

## Necropolis 551

### Chapter 551: The Whereabouts of the Path of Ingress

Blood streaked down from the corner of the golden scarlet ape's mouth as well—the full power of the Black Emperor was just too horrifying. Caught off guard, grievous wounds instantly visited themselves upon Scarlet Ape.

Lu Yun's condition was no better. Although Xing Chen had borne the brunt of the backlash, Lu Yun's internal organs were a compact ball of gore as well. He would've died, if not for the Tome of Life and Death.

Without a moment's hesitation, he activated the three hundred weapons of war. Pillars of white light blazed at the two scarlet apes in terrifying ferocious unison.

When they were all fired at full power, the three hundred weapons of war would critically injure even the former nine celestial emperors if those august personages took the blows to the face.

Hum.

However, a resonant hum sounded in the air as silver radiance spread across the area. Three hundred rays of light rammed into a silver barrier, shattering it upon impact. Blowing past that line of resistance, the pillars of light then rammed into another barrier of white light.

Silver and white rippled and intertwined in the air, finally offsetting each other and eventually dissipating.

Taking a firm stance before the golden scarlet ape, the silver one had brought up a giant silver shield to protect its dao partner. The shield had blocked the concerted blows of three hundred weapons of war, yet remained completely free of damage.

"Kekeke—" The silver scarlet ape let out a peal of strange and grating laughter. "Lu Yun, isn't it? I knew it must be you!"

"Heh, the maximum power of three hundred war treasures, hmm? I, too, would've been decimated if I'd faced it head on!" The golden scarlet ape glared at Lu Yun with bloodthirst in its fiery eyes, cutting its partner short. "Now, die—"

It raised its iron rod and swung it at Lu Yun, but before it could complete the move, silver flashed across the scene as its partner bashed it in the back of its head with the shield.

Thud!

The golden scarlet ape was smacked straight to the ground, its short legs twitching from the impact.

"I don't know how, but I know you resurrected me, Lu Yun." The silver scarlet ape flicked a glance at Lu Yun with its pale blue eyes. "In return, I'll spare your life this time."

It grabbed the legs of the golden scarlet ape and slowly dragged it out of the area, while Scarlet Ape clung to its iron rod like its life depended on it.

“Of course, there wasn’t much bad blood between us to begin with,” the silver scarlet ape called back faintly. “If you return the piece of the iron rod that you took from my Goldie, I won’t kill you the next time we meet, either.”

Lu Yun didn’t dignify the proposal with an answer.

Peace returned to the premises after the two scarlet apes left. A weak ray of light from an unknown source cast upon the clearing, providing faint illumination.

Thud!

Lu Yun plopped down on the ground, breathing heavily and drenched in cold sweat.

“Shit, I thought I’d built enough of a foundation to gain a foothold in the world of immortals... but those two monsters just up and proved me wrong.” Lu Yun smiled wryly at his wrecked arsenal of three hundred damaged weapons of war.

The silver scarlet ape’s shield was too powerful. What level of treasure must it be that three hundred weapons didn’t even leave a scratch on it?

“It’s not enough, it’s far from enough! It was just two scarlet apes today, who knows what I’ll encounter on the morrow?”

“Lord of the Ingress Island, head of the Dark North Sword Sect, Ghost Dragon and the nine-headed phoenix from the North Sea dragon nest... They’re all at least as powerful as the golden scarlet ape...” Lu Yun shook his head rapidly to clear his mind.

“A void-realm immortal replica is far from unrivaled even after incorporating the world’s lungs! Two chimps were enough to crush me!” he sighed ruefully.

“With how things stand in the world, the void realm has been restored and completed. Soon, an era of immortals who’ve ascended from the void realm will arrive... More importantly, once my formation of heaven and earth and Qing Yu’s deduction method for combat arts spreads, many more powerhouses will emerge in the world of immortals!

“But that’s what makes life interesting, right?” A faint smile tugged at his lips. “I wasn’t the strongest in the world to begin with, so creating countless more elites doesn’t bother me. Besides, my interests lie in tomb raiding. I don’t care about fighting others to the death over things.” Lu Yun slowly relaxed along this train of thought. “Alright, let’s go check out what’s so special about the ancient tomb outside.”

Taking a few pills to heal his injuries, he sauntered out of the void while humming a casual ditty.

“Oh?” He screeched to a sudden halt once he stepped out of the area. “It’s the abyss of divine burial! ...I almost fell in again.”

He sighed with relief at the close call.

“There’s a space-restriction layout here. The two apes couldn’t have leapt over the abyss with no knowledge of feng shui.” Lu Yun cast his gaze toward the other side of the abyss and saw nothing but an endless ocean of darkness.

The abyss was immense in both breadth and depth; it was next to impossible to cross. Moreover, there existed a great traction power within the abyss. He would be sucked in as soon as he took flight.

“There must be something connecting the two sides of the abyss. ...ah, the Path of Ingress!” The only possible answer struck Lu Yun. It had to be the treasure that was connecting the two sides of the abyss!

However, he hadn’t sensed the Path of Ingress even after the yin and yang tombs merged, although the branch of the path was still with him.

The Path of Ingress had left, it seemed.

Or is there another treasure that can do the same thing? Lu Yun frowned.

“Oho? It’s the Scaled-Dragon King and Beigong Yu!” He cracked a smile. He sensed the two monster spirit kings moving toward him at great speed. They were currently right above the abyss. “There!”

Swoosh!

Lu Yun flashed to where his two followers were along the edge of the abyss.

“Hm? The Path of Ingress really is here!” Lu Yun stopped in his tracks when he encountered the white path, surprise flashing through his gaze. “But the branch within me doesn’t sense its existence at all. What’s going on here?”

### **Chapter 552.1: Primordial Heavenly Army**

The Path of Ingress was here, but Lu Yun’s branch had given him no indication of it at all.

The Scaled-Dragon King and Beigong Yu sprinted upon the path, evidently in quite a predicament. Many other immortals were fleeing madly alongside them.

“Aaah!”

“Help!”

“Noooooooo...”

A wave of anguished shrieks rose and fell upon the treasure.

Lu Yun opened his Spectral Eye just in time to see immortals being ripped apart left and right.

“Zombies!” His face colored. “Corpse divines!”

It’d been this tomb that’d turned Kui into a corpse divine. A single wisp of lingering obsession had enabled it to keep all of the abilities it’d had in life. If even Kui had succumbed, none of the other zombies would be spared.

“These corpse divines are all in uniform armor!” Standing at the end of the Path of Ingress, Lu Yun peered at the tide of corpse divines from afar.

Though their armor was dented and mottled with rust, they were clearly relics of the primordial immortal court. The damaged weapons they wielded were similarly consistent. Moreover, they were all peerless immortals.

However, these peerless immortal corpse divines cut down their living peers with indescribable ease. They didn't even fear some of the dao immortals, either. The Scaled-Dragon King and Beigong Yu barely managed to get through the crowd with their combined strength.

"The corpse divines are the ancient primordial court's heavenly army!" Lu Yun drew a sharp breath. "Those interred out of loyalty included more than the three hundred and sixty-five star divinities, or Fengbo and Yushi. Even the primordial heavenly army was buried alive for the Monster Celestial Master!

"If Kui and these heavenly soldiers were transformed into corpse divines, what about Fengbo and Yushi? And the Monster Celestial Master, is he dead or alive?" The young man fixed his eyes upon the ivory path; the gap between the corpse divines and the fleeing immortals was rapidly decreasing.

"Run, milord!" Beigong Yu and the Scaled-Dragon King scrunched up their faces in great anxiety when they saw Lu Yun.

"The corpse divines are terrifying! An eight-fruit Ling arcane dao immortal also fell under their coordinated assault," the Scaled-Dragon King babbled out.

"The direction ahead leads only to death," Lu Yun replied somberly.

The end of the ancient tomb lay in front of them. The harried immortals would soon be backed into a corner.

"Come!" he called out suddenly. The Divine Glory appeared in midair, lighting up the sky with its weapons of war.

"That's Lu Yun's ship! We're saved!" The panicked immortals charged toward their new beacon of hope with a burst of speed.

In the ancient skydragon tomb, Lu Yun had saved a number of immortals from Scarlet Ape with his ship. Hopeful that he would do so again, goodwill streamed to him through the air. The Sal Tree of Life and Death inside him grew lusher and more vigorous, slowly forming a karmic fruit on its branches. When enough goodwill condensed into virtuous merit, a fruit eventually formed.

Lu Yun's appearance at the end of the immortals' rope gave them a new lease on life. Even the most malicious and villainous among them would feel immense gratitude; it was an instinctive reaction.

However, he didn't fire the weapons immediately as many immortals were locked in melee with the corpse divines. Only eighteen war treasures remained upon the Divine Glory, in any case, but there were more than a million corpse divines. It would be difficult to repel them all.

What he could do was create a barrier with the war treasures' combined power. Encompassing a kilometer and a half around the ship, it was a new invention from him, Feinie, and Huangqing. Because the barrier was still in an experimental phase, he couldn't guarantee just how well it would hold, but it was at least something.

A number of immortals rushed into the defensive barrier of the Divine Glory.

"Sir Lu Yun..." Some of them came to the base of the ship, looking hesitantly up at him.

“Recover as much of your strength as you can. I don’t know how long this’ll last.” Standing at the bow, Lu Yun glanced at the teeming flood of corpse divines with considerable worry.

He converted as many of the immortal crystals he carried as he could into immortal qi, then injected it into the Yin Yang Formation Orb. It cost too much energy to activate the orb at its full power; his personal qi was a drop in the bucket compared to even the maintenance cost.

The corpse divines were already at the gates and rammed the barrier with heavy thumps. The barrier created by the Divine Glory would permit the living to pass, but not the dead.

“Don’t try to run off, it’s a dead end behind us,” Lu Yun remarked coolly to a few of the more furtive immortals peering behind the fortress ship.

“Ah, yes!” The statement caused the jittery immortals to change color several times before taking out pills and crystals to heal and recharge. They had no reason to doubt Lu Yun. If there was a way out, would he still be here?

The Scaled-Dragon King and Beigong Yu pelted in, too. They looked at their master with great elation. They’d thought they were entirely dead, but Lu Yun’s reunification of the yin and yang tombs had resurrected them.

“Sect Head!” a loud cry sounded from further away as Situ Zong and the rest of Star Demons came careening in, protected by the shield of the Pelagic Orb. “You should leave as soon as you can, Sect Head! There’s a big one coming!” The old man sounded quite apprehensive about what he had seen.

The corpse divines pounding against the barrier suddenly came to a complete halt, then formed neat phalanxes and stood at silent attention.

“What remarkable discipline!” Admiration flashed across Lu Yun’s face.

The primordial immortal court was far stronger than the modern one. Its heavenly armies were composed of golden, arcane, and peerless immortals. Even after their death and transformation into corpse divines, they retained their impeccable military training.

A bone dragon more than three hundred meters long slowly approached from further down the path with a slender figure standing upon its gigantic head—another corpse divine. She was dressed in armor that shone as brightly as her flowing silver tresses and cut an immensely dashing figure.

Lu Yun paled as soon as he saw her face.

“Yuchi Hanxing?!” The corpse divine upon the bone dragon looked identical to the Dusk Phalanx commander, Yuchi Hanxing. The only difference was the livor mortis upon her skin.

Right now, Yuchi Hanxing was garrisoned at Sword Lake in the south of Dusk Province alongside her million soldiers. She couldn’t possibly be here, nor would she be a corpse divine.

Moreover, she’d only recently reached golden immortal. This divine, on the other hand, had reached dao realm! A primordial dao immortal turned corpse divine!

“Attack!” The corpse divine that resembled Yuchi Hanxing produced a pike and uttered a hoarse shriek.

“Attack!” Half a million corpse divine soldiers answered her call. Their formations swiftly merged into a much larger wedge and hurtled toward the barrier.

Boom!

The translucent wall rippled at the impact, and even the Divine Glory trembled.

“Thank heavens that the primordial court didn’t have military formations!” Lu Yun breathed a sigh of relief.

Military formations were a distinctly modern invention. Just like weapons of war, the Primordial Era didn’t know of such things. If the hundreds of thousands of corpse divines formed a military formation, the Divine Glory’s barrier would be instantly pierced through.

Nevertheless, the soldiers were tough contenders indeed. The barrier quivered violently under their successive collisions.

By now, five thousand immortals had managed to retreat to safety. Those who weren’t here by now had either avoided the corpse divines altogether, or perished beneath their heels.

Each individual impact against the barrier weakened it the slightest bit, sending collective shudders through the immortals inside. Even arcane dao immortals looked like they were at their wits’ end. After all, the Ling eight-fruit arcane dao immortal had died right before their eyes.

“Milord!” Beigong Yu and the Scaled-Dragon King stepped forward and looked at Lu Yun with postures of eager confidence. “We request to take to the field!”

The immortals around them widened their eyes in disbelief. For a brief moment, all eyes were upon them.

“Traitors of the North Sea,” a giant octopus muttered.

Most monster immortals who used their true forms belonged to the North Sea’s Levitating Island, and a large majority there came from the North Sea monster court. These in particular hated their former colleagues to the bone.

Hum...

A white light appeared inside the barrier and flung the octopus outside via a tremendous force, whereupon the mass of corpse divines mobbed it.

Pop!

A bloody mist was all that was left of the hulking monster spirit after mere seconds under the assault of the corpse divines. The barrier shrank slightly, but the fading radiance upon it grew brighter.

### **Chapter 552.2: Primordial Heavenly Army**

“Whoever doesn’t want to stay... can piss off.” Lu Yun swept the monsters that were still in their true forms with an icy gaze.

They swallowed their objections back into their throats. They were guests in another's house and it was only natural that they would have to bend their heads.

"Shrink down as much as you can, turn into human form if you need to!" Situ Zong demanded. "Don't you see that the barrier is stronger when it contracts? Out of everyone here, you're the ones wasting the most space!"

"You!" A thirty-meter-tall woolly mammoth glared at him.

"Sect Head, why don't you toss the rest of these animals out, too?" Situ Zong turned to Lu Yun.

Terrified by the prospect, the monster immortals instantly shrank to approximately human size, enabling the Divine Glory's barrier to contract smaller still, strengthening itself in the process.

"Let us fight, milord!" Noticing that Lu Yun had ignored their earlier request, Beigong Yu and the Scaled-Dragon King stepped forward again.

Lu Yun turned toward them. "Do you know who these corpse divines are?" he asked calmly.

The two monster kings were stunned by the question. What did it matter who their enemies were?

"They... are the primordial immortal court's heavenly soldiers." Lu Yun cast his gaze over the tide of corpse divines. Their armor was cracked and their weapons were rusted, but their motions still exemplified the glory of their bygone era. "If Kui can be resurrected... the same is true for them!"

This army should've died in battle, or fallen to the calamity that had destroyed their era, not go out with a muffled whimper in the darkness to satisfy the needs of an intangible fortune. This wasn't the fate they deserved. These soldiers' lingering obsession most likely lay on the battlefield, protecting the last hopes of the immortal court.

"Get on!" Lu Yun bellowed.

The giant fortress ship expanded to twice its size at six hundred meters long, delighting the surrounding immortals. They stood up and clambered aboard as quickly as they could.

Rumble...

Black and white burst forth with blinding brilliance upon the ship's deck. Lu Yun was employing the Yin Yang Formation Orb from his position at the ship's bow.

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"Lu Yun is right in front of us!" A number of immortals looked at the young man's back with wavering uncertainty.

A puny cultivator will surely die under my full power, even if he is void realm! A peak aether dao immortal swallowed hard, suppressing his temptations as best he could. If I kill Lu Yun, I'll be able to take the fortress ship for myself. That connate treasure will also be mine! He approached Lu Yun with slow, deliberate steps.

"Hmph!" A frigid snort demolished his plans.

The aether dao immortal stumbled back several steps as a lean, white-haired man in black robes appeared suddenly before him. Though he was only a peerless immortal, his aura was deeper and more foreboding than even the Scaled-Dragon King and Beigong Yu's. His gaze was as sharp as physical blades as it pierced into the aether dao immortal's own.

"Aieeee!" the immortal howled in pain as blood streamed out of his eyes.

"A divine!" Many immortals colored at the sight of the white-haired man. Divines were the public enemies of the entire world, but no one dared make the first move on him.

"Forget it, Tianhuang," Lu Yun shook his head.

"Yes, milord." Yuchi Tianhuang retreated to Lu Yun's side and kept watch as a cautious guard. He couldn't kill people now. If he did, the five thousand immortals aboard the ship would be thrown into disarray, and Lu Yun would have a hard time staying alive in the resulting chaos.

"Who is she?" Lu Yun lifted his chin with curiosity, his focus upon the corpse divine atop the bone dragon.

"Yu... Yu'er..." Finally focusing his attention on the army commander in front of him, Yuchi Tianhuang stared at the female divine perched there. His body began convulsing in anger.

"Ge Yanxia! You bitch! You whore! I'll cut you to pieces if it's the last thing I dooooooo!" the Infernum suddenly wailed in anguish. Two trails of bloody tears trickled out of his eyes.

"She's a dao immortal general of the primordial immortal court who died here before the primordial war. How do you know her?" Lu Yun frowned.

"A general of the ancient court... dead before the primordial war?!" Yuchi Tianhuang was incredulous.

"Who is this 'Ge Yanxia' you just mentioned?" Lu Yun pressed again. The name made him rather uncomfortable. There had been a Ge Clan in Dusk City, once, and Ge Long formerly its steward. The head of that clan had been possessed by someone from the Exalted Immortal Sect to target Lu Yun.

However, the entire clan had vanished overnight after he grew in strength, and there was no sign of them anywhere in the province anymore.

"Milord... do you believe in time travel?" Yuchi Tianhuang ventured uncertainly after some hesitation.

"Time travel?" Lu Yun blinked. "You mean..."

He wasn't some antiquated relic who couldn't accept anything new. Yuchi Tianhuang's merest mention unlocked in him a new realization.

"Yu'er is a Black Tortoise Divine... but that race went extinct long ago. I thought she was the last heir of the race, but..." Through the barrier, Yuchi Tianhuang stared at the figure upon the bone dragon, enraptured. "It turned out that I'd traveled back in time to the Primordial Era. No wonder... no wonder she had other clansmen around her, and no wonder she hadn't been surprised to see me."

In the Primordial Era, the four cardinal divine tribes existed as the four pillars of their race. They were quite plentiful back then.



“Milord, do you see the spear in her hand? I refined it for her...” Yuchi Tianhuang wasn’t a master refiner, but he wielded connate metal energy through his White Tiger bloodline. He was capable of harnessing its power, and the spear had come about through exactly that.

He recounted everything he had seen during his time in the past. Back then, he hadn’t realized he’d traveled back in time, and had always thought her ‘clansmen’ to be those who had adopted her. He’d thought he’d stumbled upon an isolated pocket of the world.

“You say you went back to the Primordial Era from the West Sea? And you brought Yu’er and your daughter back to the present?”

“Yes!” Yuchi Tianhuang’s eyes narrowed in pain. “If not for that Ge bitch, Yu’er wouldn’t be dead... she would’ve been able to come to the present with me too...”

He clutched his head in silent mourning.

In the Primordial Era, Yuchi Tianhuang had brought his wife and the young Yuchi Hanxing to a secret realm in the West Sea to return to the world as he knew it. However, their encounter with the Ges there had led to a woman destroying the realm altogether.

He’d only been able to save his daughter; his wife was lost alongside the secret realm. He’d always thought his wife to have died then and there, but the evidence in front of his eyes showed that she’d only returned to her proper time.

The Ge Clan was a major clan of the West Sea monster court, and Ge Yanxia was a dao immortal. The considerably weaker Yuchi Tianhuang couldn’t seek vengeance against them in any effective capacity. His only resort was to bide his time and found House Yuchi. After making arrangements for Yuchi Hanxing, he then used the resources of the divines to find the Divine Spymirror and other treasures to gain strength.

Of course, that’d eventually led to him crossing Lu Yun’s path and becoming an Infernum.

“Some things are set in stone by destiny.” Lu Yun looked at Yu’er atop the bone dragon and noticed that the corpse divine’s eyes had focused on Yuchi Tianhuang. The soldiers under her command had long since ceased their attacks.

### **Chapter 553: Living Ghost**

“Back!” shouted the corpse divine atop the bone dragon’s head. The soldiers under her command receded like the tides. Yu’er glanced once more at Yuchi Tianhuang before disappearing herself on the Path of Ingress.

“Yu’er... she recognized me...” Misery flashed through Yuchi Tianhuang’s face as his body began shaking again.

“Don’t worry, she’ll come back to life.” Lu Yun patted his Infernum on the shoulder.

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The five thousand immortals upon the ship all heaved sighs of relief. Now that the danger was past, some of the more flexibly-minded among them began entertaining other thoughts again.

“Three peerless immortals with formations of heaven and earth!” Their folly was quickly reconsidered when they saw Yuchi Tianhuang, Beigong Yu, and the Scaled-Dragon King at Lu Yun’s side.

One or two, they could potentially deal with. But three void-realm peerless immortals in tandem? Even an arcane dao immortal would run from that.

Moreover, the majority of immortals on the ship wouldn’t help them. After all, the youth had the formation of heaven and earth at his disposal. Considering his past actions, he would make it available for widespread distribution sooner or later.

“Thank you for your help, Sir Lu Yun!” A number of immortals came forward with cupped fist salutes before departing. They were in the celestial master tomb, after all. Countless treasures were buried here, some of them connate grade.

Lu Yun couldn’t possibly accompany them on their exploits, and they had no reason to make themselves unwelcome by sticking around. Leaving was only the natural course of action.

Of course, Lu Yun could differentiate the sincere from the insincere with a single glance.

“Strange, didn’t those people come here to get the Path of Ingress? Why are they leaving?” Something different piqued his curiosity. Instead of concentrating on the path beneath their feet, the immortals were splitting off to the sides of the abyss of divine burial. In fact, some of them tried to go inside the abyss proper.

“Sect Head!” It was Situ Zong’s turn to walk up. “You said something about the Path of Ingress. Do you mean that... this... is the treasure?”

“You’re telling me this isn’t it?” Lu Yun blinked, then disembarked to touch the white path beneath his feet. It perfectly matched the Path of Ingress in both material and aura. The only thing missing was the connection to the branch inside himself. “In some ways, this Path of Ingress is incredibly familiar.”

“This isn’t the Path of Ingress, Sect Head!” Situ Zong said, after a few moments of demure silence. “I think this is a combat art.”

“What?!” Lu Yun’s eyes shot open and he wheeled around in shock.

“There is a massive projection on the other side of this abyss and a tremendous battle is recorded upon it. This path that bridges the two sides of the abyss was created by a single punch from one of the participants!” Situ Zong’s voice was tinged with incredulity at his own words.

Lu Yun stared at him, completely flabbergasted. The same applied to Yuchi Tianhuang, Beigong Yu, and the Scaled-Dragon King.

“But... this is obviously the Path of Ingress!” Having refined a branch of the path into himself, Lu Yun was more familiar with the treasure than anyone else. He was absolutely sure that the improbably long and wide path underfoot was the Path of Ingress.

“Can it be...” His heart raced. “Get on the ship!”

Once everyone was aboard, the Divine Glory blasted forward on a pillar of golden light.

After who knew how long, it reached the other side of the abyss. It was possible to see the tomb's layout here, but Lu Yun's eyes were fixated on the giant projection in midair. It was a record of what had once happened here.

"This really is a combat art!"

The enormous projection covered half the firmament and thoroughly documented the events of the past. Lu Yun knew it did so as a natural mirage layout.

In the projection, two broad-shouldered men traded blows in a humongous battle. The environment they stood in was this side of the abyss of divine burial in the celestial master tomb.

The amount of information recorded by the projection wasn't much. From start to finish, only three breaths worth of time were played on repeat, yet the two men exchanged tens of millions of attacks in that time. Even with his vision bolstered by the Spectral Eye, Lu Yun couldn't follow their impossible speed.

In the final moment, the man in violet threw a punch that caused a pillar of white light to pierce the two sides of the abyss. The light blasted a hole in the body of his opponent, a man in blue, and threw him down into the depths.

The pillar of light had remained here from that moment on as a reminder of what had once taken place.

"The light from the man in violet's fist bridged the gap between both sides of the abyss. It's persisted all this time and eventually turned into the Path of Ingress! In other words, Nephrite Major's most valuable treasure was formed by the light of a combat art!" Lu Yun was blindsided by the revelation.

"What kind of existence was this man in violet?! The primeval human king? The great emperor of legend?" He drew in a sharp breath. "No wonder the Path of Ingress can pierce space and formations... it contains the man in violet's 'fist intent'. No, 'fist dao'! He wields the dao with his fists.

"An expert like him would ignore every low-level formation and barrier in the world of immortals. Space itself is like paper to him." It was a pity that the projection was so short, and the combatants moved about so swiftly. Lu Yun had a hard time learning anything from the recording.

"Milord," Yuchi Tianhuang whispered suddenly. "The moment the man in blue was punched through—did you notice his organs?"

"Hmm?" Lu Yun blinked.

"His lungs looked a lot like the giant ones you obtained, milord. Perhaps they are one and the same!" Yuchi Tianhuang had been cultivating in hell until recently. He'd seen the Enneawyrms Coffinbearers drag the giant lungs into hell, as well as Lu Yun's replica's refinement of it afterwards.

"If we compare the two men to the scale of their surroundings, they were both giants! If the Path of Ingress is just the lingering light from the man in violet's punch, and it didn't continue expanding in size..." the Infernum murmured.

Lu Yun's eyes bulged in realization.

"I'm sure that the man in blue's lungs were the same as the ones you have now, milord!" Yuchi Tianhuang affirmed readily.

"The man in blue obtained the lungs of heaven and earth, yet he was still killed by one punch from the man in violet!" Lu Yun felt an itch in his throat, as if it'd dried out.

"It looks like the man in violet wasn't interested in the man in blue's body," Yuchi Tianhuang continued.

The projection was a short three breaths long, and the last image was of the man in violet's departure. His actions and demeanor indicated he had no intention of entering the abyss for his opponent's body.

"Could I have guessed wrong? The altar beneath the abyss wasn't to suppress the divine spirit inside the lungs at all... they simply fell there by coincidence?" Lu Yun cracked a half-smile.

"Who put the Metal Altar under the abyss of divine burial, then? The person behind the yin-yang beast? Who were the men in blue and violet anyway..." He shook his head a few times. "I guess I shouldn't worry about such things right now. Even if I had their names, I wouldn't know who they were."

He raised his head toward the projection, committing the man in violet's appearance to memory.

"If the Path of Ingress was accidentally created by the man in violet, then there must be another Path of Ingress inside this tomb... over there!" Having reached the other end of the abyss, Lu Yun finally felt a response from the branch inside himself.

"It's in that direction... the chamber that once interred Wayfarer's body." He'd noticed the path's presence there earlier, too, although the creation of the yin and yang realms had separated them.

"The Path of Ingress has been there all this time... it must be held in place by something." The young man exhaled. "I'm no longer in a hurry to get to it. Even if I lose that one, I can just take this one, instead."

He smirked as he took in the path that bridged the abyss. Just because others couldn't take this path away didn't mean he couldn't, either.

"Let's head to the main chamber of the tomb. I'd like to see what the Monster Celestial Master was really up to!" By now, Lu Yun was entirely sure that the celestial master tomb was real. Even the bone bricks, refined from the flesh and blood of countless innocents, had been created by the celestial master's own hand.

Kui had been around for the tomb's inauguration. He hadn't believed that the genteel and refined Monster Celestial Master would cause such irredeemable bloodshed. Alas, the celestial master had remained wordless throughout the whole affair.

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"Alright, you're all dismissed." Lu Yun commanded Situ Zong and the other Star Demons. "This map will show you the way out of the tomb. You better get out as soon as you can, this place is far too dangerous for you."

He tossed a jade slip to Situ Zong. Inside was a detailed route through the tomb he had figured out, leading all the way back to the thief's tunnel dug by the Scaled-Dragon King.

“Sect Head...” Situ Zong and the others seemed to have something on the tips of their tongues.

“What is it?” Lu Yun craned his head in surprise. Situ Zong’s expression looked a bit odd.

“Your subordinates... can’t leave this place, Sect Head...” Situ Zong and the other Star Demons broke into desolate grins. The old man knelt on the ground, offering up the Pelagic Orb with both hands. His face was filled with agony as he wailed, “We... cannot... leave!”

Scatter!

Every organ upon his face fell to the ground, followed by all of his skin.

“We... cannot leaaaaave!” Situ Zong howled like a vengeful ghost. “We’ve become living ghosts of this tomb. We can’t leave!”

Scarlet tears flowed out of his empty eye sockets, sliding along his skinless face to the ground.

“Scapegoats...” Lu Yun looked at the sect members in front of him. “I finally know what the Monster Celestial Master wanted to do. He was looking for scapegoats for the ancient experts that were buried alive here.”

#### **Chapter 554: Fengbo**

Living ghosts!

Their bodies were alive, but their souls were dead. They were both alive and dead at the same time.

Situ Zong wasn’t the only one who had been turned. Roughly fifty members of the Star Demon Sect, peerless and dao immortals alike, had become living ghosts in all their glory, sense organs falling off their faces and skin sloughing off their bodies.

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“Preserving the last hopes of the immortal court... That’s it. I get it now!” Lu Yun finally grasped the big picture of what the Monster Celestial Master had planned. The eminent celestial master had buried half of the court here so they could later come back to life and re-establish the immortal court.

The immortals he’d selected to bury were all fiercely devoted members of the court, such as Fengbo, Yushi, Leigong, the three hundred and sixty-five star divinities, and countless more heavenly soldiers. Once resurrected, they would re-establish the immortal court and conquer the world of immortals, thereby passing down the torch of the ancient court.

The Monster Celestial Master had known the primordial court would be defeated. Their enemies were too horrifying; the court couldn’t win even if they went all in. That had pushed the gentle celestial master into making a ruthless and desperate gamble in the throes of his desperation—slaughtering mortals to refine bone bricks for his sprawling tomb.

“His loyalty to the immortal court was greater than his benevolence for the living. The four celestial masters in the Primordial Era must have been masters of burial. At the very least, they knew something about feng shui.” Lu Yun further connected the dots.

Though the four celestial masters had foreseen the future, there were many things they'd failed to predict—namely that someone would come in and completely change the layout of the tomb. The celestial master tomb had been divided into the yin and yang realms; the former was turned into the Hell of Skinning, and the latter... had been repurposed to bury the world's lungs!

If no further intervention had occurred, all of the Monster Celestial Master's efforts would've neatly benefited someone else. But along came Lu Yun in this present day and age, merging yin and yang with the Formation Orb and disrupting the plans of the interloper.

With things set back in order, the tomb of the Monster Celestial Master had come into full effect, turning those who died here into living ghosts as substitutes for those buried in the tomb. That was how Kui had come back to life.

"The Hell of Skinning has been torn down. Why would they look like..." Lu Yun scowled at Situ Zong, black fire igniting in his eyes. "Put your skin and organs back where they belong."

"Ahhhh!!" Fear skittered across Situ Zong's face at the sight of the dark flames; he scrambled for his facial organs and shoved them back onto his face, then slipped back into his skin.

He and the others were living ghosts meant to be scapegoats, thus they harbored a great deal of resentment. Although they saw Lu Yun as their sect head still, they were ghosts by nature.

All ghosts nursed grudges. Subconsciously, they wanted Lu Yun to die and be buried here with them, never to see the light of day again. It was a highly conflicting mentality, and great internal turmoil arose as the two clashing impulses warred in their heads.

Situ Zong had shown his true form before Lu Yun because he was unable to keep his murderous impulses in check. Thankfully, the lord of hell had easily intimidated them with the Tome of Life and Death and hellfire.

They were living ghosts, but they appeared completely normal, until they showed their true forms. Protected by their physical bodies, even Lu Yun couldn't easily see the true nature of these spirits.

"Speak, where were you turned into living ghosts?" The light of hellfire still burning in his eyes, Lu Yun looked quietly at Situ Zong and the others. He didn't move to take the Pelagic Orb from Situ Zong.

After yin and yang had come together, all of the immortals who'd previously died in the yin and the yang tombs were resurrected. The only possible explanation for this development was that they'd died after coming back to life, thus becoming scapegoats.

"Sect Head, we..." Situ Zong thought long and hard, then shook his head in befuddlement. "This subordinate can't remember anything."

"I'm afraid you can't come back to life after becoming scapegoats," Lu Yun said with a frown.

Despair flashed through Situ Zong's eyes. He could sense how terrifying his sect head was, but at the same time, Lu Yun was also deadly appealing to him.

"Your life has been stripped away and planted in someone else. You can't come back to life, but you can still leave this place." With a flip of his wrist, Lu Yun materialized the Tome of Life and Death. "Write your name down in this book. Use your flesh and blood as the brush and your soul as the ink."

Apart from his Envoys of Samsara, there were only two other names in the Tome of Life and Death—the mysterious Ge Long, and Canghai Chengkong, a sword immortal from the Dark North Sword Sect.

Now that Situ Zong and the others were trapped in the celestial master tomb as scapegoats, Lu Yun would need their names in the book in order to save them.

Situ Zong in particular was a dao immortal, having created a true spirit and combined his soul parts into a complete soul. He was dead and now a ghostly creature, but still retained his soul.

“I...” A shudder went down Situ Zong’s spine and he quickly concentrated his flesh and blood, along with his soul, to write his name on the page.

Hum.

Black light burst out from Situ Zong’s body, wrapping around the man and a dozen of his fellow sect members behind him.

“Milord... Sect Head... I’m alive again?!” Situ Zong looked at Lu Yun in disbelief, his eyes blazing. Now he knew what Lu Yun was, having written his name in the book.

“No wonder,” he muttered. “No wonder the demon sovereigns hail you as our sect head...”

“No, you’re still dead.” Lu Yun shook his head. “You’re now personally in charge of these sect members. However, there aren’t enough spots in the book for every single one of you.” With a wave of his hand, he opened the Gates of the Abyss. “Once you enter hell, you’ll be my Infernum.”

Before any of them could respond, a powerful suction force churned from the gates and drew them all in.

“The Star Demons have become scapegoats, so there must be others who’ve suffered the same fate. I wonder if it’s a good or bad thing for the immortals of the primordial immortal court to enter this world.”

Upon entering the world of immortals, the three hundred and sixty-five star divinities, Fengbo, Yushi, and the army would become top players of the world. Not even the monster spirit sacred land on Levitating Island, headed by the two scarlet apes, would be their match.

The Monster Celestial Master had slaughtered countless mortals for use as bone bricks. Who knew what the primordial immortals had become after eons of taint from immeasurable grudges?

Lu Yun sighed. “Go back and get the Kunpeng and Scaled-Dragon Army up to speed. Tianhuang, you stay with me.”

“Understood!” The three Infernum bowed.

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The celestial master tomb was empty and desolate. Occasional screams penetrated the silence, further strengthening the eeriness of the place. The five thousand immortals Lu Yun had saved were nowhere to be seen. Everything felt like a fever dream.

"I wonder how many of them have been turned into living ghosts as well." He took out his luopan and followed its guidance ahead.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind howled through the vicinity, followed by a strange cackling.

"Die, die—" the voice whispered at Lu Yun's ears, faint and dripping with resentment.

"Show yourself!" Yuchi Tianhuang snapped, standing guard beside Lu Yun with a silver immortal sword.

Strange howls rose and fell with the eerie, persistent wind, but neither Lu Yun nor Yuchi Tianhuang sensed any other presences here.

Whoosh!

After a sudden gust, an enormous ball of shadow rushed toward Lu Yun.

"Go away!" Hellfire billowed with a wave of his arm and met the shadow head on, which screamed and made a speedy retreat.

However, his hellfire hadn't seemed to touch anything tangible.

"Was that... a gust of wind?" Lu Yun's expression tightened. His Spectral Eye had seen a ball of shadows, but it seemed it was nothing but a gust of wind.

"Fengbo? Is this Fengbo's tomb?" Realization dawned on him and his heart sank. Fengbo, Yushi, Leigong. "He hasn't come back to life yet! The celestial master tomb has been restored, so he's looking for a scapegoat!"

"But is it Fengbo, or the wind divines under his command?"

If Fengbo was here as well, Lu Yun would have no choice but to run. Fengbo could rival Kui in power. Although they had yet to reach peak principal realm—the greatest achievement of the Primordial Era—they were physically as powerful as ingress realm immortals, and their cultivation had reached peak origin dao immortal realm.

Running for his life was the only option if Fengbo wanted Lu Yun dead.

More importantly, Fengbo wasn't buried here alone. Under his command were a hundred and eight powerful wind divines. They weren't at Fengbo's level, but they still possessed unimaginable power.

The black wind-like shadow must have been a wind divine, rather than Fengbo himself. Otherwise Lu Yun wouldn't have been able to drive it away with his level of hellfire.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Howling winds whipped up in greater power around him. Caterwauls of encroaching death flitted in between the grim squall, instilling chilling terror in whoever heard them. Unnerved, Yuchi Tianhuang flashed out beams of sharp sword energy to protect Lu Yun, keeping a wary eye on their surroundings.

Suddenly, there was silence.



Gone were the incessant gusts and the black shadow, and a faint figure emerged from the depths of the darkness.

Lu Yun could see the man clearly. Tall and slim, his cyan hair danced in the powerful winds. His skin was fair, his features handsome, and faint cyan pupils shone in his eyes. The man was the embodiment of perfection.

But Lu Yun knew he wasn't alive. He was a corpse divine!

"Fengbo," he said, his eyes fixed on the approaching man. Fengbo from the Primordial Era!

"Fengbo? Uncle Feng?" Yuchi Tianhuang's eyes shot wide as he gaped at the corpse divine.

### **Chapter 555: Omen**

"Is that really you, Uncle Feng?" Dumbstruck, Yuchi Tianhuang stared at the man with widened eyes.

Lu Yun looked between them, confounded.

"You've finally come, Tianhuang." Fengbo's lips curved into a gentle smile. "I've been waiting for you for the past hundred and fifty thousand years."

With a wave of his hand, an elegant and exquisite palace replaced the surrounding darkness.

"Uncle Feng's Wind God Palace..." murmured Yuchi Tianhuang.

"Please, take a seat." Fengbo waved two chairs into existence and made a gesture of invitation.

"What's going on? What happened?" Yuchi Tianhuang looked at Fengbo, dazed. "Are you not dead, Uncle Feng?"

"No, I am indeed dead." Fengbo shook his head. "Leigong, Yushi, Fengbo... Both of my peers have turned into corpse divines and await resurrection. I alone am truly dead."

Fengbo was a corpse divine as well, but Lu Yun could see a difference between him and the others. Those were possessed by lingering obsessions and retained only a shred of their sanity.

The Earl of Wind, on the other hand, couldn't come back to life or find a scapegoat. His soul had scattered, leaving behind only part of his spirit. It preserved his entire consciousness and enabled him to 'live' in the body of a corpse divine, but forever barred him from entering the cycle of reincarnation.

When he said Leigong, he meant Kui. Leigong, God of Thunder, was Kui's title.

"How can this be? Why have things turned out like this?" Yuchi Tianhuang clutched his head with distress. He'd once travelled back a hundred and fifty thousand years to the Primordial Era and met many people, Fengbo being one of them.

At the time, he hadn't realized that he'd travelled back in time. He'd thought he'd merely stumbled upon an ancient secret realm that was isolated from the outside world.

"Ai..." Fengbo sighed, casting his eyes toward Lu Yun. "I have always been here, and I knew of your existence as soon as you set foot into the tomb. You are the king of the netherworld who walks the world of immortals."

Lu Yun nodded. Ghosts were yin spirits of the dead. They could naturally sense Lu Yun, and the terrifying presence radiating from him. Weak ghosts wouldn't dare approach him, while powerful ghosts wouldn't find him worthy of any attention, given the pitiful amount of strength he wielded at the moment.

Fengbo was the single most powerful ghost Lu Yun had encountered since arriving in the world of immortals. His mind and thoughts were as clear as those of a living being. It would be more apt to call him a ghost king—a ghostly counterpart of zombie kings.

Moreover, Fengbo's yin spirit was trapped in the body of a corpse divine. Being both at the same time granted him greater strength than regular corpse divines and ghost kings. He could sense an energy on Lu Yun that was both oppressive and fatally alluring to ghosts.

Incidentally, his knowledge and experience allowed him to easily determine what Lu Yun was. Fengbo was too powerful, and Lu Yun too weak to tap into much of the power of the Tome of Life and Death. It would be impossible for the youth to defeat a ghost king like him.

Fortunately, Fengbo didn't seem hostile.

.....

Fengbo fell silent when Lu Yun confirmed his speculations, his face inscrutable.

"What's going on here, Uncle Feng?" Yuchi Tianhuang shifted impatiently. He knew Lu Yun wanted to ask the same question, but didn't know how, so he had to be the one to ask it.

"It was because of you," Fengbo sighed. "We thought we'd be able to at least preserve the status quo even if we lost the war, but then you came to us from a hundred and fifty thousand years in the future and took from us all hope. Thus, the tomb was built."

Yuchi Tianhuang fell silent.

Fengbo and the others had realized early on that Yuchi Tianhuang was from the future, and they'd obliquely gathered information from him about the impending war. Unfortunately for them, the answer came that there would be nothing left of the Primordial Era, and that the immortal dao itself would be severed!

There was no hope at all if even the immortal dao was broken. Adding further horror to the heap was that the world of immortals would be shattered into twenty-four facets!

Therefore, the immortal court began executing their plans before war broke out. If it would be impossible to survive the war alive, then they would make it through dead, preserving some of the court's fortunes.

Not even all of the emperor-level heavyweights acting in concert would be enough to break apart the world of immortals and sever the immortal dao. That alone told them how powerful their unknown enemies were.

Thud!

Yuchi Tianhuang fell to his knees before Lu Yun and entreated in a trembling voice, "Milord, milord, please resurrect Uncle Feng!"

He could feel Fengbo's pain. Being a yin spirit trapped in the body of a corpse divine resulted in an endless torment that constantly pushed him into a bottomless abyss. He could never come back to life, but he couldn't die, either. Death was a luxury he would never possess, and he had no hope of reincarnation.

Lu Yun turned to Fengbo.

"No need." Fengbo shook his head. "I will be your servant once you resurrect me, and I will no longer serve the immortal emperor." He rose and put his hands behind his back, looking up at the void over his head. "Tianhuang, Sir Lu Yun, I have materialized to request a favor."

"Please go ahead, senior." Lu Yun nodded. To each their own. Fengbo had convictions and principles he wouldn't give up, and Lu Yun wasn't going to force him to change his mind.

"Stop Yushi and Leigong from coming back to life," said Fengbo, his tone turning serious. "Yushi, Leigong, and I weren't really buried here. We count as tomb keepers at the very most."

Tomb keepers! Lu Yun shook.

They were living souls trapped in dead bodies to guard a tomb forever and ever. Huangqing's tomb had also been guarded by such a group of tomb keepers.

So this was why Fengbo had retained his mental faculties after his soul turned into a ghost, and his body into a corpse divine after his death. He was a tomb keeper. There was still an oddity here, though. A tomb keeper's soul should be alive, while Fengbo's soul had died and become a ghost king.

"Leigong and Yushi have betrayed the immortal emperor. They have been corrupted by our enemies." Fengbo shook his head with a sigh.

"Enemies? Who were they? The great war of immortals wasn't a war between immortals like the legends say, was it? Who were you fighting?" Lu Yun honed in on the word 'enemies'. If they had destroyed the primordial world and severed the immortal dao once, they could do the same thing again.

He had to be prepared.

"I was buried here fifty thousand years before the great war." Fengbo gave Lu Yun a half-smile. "Do you think I would know the answer?"

"Were there any signs beforehand?" Lu Yun didn't care about the corruption of Leigong and Yushi; the unknown enemies were far more concerning.

"There were." Fengbo nodded. "Both Empress Myrtlestar and Zhenwu died, and Emperor Polaris was gravely injured. The four divine kings—Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, and Black Tortoise—went missing. The patriarch of the water qilin was killed..."

"In only the short span of ten thousand years, over half of the most powerful immortals in the world had either gone missing or died.

"Thus marked the beginning of the end."

**Chapter 556: All For Naught**

“Many peak powerhouses died or went missing before the cataclysm descended...” Lu Yun rubbed his chin. “And then Yuchi Tianhuang went back a hundred and fifty thousand years to bring you information about the great war’s outcome... To me, it seems like this so-called enemy wasn’t all that strong.” He tapped his chin as he mused about this.

Fengbo blinked.

“The Monster Celestial Master is dead, correct?” Lu Yun asked.

Fengbo nodded, disconsolate at the mention of the celestial master. The initial plan had been for the celestial master to bury himself and remain in suspended animation, to be revived whenever needed.

But for reasons unknown, he’d died for good and his soul had completely scattered after his burial.

“In refining bricks from countless mortals, he engendered great resentment and accumulated titanic levels of bad karma. The heavens wouldn’t have suffered him to live! This bad karma was further passed on to the primordial immortal court and eroded what little fortunes were left.” Lu Yun scoffed. “The immortal court wasn’t done in by so-called enemies, but destroyed from the inside. It cut off its destiny with its own two hands!”

“W-what? How can it be like that!” It was too horrendous a possibility for Fengbo to contemplate.

“Why can’t it be like that?” Lu Yun continued with a frosty smile. “First, sow general fear and panic by killing peak powerhouses one after another. Then, as luck would have it, Yuchi Tianhuang returns to the past at this precise moment to show you a hopeless future.

“And it just so happens that the Monster Celestial Master possesses an exceedingly venomous layout that can revive the dead! That’s all that’s needed before all of you devotees of the immortal court go willingly to your deaths.

“But did anyone ever stop to consider how terrifying the malice and resentment of those you butchered would be? It would be a hatred so strong that it’s almost tangible. It was that very hate that turned all of you into corpse divines. Did you think you’d still be who you once were upon revival, after spending a hundred and fifty thousand years in such an environment?

“Leigong and Yushi weren’t corrupted by so-called enemies, they’ve lost their senses of self because of the immense malice that’s seeped into the very air here. But even if they hadn’t been tainted... the way to revive them requires innocent scapegoats. It’s a deviant art no matter how you put it. They wouldn’t be the same after coming back to life either way.”

Now that Kui had become his ghostly servant, Lu Yun naturally knew what the creature had gone through. He’d arrived at this tentative conclusion after considering numerous clues and hints: the unknown enemy hadn’t been much stronger than the immortal court they’d destroyed.

However, they’d employed all kinds of plots and schemes to fabricate coincidences that shook the ancient immortal emperor’s courage and confidence, ultimately eroding his strength via many fool’s errands.

“Milord, are you saying that... me going back in time and meeting Yu’er and Uncle Feng wasn’t happenstance?” The color drained from Yuchi Tianhuang’s face.

“Correct.” Lu Yun nodded, then recalled something. As the patriarch of the water qilin tribe, Cangyin had also been one of the ancient peak powerhouses. She’d died to a time art.

“Come, let’s go see the Monster Celestial Master!” Fengbo proposed to Lu Yun and Yuchi Tianhuang, his expression gravely somber.

“All that’s left of the so-called Monster Celestial Master is most likely a remnant spirit.” Lu Yun shook his head gently. “There’s no need to see him. In fact, he probably realized the truth long ago, and passed on his legacy and the inheritance of the immortal dynasty to preserve a spark for the future.”

He was thinking of the East Sea xianglu tribe. Venturing into the tomb and making it out alive—with the celestial master’s legacy in hand, no less—was no easy feat. The legacy had fueled their meteoric rise as one of the most powerful factions of the immortal world. If not for the xianglus being hobbled by the underworld’s yin spirits after establishing a monster spirit dynasty in the East Sea, they most likely would’ve conquered the entire world by now.

Moreover, the East Sea court had always considered itself the right and proper inheritor of the immortal court, and indeed, it seemed they’d truly obtained the ancient court’s legacy.

Plop!

Fengbo slumped down on the ground, despondency creeping in.

“No, impossible!” he suddenly shouted himself hoarse. “His Immortal Majesty was an august sage with unparalleled talent, and the planning of the four celestial masters was flawless. They can’t have been wrong!”

“Uncle Feng, I saw Yu’er earlier,” Yuchi Tianhuang whispered. “She still recognizes me... Uncle Feng, you’re among us, and so is Leigong still. Milord can...”

“Say no more.” Fengbo shook his head and handed a palm-sized, sapphire-colored bag to Yuchi Tianhuang. “Tianhuang, this is my Bag of Wind Divines. Take it with you and leave this place.”

“Since Fengbo doesn’t wish to leave and doesn’t want to be revived... you should accept his legacy.” Lu Yun nodded when his subordinate looked back at him.

Someone of Fengbo’s level could easily discern the relationship between Lu Yun and Yuchi Tianhuang at first blush. To give him the bag was as good as handing it to the king of the netherworld.

The bag wasn’t just a powerful connate treasure. It also contained the entirety of Fengbo’s legacy, one that could be used by anyone, not only the divines.

The primordial world of immortals had been a unified world, not a potpourri of different tribes. Various techniques and combat arts had matured through mutual learning and exchange. It had been a time of extreme prosperity.

In contrast, the current world of immortals was still in a primitive state. It might have given rise to the various heavenly and monster spirit courts of the nine majors, ten lands, and four immortal seas, but immortals were primarily centered around tribes and clans. Even sects were a rare sight. Tribalism was the way of life, and combat art development idling in its infancy. Most were established by various geniuses belonging to major factions after they incorporated what little was left of some ancient arts.

“You can go now.” Fengbo waved his hand, sapped of all strength. He’d persisted for a hundred and fifty thousand years, but it was all for naught.

“Well, it’s not like a solution doesn’t exist.” Lu Yun noticed the ancient’s mood. “I can cleanse the accumulated resentment and set up a resurrection layout. There’s hope yet for the ancient immortals buried here.”

The primordial divine lifted his head and glanced at Lu Yun, then shook his head. “There used to be a so-called great resurrection formation here eons before, but someone took it away a hundred thousand years ago.”

Lu Yun shook. “A resurrection formation... was it perhaps a floating peak?”

“Indeed.” Fengbo nodded.

“Was the Monster Celestial Master the one who created the floating peak?” Lu Yun was positive that the floating peak Fengbo spoke of was the same one he’d obtained from the burial mound underneath Myriad Formation Summit.

The peak itself was a resurrection layout far more sophisticated than the ones he could set up. Something like the floating peak was much beyond him.

A resurrection layout was a formidable grand influence over the world. It was possible for him to create one through various means, aided by the Dragonsearch Invocation, Dragonshift Method, and earthen veins, but that was his limit.

Refining it into a mobile, floating peak was simply impossible. Such a task required skill that could only be described as earthshaking and beyond human reach. His own resurrection layouts could only exist by drawing on earthen veins and couldn’t possibly be shifted.

Fengbo shook his head. “No, the formation predated him. It was already present on the edges of the abyss before us, and there was even a corpse being revived on it.”

Once upon a time, this place had been the underworld, a forbidden land of the world of immortals. Back then, the two worlds had still been separate. As for the Abyss of Divine Burial, peak powerhouses from the ancient era had knowledge of it and the numerous ones that existed now. Fengbo was a divine; back in his time, there’d been an Abyss of Divine Burial where many dead divines were laid to rest.

“Corpse?” Lu Yun’s figure shook once more. “What kind of corpse?”

“The corpse of an imposing man.” Fengbo thought for a moment. “There is a depiction of him in the skies above. With one punch, he carved out a path through the abyss.”

“Is it him? Did he die?!” Lu Yun stared agog.

Fengbo nodded. “He did. Even such a formidable existence ended up dying... In this world, who can live forever? Alright, that’s enough, you should go.”

Fengbo waved them off as his voice fell. The previously bright and spacious hall vanished, replaced by dark and gloomy winds. However, the black shadows within them were also gone.

“Milord!” Yuchi Tianhuang looked at Lu Yun, entreaty in his eyes.

“I know what you’re thinking of. Go, find your Yu’er and bring her to hell. I can make her an Infernum.”  
Lu Yun nodded.

“Thank you, milord!” Elated, Yuchi Tianhuang bowed respectfully to Lu Yun before taking his leave.

“What a wild goose chase. All that effort for nothing,” Lu Yun sighed and contacted the kui inside hell.  
“Kui, even Fengbo has a connate treasure on him. Where’s yours?”

“Milord, my connate treasure lies inside my tomb,” the thunder god hastened to reply.

However, Lu Yun didn’t plan on letting it show itself for now. This was a peak origin dao and ingress realm physique trump card. Despite that, it was still no match for the silver scarlet ape, who’d killed it with one punch.

“But my connate treasure, the Thunder God Hammer... the two scarlet apes must have already taken it.”  
Kui added, a little hesitantly.

After the yin and yang tombs had fused together, Kui quickly found a hapless victim to revive itself, then was subsequently hunted down by the two apes. After escaping to the edge of the tomb, the silver ape had punched a hole through its body.

Kui was different from Fengbo; the latter was the patriarch and leader in truth of the wind divine tribe. The tribe itself had been a major tribe among the divines, thriving and prosperous.

There was only one Kui in the world, a lone, solitary existence. While it was the God of Thunder, its nature was that of a divine beast. Unlike the thunder divines, his godhood was one conferred by the immortal court.

“Alright.” Lu Yun nodded gently. “Forget about it then.”

He didn’t want to antagonize the scarlet apes yet. The golden one was incredibly violent, while the silver one was extremely moody. They’d let him go once, but a second time didn’t seem very likely.

“After the yin and yang realms merged, the nests and tombs of the qilins, turtles, kungpengs, and scarlet apes should’ve all flown out of the abyss and landed somewhere inside the tomb. Beigong Yu, where’s the kungpeng nest?”

“Milord!” Beigong Yu hastened to answer in the middle of troop exercises. “The kungpeng nest has been destroyed, but your servant collected the kungpeng egg... Ah, the Skyqilin Pearl is also back in the qilin nest.”

He hadn’t forgotten Lu Yun’s ultimate goal in the celestial master tomb: to locate the Skyqilin and Skyturtle Pearl.

“Milord, the two pearls should be in the qilin and turtle tombs, respectively.” Beigong Yu hadn’t mentioned it until Lu Yun asked, which made him somewhat apprehensive of his delay.

“Alright.” Lu Yun didn’t blame him. After all, he himself had been completely shellshocked by the Path of Ingress and the projection. “Give the little kungpeng a name, then write that name down on the Tome of Life and Death.”

“Ah! At once! Thank you, milord!!” shouted the ecstatic Beigong Yu. Having its name written in the Tome of Life and Death meant that the little kungpeng would become an existence second only to the Envoys of Samsara.

### **Chapter 557: Faceless Ghosts**

However, it wouldn’t be that easy for Lu Yun to hatch the kungpeng egg. He had Beigong Yu place the egg inside the dragon palace, so it could absorb the presence of the chaos beasts inside, then bade Yuying incubate the little kungpeng with her three immortal fires.

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Setting off again, Lu Yun refrained from bringing out Kui, or anyone else. Traveling alone through an ancient tomb was the easiest course of action for him. Companions were nothing but a burden!

That said, exploring these tombs by myself is also very dangerous. Once I’m done with my business, I’ll establish the sect of tomb raiders in this world and impart the art of feng shui. I’ll finally have helpers who can lessen the burden on my shoulders then!

Feng shui compass in hand, he journeyed into the dark tomb at a steady pace.

“Violetgrave was right, this place is indeed a mausoleum... a mausoleum of another!”

The underworld itself was a mausoleum of immense proportions, and there was a certain force inside the celestial master tomb that continuously sucked in tombs from the outside world, thus creating yet another giant mausoleum.

Moreover, the layout inside this mausoleum was extraordinarily confusing. Back in the yang tomb, he’d had a clear view of the entire tomb’s layout and could extrapolate the position of the main tomb.

But after fusing the yin and yang tombs back together, the place had dissolved into utter chaos. The formerly neat and tidy architecture was now a right mess.

“So I not only have to find the qilin and turtle tombs, but also the Deaf Prince and the others.” Lu Yun kneced his brow, a little disgruntled.

Plip! Plop! Plip!

Suddenly, he held his breath and pricked his ears forward. The faint sound of water drops spread through the darkness.

“Water?” Lu Yun froze. He extended a hand and activated the Mastery of the Five Elements. “There’s no water energy inside the celestial master tomb, so where’s this sound coming from?”

The Mastery of the Five Elements not only captured the five connate elements, but also deduced the existence of elemental energies in the vicinity. However, he didn’t sense any water energy nearby. In other words, there should be no water close by.



Yet, his ears told him a different story. He clearly heard the dripping sound coming closer and closer.

“What’s that smell?” Nose twitching, he sniffed an extremely sweet scent wafting his way that immediately intoxicated him.

Buzz!

The Tome of Life and Death vibrated without warning, and Lu Yun shivered violently.

“Something’s clouding my senses!” He hurried to combust a karmic fruit, shielding his mind. The sound of water disappeared immediately, and the enticing scent also vanished without a trace. Despite that, he didn’t relax. His consciousness poured outward and spread in every direction.

“Ghost!!” an ear-piercing shriek suddenly rang out.

“Ghost?” Startled, he looked back reflexively and saw a girl of about seventeen years old wearing a long blue dress.

She’d appeared out of nowhere; Lu Yun’s consciousness hadn’t detected her presence at all. A peak nascent spirit cultivator not yet in the void realm, the girl’s charming face looked back at him in fright.

“Me?” Lu Yun froze.

“Stay away from me!!” The girl backed off. As she did so, light spread through the darkness.

He was in a giant plaza surrounded by dilapidated walls, likely the remains of an abandoned city. There were also quite a few immortals in the ruined city, all of whom rushed their way when they heard the commotion.

“A ghost? Me?” Lu Yun was rather dumbstruck, but he was also surprised to find a spirit realm cultivator here. Someone who hadn’t reached the void realm yet was no doubt the weakest existence inside this tomb.

Any random zombie could end her life. At the same time, he felt a somewhat familiar aura coming from her.

“A faceless ghost! Yet another faceless ghost! Kill him immediately!”

All of a sudden, the immortals who’d come to investigate the situation blanched. Even though they were still two hundred and fifty meters away, they drew their swords and pointed them at Lu Yun.

Numerous rays of sword brilliance whistled through the air and slashed down in his direction.

“Faceless ghost? What are they talking about?” With a frown, he unsheathed Violetgrave and stabbed forward a hundred times, promptly shooting down the incoming flying swords.

“It’s Violetgrave!” someone shouted in shock. “That’s Lu Yun’s sword! So Lu Yun’s died and become a faceless ghost?!”

“How can that be? Lu Yun... dead?!” All of the immortals started panicking. That Lu Yun had died and become a faceless ghost was momentous news that would shake the whole world of immortals.

There were no dao immortals in the crowd. The strongest of the lot were peerless immortals, while immortals of various lower realms were also present.

“We can’t be certain it’s him. Maybe a faceless ghost grabbed his sword...”

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“What the f...?” Lu Yun was thoroughly mystified by the chatter. “A faceless ghost? Are they talking about me?”

Acting on impulse, he vigorously waved his hand and condensed a curtain of water in front of him. He could see his appearance reflected in the water.

“What the fuck!!” he cried out subconsciously, almost every hair on his body standing on end.

In the curtain of water, he could see his tall figure, long hair floating behind him, as well as a violet sword in his hand. However—

His face! His face was blank and smooth without any facial features!

In other words, he was faceless!

He moved back several steps in succession. The immortals nearby didn’t follow up and instead, observed him in silence.

“Y-you’re Lu Yun. H-h-how did you die here? My elder sister said you were very strong...” The young girl clad in blue stared at him with sheer disbelief.

“I’m not dead and I didn’t turn into a faceless ghost or whatever that is.” Lu Yun found sudden calm.

I didn’t have eyes in the water curtain, but I can clearly see everything around me. I don’t have a mouth or a nose, but I can breathe and talk. An illusion, someone’s cast an illusion on me! What incredible skill!

He took a deep breath and stood motionless. It must’ve happened when I smelled the sweet fragrance and heard the water drops earlier... and in all that darkness. That was probably when I was hit by this technique.

“Faceless ghosts, faceless ghosts are coming again!” came another panicked yell somewhere far away in the ruined city.

Lu Yun lifted his head and spotted a large group of humanoid creatures, similarly without faces, swiftly floating through the air in their direction. His eyes could see them, but his consciousness told him the area around them was completely empty, that nothing was there.

“So there really are faceless ghosts?” With a shake of his hand, Violetgrave hummed gently in his grasp. “They’re ghosts indeed... ghosts whose soul-parts have been severed...”

Crackle!

Black fire rose around his figure with a vengeance and instantly incinerated the illusion-like thing affixed to his body.

"I..." His expression fell the next moment, because in the water curtain, he could see that his facial features had faded slightly, and he could sharply sense that his soul had also been injured. "I almost became a faceless ghost for real!"

### **Chapter 558: A Hundred Years Ago?**

Lu Yun ignited a karmic fruit and used the virtuous merit it contained to heal the damage to his soul. This was a very strange combat art, one not even the Tome of Life and Death had sensed. If not for the blue-clad girl's timely surprise just now, he would've well and truly become a faceless ghost.

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A large group of pale, faceless ghosts came floating in from the far reaches of the dark sky. They emitted no aura whatsoever and couldn't be sensed by the consciousness. The only way to spot them was with one's physical eyes.

As they approached, the immortals in the abandoned city hid themselves inside the ruined buildings, but Lu Yun could feel their line of sight locked on to the ghosts. Immortal energy infused the various weapons and treasures in their hands, ready to attack at a moment's notice.

"A-are you really senior brother Lu Yun?" The girl clad in blue cautiously approached him.

"Do you know me?" Lu Yun blinked.

"Is there anyone in the world of immortals who doesn't know you?" For some reason, the girl felt the last of her fears evaporate once she started chatting with him.

"Jing Dichen is my elder sister, my name is Jing Huaci," she offered, a little shy. "I haven't thanked senior brother yet for your pill. I wouldn't be alive if not for you."

Jing Huaci was the young princess of the Untroubled Sea who'd once been eaten by Beigong Chonglou, crown prince of the North Sea. Only a fragment of her soul had survived and in the end, she'd been resurrected by a Soul Restoring Pill that Yuying had refined.

"Oh, so it's you. What're you doing all the way out here?" Lu Yun frowned. Currently, most of his attention was focused on the faceless ghosts coming ever closer to them.

"I—" Jing Huaci also discovered that the ghosts had now surrounded the plaza. Squealing in fear, she hid behind Lu Yun.

"Senior brother Lu, please be careful. Those faceless ghosts like to... eat people!" She paled even further at the word 'eat', plainly struck by awful memories.

"Remember not to go barging into random places in the future." While lecturing her, Lu Yun went on the offensive and struck out with his sword.

A beam of violet sword light streaked across the emptiness and slashed at the faceless ghosts. Containing several of his sword arts, as well as Violetgrave's sword dao, the attack fell onto its target with world-ending momentum.

“Don’t!!” Seeing him act, nearby immortals turned pale with fright, but his sword struck true before they could react.

Pfft!

The faceless ghost puffed into white smoke and vanished into thin air.

“So it’s a corpse, not a genuine ghost.” Lu Yun inhaled sharply. Faceless corpses untraceable by the consciousness were even more of a threat than ghosts. He could restrain ghostly beings, but the same didn’t apply to corpses.

“Is it dead? Did Lu Yun just... kill a faceless ghost with a single strike?!” an immortal hidden nearby exclaimed with visible astonishment.

“Senior brother Lu, you’re so strong!” Jing Huaci applauded with sheer delight.

“Waaaaa—” One of the faceless ghosts in midair shrieked before turning into a blur and throwing itself at Lu Yun. Previously inscrutable by the consciousness, it sharpened into mental focus as a terrifying presence of death erupted from it.

“What a formidable death will! These faceless ghosts must be people killed by the illusions from earlier. Only...” Opening his eyes wide, Lu Yun read the lives and deaths of the ghosts with the Spectral Eye. Then, with a backhanded stroke, he turned the incoming ghost to ash with a flash of violet sword light.

“A hundred years! They died here a hundred years ago... But... has it been a hundred years already?” Trembling, he noticed that each of these thirty-something corpses was someone he recognized. They were all people who’d followed him inside the tomb through the tunnel dug by the Scaled-Dragon King!

However, the Spectral Eye clearly showed that... they’d died a full hundred years ago. These creatures were corpses, not zombies, hence why he could read the information about their deaths.

“You, how long have you been in here?” Looking away from the ghosts scuttling off in fear, he turned to Jing Huaci.

“Seven days! I came here seven days ago...” Scared by his expression, the girl hastily explained, “I heard that you were here, senior brother Lu, so I followed you inside.”

A rosy tint emerged on her cheeks, like a girl whose inner feelings had just been exposed.

“Seven days... But it’s been five days at most since I entered the tomb!” Lu Yun frowned. “What about you people? How long have you been here?” His gaze swept through the surroundings, but the immortals were too afraid to make a peep.

He might have killed two faceless ghosts, but there were still more than thirty left. These creatures were dreadful existences. Other than dismembering them into a thousand parts, it was very difficult to kill them for good.

More importantly, if the first attack didn’t kill them, their bodies would split apart and create even more ghosts. Given that there were more than thirty of them here, Lu Yun himself might be fine if they all swooped in together, but the rest of the immortals wouldn’t be so lucky. The ghosts’ strange attacks were very difficult to resist for immortals who hadn’t experienced the void realm.

“Damn annoying.” Lu Yun’s consciousness had naturally caught the immortals’ mood.

Swish!

His figure turned into a beam of violet light that shot into the air, a violet river of sword energy in his wake. With a sword slash, Lu Yun felled another faceless ghost.

“How formidable!” babbled immortals below him, overwhelmed by what was happening around them.

Lu Yun’s sword strike was sword dao itself, containing his self-created sword arts. The more he used his sword, the deeper he comprehended the way of the sword.

My fundamentals aren’t robust enough to create a sword dao of my own. I need to keep coming up with new sword arts and merge them together into a single entity. I’m not there, not yet, so I can only emulate Violetgrave’s sword dao.

Besieged by more than thirty faceless ghosts, Lu Yun once again fell into a trance of sword dao.

Vast Dragon Seaturner!

Peng of Kun!

Starstream Stroke!

Endless Cosmic Ocean!

The four sword forms continuously formed, consolidated with each other, and gradually combined into a single whole.

Suddenly, Lu Yun’s figure jerked gently and he disengaged from his trance, sword stabbing into empty air.

“Are they all dead?” He shook his head and murmured, “I almost created the fifth sword form. Too bad there weren’t enough faceless ghosts. Just a few more and the fifth sword form would’ve been complete.

“Now, tell me, all of you, how long has it been since you came here?” He frowned down at the immortals below while remaining hovering in the air.

### **Chapter 559: Time Treasure**

“Sir Lu, we arrived at the tomb three months ago and then were trapped here...” A golden immortal looked up at Lu Yun in confusion.

“What?! Three months? What are you talking about?! We came here three hundred years ago!” A peerless immortal gawped in shock. He’d been an arcane immortal when he’d first entered the tomb, but had reached peerless immortal realm in the three centuries since.

Moreover, he knew the golden immortal who’d spoken before him... After entering the celestial master tomb, they’d come across each other a few times.

Panic and confusion began percolating through the crowd.

“Time! This minor world is special, time inside doesn’t flow at the same rate as outside!” Lu Yun sighed gently with immediate understanding.

The flow of time was different where they were. More specifically, it went by faster! One day in the outside world might equal several years inside, or perhaps even several decades. This place... was likely another special feng shui layout.

“A layout involving time, or rather, a time formation,” Lu Yun inhaled sharply. “So it turns out there really are people in this world who can manipulate time, or command it.”

“How is that possible?” The crowd found this conjecture incredibly hard to believe.

They were inside an ancient tomb, after all. Immortals were willing to temporarily overlook grudges and feuds when facing common enemies, but at almost any other given time, they were highly wary of their fellow man.

More importantly, who’d ever think there was a time difference at play here? Who would mention how long they’d been inside after making it to this part of the tomb?

Furthermore, three hundred years wasn’t a long time for immortals. Being stranded inside a secret realm, even for several thousand years, was a common occurrence when exploring ancient tombs.

Quite a few had noticed the existence of some kind of treasure in the abandoned city, so they’d been reluctant to leave. This city should be one of the tomb’s chambers, and it hadn’t been here before the fusion of the yin and yang realms.

“A treasure that can affect time?” someone whispered softly. “Time flows differently here than in the outside world... Doesn’t that mean that whoever obtains this item can save a considerable amount of cultivation time?”

Shifting away defensively, immortals started looking differently at the people around them. They’d faced the faceless ghosts together not too long ago, but now, hostility and wariness blazed out of every eye.

“Lu Yun’s the greatest threat. He’s not an immortal yet, but he rivals many peak peerless immortals! More importantly, if we kill him and refine his nascent spirit, we can obtain his formation of heaven and earth!” The strongest peerless immortals present quietly concealed their killing intent.

The faceless ghosts were extremely strong. Felling one of them with a single strike? It wasn’t something that even the peerless immortals here could achieve.

“Where’s the lair of the faceless ghosts?” Lu Yun suddenly asked.

“Eh?” Horror skittered across hearts at his words.

“Are you going to look for them?” A peerless immortal stared blankly at him. “Sir Lu, I am Zhang Shuo, a monster king from the West Sea. I know where the lair is, but that place really is too dangerous!”

Zhang Shuo came from the monster court of the West Sea, but he’d chosen to take human form. Clearly, he hadn’t flocked to Levitating Island’s banner or submitted to the monster factions of the ten lands.

Apart from the North Sea, the monster spirits in the other three seas also possessed extraordinary strength, so the courts of the ten lands weren't mighty enough to subdue them. Although the golden scarlet ape rapaciously eyed the other three seas, it couldn't swallow them either.

"Danger?" Lu Yun nodded. "The treasure here, the one that can influence time, should be inside their lair."

He wanted to find out what kind of object could swallow an immortal's soul and transform them into a faceless ghost, a fate he himself had only avoided by a hair.

His reasoning wasn't wrong, in any case. If treasure there was, it had to be in the faceless ghosts' lair. A winged gold coin appeared in his hand: the Treasurefall Coin.

After spinning in his palm, the coin remained idle.

Clearly, there was indeed treasure in this place, but something was concealing its presence. As a result, the coin could sense the item's existence, but couldn't pinpoint its location.

From what Lu Yun knew... there was only one thing capable of hiding a treasure's presence: corpses.

The immortals here had long realized the existence of such a treasure. However, though some among them had been here for three hundred years—more than long enough to overturn every roof tile and scour every inch of soil—they were still empty-handed.

So, if this treasure truly existed, it had to be somewhere none of them dared venture. Namely, the faceless ghosts' lair.

"Well..." Zhang Shuo and the other peerless immortals looked at each other. "Very well!" He grit his teeth. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained! I will accompany Sir Lu Yun!"

As a monster king, he was roughly on par with the Scaled-Dragon King's past self, Beigong Yu, or Zou Longxiu, who'd joined Lu Yun's camp.

It wasn't just any peerless immortal who could be titled a king; one had to possess a certain standard of strength. Accordingly, any monster king in the immortal world was one of the strongest existences below the dao immortal realm.

"I'll go as well!" shouted another tall and bulky peerless immortal. "I've been stranded here long enough, I want out!" There was a touch of madness in his eyes. "I'm not interested in the treasure, I just want to leave!"

Several peerless immortals promptly stepped forward as well, proclaiming their willingness to participate in the expedition. Originally, they'd split themselves into more than a dozen small groups and there'd been no real unity or solidarity between them.

But now that Lu Yun had come, they'd suddenly found their leader—or so it seemed... Many in fact harbored malicious intentions and were setting their own plans in motion. There was possibly a formation of heaven and earth in the young man's possession, and obtaining it after killing him wasn't an impossibility.

Outside the tomb, they naturally wouldn't have dared try anything of the sort. To target Lu Yun would be to paint a giant target on one's back, and one would end up being hunted down by various powerhouses.

Formations of heaven and earth absolutely couldn't be allowed to end up in the hands of a single person or a faction. But they were currently inside a tomb where no one would be the wiser to what any of them did... and while Lu Yun was very strong, he wasn't yet an immortal, after all!

Quite a few people had begun secretly communicating via transmission, ready to pounce on an opportune moment.

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A hundred and fifty kilometers east of the abandoned city towered a giant mountain peak. No one knew what it was made of. Glittering with faint rays of silver light that illuminated the entire small world, it was the one and only source of light.

It was also the lair of the faceless ghosts.

"Senior brother Lu, you must be careful. Many people here are plotting against you." Jing Huaci transmitted cautiously as she walked behind Lu Yun.

"Mm, I know. Pay attention to your own safety." Lu Yun nodded slightly.

While he was an initiate in the dao of the sword and possessed a cultivation of returned void realm, he wasn't arrogant enough to think that he'd be able to withstand the combined assault of a group of peerless immortals all by himself.

Of course, he was somewhat relieved to find out that not every peerless immortal wanted him dead. For example, he'd obtained a trace of goodwill from Zhang Shuo. Clearly, this monster spirit felt grateful to him. Perhaps Lu Yun had once inadvertently helped him in some way.

"So many faceless ghosts!" His figure shook when he saw the dense throng of innumerable faceless ghosts crawling over the peak.

Plip! Plop! Plip!

Once more, the familiar sound of dripping water reached his ear.

### **Chapter 560: Yu Hengluo's Flesh**

"What's that sound, and why is there water here?" Several nearby immortals pricked up their ears.

"What's that sweet smell?" Standing close to Lu Yun, Zhang Shuo suddenly took a deep breath, a touch of mesmerization appearing on his face.

"Beautiful... what beautiful colors..." In just a few breaths, all of the immortals in the group fell into a strange state of entrancement and their faces began blurring.

"Wake up!!" Lu Yun bellowed fiercely. A gout of black flame burst from his body and hurtled toward a random corner of the void.



It seemed to hit some sort of shadow, eliciting a piercing scream. The immortals jerked violently and broke away from the strange trance they were in.

“Wh- what was that just now?!” Zhang Shuo’s expression contained a touch of horror. He could clearly sense that his soul had been significantly weakened.

“This is how the faceless ghosts come to be.” Lu Yun heaved a small sigh of relief. His guess was right; that thing could be suppressed by hellfire, which made it likely a real ghost.

“Senior brother Lu, that thing just now... it looked like a woman,” Jing Huaci said carefully from beside him.

“You weren’t affected by it?” Lu Yun blinked.

The girl shook her head.

“A woman...” Lu Yan looked at the mountain before him.

Sparkling with a faint sheen of silver, countless faceless ghosts crawled over its surface. The foul stench of so many corpses effectively concealed the presence of treasure and made it so that the Treasurefall Coin could sense the mountain, but not its location.

Roughly three hundred meters tall, the mountain’s silver brilliance struggled to peek through the teeming hordes of faceless ghosts.

“The mountain is the time treasure!” A touch of excitement appeared on Zhang Shuo’s face. “Where the silver light touches is the domain of the treasure! It’s affecting how time flows here!”

However, his expression changed again in the next moment. He’d finally seen through the silver radiance and noticed the horde of faceless ghosts on the mountain.

A mass of red slowly floated up from the foot of the mountain, speaking in a wispy, eerie voice, “Sect Head... You’re finally... here!”

“Sect Head? You’re...” Lu Yun’s eyes widened with incomprehension. Upon closer inspection, he realized that the red mass was actually a human body that’d had its skin peeled away and its facial features carved off!

With further scrutiny came the identification... it’s Yu Hengluo! This was her flesh!

Her skin...

He turned his gaze to the rear of the bloody flesh, seeing a sheet of human skin nailed onto a ghastly white cross, and next to it, a Skinning Spike. Her eyes, nose, tongue, and ears lay on the ground next to the cross.

“What happened here?!” Lu Yun frowned deeply when he saw the state that Yu Hengluo was in. He’d instructed her to stay behind in the chamber, protected by not only his bronze lamp, but also Wayfarer. So how could this have happened?!

However, his eyes then flitted to the extinguished bronze lamp and broken bamboo staff beside her.

“Sect Head... this servant hurts...”

Whoosh!

Taking advantage of the lull in conversation, Yu Hengluo blurred into a bloody shadow and pounced on Lu Yun. Crimson nails curved like a beast’s claws, crashing down on his head.

“Vermin!” roared Zhang Shuo, bringing a pair of hefty hammers to the fore and smashing them toward Yu Hengluo.

Clang!!

The sound of metal meeting metal rang out as an incredulous Zhang Shuo ricocheted backward with his ninth-rank hammers, cracks spider webbing through them and the web between his thumbs and forefingers ripping open.

Yu Hengluo stopped, her empty eye sockets locking onto him. The empty cavern of her mouth yawned open, then—

Gush!

A mouthful of bloody water shot out and drilled into Zhang Shuo.

Hum!

Black luster exploded from his body as a set of black armor materialized protectively. His face turned beet red, heavily injured despite the thick armor upon him. It’d been refined by a peak arcane dao immortal monster spirit of the West Sea, and was imbued with the full intent of the arcane dao immortal realm.

Given its properties, it repelled Yu Hengluo and in fact elicited an answering flare of crimson light from her gory body. Rivulets of fresh blood flowed slowly from her.

“Waugh!!” She suddenly threw her head back and roared to the sky, summoning the masses of faceless ghosts from the mountain. They floated down in unison, setting their sights on Lu Yun and the other immortals.

“Not good, not good! Hurry and retreat!” Zhang Shuo cried out, aghast. He could manage to take a blow from Yu Hengluo, thanks to his armor, but he absolutely lacked the courage to face the dense waves of faceless ghosts that’d come howling their way.

The other immortals had fled even faster than him and were already nowhere to be seen.

“You guys retreat first,” Lu Yun said softly, gripping Violetgrave firmly in hand and fixing his eyes solidly on Yu Hengluo. How he wished that this gory mound of flesh before him wasn’t her, but a zombie or something that’d transformed into her appearance!

However, the dull bronze lantern and snapped bamboo staff mocked his hopes. This horrendous corpse fiend in front of him was undoubtedly Yu Hengluo!

“I’m not leaving!” Jing Huaci shook her head rapidly. “They can’t see me.”

“What?” Lu Yun blinked.

“My special constitution allows me to conceal myself from the dead, whether they be zombies or immortal ghosts.” Jing Huaci added in a low whisper, “Although... I’m afraid of ghosts...”

Beigong Chonglou had previously devoured Jing Huaci in an attempt to gain her constitution. However, his attempt had ended in abject failure. When Jing Huaci was reborn, her unique constitution was reborn with her. It was rooted not in the physical body, but the soul itself.

“Alright!” Lu Yun’s eyes lit up. “Go refine the cross at the foot of the mountain!” He had a hunch that the cross was the key to controlling the silver mountain. “But be careful not to touch the skin, or the parts of the face that are on the ground.”

The girl shuddered involuntarily at the imagined horrors, then nodded.

“Go, but be careful.” Jing Huaci nodded, then carefully made her way to the foot of the silver mountain.

Lu Yun leapt into the air and charged into the horde of faceless ghosts.

“Sect Head!” Yu Hengluo howled and rushed after him. “This servant hurts!!”