

## Necropolis 741

### Chapter 741: Sun Star

Hazy light blossomed as a flamboyantly dressed young man with green hair rolled out from the petals of the Emperor Sunflower.

“Mercy, oh eminent one! Please spare this lowly one! This little monster spirit didn’t know that the heir of Celestial Master Zhang had come. Please be lenient of this humble one’s ignorance!” The young man fell to his knees the second he showed himself and smacked his head repeatedly into the ground, sobbing for mercy all the while.

Lu Yun and the youth in green from the Green Firmament gaped at the sight.

The true form of the young man in front of them was an enormous water snake, and an incomparably dominant one at that. Fangs glinting dangerously, his nascent spirit poison had reached preposterous heights.

If it hadn’t been for Lu Yun letting loose with the three immortal fires, allowing them free rein with enough momentum to destroy the entire world, they wouldn’t have been able to withstand the tremendous poison this monster spirit spewed.

“The heir of Celestial Master Zhang?” Lu Yun’s projection of Zhurong looked down his nose at the big snake. “Did the celestial master arrange for you to be here?”

“Yes, Celestial Master Zhang had me stay here to guard the immortal emperor’s coffin.” The green-haired youth almost tripped over his tongue in his haste to answer. “Before he left, he said that if someone comes using the Emerald Mistfire, Lucent Voidfire, and Daevic Skyfire at the same time, then that person is his heir and has the right to inherit the Emperor Sunflower!”

Lu Yun coolly assessed the snake while the six paths of his nascent spirit communicated with the Karmic Tree. Only fear and unease exuded from the snake when he faced Lu Yun; there were no other undertones.

However, that wasn’t enough to make Lu Yun relax his guard.

“The celestial master went missing before the great war... How did you evade it and manage to survive until now?” The Spectral Eye clearly outlined to Lu Yun that the water snake’s true cultivation level was at the ingress realm. This was a king of the Primordial Era, not a contemporary powerhouse who’d reached the ingress realm under the current immortal dao!

“In response to the great master, this humble one doesn’t live beneath the immortal dao. I died when the immortal dao was being created. Celestial Master Zhang came here three months ago and revived me, bestowing upon me the knowledge of how to walk the immortal dao as well. He commanded me to guard the Emperor Sunflower and wait for his successor.”

“What??” Lu Yun and the green-clad youth looked at each other. “Died when the immortal dao was being created?”

“Impossible!” shrieked the green-clad youth. “Any living being that died at the immortal dao’s founding was swallowed whole by the immortal dao to fortify itself. Not even a trace of your true spirit would’ve been left behind, so how could anyone revive you?!”

“Anyway, that’s enough for now, I don’t really care about any of this.” Lu Yun frowned. “What of the divine spirit of the kidneys?”

In his eyes, their first priority was the kidneys of heaven and earth. Once it nursed itself back to full health and recovered its strength, the world of immortals would likely be next on its menu. In the split second when it broke free, Lu Yun had gained the full picture of its boundless malice and destructive lust.

It was no wonder, since it’d been suppressed for the past five thousand years and subjected to a daily regimen of roasting by the Sol Truefire. Its hatred and resentment were easy to imagine, and if it didn’t fully vent its ill will, it would become an evil god even more monstrous than the demon god.

“It’s... in the world of the Emperor Sunflower. This lowly monster spirit is too weak to enter that world...” His eyes darting around, the green-haired youth obviously had something else on his mind as well.

“You want to enter the world of the Emperor Sunflower?” Lu Yun arched a brow.

The ten connate spirit roots were called such not only because of their prodigal energy and unique attributes, but also because they each nurtured a world within themselves. In contrast, though the Ancient Tree of Life possessed just as much strength as the ten, it wasn’t included on the list because it wasn’t endowed with a standalone world of its own.

The Fusang Purewood, Moon Osmanthus, and Embittered Bamboo all contained their own worlds—Qing Yu was simply too weak to utilize any of them at the moment.

However, the Emperor Sunflower before them had no master, so its world was open to all to freely enter as they would. It innately repelled the big water snake, which was why the monster spirit couldn’t make its way inside.

The kidneys had nurtured a divine spirit that’d evolved into a water god. It only needed to partake of the Emperor Sunflower’s petals if it wanted to draw on the spirit root’s power. But for the yin-attributed water snake, it would have to consume the spirit root’s core for the same effect, thereby making it extinct in the world.

Therefore, the Emperor Sunflower instinctively barred the water snake from entering.

“Is there someone else inside?” Lu Yun suddenly asked.

“Yes... they’re all waiting for the divine spirit’s wound to flare up so they can eat it!” The water snake licked his lips, plainly wanting to devour the divine spirit as well.

“We’re heading in!” Lu Yun yanked the green-clad youth with him in a large stride over the snake, then bounded into the world of the Emperor Sunflower.

After he vanished from sight, the snake’s eyes turned flat and cold. “...that brat didn’t fall for it...”

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“Why didn’t you bring him with us?” The green-clad youth was struggling to wrap his mind around things.

“Snakes are cold-blooded creatures, and that one was also full of bullshit. He was intimidated by the mention of Celestial Master Zhang, but his face screamed his treachery to the high heavens,” snorted Lu Yun. “As cold-blooded creatures, they don’t have such violent emotional upheavals. Even if they faced death, they would remain as coolly aloof as ever.”

Since he had two rimesnakes for subordinates, he’d grown very familiar with the nature of snakes. When he’d interrupted the big water snake and stopped him from talking more about Celestial Master Zhang, that’d been a sign that Lu Yun didn’t believe him.

“I might’ve actually believed him had I not known who the celestial master is... Alas, Celestial Master Zhang is dead.” Lu Yun sighed. The celestial master in question was Wayfarer!

His senses were now independent, complete entities of their own free will. If Celestial Master Zhang were to come back to life, his five senses would return to him and the two saints of the Nephrite court would no longer be in residence.

“That snake spouted off that crap because he wanted me to take him into the inner world of the Emperor Sunflower. If my guess is correct, he came from outside the tomb as well.”

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A wheel of a resplendent sun hung in the center of this world, dazzling and arresting to the senses, just like the Emperor Sunflower coffin in the main burial chamber. However, this sun wasn’t the spirit root, but its core essence.

“The sun collected by the Fusang Purewood was just the sun of a minor world, coalesced into being by certain laws. It wasn’t a blazing sun that could illuminate the multiverse, but the core of this Emperor Sunflower is a real sun star!”

Lu Yun sucked in a surprised breath when he saw the star with his own eyes.

Three dark figures stood around it, forming a perfectly balanced tripod. The demon god, the divine spirit of the kidneys, and... a middle-aged nun.

The little nun’s master.

## **Chapter 742: Kill a God**

The little nun’s master—also Mo Yi’s senior sister—was a powerhouse of the Purple Firmament and a guardian of the world of immortals. She kept the flawless origin dao immortals of the world in check, as well as deterred the origin dao immortals of Levitating Island from acting out.

She took her duties seriously, so much so that a flawless origin dao immortal—an old lion—from Levitating Island had met his death at her hands. She’d departed from the world of immortals after that, her absence emboldening personages such as the big fur seal and Yin Jiuying. They’d only dared show themselves after her departure.

Lu Yun had thought she'd left for good, but here she was.

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"How dare a yin god of the Green Firmament interfere in the affairs of the living?" the middle-aged nun spoke before Lu Yun could address the situation. "Yu Qinghun, are you looking to court death in coming here?"

Yu Qinghun was the name of the green-clad youth next to Lu Yun; color drained from his face when he heard the rebuke.

"Leave!" scoffed the nun when she saw his reaction.

"A representative of the Purple Firmament?" Lu Yun took a step forward, his projection of Zhurong growing even more resplendent and awe-inspiring as he commanded the limelight. Connate li fire blazed around the manifestation and the two dragon veins beneath Zhurong's feet crooned with resounding dragon howls.

"And who are you?" The nun's expression shifted when she took a good look at the manifestation.

Zhurong was the primordial fire god, a proper one with a title conferred by the immortal emperor himself. Worshippers had offered him plentiful sacrifices, elevating his position to great heights in the Primordial Era. At the same time, he was also extraordinarily strong and domineering himself. Having reached the principal realm, he was the cream of the crop among the gods.

In the Primordial Era, the strongest gods had been Thunder God Kui, Water God Gonggong, Wind God Fengbo, and Fire God Zhurong. Their strength had been on par with the four godkings of the four cardinal divine tribes.

Thus, the middle-aged nun would never think that the random fellow on fire in front of her was the primordial Zhurong; that august personage had perished before the great war. Though his bloodline lived on in the world of immortals, the real Zhurong was deadlier than dead. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The manifestation standing before her was more likely someone who'd obtained Zhurong's inheritance.

"It doesn't matter who any of you are, all of you will die here today since you dared come here!" roared the divine spirit of the kidneys. Four water dragons exploded out of the black kui water and barreled toward Lu Yun, Yu Qinghun, the middle-aged nun, and the demon god.

At the same time, the divine spirit opened its arms and rushed at the core of the Emperor Sunflower. Its true form was one of four heads and eight arms, and its legs were webbed like a frog's instead of bearing distinct toes.

"Hmph!" snorted the nun. Innumerable sword lights bloomed in the air with just a casual wave of her hand. They dispersed the water dragon in front of her with explosive slashes and she took flight as well, treading through air to tear into the divine spirit.

Clang!

The demon god made his move. He wasn't here in person—the Ichor Bog had formed a scarlet replica that blazed as an enormous red flame. An immense scarlet hand grabbed the nun's sword light and crushed it to pieces.

“Do not damage my body,” he commanded coldly. Turning, he sent a claw grabbing for the divine spirit.

“AHHHHHHHH—“ the divine spirit screamed furiously. It’d been a hair’s breadth away from the core of the spirit root when the demon god yanked it away!

Snarling and flailing around wildly, it wanted to attack the demon god, but its quarry proved far too nimble. The divine spirit couldn’t touch a single hair on the demon god’s body. In the eyes of both the demon god and middle-aged nun, the divine spirit was a squealing pig waiting to be butchered—ripe for harvest and of no threat at all.

If it weren’t for the nun deterring the demon god, he would’ve gained a new body a long time ago.

“Old nun, I will head to the Crimson Firmament after I obtain this new body. There is no conflict between you and I, so why do you stop me?!” One hand clamped around the divine spirit, the demon god furiously crashed into the nun again and again.

“I wouldn’t obstruct you if you hadn’t possessed the Exalted divine emperor’s true spirit. But since you did, and now want this divine spirit’s body, it’s only a matter of time before you become a calamity in the making. I will destroy this divine spirit even if I can’t kill you!” yelled the old nun as scrolls of sword atlases arose from her body. Each of them was embedded with ten thousand flying swords!

A hundred and eight scrolls made for a million and eighty thousand flying swords!

Each imbued with its own sword aura, the swords whistled sharply through the air in a concentrated attack on the demon god. The little nun had copied the Sword Atlas combat art from Lu Yun, then passed it on to her master. Given the middle-aged nun’s strength, she could deploy the sword atlases with greater strength than Xing Chen—in fact, she’d reached the realm of sword dao!

Sword aura from a million and eighty thousand swords churned the demon god into pieces and scattered him through the air in a shower of gore and blood. However, it took less than half a breath for him to reform. Snarling savagely, he maintained a death grip on the divine spirit and kept it behind him.

“You blackguard!” He seemed unharmed, but the blows had hurt and the pain of being carved into a million pieces had imprinted on his heart. “Die!”

His body writhed into the form of an enormous crimson snake, one that dislocated its jaw and bit toward the nun with venom that glistened of blue.

“Spiriteater Demon Snake!” sneered the nun. “The snake king outside is one of yours, isn’t it?”

The Spiriteater Demon Snake was similar to the Spiriteater Demon Frog that Lu Yun had once encountered in the Sword Pavilion, but the snake version was much more terrifying than its frog brethren. Snakes possessed utmost nascent spirit poison, one that could scatter the soul and spirit to the four winds.

The demon god had plainly become a real Spiriteater Demon Snake, but it was so weak and frail that it couldn’t harbor his true strength. However, the sheen of poison on his fangs was very real.

Now in the form of a snake, the demon god gave up on the divine spirit of the kidneys and pounced on the middle-aged nun.

“I recognize the brat from the Green Firmament and the wretch that keeps ruining my plans! If you two don’t want the world to go up in flames, go stop that divine spirit. Heh heh heh, this divine one possesses the true spirit of the Exalted divine emperor and is housed by the Ichor Bog. I cannot die.”

Ah, that demon god does indeed recognize me.

Boom!!

As the thought flickered Lu Yun’s mind, he let loose with a tremendous burst of firelight and evaporated the water dragon in front of him. Likewise, Yu Qinghun deployed a fighting technique and handled the water dragon facing him. Honestly, while the divine spirit of the kidneys was strong, its combat arts were completely insufficient.

“I’ll go set off the wound in its body, you be ready to kill a god!” Yu Qinghun yelled.

1. Interestingly enough, the characters of his name mean Feather Green Soul. It’s a pretty big nod to his faction and state of existence.

### **Chapter 743: Crimson Firmament**

Upon Yu Qinghun’s roar, the center of his brows suddenly exploded and blood glimmering with golden light shot out of his head. A gigantic illusory blade of mystical light spilled forth from the hole between his brows and enveloped him as he spread his arms wide open.

“AHHHHH!!!” The divine spirit of the kidneys shrieked with anguish and a hideous scar floated onto its chest. Black blood spurted out of its old injury and it fell bonelessly from midair, crash landing on the petals of the Emperor Sunflower.

“Why do all of you hurt me?!” An incredulous and resentful howl forced itself out of its throat. “I devoted my time and energy to cultivation after being born and never involved myself with anything that would result in karma. But when I was able to take form five thousand years ago, those of the Green Firmament came to kill me, and then the spirit fragment of the immortal emperor suppressed me. And now you!

“When did I ever become enemies with any of you?!”

“A man’s wealth is his own ruin because it causes someone else’s greed,” Lu Yun answered coldly as he approached the spirit. “As you are an organ of heaven and earth, no expert in the world will ever leave you alone. Your sin... is that you are alive.”

He’d once felt the very emotions displayed by the divine spirit. Upon arriving in the world of immortals, he’d kept his nose clean and sought to stay out of everyone’s way. However, the Exalted Immortal Sect, Lu and Qing Clans, and House Donglin all came for him one after the other. They picked on him for nothing more than being the governor of Dusk Province.

For a weakling like him to occupy a future sacred land like Dusk made him a sinner.

However, he differed from the divine spirit in terms of his reaction. People bullied, suppressed, insulted, and tried to kill him, but he took all of that as motivation and drive to constantly hone his skills, blazing a way through all obstacles until he’d achieved his current accomplishments.

The divine spirit, on the other hand, only sought to vent its resentment. All of that negativity had accumulated for far too long in its heart and transformed into terrible malice. There was no way to erase it other than indulging in destruction.

The two dragons beneath Lu Yun's feet rose in the air and careened forward with imposing momentum.

Wham!

Wham!

After two tremendous collisions, the divine spirit sagged to the ground. All eight of its eyes dimmed at the same time as the last of its life was snuffed out. The two dragon veins were also destroyed at the moment of impact, proving to be no match for an organ of heaven and earth.

Despite the divine spirit's background and fearsome strength, it was only five thousand years old. When the two sides collided, it was as if two worlds had rammed into each other. With the divine spirit's limited tenure in life causing it to lack combat experience, it was impossible for it to survive.

If it'd been in perfect health with no injury, a whole body could have protected its soul. But with its old wound flaring up, that incomparably fragile soul had been instantly crushed.

"It's dead!" Yu Qinghun's eyes lit up and joy crossed his face before he, too, deflated, like air going out of a balloon and fell from the sky.

"We're leaving!" Lu Yun whirled around, grabbed Yu Qinghun, and darted outside the world of the Emperor Sunflower.

"Huh?" Both the demon god and the nun froze in surprise.

Without a doubt, the divine spirit of the kidneys had perished after the two dragon veins had trampled its soul. Its body was a true ultimate treasure, but Lu Yun had given up... just like that?

"That kid's strength comes from the two dragon veins. Now that they've been destroyed, he's lost all of his backing. He'd be seeking death if he stayed to fight over that corpse." The demon god sneered and exploded out of the Ichor Bog with a twist of his body. Dividing into a hundred million versions of himself, he charged toward the dead divine spirit from all directions.

"Don't even think about it!" hectorated the nun. The sword atlases behind her swiftly unfurled and coalesced into an enormous purple bell that clamped down over the corpse.

Upon the corpse, the image of the divine spirit was slowly dispersing to reveal its true form as a pair of kidneys. The demon god's copies came back together in the shape of a giant fist and pounded the purple sword bell.

Shivering, the energy rampaging over the sword bell shook from the blow.

"Hahahaha—" Arrogant laughter sounded from the demon god. "You of the Purple Firmament! I might've actually been a little bit afraid of you if the Sword Bell was truly here. You only practice its combat art, yet you dare think of stopping me?"

He took his regular form again and grabbed at the corpse.

“The Sword Bell may not be here, but the Sword Cauldron is,” sounded an incredibly aloof voice.

An enormous ripple rose in the world of the Emperor Sunflower as a large cauldron of aged bronze drifted down from the air. More sword energy raged in the premises as it did so, filling the void. The cauldron was like a wheel of a blazing green sun, throwing off radiance almost on the level of the core of the Emperor Sunflower.

“The Sword Cauldron!! The Crimson Firmament!” shrieked the demon god when he saw the cauldron land. “Is the Crimson Firmament also sticking their nose where it doesn’t belong?!”

Forebodingly dark, the nun withdrew her sword aura and stood frostily off to the side.

The newcomer—an elder dressed in flaming red dao robes with a giant wine gourd at his waist—laughed heartily on top of the sword cauldron.

“If even those of the Purple Firmament can make a move on an organ of heaven and earth, why should my Crimson Firmament be constrained in any way?” He undid the enormous gourd at his waist, popped off the stopper, and took a mighty swig. “It seems the yin gods of the Green Firmament are the only ones not casting greedy eyes at something that belongs to another.

“Five thousand years ago, their Yu Mochou came here and injured the divine spirit at the price of sacrificing his soul. Today, Yu Qinghun expended his true spirit to reignite that wound. I reckon it won’t be long now before that little fellow follows in Yu Mochou’s footsteps.”

He took another swig. “They all say that the yin gods of the Green Firmament are sanctimonious hypocrites, but I say those of the Purple Firmament are the true wolves in sheep’s clothing!”

A sharp gleam flashed through the elder’s eyes. “Mo Yi is a constitution of heaven and earth and a divine girl of the great dao. She should have lived her days free without fetter, but you, oh, you Purple Firmament forcefully took her as a disciple...

“And now you fight over an organ of heaven and earth instead of safeguarding the world of immortals. Today, this old man will enact justice on behalf of the heavens and destroy your spawn of evil!”

The sword cauldron beneath his feet trembled as he spoke and sent out countless sword lights that rushed at the nun.

Clang!!

A purple figure of a bell flashed across the nun and blocked all of the rays.

“Why does a fellow daoist of the Crimson Firmament fly into such a rage? The demon god is our mutual enemy,” rose a clear voice.

#### **Chapter 744: Lighting the Heavenly Palace**

A bronze bell slowly descended onto the scene with a man in purple standing upright on it. He looked to be in his early twenties and was classically handsome with flowing long hair. Poised atop the enormous bell, his eyes twinkled merrily at the Crimson Firmament elder.

Flaring with sword energy, the bell was as solid and real as the cauldron beneath the elder’s feet.



Faint ripples oscillated through the air when the two great treasures faced off against each other, and all of the color drained from the demon god's face. He'd turned himself into a red marble and was silently cowering in a corner of the world.

If the two treasures came after him at the same time, they would severely injure his true spirit and send him into a deep sleep. Once he entered a deep slumber, the Exalted divine emperor's true spirit might very well end up with a new master.

But at this moment, whether it was the elder from the Crimson Firmament or those from the Purple Firmament, everyone's attention was on the kidneys of heaven and earth. Its divine spirit had perished, leaving the organ drifting through the air with the smallest mirage of an altar beneath it.

Though it'd lost the Water Altar, the kidneys still retained their instinctive reaction to receive worship. Thus, they wanted to create a new altar for which to receive sacrifices to birth a new spirit. After all, their creation had resulted from the worship of living beings to begin with.

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"Heh heh heh, vermin of the Purple Firmament, you actually dared show yourself. Aren't you afraid that I'll smash your sword bell into the mundane world again?" Taking repeated swigs of wine, the elder chuckled darkly, a mirth not echoed in the frosty look of his eyes.

"Do you think my Purple Firmament is as easily bullied as the Green Firmament?" The purple-clad youth shook his head and waved a hand, changing the bell beneath his feet into a streak of light that encapsulated him and the nun from head to toe.

Wham—

The elder made his move.

Boundless sword rays spewed forth like the radiance of the blazing sun. With a tremor, the cauldron projected a crimson beast from the sword light. Snarling a challenge, the beast pounced on the bell. Waves of booming bell tolls rang forth in response, spreading through the air like a sword aura to match the cauldron blow for blow.

Scared senseless, the demon god didn't dare linger for one more second now that battle was joined. He scampered for the exit as the two sides officially clashed with each other.

The Emperor Sunflower trembled from the collisions as well; its core couldn't handle a fight between such great powerhouses. Only the kidneys of heaven and earth remained unaffected by the tumult.

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"Strange, it's really damned strange!" Outside the Emperor Sunflower, on a microscopic speck of dust, Lu Yun beheaded Yu Qinghun with a casual palm slash and turned his companion into an Infernum. At the same time, he looked toward the world of the spirit root. "I killed that divine spirit, but it didn't turn into one of my ghostly soldiers. Er... is it actually not dead?"

While the world created by the spirit root appeared boundless, it was actually a seed storage. Once outside its domain, Lu Yun could see everything taking place inside with a quick glance.

The divine spirit of the kidneys was indeed dead—there were no ripples of life emanating from it. However, anything that Lu Yun killed should become one of his Infernum.

This was the first exception of its kind.

Rumble.

A tremendous disturbance rocked the skies as the tribulation clouds that'd disappeared gathered once again. Four hours had passed, and the Venerated Sacrosanct Demon Sovereign could no longer suppress the demon god and demonic cauldron. As a result, the tribulation had descended once again.

“Hahahahaha!!” Inside the world of the Emperor Sunflower, the demon god suddenly stopped fleeing and threw his head back with laughter. Black tribulation clouds brewed over his head and slowly filled the world of the spirit root. Lightning as black as ink roared within the clouds, giving full voice to the destructive might they were about to bring to bear.

The demonic egg and the demon god's body formed from the Ichor Bog were about to undergo their tribulations at the same time! Both of them were his primary body as he was a being with dual spirits!

One of them was the true spirit of the Exalted divine emperor that he'd stolen beneath Mount Exalted, the other was his spirit that the demon celestial master had sealed into the demonic cauldron during the Primordial Era. However, it still came as a shock that both of them would experience their trials at the same time.

“The Diabolical Tribulation of World Refinement... this thunder possesses the power to destroy true spirits, as is a mark of that particular tribulation!” The ferociously battling sword cauldron flew back to the elder's hand upon his light beckon. He leveled an arctic glare at the demon god, but didn't show an inclination to run away.

“Heavenly tribulations of mere cultivators are of absolutely no threat to us.” The purple-clad man completely dismissed the proceedings. “Demon God, you may go seeking your death in attempting your tribulation now.”

“Hahahahaha!!” the demon god continued roaring with laughter. “Do you really think the immortal dao's laws of tribulations hold no sway over you? Or perhaps you don't know the true intentions of those three... They sought to incorporate all living beings of this major world into the immortal dao so that it would be the only grand dao in the entire multiverse and space-time continuum!

“Do you really think the three Firmaments are the Firmaments of old, those lofty sovereigns up high, dictating the life and death of all beings? You, too, will be conquered by the immortal dao before long.”

When the demon god spread his arms wide open, the sprinkle of lightning from the skies suddenly thickened into a column that blasted straight into him. However, his body made from the Ichor Bog was too hardy. Even though his tribulation was the Diabolical Tribulation of World Refinement, it still didn't deliver any damage to him.

What rang a strange note was that, for the three powerhouses of other realms, an oddly uncomfortable feeling draped around them. Bizarrely enough, a tiny strand of the laws of heavenly tribulations had seeped into their bodies, strengthening the tribulation around them by just a hair. Though it wasn't enough to be of any threat, it still felt uncommonly uncomfortable.

While those of the three Firmaments also cultivated the immortal dao, they'd always done so with the condescending perspective of being superior to it. But now it was starting to exert control over them, too.

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Qing Yu's heavenly tribulation had also arrived; thankfully, she'd already incorporated the Immortal Subjugation Seal and the Sol Truefire it contained into the heavenly palace.

A flame had been kindled in the heavenly palace, and the embryo of a vast and magnificent world was slowly taking form in her mind.

"Just a little more. I need the framework of a real world to truly manifest the world of the heavenly palace." Qing Yu stood and tilted her head up at the tribulation clouds in the sky. "The Central World... is a dead world and its will extinguished. Only a world like that can be devoured by a budding new one!"

### **Chapter 745: Ultimate Origin Dao**

Cloudbanks gathered over Qing Yu's head—not tribulation clouds, but something ineffable and undefinable. While born of the rules of heavenly tribulations, they bore no relation to punishment or judgment. Pure and flawless, the clouds exuded a hallowed energy that wrapped around Qing Yu in a protective sphere.

Higher still in the sky, the inky tribulation clouds looming over the Central World faded in color until they were pure white puffiness. The terrible Diabolical Tribulation of World Refinement remained, but its lightning was replaced by white splendor that rained down onto the ground as droplets of milky white liquid.

Thus irrigated, the dim, cracked land of the Central World awoke with great vitality.

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The Venerated Sacrosanct Demon Sovereign dropped to the ground, his skeletal body scattered and the bones comprising it ground to small pieces. They plopped to the ground, leaving only a skull beholding a small ember of Hadal Bonfire intact. The Sugato Sword and Skyturning Seal clattered to the ground beside the skull, trembling ever so slightly.

The great fur seal roared a challenge to the skies. Its body was a blinding red, signifying that it'd taken its true form again after using the Ichor Bog for a while. It was now so much more powerful than before, exceeding the dao immortal realm and reaching the ingress realm.

The egg of the demon god had cracked and peeled away to admit a naked young man in the air above the abyss. He was beautiful—all fair porcelain skin and lean, chiseled muscles. His new form cut a flawless figure.

"I've finally ascended to immortality and entered the immortal dao," muttered the demon god. "But where is my tribulation? My phenomenon of ascension?"

His fine brows furrowed, the demon god looked up at the gentle shower from the sky.

“No!” he blurted out with a start. “That girl is going to refine the Central World! Too many secrets lie hidden here. She mustn’t be allowed to succeed!”

He was now a true immortal, but his actual strength was far in excess of his actual cultivation level. After all, his true spirit had once belonged to a great emperor, and he’d built this body with countless precious materials sourced from around the world.

“Prior to his passing, the immortal emperor shaped the Emperor Sunflower into his coffin so that it would become this world’s sun, turning the Central World into a world of the immortal dao.

“In the era of human dao, there were only nine connate spirit roots. The Emperor Sunflower wasn’t among them. Someone nurtured this flower with the power of the Fusang Purewood, then labeled it the tenth spirit root to conceal its true nature!” The demon god waved a hand, transfiguring a long black robe with a flash of light to cover up his flawless physique.

“So this is the Sword Pagoda from the Green Firmament...” he tutted at the inanimate Sugato Sword on the ground. “The pagoda is hardly what it used to be after its fall from grace. The greatest man-made treasure in the world? Tsk, how ludicrous.”

Dismissively turning away from the treasures, he looked instead at the great fur seal. The beast barked in understanding and rolled beneath the demon god’s feet, becoming his flying carpet and bearing its master to the heart of the Central World.

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“Someone’s refining the core of the Central World!” Within the world of the Emperor Sunflower, the representatives from the Crimson and Purple Firmaments simultaneously looked up in shock. They immediately gave up on the kidneys and darted back out into the outside world.

“The kidneys of heaven and earth were born in the Central World. If someone refines the world, no one else will be able to get their hands on the organs!” muttered the demon god’s Ichor Bog replica, quickly following those from the two Firmaments out of the spirit root’s world.

Outside the Emperor Sunflower, the Spiriteater Demon Snake tipped its head up and hissed loudly, rushing toward the core of the world in a flash of blue.

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All of the world of immortals stirred with shock; countless immortals looked up and scanned the skies. Their missing facet had manifested above each of the nine majors, ten lands, four immortal seas, and four great oceans.

Qing Yu emerged as well, an inviolate, peak existence above the Central World. Sol Truefire blazed on her palm, slowly absorbing the facet.

Boom!

She clapped her hands together, transforming the Sol Truefire into an enormous blazing sun that gradually overlapped with the Central World. Trembling and shaking, all living souls—with Lu Yun the sole exception—were ejected from the facet by a great power.

“What’s going on?!” Within Destiny City, Qi Hai shot to his feet and looked up with wide eyes. He shrieked from the mind-boggling sight, “The heavenly facets are connected as a whole. No one should be able to refine the Central World unless they control all of the heavenly mandates!”

“Nothing is impossible.” Silverlight had returned to Destiny City after the battle in the North Sea. She, too, looked up at the mysterious twenty-fourth facet. “She is the sovereign of the immortal dao to which the Central World belongs... of course it is possible for her to refine it.

“Once she does, she will be far more than a celestial emperor. We need to stop her!”

Silverlight’s eyes flashed as she reverted to her scarlet ape form and leapt into the sky, manifesting a giant iron rod and swinging it at the Central World.

Bam!

Silver light blasted out of the Central World and knocked away the Path of Ingress connecting it to Nephrite Major. It continued along its path to Dao City at the center of Dusk Province, and was met in turn by a similar ray of light erupting from the city. The two rays interwove and blended in the sky, becoming a single entity.

A restriction against immortals!

The restrictions of Dusk and the Central World merged together, then rushed back to swirl around Qing Yu as a complete whole. With this step complete, the Central World slowly drifted toward Dusk Province.

“It is indeed the two of them behind this! They can’t be allowed to succeed!” roared Qi Hai. “The Central World is the heart of the world of immortals. Lu Yun and Qing Yu mustn’t become its rulers without the consent of all lives in this world!”

He shot into the air and rushed toward the Central World.

“That’s right, the Central World belongs to us all. You must seek our permission first before doing anything with it!” Silverlight, Goldenlight, Yin Jiuying, and the celestial emperors of the various facets could no longer stay on the sidelines. Not even the head of the Dark North Sword Sect and elites of Ingress Island could remain still. They all made their way to the fringes of the twenty-fourth facet in an attempt to stop Qing Yu from refining it.

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“How long do you need?” Lu Yun and Xing Chen asked quietly by Qing Yu’s side.

“Six hours,” Qing Yu responded in a soft voice, giving Lu Yun a composed look.

Lu Yun nodded. “Understood.”

Hum.

Violet light flickered over him as his power grew exponentially, until finally, he reached peak origin dao realm. Nine pieces of origin dao fruit glittered in his consciousness.

This was the strength of peak origin dao immortal—the strength of a celestial emperor.

## Chapter 746: Who Says He's By Himself?

The strength of a celestial emperor didn't just mean peak origin dao—it was more the bolstering of a heavenly mandate that defined the true supremacy of this title.

Upon becoming one with the corpse puppet, Lu Yun accessed the power of a peak origin dao immortal from the Primordial Era. An immortal of that time period could call upon the energy of the world, making them no less mighty than what a heavenly mandate could bring to bear.

All the world trembled the moment he revealed himself. The powerhouses rushing toward the Central World stopped in their tracks, staring at the lord of Dusk with incredulous shock.

“Peak origin dao realm! This is strength that can rival the nine celestial emperors! How is this possible? Is Lu Yun a celestial emperor himself?!” shrieked a crippled dao immortal. He'd once been granted an audience with a celestial emperor and personally experienced the immeasurable influence from these august personages. It was no different from what Lu Yun emanated at the moment!

Alarm bells rang and the desire to retreat blossomed in the hearts of many experts present. After eighty thousand years, the title of celestial emperor had become synonymous with invincibility in the world of immortals!

No one could defy the celestial emperors. They radiated immutable authority even when remaining motionless in place, demanding the worship of all with only their presence. Their sovereignty was absolute, and it wasn't possible to even consider giving the slightest hint of disrespect.

And now, Lu Yun gave off the same presence as them!

“What peak origin dao realm and strength of a celestial emperor, he's just borrowing those with a special technique!” The middle-aged nun—master of the little nun, Mo Yi's senior sister—took a step forward and looked coldly at Lu Yun. “This one has just become an immortal and hasn't even fully grasped the power of the immortal dao yet. Playing around with outside forces at a time like this is nothing more than a child heaving a sledgehammer. Who knows if it's himself or others that he'll harm in the end...”

A roar rang out before she could finish her words and a crimson fur seal charged out of the void to pounce on Lu Yun.

The big fur seal! King of fur seals, father of Ge Yanxia, and also at peak origin dao realm. He crashed toward the Central World with unstoppable momentum. Too busy staring dumbly at his hands, Lu Yun paid no attention to him.

“It feels very different this time. The last two times, I felt boundless strength come down over me that helped me struggle free of the morass and take a good look at this world. But this time...” he took a deep breath, “the strength has truly melted into my body and become my own. I am like one of the celestial emperors in these four hours at peak origin dao realm!”

The six paths of his nascent spirit circulated smoothly in hell, deploying this terrifying strength with no problem at all. Of course, it was also because Lu Yun was very familiar with this level of strength by now. When in hell, he wielded far greater power than this.

He gently reached out into the air to summon the Sugato Sword lying in the Central World. It rose with a light tremor and drifted into his hand. With his hand around the handle, the sword exploded into an infinite number of sword shadows in the air. Reaching out with his hand again, he collected the shadows into one enormous palm of sword energy.

Wham!

The palm connected solidly with the big fur seal and sent its bright-red body flying far away, a perfect target for sword energy to slice and dice into a bloody shower of gore.

Swiftly reassembling itself, the big fur seal roared and snarled, but found itself unable to break through the Sugato Sword's defenses despite multiple charges. Its body, created from the Ichor Bog, was as fragile as an egg in front of it, unable to withstand a single blow.

"You may return," sounded the demon god's voice upon seeing his minion's futile efforts. The big fur seal trembled and docilely landed at its master's feet.

"Have you succeeded?" The eyelids of the representatives from the two Firmaments twitched when they saw the demon god's new body.

"Almost." The youth that was the demon god grinned brilliantly and lifted his head. "Such a vast and wondrous immortal dao... how perfect would it be if it could be corrupted into a demonic dao?"

Everyone shivered at that line of wishful thinking.

"I'm quite surprised that the Sword Pagoda of the Green Firmament has come to life again in your hands," murmured the demon god. "But something dead is a dead thing in the end... the Sword Pagoda is no longer what it once was."

Clang!

A ringing sound echoed from the Sugato Sword, as if protesting the demon god's words. Heaving a sigh, the demon god fell silent and spoke no more.

Almost all of the powerhouses in the world of immortals were gathered here; their combined presence formed a tremendous aura that bore down upon Lu Yun and Qing Yu. However, Lu Yun remained stalwartly in front of his beloved, shielding her from all outside pressure.

"Give it up, Lu Yun. The Central World isn't something you can obtain for yourself. If you do, that signals the end of Dusk Province," sighed the celestial emperor of Primus Major. "We acknowledge your strength now and have nothing to say anymore if you wish to establish a sacred land of immortal dao and become a saint of our world.

"But primordial heritages and countless precious ingredients lie within the Central World. There's... also that which pertains to all of immortal dao. If you claim it, you will become the public enemy of the world."

"When have I ever not been the public enemy?" sighed Lu Yun. "The world will know no peace without Lu Yun's death... those are words that all of you spoke, not I. A saint?" he snorted dismissively. "I hardly have such flashy ambitions. But as the head of the Star Demon Sect, I'm rather interested in becoming one massive devil."

“In that case, you and I are engaged in the same pursuit. Why don’t we jointly control the Central World and corrupt the immortal dao together? What say you?” chuckled the demon god.

“We walk different paths and therefore, there is little common ground between us.” Lu Yun shook his head. “As a devil, I answer only to myself. My dao partner is all that I need in this world, what right do you have to stand side by side with me?”

Face darkening, the demon god had no response to that. With a croon, the Sugato Sword transformed into a river that encircled the Central World like a boundary.

“Death to those who cross this line.” Lu Yun’s expression was completely detached.

“Lu Yun, it looks like you really are going against the entire world by yourself!” Qi Hai stepped out and loudly denounced the youth. “I know everything about you and that you’ve received the heritage of hell, the one of human dao in the Primeval Era. Do you think you can dominate an entire era with just a broken and tattered human dao hell?”

“The human dao hell?!” Surprise flickered through the faces of those assembled, but no greater reaction was forthcoming.

Hell was a story from the era of myths and legends. Everything about it had been wiped clean from the world of immortals. The only thing that remained about it was that in the bygone Primeval Era, humans had ruled everything under the heavens. All other races were their play toys, their livestock.

“Who says he’s by himself?”

Whoosh!

White fire blazed as large pieces of bone shot through the void, assembling into an enormous skeleton in the sky. The Venerated Sacrosanct Demon Sovereign!

With a tremor, the Skyturning Seal flew out of the Central World, trailing a tail of golden flames and landing in the demon sovereign’s hand.

Lu Yun jerked in surprise. He hadn’t expected this personage, of all people, to show up at this time and choose his side!

“Hahahaha, you’re quite right, fellow daoist! Who says he’s by himself?” The thirteen heads of the merchant alliance appeared as well. Though they were only peak arcane dao immortals, they were all equipped with Lu Yun’s formations of heaven and earth!

### **Chapter 747: The King of Treasures**

The head of the Panorama Pavilion had decisively sold the Tribulation Traversing Pill to the Lins because the trading guild had formations of heaven and earth in their arsenal—to the tune of equipping thirteen primordial arcane dao immortals. With those formations, they could pluck origin dao fruits with their own strength.

The dominating appearance of thirteen arcane dao immortals by Lu Yun’s side sent waves throughout the world. They represented a staggering half of the world’s fortune!



Hot on the heels of the merchant alliance were the five forefathers of the Star Demon Sect. Dense demonic air wreathed around them, fully concealing their true appearances and leaving room for unfettered release of frosty killing intent.

These five had remained at the Skandha Range after the destruction of Witherdew Major, staying out of the public eye and going without formations of heaven and earth. The strength they demonstrated with their showing now rivaled that of the crippled origin dao immortals, and in fact threatened to exceed it.

Apart from these reinforcements, Lu Yun also sensed the presence of Chen Xiao, Qing Buyi, Mo Yi, and Lu Feng in the area. Though they didn't reveal themselves in person, their forceful auras locked on to every person present.

Thus, a curiously frozen scene presented itself as no one dared make the first move.

More than eighty percent of the most elite powerhouses of the world were gathered in the skies over Life Province of Nephrite Major. Tragic devastation would visit every local denizen—and even those beyond—if battle were to break out. Though it might not reach the level of the great war of a hundred thousand years ago, it wouldn't be that far off either.

All along, the Purple Firmament had curbed flawless origin dao immortals from taking the stage because the current world of immortals couldn't endure their strength. When Ashu had battled Yin Jiuying last time, they'd done so in the outer realm. If they'd remained in the atmospheric reaches of the world of immortals, their overpowering auras would've decimated all life.

As time went on, the enormous Central World continued to shrink and disappear into Qing Yu.

"Witherdew Major is already no more, so what of destroying another Nephrite Major?" Qi Hai's voice suddenly rang out. "These are tumultuous times, and truce was never declared in the war from a hundred thousand years ago. We are just a continuation of it! ...chaaaaaarge!"

He flew into motion as he could ill afford to wait any longer. He needed the kingdom of hell that Lu Yun possessed! Hell was the foundation of the human race, but the boy didn't place humanity at the top of his priorities. This was at great odds with Qi Hai's principles and would be tolerated no longer.

Boom!

An enormous pill cauldron shot up from Destiny City and bore down on the Central World with harrowing heat and light.

"Lu Yun is wielding Violetgrave's strength and can only maintain it for four hours. His power will disappear after that!" Qi Hai loudly announced to the crowd. "We don't need to pay any attention to him, we just need to prevent Qing Yu from refining the Central World!"

"Bring it on, then." Lu Yun exploded in size until he was greater than even the twenty-fourth facet. Standing in front of it, he punched out at the blazing pill cauldron headed his way.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

“Kill!” Silverlight, Goldenlight, the Dark North Sword Sect, Ingress Island, and several celestial emperors took action at the same time. Taking Qi Hai’s words to heart, they ignored the gigantic Lu Yun and made for Qing Yu. Snarling in anger, the five Star Demon Sect forefathers and thirteen merchant alliance heads met them head on.

Battle was joined.

In Destiny City, Zhao Shengguang stomped his feet with frustration. He couldn’t take part in the hostilities as he was deploying the Nephrite mandate to protect his nation. He didn’t even dare use it to sweep away the dueling powerhouses—Nephrite Major wouldn’t be able to withstand the shockwaves resulting from their clashes.

Mo Yi, Chen Xiao, Qing Buyi, and Lu Feng stayed their hands as well. Creatures from the Blood Sea and powerhouses from the underworld were hidden in the surroundings. Though they remained concealed, the quartet could still sense the existence of hostile entities. Thus, the four remained firmly in place, deterring those beings from joining the fray.

Those of the Crimson and Purple Firmaments also remained on the sidelines, but the sword cauldron and bell had entered the battlefield and were in turn met by the Skyturning Seal and Sugato Sword.

The Venerated Sacrosanct Demon Sovereign howled with challenge and roared into battle. He’d fully refined the Skyturning Seal by now, and most importantly, his nascent spirit had returned to true existence after practicing Lu Yun’s nascent spirit observation method. It’d become one with the Hadal Bonefire, making it so that the demon god would never be able to possess him anymore.

After his nascent spirit had transmuted into Hadal Bonefire, his Hadal Bonefire Method reached heights never before seen and truly entered the realm of great perfection. This was why he’d manifested in person to help Lu Yun.

A straightforward personage who wore his heart on a sleeve, the demon sovereign had been one who dared defy the primordial immortal emperor. Unyielding and unwavering, he refused to capitulate even in death. Instead, he’d formed an undying true spirit, a development facilitated by the immortal emperor.

It’d only been a difference of perspective between the demon sovereign and immortal emperor.

In his hands, the Skyturning Seal took the size of a towering mountain and stoutly blocked the sword bell. As they weren’t in the Central World anymore, they were no longer subject to the immortal restriction. The demon sovereign fully combusted his Hadal Bonefire, using the gleaming bones of his skeleton for fuel—every piece as pure as white jade. Power exploded out of the seal under his fullest deployment.

Next to him, Yu Qinghun of the Green Firmament wielded the Sugato Sword. He’d suffered fatal injuries in the world of the Emperor Sunflower and almost died. Lu Yun had snapped his neck at the last second and destroyed his nascent spirit to preserve him as an Infernum, returning him to life through the Tome of Life and Death. Infernum enjoyed closer relationships with Lu Yun than the golden-armored warriors summoned from the beans.

In Yu Qinghun's hands, the Sugato Sword unleashed a power that was stronger than any it'd ever displayed in Lu Yun or the demon sovereign's hands.

"This Sugato Sword... is the Sword Pagoda! It was once the ultimate treasure of my Green Firmament countless aeons ago!" Yu Qinghun's wide eyes stared at the sword and he unconsciously formed a strange hand seal. Green light shimmered over the sword in response, as if something had awakened.

"The Sword Pagoda died... then returned to life in master's hands and birthed a new weapon spirit! No wonder it can cut down connate treasures! Sugato Sword, oh Sugato Sword, you don't rank number one among all man-made treasures, you're the king of treasures!"

As he spread his arms wide, the sword reconstructed itself from nine hundred ninety nine layers to a pagoda shimmering with hazy green light, one thousand and eighty layers tall. It was thirty percent stronger than before, and its sword energy stuck close to Yu Qinghun. With just a casual slash, the newest Infernum sent the sword cauldron flying backward.

"Hahaha—!" Yu Qinghun threw his head back with laughter. "Crimson Firmament, you marred our Sword Pagoda all those years ago! Today, I will return an eye for an eye and destroy your Sword Cauldron!"

Whoosh!

A brilliant halo of bluish-gold radiance burst out of his body and melded into the Sugato Sword, honing its keen edge and coalescing its pagoda form out of thin air. Picking up domineering momentum, it smashed right into the sword cauldron.

#### **Chapter 748: Thirty-Six Celestial Emperors**

"What is this?!" Aghast, the Crimson Firmament elder discovered with great dismay that the reborn Sugato Sword was stronger than his faction's ultimate weapon!

Shimmering sword radiance and limitless might shook the sword cauldron, carving one deep mark after another onto the cauldron's surface.

Hummmmm.

The sword cauldron keened with distress.

Clang!

Busy clashing with the Skyturning Seal on the other side, the sword bell quaked violently and tolled resonantly, sending a purple bell shadow to clap down protectively over the cauldron. The bell tolls carried on, firing ripples of sword energy at the Sugato Sword.

"This isn't possible! The Sugato Sword didn't showcase this level of strength ten thousand years ago in the hands of Lord Sugato!" Panting heavily, the elder directed the sword cauldron in a joint defense with the sword bell.

"The Sugato Sword was buried in the human emperor's Last Repose for ten thousand years. It's absorbed the strength of humanity's sacred land, so it's no surprise that it's returned to its peak and even surpassed its previous form." The purple-clad youth of the Purple Firmament stared fixedly at the

jewel embedded in the hilt of the Sugato Sword—that wasn't its own jewel, but one that'd once belonged to the Sword Pagoda.

It hadn't been present when Lord Sugato wielded the treasure. Countless aeons ago, when the Green Firmament's Sword Pagoda was demolished, its jewel had fallen to the underworld. Yet somehow, it'd found its way to the Sugato Sword refined from the corpse of the Sword Pagoda and become one with it again.

Add to that ten thousand years of soaking in the energy of the human emperor's Last Repose, the Sugato Sword was now a king of weapons that boasted strength superior to the cauldron and bell. The latter had to work together to barely fend off the sword's attacks.

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Battle raged on between the other participants; Lu Yun was holding off the two scarlet apes by himself. Though he was a peak origin dao immortal, he didn't come off any worse for the wear against two scarlet apes that'd long broken through origin dao realm!

An unsheathed Violetgrave scattered violet sword energy through the air like a drizzle of rain. The two scarlet apes had taken their original forms and were physically throwing themselves at Lu Yun. The head of the Dark North Sword Sect, master of Ingress Island, Yin Jiuying, and celestial emperors of the nine majors, ten lands, and four immortal seas charged toward the Central World with an army of dozens of crippled origin dao immortals and countless other dao immortals.

Qing Yu could not be allowed to fully refine the Central World, even at the cost of their own lives.

There were simply too many treasures in it—just a single one of the Immortal Subjugation Seal, countless heritages, or the Dao Tree that could no longer be spoken of was enough to turn men mad with greed, to say nothing of them all together.

The thirteen merchant alliance leaders and five forefathers of the Star Demon Sect couldn't hold them off. Each spewing mouthfuls of blood when they were defeated, they were all bombarded into the East Sea.

"Kill!" Qi Hai yelled. His pill furnace had arrived beneath the Central World and was larger than the facet itself. Flames raged as he prepared to refine Qing Yu along with the Central World.

"You can fuck right off!!"

Wham!

An enormous palm descended from the heavens and smacked the furnace out of the area. Qi Hai vomited a mouthful of fresh blood as his body crackled like a porcelain vase.

"Senior brother!!" shrieked the Destiny city lord from his position in his city. Instead of participating in the battle for the Central World, he'd remained behind to protect home ground.

Qi Hai's body shattered to reveal... another Qi Hai beneath. Incredibly different from the first, he now looked like a young man with an extraordinary vigorous presence. It wasn't the power of immortal dao that wreathed around him, but another more tyrannical and imperious might.

The strength of human dao!

This moment marked the official switch from the Qi Hai that the world knew, to the one of human dao—city lord of the greatest human capital!

“Who goes there?!” Muscles rippled over his body—a stark contrast to his usual ethereal and genteel air. Glaring around with widened eyes, he settled frostily on a figure manifesting in the air.

“Why, me, of course.” Xing Chen came into full view.

He, too, was peak origin dao realm at the moment. Violetgrave’s corpse puppet bestowed strength to Lu Yun’s nascent spirit, not his body. As his primary body and replica shared the same six paths of his nascent spirit, the same strength was passed on to Xing Chen as well.

More importantly, Xing Chen had taken advantage of the general distraction to enter the world of the Emperor Sunflower and obtain the kidneys. He’d refined them with the power of the heart, lungs, and liver—making him stronger than his primary body.

“Lu Yun!” Glaring viciously at the replica, Qi Hai stood in the void and refrained from further action.

Eighteen ponderous beings formed in the air behind him—the eighteen origin dao monster spirits of Levitating Island. Though they’d plucked only one fruit each, they were bonafide origin dao immortals of the Primordial Era, thus many times stronger than their contemporary crippled peers.

Further off in the distance, the big fur seal, Ge Yanxia, and teeming hordes of fur seals had broken through any resistance and surrounded Lu Yun and the Central World.

“Oh?” Xing Chen cocked his head at Qi Hai and couldn’t help a snort of laughter. “Qi Hai, you were the city lord of the foremost human capital in the Primeval Era, discriminator against all races and adherent to the belief that humanity is the most supreme. In your eyes, humans are the natural masters of heavens and earth. So how is it that you ally with monster spirits and those incredibly disgusting fur seals today?”

“It is up to the capabilities of each race as to whether humans or monster spirits should reign over all. But no matter what, you will not be the master of the world!” Qi Hai’s response rang loud and clear as he leveled a bronze broadsword at Lu Yun.

“That’s right, it’s each to their own when it comes to who will wield the greatest power. Our current goal is to take back the Central World on behalf of everyone in the world of immortals!” sneered the celestial emperor of Primus Major.

“Look at you running your mouth when you haven’t even comprehended the heart of a celestial emperor.” Lu Yun shook his head. “If you’d grasped the true meaning of your title, you would immediately receive nine origin dao fruits and become a powerhouse among origin dao immortals...

“But if you did so, you’d probably instantly retreat as well. You’d focus on protecting the world of immortals and not harassing me like this.”

Xing Chen conjured a long black robe for himself and stood quietly in the air. He suddenly waved a hand and summoned a silver longsword. Starlight sparkled upon its blade—the Cosmic Skycarver!

“You’re right, Qi Hai, I do only have four hours. But if I kill you all within that time span, that solves my problems as well.” Xing Chen took in a deep breath as killing intent flashed through his eyes.

“Fellow daoist!” a childish voice sounded crisply as the master of Ingress Island slowly approached on the back of a blue cow. “Fellow daoist, why refine the Central World on a selfish whim if your desire is to establish a sacred land of immortal dao? The twenty-fourth facet belongs to everyone in the world of immortals. I still have high hopes for you and hope that you will not set foot on that demonic path.”

“Fellow daoist.” Lu Yun inclined his head at this great senior and continued, “Our ideals are different and thus our paths are different—what need is there for further discourse? In the current world of immortals, he who has the greater fist is the one who walks the right path. There is no point to labeling one thing as the proper dao and another as demonic dao.”

“In that case, we shall have to beat you into acceptance,” sighed the master of the island.

“As is my intention!” Xing Chen laughed heartily and flicked his fingers, sending thirty-six shimmering golden beans across the sky.

Thirty-six golden armored warriors appeared out of nowhere and landed in front of Lu Yun. They all possessed peak origin dao strength—in other words, they were thirty-six celestial emperors!

#### **Chapter 749: Holy King Atrophy**

Thirty-six bean soldiers with cultivations matching Lu Yun’s hovered before him and formed a protective wall. Shocked awe stole throughout the world, and fighting on the premises petered out as everyone gaped at the thirty-six peak origin dao warriors. They rivaled peak origin dao immortals from the Primordial Era!

Though the warriors remained unmoving, no one dared twitch a muscle. The level of strength on display was sheer intimidation! Even though some of the attackers exceeded the origin dao realm and were well into the ingress realm, they were still too unnerved to do anything.

“Do you all plan on staying here and killing me after four hours, or do I take care of the problem now and kill all of you first?” A flinty look hardened Lu Yun’s eyes. His primary body flew over and cast out another thirty-six sparkling soybeans, summoning thirty-six more warriors as powerful as he was!

Seventy-two peak origin dao immortals graced the scene!!

“Grrrrauuuugh!” roared one of the bean soldiers.

“Grrrrauuuugh!!” The remaining seventy-one warriors followed suit, voices rippling out as shockwaves and roars echoing throughout all of Nephrite Major.

The immortal dao itself shuddered, and all living souls bowed down in submission. Lesser immortals in the vicinity were knocked unconscious, and crippled origin dao immortals fled after crying out in pain.

“We leave!!” No one dared linger now that things had developed to this point. It was a very real concern that Lu Yun might slaughter them all in a sudden fit of impulse.

Representatives of the Purple and Green Firmaments cowered before the Sugato Sword, while the two scarlet apes hadn’t been able to overcome Lu Yun. With seventy-two additional peak origin dao

immortals added to the mix, no one in their right mind would stick around. They summoned the monster spirits under their command and left Nephrite Major without pause.

Raising a cupped fist salute at Lu Yun, the master of Ingress Island and head of the Dark North Sword Sect took their leave as well. The various emperors of the majors and lands had scattered long ago.

Qi Hai was left alone in the air, looking utterly lost and helpless. He pored over the different eras his many reincarnations had lived through, but came up empty handed for the mention of a powerful immortal who possessed such a summoning method. Not even Violetgrave was able to instantly summon individuals with the same level of strength as her!

“Don’t bother wondering about it, I haven’t obtained anyone’s legacy.” Lu Yun looked indifferently at Qi Hai. “As the world progresses, so do her combat arts and cultivation methods. The legacies of the past are ones of decay and corruption. The present will always triumph over the past!”

His death arts originated from no one. They were the accumulation of the collective intelligence of all beings as manifested by the Tome of Life and Death.

“You will now take your Destiny City and leave Nephrite Major,” Lu Yun boomed. “Go to the outer realm or the four seas, or ignore me and watch the last capital of the human race become history.

“Don’t even think about using the former Nephrite celestial emperor to guilt trip me,” he added. “I owe him a great deal, but he has nothing to do with you. If he were here, he would’ve arrived at this decision even faster.

“Out!!” His powerful utterance shook Qi Hai like it came from the great dao.

“We go!” Chest heaving, Qi Hai glanced below at Destiny City. His junior brother wasn’t as emotionally affected as he was. It didn’t matter where the city stood; what mattered was that it did.

Destiny City held its own reincarnation cycle. As long as it stood, all humans who had ever been a resident of the city would end up back there no matter where they were born.

.....

Destiny City uprooted itself and faded away into the air, leaving behind the Sovereign Stele as it didn’t belong to the city. Three figures emerged before Lu Yun—Zither Saint, Art Saint, and the Gorb Demon.

“With you guarding Nephrite Major, our mission here is complete.” The bloody light in Art Saint’s eyes had disappeared, and his gaze no longer bore its usual hostility when it settled on Lu Yun. “With that, we take our leave.”

He cupped his hands at Lu Yun, and the three of them disappeared with a neat turn. As the malice in Art Saint’s eyes was gone, that meant he wouldn’t seek to eat the Gorb Demon or Zither Saint. They were going to search for Wayfarer’s skin and the manifestation of his sense of smell.

Lu Yun nodded in acknowledgement at the empty air.

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Gone was the great Destiny City; no one from it dared stick around. Even the demon god had departed Nephrite Major with his subordinate demons and fur seals. Four hours wasn't much, but it was enough for peak origin dao immortals to traverse the world and do whatever they wanted to do.

Lu Yun was no exception.

His seventy-two peak origin dao warriors posed a great threat simply by existing. No one dared entertain the idea of returning to Nephrite Major, lest Lu Yun sense their intentions and smite them where they stood.

"Alright, it's our turn now." Lu Yun and his replica looked at a certain corner of the sky.

"Indeed, it's our turn," responded a chilling voice.

"Grrrrraaw!" A terrifying growl rang out, accompanied by the pungent smell of corpses.

"Use the Nephrite heavenly mandate to deploy the heavenly court and protect the major, Zhao Shengguang!" snarled Qing Buyi. "Don't you dare give an inch even if you have to die for it!"

All traces of frivolity slid off Zhao Shengguang's face and a hazy gathering of light emerged over his head. The Nephrite palace floating above Xiankan suddenly grew in size as it rose further into the sky.

Blinding brilliance transformed into a protective barrier around Nephrite Major. Blazing with a solemnly imposing presence, Zhao Shengguang stood below the heavenly palace and directed it with everything he had.

"You're scared, it seems," the chilling voice came again.

A man dressed in burlap stepped out of the air, cutting a looming figure at three meters tall. A coffin of pure black floated behind him, emanating a dense black fog that looked terrifyingly eerie. He wielded a giant banner with wisps of corpse energy coiled about it. It brought to mind the treasures of the Corpse Refiners, but dripped with even more ominous presence.

A living dead! Lu Yun immediately recognized him for what he was: a tomb keeper from the underworld.

"Be careful, it's Holy King Atrophy, one of the big three of the underworld and its true ruler!" Ashu suddenly spoke up in Lu Yun's mind. "In the underworld, those with greater power are under even greater restrictions... However, Holy King Atrophy still rivals a primordial realm immortal from the Primordial Era even in this state."

### **Chapter 750: The Fourth Holy King?**

There were three holy kings in the underworld—strongest of all underworld denizens and the true rulers of the region.

A herd of rotting kuns swam around Holy King Atrophy, moving thunderclouds that blotted out the sun. Some time back, the Azure Dragon King had executed a rotting kun that'd swum out of the underworld. It hadn't occurred to him at all that the true visitor to the world of immortals might be one of its holy kings.



Goosebumps pebbled everyone's skin when they paused in their flight from Nephrite Major to take a look back.

"The beings of the underworld really have come... no wonder he wanted us to leave." The master of the Ingress Island blinked and heaved a sigh, then steered his blue bull back home without a glance backward.

"Master, what do we do now?" The head of the Dark North Sword Sect stared blankly, then hurriedly followed the youth.

"We wait!" The youth on the back of the cow spread out his hands. "Since even a holy king from the underworld has come, we'd be going to our deaths if we returned to Nephrite Major now."

The two scarlet apes on Levitating Island also warily assessed the situation. They were incredibly relieved that they'd chosen to leave earlier. If they'd stayed, the only possible outcome for them was to become a living dead, then be dragged to the underworld to become one of its tomb keepers.

"I hadn't thought that one of the holy kings of the tomb keepers would set foot into this world. It looks like we really are in for a period of great turbulence and upheaval," murmured Silverlight as she took human form and looked in the direction of Nephrite Major.

Bafflement filled Goldenlight's eyes.

"The holy kings of the underworld very rarely leave their realm," Silverlight sighed. "Whenever they do so, it means the beginning of great chaos. They need to make preparations beforehand to protect the underworld, so they furiously search for geniuses all over the world and turn them into tomb keepers.

"They were a part of the battles of Emperors Fall, the destruction of human dao, when the path of cultivation was severed, and the beginning of the great war a hundred thousand years ago..."

Goldenlight looked askance at his dao partner. He had no idea about these things, and his dao partner had been sealed away a hundred thousand years ago, so how did she have so much knowledge?

She continued murmuring to herself, "There were once three hundred and sixty-five holy kings in the underworld, a nod to the great cycle. Their strength was on par with the human kings of the Primeval Era, but there are only three of them left now."

"The human kings of the Primeval Era!" yelled Goldenlight.

A strange smile crossed Silverlight's face. "It seems the holy kings of the underworld have chosen Lu Yun this time. If he becomes a tomb keeper, it's very likely that he'll be the fourth holy king."

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Chen Xiao, Qing Buyi, Lu Feng, and Mo Yi had revealed themselves in midair and were warily assessing the newcomer.

Holy King Atrophy! A personage that rivaled a primeval human king! Though he currently possessed a cultivation level at only the primordial realm, that still made him invincible in the modern world of immortals.

Contemporary society was far inferior to that of the Primordial Era. The world had been whole and complete back then, and even the immortal emperor wouldn't have been able to destroy it. However, it'd been smashed into pieces since and was barely glued together by the four great oceans. It'd likely fall apart completely if another war exceeding the dao immortal realm took place.

Lu Yun suddenly grasped something in a moment of spontaneous enlightenment. Immortal dao being severed between the origin dao and ingress realm... seems... to have been to... protect the world of immortals?

He had no idea where the thought came from. With the break in immortal dao, current immortals were hard pressed to reach the origin dao realm, and found it even harder to reach beyond. Perhaps this was meant to protect the world of immortals?

The appearance of flawless origin dao immortals had resulted in the arrival of the Purple Firmament to prevent those dao immortals from doing whatever they wanted. Now, however, the Purple Firmament representatives had left and were no longer keeping these immortals in check.

There must be some sort of relationship between this.

Perhaps humanity broke the immortal dao, rather than the enemy. It's also possible that someone placed the long-haired monsters near the Dao Tree...

Enemies...

The immortal emperor had wanted Lu Yun to remember Lu Shenhou, and said that those such as Lu Shenhou and the akasha ghosts were the enemies. But up until now, Lu Yun still had no idea what kind of existence Lu Shenhou was or what formed the basis of the akasha ghosts.

The holy king in front of him was no enemy. Lu Yun could clearly feel that he'd come with a very specific purpose—not for the Central World, not for Qing Yu, but for himself. Holy King Atrophy was here to take Lu Yun to the underworld!

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"I've had my eye on you for a while, Lu Yun. You caught my eye when you left the underworld with Ashu." The holy king looked to be a young man and was wearing a long, inky-black robe. A dense stench of decomposition wafted from him, one even stronger than that which exuded from the kuns swimming through the air. "There's a marvelous power on you that can revive the dead and return the tomb keepers of the underworld to life."

Lu Yun frowned slightly; the underworld was a very special location indeed. The experts that resided in that world seemed omnipotent.

"Do you want to come back to life as well?" Most of his attention rested on the holy king, but Lu Yun was well aware that, apart from the person he spoke to, the creatures of the Blood Sea had made landfall and were also hidden in the surroundings.

"No." Holy King Atrophy shook his head. "There is no difference between life and death in my eyes. My duties are to safeguard the underworld. I can see a potential in you, the potential to become the fourth holy king of the underworld."

“Come back to the underworld with me and be our fourth holy king. I can protect that woman so that she can refine the Central World and become its mistress.”

Bzzz.

A loud buzz emitted from the void as the Venerated Sacrosanct Demon Sovereign walked out with the Skyturning Seal. Hadal Bonfire blazed in his brain—true Hadal Bonfire that was his nascent spirit.

“You’ll have to go through me if you want to take him to the underworld,” coolly delivered the demon sovereign.

“The Venerated Sacrosanct Demon Sovereign?” Holy King Atrophy shook his head. “You and the immortal emperor were among the top geniuses of the world in your time. What a pity that, in order to protect you, the immortal emperor shattered your dao heart and wanted you to rise again after forming an enduring true spirit. You would’ve been the fourth holy king, otherwise. What a pity, such a pity...”

The fire in the demon sovereign’s head flickered as he sank into deep thought.

“You want to take me to the underworld?” Lu Yun suddenly spoke. “Do you really dare do that?”

The holy king blinked.

“Did you not hear what Qi Hai, first city lord of humanity’s three hundred and sixty-five capital cities, said? I possess the primeval hell of human dao. Aren’t you afraid that I’ll combine hell with the underworld and transform it all into my own world?”

Whoosh!

Lu Yun waved a hand and summoned a conflagration of cold hellfire.

Holy King Atrophy quickly fell back a few steps. Hellfire was the true king of death and a natural bane to living dead like him. Though his soul was alive, his body wouldn’t be able to endure the incineration of hellfire. As Lu Yun was currently a peak origin dao immortal, hellfire released even greater power in his hands.

“I see... you are the successor to the hell of human dao.” Holy King Atrophy released a breath of relief. “So that means you are one person alone and not the pawn of any heavyweight in the world...”

Lu Yun frowned. He could tell through the Karmic Tree that the holy king had just become more resolved to take him as the fourth holy king of the underworld!