultivators by eliminating them.

"Will you increase your cultivation now, master?" the simian asked worriedly. If unravelled void cultivators were on the table, Lu Yun's current level wouldn't be quite enough anymore.

“There’s no need,” Lu Yun shook his head. “The key to the second round of the Sovereign Ranking is for us to start from the beginning and train ourselves. Excessively increasing our cultivation runs somewhat counter to that goal.”

After his most recent experiences, he saw the intent of the Sovereign Meet more clearly.

The Path of Ingress, the Blood Sea, and now the so-called Sovereign World were all trials meant to hone the cultivators’ skills. In particular, plenty of time was given for them to relive the finer details of the previous realms they’d traveled through.

Lu Yun’s own cultivation came largely from the goodwill collected by the Sal Tree of Life and Death. Essentially, he’d only ever experienced exponential levels of overnight growth and had never had a chance to appreciate the minutiae of each realm.

Although his foundations were exceptionally stable and perfect thanks to goodwill, he’d gained far more from his time over the past few days than could be fully vocalized. From golden core to transformed spirit, each gradation in minor realm was intrinsically related to the cultivation that would come thereafter.

The little daoist girl had come to a similar conclusion, so she was in no rush, either.

None of that applied to Yuan Tong. All of its strength was imbued within its remarkable physique. The higher its cultivation rose, the stronger its body became.

“Come, let’s take a look at the tombs deeper in. I’d like to know who’s buried in them.”

If origin dao immortal bones were strewn about like debris, and genius heritages were buried in mounds... what more would the tombs hold?

The trio embarked as soon as the decision was made. Their way inward was barred by a number of misshapen mountains. All of the peaks looked too misshapen and peculiar to be naturally formed. Some had already been broken open, while others had piles of cultivator corpses out front.

“All of these are burial mounds for immortals,” remarked Lu Yun.

“These mountains are burial mounds? No way!” The little girl was incredulous.

“The immortals buried in them are too important for their graves, so their resentment turned the mounds into mountains.”

Indeed, Myriad Formation Summit had fit that description as well.

“Hold on!” Lu Yun began connecting the dots. “If Myriad Formation Summit fell from the sky... could it have come from here?”

He drew a sharp, hesitant breath as he took in the mounds jutting into the sky.

“That happened five thousand years ago. So did Levitating Island, plus a few other landmarks elsewhere in the world...” The young man furrowed his brow and cast his gaze all around, paying closer attention to the geography and feng shui.

Myriad Formation Summit hadn't contained any heritage whatsoever, only a Resurrection Formation, whereas Levitating Island had contained Su Xiaoxiao's yin-yang dual tomb. Alas, his observations came up cold. This place was nothing more than a huge graveyard, after all.

Rrrrrgk!

Suddenly, a thunderous rumble came from deep within the Sovereign World. The entire ground began trembling and Lu Yun nearly blacked out at the shock. The little girl and Yuan Tong were worse off: they were knocked straight out.

A huge pillar of immortal light blasted into the sky. Light from burial mounds that'd been unearthed before couldn't possibly hold a candle to this fiery radiance.

The whole world shook in trepidation, and countless people glanced in that direction.

"A true opportunity has finally appeared." A peak unravelled void cultivator suddenly stood up, then rushed toward the light as a streak of his own.

"Has someone managed to open the tomb at the heart of the world?" More than ten thousand cultivators independently followed suit.

Seven days remained before the end of round two. Everyone intuited the boundless opportunity the light held; this would be the last wave of eliminations before the next round!

Chapter 427: Ten Lords

A shower of swords streaked across the sky, drawing silvery trails like ephemeral comets. The ten lords led the pack, heading toward the light at top speed. Undercurrents flowed and ebbed in the Sovereign World.

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"Why aren't you going for that big opportunity over there?!" Blood trickled down the corner of the little girl's mouth and she couldn't hide her anxiety. The pillar of light just now had released a tremendous amount of power and an enormous aftershock. Frankly, their relative proximity to it had hurt them quite seriously.

Lu Yun was the only one unhurt. Though he was in the life core realm, his strength surpassed his cultivation. For the current him, there was little difference between the core and void realms. Similarly, he saw no significant distinction between internal energy and mystical force.

His state of being had surpassed the Sovereign Ranking's shackles. Though his body was formed by a Life Glyph, he'd been one of the first to become cognizant of that and determine which was the real him. The Life Glyph had then become an aid to help him fully understand the few realms he'd so easily skipped before.

"If I leave now, passersby will kill both of you for sure," said Lu Yun. He pointed at a few nearby corpses for proof. They belonged to the would-be ambushers he had killed just now.

"But..." The girl nearly passed out again from overexertion.

“Focus on getting better and don’t worry about the other stuff.” Lu Yun reassured her with a wave of his hand.

The little girl sat down obediently. A few pills later, she began patching herself up. She’d stood guard over him for thirteen days; he wasn’t just going to leave her here.

I wonder if Qing Han will be there... Lu Yun murmured, gazing at the light in the distance.

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“I didn’t mean to do this!” The Silvermoon Wolfking wanted to cry. She stared at the thing before her, back in the form of a silver-haired girl—albeit stunned and confused.

An ivory longsword floated serenely in midair, the source of the blinding pillar of light. Previously, Qing Han and the Wolfking had been in a vibrant oasis filled with life. After the ivory sword appeared, everything was consumed by the immortal light—the membrane of the microcosm they were in was broken, allowing the darkness outside to flood in.

Panic was written all over the Wolfking’s face. The only thing she’d done was kill a skeleton that had wandered in. She didn’t expect such a huge commotion to come of it!

“Don’t blame yourself, this is all because of me.” Qing Han stood up, her eyes fixated upon the ivory longsword. “I cannot take this sword.”

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Outside, they were already surrounded by a dense throng of cultivators. Ten imposing figures hovered at the highest point in the air, coldly looking down at everything below. They couldn’t see Qing Han or the Silvermoon Wolfking, of course.

The two of them were deep inside a tomb. The tomb was cracked, and the minor world they were in was ruined, but not fully destroyed.

“There are still eighty thousand cultivators here. Too many.” One of the ten suddenly declared. “What think you, gentlemen?”

“Kill.” Another followed coolly. “Kill anyone who isn’t one of ours.”

“Well said!” The rest nodded in consensus. The ten lords didn’t need to dirty their own hands. As soon as the decision was made, their underlings began cleaning out the rest of the cultivators.

“Oh no! Everybody, run for it!” Their marked prey paled and scattered.

“Please, Monster Lord! I am willing to serve!” A monster spirit cultivator shouted loudly.

“Too late.” The Monster Lord wasn’t in humanoid form. As a monster, its leonine body burned in the air like a golden sun.

Boom!

An innumerable amount of attacks slammed into the monster cultivator, reducing him to dust. Many cultivators felt their hearts freeze.

“Run!” A great slaughter began amidst startled shrieks and screams.

The ten lords’ followers were more than enough to eliminate the fleeing cultivators with trivial ease. The lords themselves were as strong as the world allowed them to be. Though their subordinates became stronger by eliminating others left and right, their lords were unsurpassable.

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The Sovereign World’s proceedings were broadcast to all of Destiny City through the Ranking.

“It looks like the top ten are already settled. Surely, it must be the ten lords!”

“The Five Youth Sovereigns are history. The ten lords are the future of our world!”

“Those so-called ‘Youth Sovereigns’ were just a flash in the pan. They didn’t last long, after all.” Many important immortals sighed as they watched.

The ten lords all came from exceptionally strong factions in the immortal world. They had incomparable backing and patronage, enough to make any potential retribution from their slaughter inside the Sovereign World a joke.

Notably, neither Wu Tulong, Mo Qitian, nor Zi Chen were among the ten lords!

They were contestants in the Sovereign Ranking, but had made no name for themselves whatsoever beyond that. It was an incredibly stark contrast to their proud performance three years prior. Indeed, they’d been forced to join a human lord’s side just to survive. Rather inconceivable, considering their participation in the restoration of the Dao Flower.

“It’s too bad about the young Wolfking. If that human hadn’t enslaved her, there’d be one more.” Many monster spirits lamented their brethren genius’s fate. If not for Qing Yu, the Wolfking would no doubt have risen to the top as another lord. But her inexperience in cultivation held her back. At the Dao Flower’s bloom, she had only just reached nascent spirit.

“Hold on, where is the Wolfking, anyway? Where is that Qing Yu?” Someone voiced their bewilderment. The images from the ranking didn’t show them to be anywhere, but their names remained upon the ranking proper. They were still in the second round!

“Look, the Sovereign World is shrinking!” another yelled in surprise.

Indeed, the Sovereign World’s boundaries were contracting. The borderlands and burial mounds gradually sank into infinite darkness as the Path of Ingress that had led them there broke off its connection.

The shrinking world forced many cultivators out of hiding, necessitating that they take on the ten lords’ subordinates. The result was decimatingly bloody. None could escape the destiny of being eliminated, although they did take quite a few enemies with them.

As time went on, the number of cultivators in the Sovereign World dwindled. Some very strong cultivators were forced to step forward in opposition to the ten lords.

However, the lords themselves didn't budge an inch. They waited with bated breath and eager anticipation for the tomb's ancient heritage to finally appear. The widening crack on the tomb released increasing amounts of glittering light. Through the radiance, they could see an ivory sword—and two figures beside it.

Chapter 428: The Sword of Dao

The silver-haired girl that was the Silvermoon Wolfking looked at Qing Han in surprise.

"Why?" Why not pick up the treasure when it was right there?

"This is the Sword of Dao. Once I pick it up, I will no longer be myself." Silver flashed through Qing Han's eyes when they settled on the sword.

Picking it up would subsume her emotions and everything that made her an individual. She would become nothing more than the Dao Sovereign, governed by the immortal dao. In the end, she would become... its will.

This was a trap for Qing Han.

"Anyone who wants it is welcome to it." Qing Han went back to reading her book. The girl transformed back into a little wolf and snuggled up to the human.

The will of the Dao Flower thrummed through Qing Han, urging her to take the sword and become the true dao sovereign. However, there also seemed to be a counterforce at the same time, keeping the will from overly influencing the disguised girl.

Jadeite Manor, Destiny City.

Ge Long opened his eyes and yawned leisurely, a black figure flashing through his gaze.

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"Strange, why are my injuries worsening, rather than healing?" Yuan Tong had healed completely, while the little nun's complexion remained sickly and her presence weakened by every passing minute.

"You've suffered a dao injury in your nascent spirit." Black light flashed through Lu Yun's eyes as he carefully scanned her condition, his brows furrowed. "Did you try recording the immortal light with your nascent spirit?!" His head snapped up in shock when understanding struck him.

The little nun's unique nascent spirit showed great potential. Anything she saw, she could copy with her nascent spirit. That was how she was able to use Lu Yun's Vast Dragon Seaturner and the Silvermoon Wolfking's natural talent. She'd managed to record many ancient legacies from the beams of immortal light that soared from the burial mounds in the Sovereign World.

However, this particular one was too powerful. The little nun failed to record the legacy, and instead suffered a dao injury in her nascent spirit.

"I..." the little nun despaired. "Does that mean I'm dying...? I'm going to be eliminated?"

Clatter! Without further ado, she promptly dumped out all of the ancient legacies she'd acquired during the competition and shoved them at Lu Yun.

Lu Yun paused. "What're you doing?"

"I'm doomed in this condition. It's better that you take these, since I can't take them with me!"

Cultivation nurtured during the competition could be brought out with a contestant once they were eliminated, but every item, outside of those they'd taken with them into the competition, would be left behind.

"Doomed?" Lu Yun smiled slightly. "It's just a little dao injury. You'll be fine."

"So some fishies have slipped by us!" a voice growled, followed by a blanket of blinding sword energy descending upon the three of them.

"Void realm!" Lu Yun's heart pounded.

They'd been hiding within a crack in a large burial mound, escaping multiple detections. However, the void realm cultivator had discovered them with a single glance.

It was time- and energy-consuming to set up formations here, so Lu Yun had set up only a simple presence concealing formation, which apparently hadn't been enough to hide them from a void realm cultivator.

"Grrr!" Snarling, the silverback gorilla raised its iron rod and charged at the coming sword energy. Lu Yun kicked it outside.

Bam!

An earth-shattering explosion rocked the area as the burial mound was razed to the ground. Lu Yun glared at their attacker, bleeding hands blocking the coming attack. He hadn't had the time to use any combat arts; in the heat of the moment, he'd wrapped the sword atlas around his hands and raised them to meet the slash.

"How can an origin core cultivator block my attack?!" Tall and burly, the athletically-built void realm cultivator wielded a large, golden glaive and looked at Lu Yun in surprise. Although he'd taken the form of a human, the horn on his head made it apparent that he was a monster spirit.

"So it's a great genius. What a shame that you won't get the chance to go any further. I'll send you outside myself!" Roaring, the monster spirit flourished his sword with the combination of a combat art. His weapon burst into a golden radiance as blinding as the sun; his slash left a deep wound on the very earth, and the excavated burial mound began crumbling.

The little nun reflexively looked up at the sword energy, but Lu Yun quickly covered her eyes. Her nascent spirit had already suffered a serious dao injury. If she tried recording the combat art, not even he would be able to save her.

Swoosh!

With a wave of his hand, an atlas flew out and transformed into a river of sword energy that expanded and filled the air. The powerful slash hit the sword atlas with great ferocity, but sank soundlessly into it like it was an ocean.

“Impossible!!” Expression dark, the monster spirit made another powerful slash at the invisible atlas.

“Die!” Lu Yun trembled, blood streaming down from the corner of his mouth.

He made a hand seal and turned the thousand and eighty flying swords on the atlas into a sword formation; he’d found the way to do this through experimenting over the past few days. The Sword Atlas was highly flexible and could be used to power any combat art or techniques. Lu Yun thus opted for a sword formation, rather than the Endless Cosmic Ocean.

Hum.

The formation activated with a soft whir. In the blink of an eye, the formation rendered the monster spirit into ashes. All the ancient legacies and treasures he’d collected, the golden glaive included, fell to the ground. Lu Yun took them with a wave of his hand.

Then, a thrill passed through his body. Killing a perceived void realm cultivator had pushed his cultivation further into the nascent spirit realm.

“Take this and heal your wounds.” Lu Yun threw a bottle of medicine to the little nun.

It was a medicinal ointment that’d been refined by Su Xiaoxiao before he’d departed for the Sovereign Meet. While it wasn’t a pill, it was more effective than many immortal pills. The girl would be able to fully recover with this medicine.

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“Hm?” By the tomb, a slim figure turned around and looked into the distance. “My brother has been eliminated!” he said with a scowl. “Someone’s hiding in the shadows.”

This was a cultivator clad in purple with a single, gold-violet horn on his head. He was known as the Thunder Lord, one of the ten lords of the realm, and had reached peak unravelled void realm.

“That hidden threat must be removed,” the Monster Lord growled.

The ten lords were rivals, but they’d reached an agreement in order for all of them to enter the final round and would maintain a temporary truce until the third round began. Otherwise, others would be reaping the benefits if they mutually destroyed each other.

“He Ming, find our lurker and kill them,” the Thunder Lord said to one of his subordinates.

“Understood.” The figure departed while the crack on the tomb continued expanding.

Chapter 429.1: Incredible Battle Results

With He Ming’s departure, the Thunder Lord’s attention returned to the tomb before him. He Ming was much stronger than his brother, and his strength was now amplified by an ancient treasure he’d found in a mound earlier.

He was truly a force to be reckoned with.

At the moment, the Thunder Lord didn’t dare leave this place. Once the tomb was fully open, the other nine lords would surely break their prior agreement in a mad brawl for the heritage within. They’d

formed the agreement in the first place only because they'd assumed that no one would be able to break the tomb. No one had expected it to open by itself!

"Who are those two inside the tomb? How can they ignore such a powerful treasure like that?!" The Thunder Lord furrowed his brow and squinted keenly at the two blurry figures coming into view beside the Sword of Dao.

It was a human and a wolf.

"Can they be materializations of spirits attached to the tomb?" No one believed the duo could possibly be cultivators. If they were, why would they neglect the sword beside them in favor of reading?

"Strange..." The Monster Lord was shaken by what it saw, and its aureate pupils dilated in astonishment. "That little wolf... that wolf looks a lot like Silverblaze, the Silvermoon Wolfking."

Silverblaze was the wolfking's real name.

The Monster Lord was a golden lion spirit, royalty of the gold bloodline as the Silvermoon Wolfkings were among the silver bloodline. However, they were far more numerous than their argent brethren. The two tribes were long-time friends, so it was no surprise at all that the Monster Lord would recognize the wolfking.

"Silverblaze? The Silvermoon Wolfking that was tamed by a human?" The Thunder Lord leered in derision. Though he was a monster spirit just like the Monster Lord, the two lords came from different factions. The Thunder Lord hailed from the ten lands, while the Monster Lord was from Levitating Island.

While monster spirits with such differing viewpoints wouldn't erupt into open warfare upon encountering each other, they were far from peaceful with one another.

The Monster Lord looked a little upset. "If that really is Silverblaze," it growled, "the human nearby must be Qing Yu!"

"All of you must have seen the commotion when Qing Yu broke through to the void realm. Though the Dao Flower has disappeared, the phenomena he triggered were far greater than any of ours."

The ten lords didn't owe their invincible statures solely to the opportunities they'd gained. Even before coming here, they were unparalleled experts in their own rights—void realm cultivators baptized by the Dao Flower.

"Why isn't Qing Yu taking the immortal sword, then?" the rest of the lords wondered.

The more the tomb opened, the brighter the light from the Sword of Dao shone. Likewise, Qing Han and Silverblaze's silhouettes sharpened further into focus.

"It really is them!" The Monster Lord rippled with ferocious might and its fur burned in a fiery prominence. "If we kill Qing Yu, Silverblaze will come back to us!"

"Hmm?" The Thunder Lord paled suddenly. "He Ming is dead."

His expression became very ugly indeed. Alas, the temptation of the opportunity here anchored him firmly in place. “Yingye, you and your two brothers go. Take a hundred peak transformed spirit cultivators with you. Be on your guard!”

“Yes, milord.” Three stoic cultivators obeyed the order, departing on three streaks of light.

The three brothers were the strongest experts under the Thunder Lord’s command. They were all peak perceived void cultivators on the threshold of the next realm. Combined, they were stronger than most unravelled void cultivators. There were definitely a few of them hidden out and about, and none of the ten lords wanted to make an enemy of them.

The ten lords had unravelled void subordinates themselves, too. These tended to be their genius kinsmen. The Thunder Lord’s younger brother, for example, had been given a great deal of help to reach the unravelled void realm.

Boom!

Heaven and earth shook violently once more. A second pillar of immortal light blasted into the sky, echoing the brilliance of the first.

“What in the world?!” The ten lords and their underlings turned their heads in amazement.

“Yingye and his brothers are dead... they died right there!” The Thunder Lord pointed at the new light, completely baffled. “Did I get it wrong? Is it not some powerful cultivator after all, but another opportunity?”

He sputtered, frowning. “My younger brother and I have a telepathic link. He did die at a cultivator’s hand... But here... or there?” The two pillars were enough to stir anyone into a frenzy.

The second pillar was less than four hundred kilometers from where they were. For these void realm cultivators, that was no distance at all. Moreover, the new pillar was brighter and more intense; it clearly held the superior heritage.

“I don’t care anymore. I’m going to see what it is for myself!” The Thunder Lord ground his teeth together and hurtled in the direction of the second pillar posthaste.

“This tomb still needs some time to fully open. Let’s go see what’s going on over there!” The rest of the lords shared his idea. They and their underlings streamed over; after all, brighter usually did mean better.

The ten lords were very close to each other in strength. The person who received the strongest heritage would surely surpass the others and become number one on the Sovereign Ranking.

Boooooom!

The shadow of a dao book appeared in the new pillar. Golden runes shimmered upon its pages, imparting marvelous wisdom to their would-be reader.

That was enough to dispel the lords’ remaining reservations and they sprinted toward the second pillar at top speed. The tomb’s heritage hadn’t displayed any such manifestation.

The new heritage was stronger for sure!

“If the ten lords are heading over there, this place will be easy pickings for the rest of us.” After considerable deliberation, the remaining unravelled void cultivators decided to stay behind.

The ten lords were all peak unravelled void realm. Although the ‘rebel’ cultivators were at unravelled void as well, there was a gap between them and the lords. The disinterest in conflict was decidedly mutual. These unravelled void cultivators could hardly hope to outcompete the ten lords, so they’d have to settle for second best.

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“This is a shattered burial mound.” When the lords and their retinues came to the second pillar, they found a mountain that had been dug open.

Blazes of immortal light filled the sky overhead. From the dao book, sounds of scripture recitation could be heard. Plenty of the cultivators who’d arrived on the premises were comforted and soothed by the voices.

“There must be a tomb under the burial mound... the entrance is over there!” Someone spotted a black cavern at the foot of the mound.

“You, go inside and see!” The golden lion who was the Monster Lord threw a human cultivator toward the cave.

The human looked toward his own lord, only to find the man’s face expressionless. Shivering, he walked into the cave and feared for the worst.

Rumble.

There was a high-pitched “Eeeeeeeee!” , then nothing at all.

Chapter 429.2: Incredible Battle Results

“He’s dead.” The Human Lord glanced toward the Sovereign Ranking. The guy they’d sent in was out.

“My younger brother, He Ming, and the Yingye brothers... all of them must’ve died here.” The Thunder Lord’s voice was frigid.

“The Yingye brothers died here, too? Could there be something terrifying down inside?” mused the Human Lord.

“Risk and opportunity often come hand in hand. When we dug open the burial mounds, no shortage of undead confronted us. There must be an especially powerful one here, too,” observed the golden lion. More precisely, he was referring to the skeletons. When the cultivators had first come here, they’d leveled up by hunting down skeletons wholesale.

“I’m going to take a look inside. Who’s with me?” The lion spat out an aureate sphere from its mouth and imperiously swept its gaze across the rest of the lords.

The other nine lords remained noncommittal and didn't answer. Despite their agreement on paper to not contend with each other before the third round, they certainly wouldn't mind an opportunity to eliminate an unwary competitor.

The sphere the Monster Lord had spat out was anathema to all undead. Using it, the golden lion mowed a path through wherever he went; he'd been the first to reach unravelled void, and the first to declare himself a lord.

If there was a ghost or some other such entity beneath the mound, the Monster Lord was confident in remaining unscathed. In fact, he could direct it to attack the others. Snickering, the lion strode into the cave, head held high with aplomb.

"That stupid lion can go on ahead. I doubt the ancient immortal heritage will be his so easily..." the Thunder Lord snarled through gritted teeth.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

A moment later, the cave resounded with a cacophony of deafening noise and angry leonine roars.

"Bastard!" The rest of the lords heard the lion yell. A sparkling shadow flew out of the cave several meters before crashing onto the ground.

"My Aureate Dawn Orb!" the lion yowled, then pounced right back into the cave.

"What... what's going on here, exactly?" The others were thoroughly confused.

Bang!

Before they could fully react, a silver pile flew out from the cave just like the golden lion had a few seconds earlier. This time, it was a six-meter silverback gorilla with huge, rippling arms that extended past its knees.

The gorilla looked quite different from common specimens of its kind. Its fur glowed with a metallic light, and there was a mark upon its forehead in the shape of a crescent moon. Despite its perceived void cultivation, it emitted an incredible aura that rivaled the unravelled void lords'.

"Damn, it's really strong!" complained the gorilla, before it too rushed back into the cave.

The ground began trembling.

Crackoooom!

The cave itself caved in.

"We've got it all wrong! There's no undead inside the burial mound, just that silverback gorilla! It must be responsible for killing Yingye and the others!" The Thunder Lord was the first to realize what'd happened.

“That gorilla just now was Yuan Tong! Traitor to the silverback gorillas!” yelled a silverback gorilla.
“Yuan Tong has defected to Qing Yu’s Sidekick, and is now with a little human nun!”

The speaker was none other than Silversnow, the prettiest and greatest genius of her race.

“Oh, it’s those guys.” The Human Lord glowered. He parted the crumbled rock with a spray of sword light, then charged in as well.

“After them!” The other lords weren’t far behind.

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Qing Han put away the book in her hand and looked at the second pillar of light.

“He knows I’m here,” she murmured.

“Huh?” Silverblaze didn’t understand.

“That’s not immortal light. It’s light from a formation.” Qing Han’s eyes glittered with starlight, a cosmos in them. “It’s a diversion, to attract most of the cultivators there.”

“Should we go help?” Silverblaze brightened and leaped onto Qing Han’s shoulder.

“No need,” the disguised girl shook her head. “The whole of the Sovereign Ranking is just a joke to him. If he wanted to, he could eliminate all of the other cultivators here on the spot.”

The Wolfking’s eyes widened and she gawped at her traveling companion.

Although they’d entered this tomb pretty much as soon as they arrived, they were perfectly aware of the goings-on in the outside world.

The ten lords were all unravelled void experts, only half a step from returned void. There were a handful more concealed experts just like them, although those preferred to stay in the shadows.

In the outside world, a number of perceived void experts had already proven themselves by slaying golden immortals. Lu Yun’s exploits from yesteryear were fairly common, nowadays, and unravelled and returned void realm practitioners would only be stronger.

Where did her mistress’ confidence in Lu Yun come from? Could he really eliminate all the other cultivators here if he wanted to?

Silverblaze couldn’t believe it.

“The current world will never understand what it means for supplemental paths to be king.” The corners of Qing Han’s mouth curved upward. “If one’s own self is insufficient, there’s nothing wrong with outside help. Main or supplemental doesn’t matter, as long as it helps.”

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Inside the cave was a huge, open plain. On the opposite side was an exit to elsewhere.

The silverback gorilla waved around its glittering staff threateningly. There were bruises all over its body, but that didn’t stop it from guarding the entrance with increasing resolution.

“You mewling pups, you’re all ganging up on me! Why don’t you come at me one by one!” roared the gorilla.

The ten lords were rather shocked. They were all peak unravelled void cultivators, each of whom was strong enough to defeat a golden immortal. Yet all ten of them together couldn’t put down this one silverback gorilla! Despite their best efforts, suppressing it was all they could do.

“Since when did Yuan Tong become this strong?” Silversnow gasped.

Though Yuan Tong was a talented gorilla among his kind, he was far from the brightest. He came from base origins, and lacked the patronage for others to consider him particularly significant. If the young Wolfking hadn’t brought it along, it was highly unlikely that the silverback would’ve attended the Sovereign Meet by itself.

However, the present Yuan Tong had already reached perceived void. Furthermore, he was holding off the lords one against ten!

What incredible results!

Chapter 430: Ghost Hits Wall

The ten lords brooded and glowered. Though they’d been holding back for their own reasons, it was still humiliating for them to be thwarted by a silverback gorilla.

All ten of them were absolute geniuses who’d been polishing themselves, rather than blindly focusing on breaking through. Their cultivation had all reached the stage of great perfection. In comparison, the silverback gorilla’s cultivation was so flawed it hurt their eyes to even look at him. Although it’d reached the void realm, it didn’t understand the essence of the realm at all.

Nevertheless, Yuan Tong’s physical strength was incomparably great, and the iron rod it wielded was extremely heavy. Swinging with both hands, it was able to send a force of millions of kilograms descending upon its opponents—a power enough to rival any of the lords.

“This cannot be!” The golden lion’s golden eyes turned pale as it panted, shock the overriding expression on its face.

Bloodlines determined the strength of a monster spirit. The gold bloodline was more powerful than the silver bloodline, and the golden lion was the greatest of the gold bloodline tribes. Only the Silvermoon Wolfkings, who stood out from the other silver bloodline tribes, could rival it.

However, the silverback gorilla had beaten it and robbed it of its personal treasure, the evil-repelling Aureate Dawn Orb!

“It must be the ancient legacy buried here!” the Human Lord exclaimed. “The silverback gorilla must’ve gained part of it! It can’t be this powerful otherwise!”

Yuan Tong had been long abandoned by its kind. It’d been a nascent spirit realm cultivator for many years before it entered the Sovereign Meet, its potential long exhausted. The only explanation for its sudden change was an ancient legacy!

The Human Lord’s observation riled up the other cultivators.

“Kill it!” one of them called out. In an instant, sword energy flooded the small clearing.

“Shameless bastards!” Yuan Tong snarled and vanished into the small cavern behind it. The other cultivators hurriedly pulled back their attacks and chased after it.

“Oh?” They screeched to a confused stop as a clearing unusually similar to the one before greeted them. In fact, it was identical to the one they’d just charged out of.

It was a clearing of medium size with the same cavern at its end. Yuan Tong stood guard with a golden rod, staring at the ten lords and their followers with a half smile.

“What’s going on?” muttered the Human Lord, his expression tight. “Have we entered the tomb already?”

“We’ll know everything when we catch the gorilla!” growled the Thunder Lord, tamping down his nerves. “Don’t hold back!”

“Do it!” The ten lords worked in tandem again. Among their followers, some had been left in the tomb earlier, but most had followed them here.

Yuan Tong didn’t run, but faced the ten lords head on again. However, the lords used their strongest attacks this time, hurling the gorilla off its feet and injuring it to the point where it threw up a mouthful of blood speckled with silver radiance.

“Reversion of ancestry!” Silversnow’s face tightened at the sight of the blood. Though silverback gorillas were of the silver bloodline, they were far removed from its source. The sparkling flecks in Yuan Tong’s blood was proof that he had somehow, inconceivably, taken a step back toward their roots and the true power of their ancestors.

“Damn you pathetic cowards, ten against poor little me again!” grumbled Yuan Tong. It turned and dived into the cavern behind it.

“Go after it!” The ten lords had no choice but to give chase. Their stomachs dropped when they entered the cavern.

“What’s... going on here?!” They had returned to the same place again. The same clearing, the same cavern, and the same Yuan Tong!

“Is this all an illusion? Have we stumbled into a formation in the tomb?”

It was no formation, but a feng shui layout. Ghost Hits Wall, as it was commonly called back on Earth.

The ten lords and their followers were elites of different factions and too observant to be fooled by regular formations. However, feng shui layouts were a different story. Not even the greatest formation master in the world would be able to see through them if they lacked the requisite knowledge.

Ghost Hits Wall fooled the senses and kept cultivators going around in circles. Everything but the silverback gorilla was fake.

Within the burial mound, Lu Yun had coalesced formation light with a feng shui layout to imitate the surging 'immortal light', beside which was a large water screen. He and the little nun stood near it, observing the cultivators being led on a fruitless chase.

"How impressive," sighed the little nun. "I can't detect any traces of a formation! If you can trap them all with a formation, though, why don't you set up one that kills and get rid of them all?" Excitement ran through her face. "Just like what the Lin brothers did!"

Smiling wryly, Lu Yun waved a hand in rejection. "If I do that, Jadeite Manor will be razed to the ground the next second!"

"Those old farts outside are all hypocrites, despite their facade of civility. These cocky, so-called 'ten lords' are all geniuses they've worked hard to raise. If I eliminate them all, they'll rip off their thin veils of amiability and take revenge as they've nothing left to lose." He shrugged.

The little nun shot him a stunned look.

"This Sovereign Meet is nothing but a farce. There's no rules keeping order at all. True geniuses from humble backgrounds were all killed as soon as they arrived at Life Province, never even given a chance to acquire a Life Glyph.

"I was targeted as soon as I showed my void realm cultivation in Destiny City, and Jadeite Manor was surrounded when Qing Yu broke through. If it weren't for the immortal crystals in my possession, we would've been slaughtered a long time ago." Lu Yun's expression turned derisive.

"They might as well just let the old freaks go on a killing spree. Whoever kills the most youths will top the Sovereign Ranking!" He'd never taken this Sovereign Meet seriously. If his true body wasn't still outside, he would've long embarked on a slaughter of the other contestants.

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Destiny City.

Some immortals flushed beet red in response to Lu Yun calling them out, while others maintained expressionless faces. More, however, fell into deep thought.

"Investigate them!" an immortal growled. "We need to find out who Qing Yu and his sidekick are!"

Lu Yun had effectively slapped all of their faces with the whole world as a witness; worse, he was right.

More than ten thousand geniuses had ignobly died before the Sovereign Meet. In fact, some immortals had come with the sole purpose of killing geniuses. The emergence of the void realm had made countless immortals desperate and despairing of the future.

That was also the reason why the major factions hadn't set up any rules beforehand, or stopped one another from going overboard. They wanted the geniuses from the non-mainstream factions dead so that power would remain in the hands of a select few.

"It's not Lu Yun of Dusk Province," said an old man from one of the nine majors. "This seat's spy in Dusk said that Lu Yun and Qing Han haven't left the province."

“Is that truly Lu Yun in Dusk Province?” Some were very unwilling to believe that. If Qing Yu’s Sidekick really was Lu Yun, most of them had very good reasons to kill him—especially House Donglin, the North Sea court, and those who’d lost origin dao immortals to him. Not even the Destiny city lord would be able to stop them.

“We’ve tested him,” the old man said with great certainty. “It is indeed Lu Yun.”