

## Necropolis 911

### Chapter 911: Fuxi Returns

Though she was ready for action, the Yin Prince was numb to current developments. She didn't find anything wrong with Lie Shan being able to project God's true form. After all, the youth had already first produced Pangu's figure.

Lu Yun clearly sensed a wave of fear skitter in the void the moment God's body appeared. The combined might of Worldcarver, God's body, and the Yin Prince's carriage finally resulted in strength that frightened the uncurbed akasha ghost.

"Waugh—" Its rough gash for a mouth shrieked piercingly and abruptly retreated from Pangu's body, vanishing as a wisp of shadow. The terrifying aura and boundless negativity in the surroundings also disappeared with it.

Lu Yun plopped down on the ground, panting heavily for breath.

"Thank goodness it was scared off. If we really broke out into a fight, either you or me would have to die in the clash." His heart still pounded furiously from the stand-off.

"Hmph, of course you'd be the one to die," snorted Yulei.

"I don't know who would die out of me and the Flame Emperor, but the two of you would be demolished without a trace left behind." The Yin Prince walked out of her litter with an unpleasant expression.

"I'd always thought that akasha ghosts were the lingering obsessions of future great emperors. It now looks like they're only a small part of the greater whole. It feels like... their origins should lie in present times," Lu Yun murmured to himself.

"What? Future?" The Yin Prince looked askance, not sure of what she'd just heard.

Crap, I just let it slip. Lu Yun stood up and bowed respectfully to the goddess. "I would request that Your Majesty Houtu keep the secret for me. I'm not a human of this era, but from the future."

"From the future?!" Shock colored her expression. "Can it be... that Fuxi and the others succeeded in going to the future?"

She whirled backwards and smacked Yulei, Shentu, and all of her men to the ground, forcefully destroying the most recent segment of their memories.

"This is where the matter ends, it shall not be mentioned again! You are the Flame Emperor of the human race and the first great emperor of humanity!" she proclaimed sternly.

Lu Yun nodded slowly. "Thank you, Your Majesty."

"Alright, you can leave now that you've obtained Worldcarver. Don't tell anyone of what happened here, not even Fuxi and Wahuang!" she said solemnly.

Lu Yun blinked. "Why not?"

“Don’t tell them anything if you don’t want them to die. I can guarantee that they will explode into nothingness the second they learn of the truth behind Worldcarver and Pangu’s death!” the Yin Prince sneered. “They may be strong, but they’re not on Leize’s level. There are certain things that they don’t have the right to know.”

Lu Yun jerked, then nodded. So he’d surpassed Fuxi and Wahuang at some unknown point in time, but he still wasn’t on Leize’s level if he didn’t summon hellfire with the help of the Sal Tree.

“Many thanks for Your Majesty’s reminders!” He made another bow to the goddess. Though there were legends of the Yin Prince and Houtu in the future, Lu Yun didn’t know if he’d be ever able to see this unrivaled demon god again. “Then Lie Shan will be taking his leave.”

“Wait.” Houtu called out to the youth before he departed from the premises and opened her hand. A yellowish-brown plant appeared in her palm, one with a tiny rootstalk upon which grew a singular jade-green leaf. It was the Earthly Duskroot, fifth ranked among the nine great connate spirit roots of the world.

“I don’t have much use for this Earthly Duskroot anymore and I can sense the presence of several other spirit roots in your body. This is a present for you.” She sent the spirit root to Lu Yun with a light wave of her hand.

He shook from the implications of this gift. There were six great spirit roots in his body right now—Immortal Myriadtree, Fusang Purewood, Moon Osmanthus, Embittered Bamboo, Constellation Willow, and Demon Vine. He was infinitely close to chaos realm, so he couldn’t deny another one of their members when it was right in front of him.

Now he only had Chaos Lotus—first of the spirit roots—and number four Heavenly Grass to find.

“Your Majesty’s boon will never be forgotten. If there’s anything Your Majesty needs to be done in the future, please just say the word!”

Upon the Yin Prince’s smile at this display of gratitude, it felt like the local space capered wildly with joy.

“Alright, we can talk about later things later. If you want to seek out the Heavenly Grass...” She pointed at the sky.

Lu Yun bowed once more upon grasping her meaning, but the goddess, her carriage, and her men had already disappeared, as if they’d never existed in the first place. For some reason, a sense of loss welled in his heart.

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“You brat, you’re finally willing to come back!” Wahuang glared ferociously to see Lu Yun walk out of Pangu’s tomb. “If it wasn’t for Mount Buzhou shaking for all of these fifty years, I would’ve thought you died down there!”

“What?! Fifty years?” Still wrapped up in his emotions of bidding farewell to the legendary goddess, Lu Yun jumped in shock when he heard how much time had passed. It felt like he’d only spent less than a day in the tomb, but it’d been fifty years!

“Ah, I spent a little too much time trying to derive Pangu’s true form... I usually do these things in hell.”

Back in the future, Lu Yun had the habit of meditating in hell whenever he wanted to deduce a combat art, cultivation method, or calculate certain crucial details. Time in the world of immortals would stand still even if he spent a hundred million years in his kingdom.

He had fallen into his old theorizing ways when he'd been in that patch of unknown space, not realizing that fifty years would pass by in the blink of an eye like that.

"Did you get Worldcarver?" Wahuang ignored his expression and cut to the chase.

"Yes." Lu Yun nodded and materialized the axe with a beckon of his hand.

"That's good." Wahuang didn't press for details. "Fuxi's back, so it's time for the rule of demon gods to come to an end."

"Holy Emperor Fuxi's back?" Delight shone in Lu Yun's eyes.

"He came back thirty years ago and has waited in the sacred land for you for twenty. The three hundred and sixty five geniuses you've selected have all become his disciples. He takes great care in training them." Wahuang nodded.

"How is the human race now?" Lu Yun slowly relaxed after his shock of finding out so many years had passed.

"I have something interesting to tell you," Wahuang said as they walked. "The current Xuanyuan of the Xiong Tribe is the little fellow called Han Shuniu, and he turns out to be the son of the previous Shennong, Shaodian!"

"Huh? What? Isn't he the last Xuanyuan's son?" Lu Yun was at a complete loss.

"And the chief of your Yan Tribe is also someone new," Wahuang gleefully stomped over Lu Yun's confusion with no intention of enlightening him. "Another one of Shaodian's sons. Because your reputation in the great wilderness is really too awful, Fuxi had to recall your authority in order to protect humanity's good name.

"The human race is truly one race now," she cackled with amusement. "The Yan Tribe and Xiong Tribe clashed in a terrific war and both sides pulled out every trump card they had at their disposal. In the end, Xuanyuan proved to be stronger than Shennong and founded the Xiong Nation. He is now called Emperor Xuanyuan, or the Yellow Emperor, and is the second great emperor of the human race."

Lu Yun gaped at her like a goldfish, completely shell shocked by everything that had taken place in his absence. It seemed the world had completely changed in the few moments he'd spent observing Pangu.

"What, unhappy with how things have turned out? Want to reclaim your title or turn the kingdom into the Yan Nation?" Wahuang could barely suppress her grin.

"No, no, what's there to be unhappy about? Everything is fine as long as the human race is strong." Lu Yun smiled ruefully.

While the sudden turn of events was indeed a shock, he really had gone missing for a very long, very crucial period of time. Besides, his title of Flame Emperor was something that Fuxi had dumped onto his

head and not grasped out of personal ambition. If it were up to him, he wouldn't shove himself into the limelight like this and have to deal with all the mess that ensued.

"But there seems to be something off about human great emperors... Certain interested parties made you out to be a perverted demon when you became the Flame Emperor, so that doesn't count, but that Han Shuniu really is..." Wuhuang frowned.

"What about him?" asked Lu Yun.

"He wanted to take both Tushan and Ah Bao as his empresses, but also never dared mention it again after Tushan brought out the Bell of Chaos and beat him within an inch of his life." Wuhuang plainly disapproved of Han Shuniu, but since the human was Fuxi's handpicked candidate for the next emperor, there wasn't much she could say.

Lu Yun rubbed his nose and didn't say anything. The little fox was a powerful chaos realm demon god and Emperor Xuanyuan couldn't be more than empyrean realm at most. How could he possibly be a match for the little fox?

Therefore, Lu Yun wasn't worried at all. But with the situation now, the core of Yan strength had all been integrated into the human sacred land. Apart from the three hundred and sixty-five geniuses Lu Yun had wanted, everyone else was part of the sacred land.

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"You're back!" Fuxi was quite happy to see him again. "You've gotten stronger again, you're almost as strong as my father now."

"Just a little step further remains. I'll properly reach Leize's level only after I collect the Heavenly Grass and Chaos Lotus."

"The Heavenly Grass is in the celestial court and you won't be able to obtain the Chaos Lotus until you return to your time." Fuxi shook his head slightly. "This is for you."

With a casual wave, he delivered a long bronze pike into Lu Yun's hands.

Lu Yun trembled violently as he recognized it. This pike was the prototype of the dao weapon in the crimson long-haired monster's hands!

"Is this pike going to end connate demon god rule?" he asked hesitantly.

"Your skill comes from me, so you should know the three great methods that I left behind. Dragonsearch, Dragonshift, and Dragonspike! Together, they become Dragonquake."

Lu Yun snapped to solemn attention and listened carefully to his sect patriarch's words.

"I'm not the one who created these methods—I found their fragmented records in the chaos. It's a pity that the heavenly dao of this era is too crude and unrefined to restore these three methods, so I had to pass them on to future generations in hopes that they would be able to do it.

"Thankfully, you came along.

“This pike and Worldcarver are the same level of treasure, superior to all connate treasures. If you use this long spear as a spike and nail it into the lifepoint of the celestial court, that will destroy the last of their fortunes!” Fuxi concluded harshly.

### **Chapter 912.1: The Flame and Yellow Emperors**

Pangu had happened upon Worldcarver in the chaos, but no one had ever found the bronze spear. It'd drifted in that nebulous space for all this time. Fuxi suffered all sorts of inconceivable hardships during his trip and a close shave with death to locate it and bring it back.

“An ultimate treasure within the chaos...” Lu Yun stared dumbly at the pike in his hand. The presence it exuded was the same as Worldcarver! They were both superior to the Bell of Chaos and ran beyond peerless-grade connate treasures.

“Isn't it said that the great dao comes first, then ultimate treasures? Do these naturally occurring treasures pop into existence as a result of the great dao sensing the will of living beings?” Lu Yun was a bit confused by the pike existing.

Worldcarver and the yet-unnamed long spear were plainly both born of this realm, in a place where living beings didn't exist. However... they also bore clear signs that they'd been shaped by living beings.

“There should be more than just our realm in the chaos.” Fuxi shook his head. “But the other worlds that might've been have all turned into realm monsters. However many realm monsters there are now means how many worlds there once were in our universe.”

Lu Yun gaped. Who knew how many realm monsters prowled the chaos?

Hongjun's true body stood guard at the highest reaches of the world of celestials, suppressing countless numbers of realm monsters. The sun star that Taiyi had transformed into hung in the center of the cosmos, likewise keeping down many other realm monsters.

No one knew how many worlds had once existed in the chaos, but everyone was certain that the planet of the great wilderness was the only one present in it right now.

“What exists outside the chaos?” Lu Yun mused with his head upraised.

“No one knows.” Fuxi shook his head. The chaos was vast and extensive; even the two creators and the mysterious Hongjun had never reached its end. “The two creators and Hongjun jointly sealed this pike into the chaos so that I could successfully retrieve it.”

His face paled to an unnatural shade. “In the process, I suffered injuries that will not heal and so I am not long for this world. Therefore, I leave the fate of the great wilderness in your hands.”

Fuxi looked at Lu Yun with bright eyes, beholding the source of all his hope in the form of this time traveler.

“You won't die, not with me here.” Lu Yun shook his head back at the holy emperor. “I'm not of this era after all, so the burdens of this time shouldn't rest on my shoulders. My only function in traveling to this age is to witness the revolution of the times and the rise of the human race.

“I believe that even without my arrival, the human race would still give birth to Flame Emperor Lie Shan, one to remake heaven and earth and redefine the heavenly dao!”

A heroic air blossomed on his face as he spoke. “The human race is the bloodline of the great god Pangu, descendants of a creator. Humanity does not need to be guided by someone from the future!”

Fuxi stared dumbly at Lu Yun before breaking out into a grin.

“I’d thought that you would view yourself as a savior. But it turns out that your mindset has never changed. Good, very good!” He looked at the human youth with great satisfaction. “So how are you going to save me? With the pill dao or medicine dao of the future?”

No one would want to die if they could live; Fuxi was no exception.

“Come with me!” Lu Yun rose and put away the pike, heading down the path that led to the netherdark. Fuxi followed him without hesitation.

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The path to the netherdark was winding and turning, the black Mount Tai soon appearing in front of them.

“Master, Holy Emperor!” Tianqi had returned to Mount Tai to cultivate.

Humanity’s caretaker was now the Xiong Nation and Yellow Emperor Xuanyuan its only great emperor. Therefore, the mountain god was unwilling to dwell among the human tribes. There was also nothing that the human secret land could teach him anymore, so he returned to his mountain for further training.

A span of fifty years had seen him develop into a handsomely pleasing young man while long black robes imparted some gravitas to his bearing. His cultivation had reached peak empyrean realm and ordinary connate demon gods were no longer a match for him.

He quickly materialized when he saw Lu Yun arrive with Fuxi and bowed respectfully to welcome them.

“Not bad.” Lu Yun nodded with great satisfaction at his disciple.

Since Tianqi cultivated the Method of Life and Death, he wouldn’t receive Death Arts like his master. However, this method was a perfect fit for a mountain god born of nature. Tianqi had diligently kept up his efforts over the past fifty years; though he hadn’t broken through to the chaos realm, his accumulated strength had reached unfathomable heights.

If it wasn’t for Lu Yun also obtaining the Constellation Willow, Demon Vine, and Earthly Duskroot during this time, his disciple would likely be able to overpower him now.

“Alright, the holy emperor and I have some business to take care of in the netherdark. You will remain on guard here and seal off the premises. Don’t let anyone disturb me,” Lu Yun commanded solemnly.

“This disciple hears and obeys!” Tianqi bowed with gravity.

Mount Tai towered at the boundary of the yin and yang worlds. It was a bridge to the netherdark and the god of Mount Tai possessed authority over that realm. He could seal it off if he wished to—this was

also why the Great Emperor of the Eastern Peak could control the hell of human dao and be its master in the future.

While that strength eluded Tianqi at the moment, he could deploy the power of the mountain if he was physically within it. Once he sealed off the netherdark, the only way into it would be the path from Mount Buzhou. The connate demon gods wouldn't be able to travel through the air and visit as they wished.

Where Mount Tai stood happened to be where Lu Yun would find his first fragment of hell in the future—the Gates of the Abyss!

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“Martial uncle!” Daoist Yuyu materialized when he saw Lu Yun and Fuxi arrive, bowing circumspectly at Lu Yun.

“...martial uncle.” Fuxi’s expression darkened when he heard the honorific. Daoist Yuyu was a seniority higher than him since he was on the same level as Leize, but he’d just called Lu Yun his martial uncle?

What did that make Fuxi, Lu Yun’s martial grandson?

“Eh, ah, let’s just count our relationships separately.” The same thought process had also occurred to Lu Yun and he jumped from the implications.

“Hmph!” Fuxi narrowed his eyes at Lu Yun and didn’t respond.

Meanwhile, Daoist Yuyu cackled gleefully, having obviously done this on purpose to see Lu Yun embarrassed in front of Fuxi.

“What is my honorable martial uncle visiting the netherdark for this time?” Daoist Yuyu carefully enunciated the title. He was already one seniority lower than the human youth, so nothing really mattered anymore.

“I’m here to heal the holy emperor!” Glancing at Fuxi’s brooding expression, Lu Yun didn’t dare put one toe wrong in front of the holy emperor at the moment. He swept a sideways glance at Daoist Yuyu. “Alright, there’s nothing more for you here. You are dismissed, martial nephew.”

Daoist Yuyu’s eyes went as big as dinner plates. Awkwardness crept over his face as he hadn’t thought that Lie Shan would really embrace the title.

“After you, Holy Emperor.” Lu Yun gestured at Fuxi.

“Um... heh, eh heh heh heh heh!!” Fuxi roared with laughter to see Daoist Yuyu’s joke turned back on him.

The latter looked like he'd eaten a fly. He’d called Lie Shan his martial uncle because his master had forced him to, but it’d never mattered since the human hadn’t taken the title seriously. He’d really put his foot in it this time and had to obey whatever the human said.

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Hellfire blazed ferociously. It was said that the Sea of Hellfire had existed here even before the birth of this world, called thus because there was a hell beneath the fiery ocean. That hell held a group of criminals guilty of the most heinous crimes. No one knew where they came from or why they were here.

Hellfire had been born to punish these criminals. It was the first flame of the world!

Lu Yun waved his hand gently to part the blazing sea, creating a pathway for him and Fuxi.

“You apparently brought Tushan here when Dijiang killed her, and she was back to her spritely self shortly thereafter. You didn’t cure her, but raised from the dead.” Fuxi looked at the human with a question in his eyes.

“That’s right, Tushan was dead then and I brought her back to life.” No one could penetrate the depths of hellfire, so Lu Yun spoke of his secrets with comfort. He could resurrect the dead!

“I can indeed revive those who have died, but within a limit. I can only help those who have died within the past seven days. There’s nothing I can do if that time period has been exceeded,” Lu Yun explained gravely.

If he could fully master the Tome of Life and Death, then the lives of all beings in the multiverse, even the world itself, would be in his hands. He’d originally thought that refining the book would be a question of his cultivation level, but it now looked like he was mistaken.

He must rely on his own strength and practice the Method of Life and Death. The moment it reached great perfection would be the moment in which he fully grasped the Tome of Life and Death.

“Additionally, this is a skill that I will gain in the future. I must rely on the Sea of Hellfire if I want to deploy it now.”

He didn’t want to summon the Sal Tree of Life and Death. Forming the Sea of Hellfire in the great wilderness or the cosmos created too much of a disturbance. All of the demon gods would focus their attention on it and Lu Yun wouldn’t be able to hide anything he was doing. But in the netherdark, the sea of hellfire’s origins, even Leize wouldn’t be able to peek at what was going on here.

Fuxi widened his eyes with understanding of the youth’s actions. Coming back from the dead was unheard of; it was an ability that defied the heavens. If anyone else learned of this, Lu Yun would quickly become a common target for capture.

“And now, please end your life, Holy Emperor.” Lu Yun looked solemnly at Fuxi.

## **Chapter 912.2: The Flame and Yellow Emperors**

There was a fatal injury inside Fuxi’s body that constantly ate away at his life force. He didn’t have much longer to live. He might look and act fine for the moment, seeming to possess vigorous vitality, but the sand in his hourglass was running out.

Lu Yun didn’t want to wait until the holy emperor was on the brink of death, just in case the unexpected happened.

Fuxi stared deep into Lu Yun’s eyes before the great dao in his body shuddered and broke apart. His eyes immediately dimmed and his presence began to fade away.



“Resurrection!” Lu Yun shouted, sending the hellfire around him surging with activity. They churned into an enormous fiery tornado that blasted into Fuxi’s body.

The demon god’s scattered life force and ruined great dao instantly revitalized, becoming even stronger than before.

“This... I...” Fuxi stared dumbly at his hands, disbelief writ large in his eyes. “I’ve not only been reborn, but all of my old injuries are gone and I’m back at my peak again!”

He’d once battled fellow demon gods to protect the human race and suffered incredible injuries for it. Those old aches and pains had forever kept him from reaching his peak again. With this resurrection, he’d been restored to his prime.

“Fuxi thanks fellow daoist for your boon of a new life!” Fuxi knelt to the ground in a bow of gratitude.

Lu Yun didn’t dodge this grateful display. To give someone a new lease on life was a tremendous boon and if he refused this bow, it would turn into Fuxi owing him a life. That would cause karmic repercussions and eventually, disaster would find its way to the demon god.

Though just a bow was hardly enough to repay such a momentous favor, that perfectly cancelled out his actions in Lu Yun’s mind. He hadn’t saved Fuxi to put the legendary figure in his debt.

“I hear that Leize is also injured...” Lu Yun mused with a glance at the kneeling demon god.

Fuxi jumped up in shock when he heard the statement. “My father can’t be healed in the same way! His true body sits at the highest reaches of the world of celestials and keeps the seal whole along with my mother and Hongjun. They keep the realm monsters outside of the world of celestials!”

Leize, Huaxu, and Hongjun’s true forms were crucial for their efforts. Leize’s death, even for a split second, would result in terrifying repercussions that would allow the realm monsters to break through the barricade and occupy the world of celestials.

What would happen after that... Fuxi didn’t dare imagine it.

“The highest reaches of the world of celestials... can it be...” A certain place suddenly occurred to Lu Yun.

“That’s right, the World Gates.” Fuxi nodded. “But realm monsters have been exterminated in your time and the problem you face is something even more terrifying than them.”

Lu Yun suddenly thought of the huge akasha ghost latched onto Pangu’s corpse.

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After leaving the netherdark, Lu Yun put on a disguise before paying the human tribes a visit.

The Yan Tribe was still based in the Wei River basin, but it wasn’t the faction it’d once been. It’d joined the Xiong Nation ten years ago and become the greatest tribe in the kingdom.

However, the Yan Tribe’s contribution to humanity couldn’t be erased. They still retained their identity even after falling under the Xiong banner.

Ah Niu had evolved into an independent divine spirit with Ah Bao's help and had followed Shaodian, Jiang Ti, and the Yan priest to Mount Buzhou. Ah Bao and the little fox were now at Qingqiu Mountain.

Though Ah Bao was the Wei river god, she was first and foremost the mountain ghost of Mount Qingqiu.

Things weren't too calm in the great wilderness at the moment. The establishment of human dao and unification of humanity hadn't gone unnoticed by other factions. Now that cultivation methods had come into being, so did the other races embark on their own cultivation journeys.

Though they needed to take human form to do so, that wasn't a shameful thing to do after the connate demon gods capitulated to the requirement.

Persistent cultivation efforts eventually saw the birth of the monster spirit race. Gremlins—creatures unable to cultivate—were also slowly absorbed into the monster spirits to become one race.

Apart from the monster spirits, other latter-day descendants in the great wilderness also began to rise. Though the dragons, phoenixes, and qilins were similar to monster spirits, they formed their own races instead of joining together. Traces of their activity slowly filled the land as they basked in newfound strength. Humans, however, were still the undisputed greatest race out of these latter-day descendants.

The rise of so many new groups naturally drew the ire of the connate races. To be a connate race meant that one was born with a cultivation level, such as the Bifang. They'd always firmly believed in their superiority over pathetic latter-day descendants who had to struggle their way into strength. Thus, chaotic times engulfed the great wilderness.

The human civil war had ended with the construction of the Xiong Nation, but pitched battles between other races in the great wilderness were just beginning.

Many latter-day descendants went extinct from the domination shown by the connate races, but there were also numerous connate races that were annihilated in retaliation. Though humans were attacked by many connate and latter-day races, their position remained as steady as a rock.

Yellow Emperor Xuanyuan was a man of great talent and bold vision, and he ruled in a clear and orderly fashion. His master and kingmaker Guang Chengzi was even more unreachable, single handedly beating off several demon gods who ambushed him together.

The current human race was based out of the Ji River basin and slowly extending past its original boundaries. Zhuolu was the capital of the Xiong Nation and humanity's first constructed city.

"Chiyou's been defeated already, hasn't he?"

Mentally reviewing some of the intelligence he'd received, Lu Yun discovered with great surprise that he'd missed out on some of the most exciting years in humanity's rise. The great war of Yan and Huang, the Battle of Zhuolu... it was after this era that humanity truly walked down the path of civilization. He hadn't facilitated or interfered in any of it; human development had depended entirely on itself.

On this day, he reached the city of Zhuolu.

It was rather simplistic and shabby compared to the large cities in the future, but it was a magnificent construction given current times.

“What a pity that there’s no protection formation around it or feng shui layouts. It’s just a bunch of random building clusters.” Lu Yun frowned slightly as he surveyed the city. Since Fuxi hadn’t yet passed down the dao of formations, he plainly felt that humans still didn’t have the ability to protect themselves.

“Human dao has been established and shuffles along to perfection. The various supplemental paths should be coming into existence as well.” Lu Yun mused deeply for a moment. “But again, it shouldn’t come from me. If I imprint formation, talisman, equipment, and pill dao into the current human dao, someone will stop me from doing so.

“Ah... Hongjun...” He tilted his head up at the sky.

Though Lu Yun stood in the center of the city, none of its citizens detected his presence. They went about their business, not seeing that another being stood amongst them.

“Sigh...” he heaved a heavy sigh in the end. Though humans were the peak race of the great wilderness, they were far too weak in the eyes of the connate demon gods. They were the ones who’d come baying for blood if the supplemental paths appeared in the world.

The demon gods had been willing to bow their heads to humans and take human form for the pursuit of strength and realm of creator. There was no telling what they’d do if they saw the supplemental paths.

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“Why do you not reveal yourself, fellow daoist?” A clear voice brimming with authority sounded in Lu Yun’s mind.

Lu Yun started, then looked at the tallest building in the city. Its doors were wide open and a man came striding out, clad in imperial yellow robes and a crown with a veil of golden beads on his head. He took one step forward and landed in front of Lu Yun, looking at the visitor with a glint of battle intent.

Lu Yun stared dumbly back at him—Xuan Yuan!

This was the same Xuan Yuan that he’d seen in the Xuan Yuan Tomb!

The Xuan Yuan who would sacrifice his life and great dao for the future immortal dao and all life!

“Mountain peasant Lie Shan greets Emperor Xuanyuan.” Lu Yun bowed without another word, throwing the emperor off balance with his response.

The battle intent sparkled out of Xuanyuan’s eyes and he looked blankly at Lu Yun. “Fellow daoist departed for fifty years and now returns to humanity’s capital. Are you not here to take back your position?”

1. The Battle of Zhuolu was the second battle in the history of China as recorded in the Records of the Grand Historian. It was fought between the Yanhuang tribes led by the legendary Yellow Emperor and the Jiuli tribes led by Chiyou. It was first the Yan Emperor against Chiyou, but the emperor lost the fight and asked the Yellow Emperor for help. The battle was fought in Zhuolu, near the present-day border of Hebei and Shanxi.

2. Chiyou was a tribal leader of the Nine Li tribe in ancient China. He is best known for being a king who lost against the future Yellow Emperor during the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors era in Chinese mythology. According to Song dynasty history, Chiyou's surname was Jiang and he was a descendant of the Flame Emperor.

Based on legends, Chiyou had a bronze head with a metal forehead. He had four eyes and six arms, and wielded terribly keen weapons in every hand. Some sources describe him with certain features associated with various mythological bovines. His head was that of a bull with two horns, although the body was human, and his hindquarters were those of a bear.

3. The Battle of Banquan is the first battle in Chinese history as recorded by Sima Qian's Records of the Grand Historian, fought between the Yellow (Huang) Emperor and Flame (Yan) Emperor. The Yellow Emperor shortly afterwards fights Chiyou at the Battle of Zhuolu. The Battle of Banquan is credited for the formation of the Yanhuang tribe and the precursor of Chinese civilization.

Not much is known about this battle since it, along with other events of the era, are clouded by mythology. Thus, the historical accuracy of accounts of this battle is disputed. Chinese historiographical tradition places it in 26th century BC.

Under the totems of the black bear, brown bear, pixiu, leopard, and tiger, the Youxiong armies of the Yellow Emperor met the Shennong armies led by the Flame Emperor in Banquan. After three major engagements, the Flame Emperor lost and surrendered leadership to the Yellow Emperor. The Youxiong and Shennong tribes then formed the Yanhuang tribes, incorporating the small tribes around them.

To this day, Chinese people still call themselves “the Descendants of Yan and Huang”.

### **Chapter 912.3: The Flame and Yellow Emperors**

“Holy Emperor Fuxi was the one who shoved the position of emperor onto me. Now that you're the Yellow Emperor of the human race, I'll have a much easier time of things.” Lu Yun waved a hand.

The two were talking in the middle of the streets, but none of the people rushing around them registered their presence. When one's cultivation reached their realm—empyrean realm—their body became part of the great dao and the world itself. Hailed as great masters of combat arts, even human kings wouldn't be able to sense their presence if they didn't reveal themselves.

Xuanyuan lowered his head in thought, nonplussed by the lack of challenge. “Even so, I still don't accept how things are.”

“Don't accept how things are?” Lu Yun raised an eyebrow at him.

“Of course not! My master often says that the Flame Emperor is the number one great emperor and strongest expert of the human race. How it's only because of the Flame Emperor that the connate demon gods don't dare attack humanity.” Being as young as he was, Xuanyuan had a fiercely competitive streak. “But I've also killed a few connate demon gods and don't think I'm any less than you! Therefore, the two of us need to fight it out and determine who's better.”

“Is this really important to you?” Lu Yun looked weirdly at the great emperor.

“Very.” Xuanyuan nodded. “I'll always feel a little bit of regret if we don't settle the question.”

“Alright then.” Lu Yun nodded and looked into the skies. “We fight in the nine heavens.” He turned around and vanished in the air.

Xuanyuan arched an eyebrow, he hadn't been able to catch the Flame Emperor's move! But his hotly competitive heart refused to back down; he summoned a sword from his palace with the wave of his hand.

The Xuanyuan Sword!

The first man-made treasure in the world, created from heavenly bronze collected by Emperor Xuanyuan himself and refined by kingmaker Guang Chengzi. Though it was a man-made creation, its true strength was on par with connate treasures.

Sword in hand, the Yellow Emperor soared into the skies and instantly arrived below the cosmos. The boundary that protected the great wilderness was gone, exposing the entire planet to the boundless stars. That should've made it a prime target for all of the realm monsters and yin spirits lurking in space.

But for some reason, they were nowhere to be found in the cosmos. Lu Yun stood beneath the stars and nodded when he looked at humanity's current emperor.

“Make your move.”

Hummm.

The Xuanyuan Sword flared with radiant light that cut through space. Stars, sun, and moon dimmed from the resplendence that shone so brightly.

A battle between the Flame and Yellow Emperors of the human race naturally drew attention from many interested parties. Numerous demon gods looked their way and snorted with subsequent dismissal when they saw the match-up. Though the Yellow Emperor had slain a few connate demon gods, his victims had only been at initial chaos realm. The Flame Emperor, however, had trounced Dijiang armed with the Bell of Chaos.

If it wasn't for a certain person residing in humanity's capital that the demon gods couldn't afford to anger, they would've assassinated this Emperor Xuanyuan a long time ago. In light of that, the demon gods set a variety of plans into motion, attempting to find a chance to kill the Yellow Emperor.

Xuanyuan was the rightful ruler of humanity and approved by the heavenly dao. His fortunes ran abundant, and he seemed poised to grow from the great emperor of the human race to one of all life.

Though he was currently out in the open, unprotected, the demon gods didn't dare make a move since he was with the notorious Lie Shan. Though they couldn't afford to provoke the existence in Zhuolu City, the Flame Emperor was even more terrifying. If they dared kill the Yellow Emperor in front of him, he'd probably erupt into an immediate slaughter of any demon gods he knew and saw.

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The Xuanyuan Sword emitted rays of iridescent energy while its master called upon sword dao, slowly forming a dragon in the air.

“Your sword dao comes from Bai Zhaoju... has he emerged from seclusion?” Lu Yun’s eyes lit up with recognition.

“Bai Zhaoju? The White Emperor?” Xuanyuan blinked and nodded. “He’s exited closed door cultivation and officially set foot into the chaos realm. Jin Nation to the west has also allied with the Xiong Nation.”

“I see.” Lu Yun nodded. “Make your move.”

He grabbed gently at empty air and returned with a black sword—a sword projection. Projecting Pangu’s body had raised his nascent spirit observation method to marvelous heights. Not only could he project the form of whatever being he observed, but he could also project swords and various other treasures.

Swoosh!

He slashed downward, accompanied by a black sword dragon that twisted out of the void. This was a blow made without hesitation or reserve and encompassed the strongest sword dao that he could muster.

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“Hold on, Flame Emperor wants to kill Yellow Emperor!” Numerous demon gods stirred with renewed interest when they read Lu Yun’s move.

“That little bastard is one of the most sinister and cunning out there. He looks like he wants to kill the Yellow Emperor, but he’s actually tempering his junior’s sword dao!” A frosty light danced in Nuanzi’s eyes as he watched the two emperors face off. “We can only take action from the shadows if we want to kill the current human great emperor, we can’t let the Flame Emperor know who did it! Otherwise, he’ll kill anyone remotely related to whoever raises his suspicions!”

Nuanzi had quietly studied the great dao in the comfort of his home all these decades. He’d finally created a cultivation method suitable for himself and progressed at a tremendous pace after that. He’d exceeded the original Dijiang without the Bell of Chaos, but still didn’t dare offend Lie Shan. While his brethren thought Lie Shan wanted to kill the Yellow Emperor, Nuanzi knew better. This was just an excuse to temper Xuanyuan’s sword dao!

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Xuanyuan was scrambling for survival in a laser storm of sword light and almost lost his life a few times. It didn’t take long for him to realize how frightful the Flame Emperor was. If the senior wanted to kill him, it’d only take him one move!

“Keep your mind focused on the task at hand or you’ll really die here.” Lu Yun extracted himself from the situation while nine black dragons soared through space, transforming into layers upon layers of a sword ocean that trapped the great emperor within. Xuanyuan looked very much worse for the wear—his imperial robes flapped in tatters and his crown had been smashed to pieces.

“You’ll be able to break out of this sword formation when you ascend to chaos realm,” Lu Yun said coolly. “Your master hasn’t taught you any real skill, so it’s up to me, your martial uncle, to teach you something.”

“Martial uncle?” Xuanyuan goggled.

Bai Zhaoju, Ling Weiyang, Chi Biaonu, and Zhi Guangji were all in closed door cultivation due to their masters' arrangements. They wouldn't emerge before they ascended to chaos realm. Upon leaving the Builder Tree, Goumang's true spirit had directed Ling Weiyang to another location for seclusion. This left only Xuanyuan.

Since Guang Chengzi hadn't arranged for his disciple to do anything similar, Lu Yun would act on his behalf.

"You don't need to worry about humanity for the time being, someone else can fill in your spot for a bit. Just stay here and cultivate in peace." Lu Yun turned and left the cosmos.

The second he left, an enormous dark hand probed out from the stars and pawed at Emperor Xuanyuan in the middle of the sword formation.

Whoosh!

The nine black sword dragons shot out of the formation and streaked into nine enormous rays of light, slicing and dicing an existence hidden deep within the cosmos.

"As I thought! The little rat's using the Yellow Emperor as bait to further root out connate demon gods!" yelled Nuanzi. He'd felt the presence of death from the nine dragons just now.

A trap!

The Flame Emperor wasn't just tempering his junior, but also using the Yellow Emperor as bait in a trap for the connate demon gods!

"This is a formation, Fuxi's formation!" Demon gods peered at where the nine sword dragons patrolled a certain patch of space, looking upon it with envy, jealousy, greed, and killing intent. "What a pity that the Flame Emperor has fully come into his own and is even more terrifying than Fuxi..."

It made no difference who wielded formations—they were all something that connate demon gods didn't dare touch.

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"The humble daoist greets my martial uncle!" Back in the human capital city, Guang Chengzi hastily bowed at Lu Yun when he saw the human.

"There's no need for such courtesies, sir!" Jumping with fright, Lu Yun quickly avoided the bow. This was the future forefather of dao! He didn't dare interact with this elder like he did with Daoist Yuyu.

"Martial uncle and my master call each other fellow daoist, so you are my martial uncle." The venerable daoist looked like an otherworldly elder with youthful features. He smiled merrily at Lu Yun, "This humble daoist had been wondering how to discipline my disciple, but martial uncle has solved the problem for me."

"Alright, Xuanyuan's taken care of for the moment. What else does Daoist Hongjun have planned?"

Guang Chengzi nodded slightly. "My master says that the great dao follows nature, so martial uncle should do whatever it is you wish to do. Don't worry about breaking certain rules."

“Oh?” Lu Yun brightened.

### **Chapter 913: Determination**

Lu Yun wasn't of this age, so the fact that he'd blundered into becoming humanity's first great emperor, the notable Flame Emperor, constantly filled him with tremendous unease. All of his actions now were the result of careful planning—but not because he was worried about affecting this era or development of the future.

After all, this time period would be the myths and legends of later generations. Not everything would be passed down either; many events and people would be lost in the long river of time and there'd be an enormous chasm between the present and future history.

Rather, he worried about being assimilated by this world's heavenly dao and becoming a figure of this era, never to return to his own time. He'd already sensed a ripple of change from the great dao soundlessly melding into his body. If it wasn't for his primary body protecting the Dao Flower in the chaos, he'd probably already have been assimilated by the great dao and truly become a native life form of this era.

The little fox had once reminded him not to let his primary body cultivate the great dao of this age and reach true divinity realm. If he did that, he'd never be able to go back home.

Before one became a true divine, whether one was at connate great dao or golden core, neither of the two meant the cultivator was really walking the great dao. The word 'true' in true divinity—now true human—was indicator enough.

Lu Yun had done enough in this age. Though a scant eighty years had passed, they had been enough to rewrite the world.

“It's time to go home. What happens next isn't something I can participate in.” Lu Yun finally understood his next purpose in life. Hongjun wanted him to do whatever he wanted to do, but what he wanted to do right now was absolutely nothing.

“Worldcarver shouldn't be in my possession. The last task I need to complete is to destroy the celestial court's fortunes and find the Heavenly Grass.”

He would return to his era after twenty years, but had to exercise great caution during his remaining time. Hongjun wanted him to follow his heart, not run crazily through the land like a devil.

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After he left Zhuolu, Lu Yun visited Qingqiu Mountain to where the little fox was. He was planning to visit the world of celestials and... probably wouldn't be coming back to the great wilderness after this trip.

“You're finally here!” No-Good Tushan immediately transformed from a heaven-toppling beauty into a soft and fluffy little fox when she saw him. She burrowed into his arms and ferociously nuzzled his chest.

Leaning backward with surprise, Lu Yun dragged the fox out of his robes.

“Alright, seriously, why are you always doing this?” he demanded.



“Do you think I actually want to?” The little fox pulled a long face back at him. “I need to be surrounded by as much of your presence as possible, or I'll turn back into a native of this era and the power of reincarnation on me will scatter.”

Having undergone reincarnation, the little fox was a being from the future. However, her great dao originated from the great wilderness and she could be reclaimed by her origins at any moment if she wasn't careful. Hence, she often took her true form and climbed into Lu Yun's embrace.

“Are we going back now?” she asked with sudden low spirits.

“Mm... yes. We're going back after another twenty years.” Lu Yun sighed and ruffled Ah Bao's hair, the mountain ghost was standing next to him. Twenty years was the blink of an eye for great masters like them.

“Big brother Lieshan, will I ever see you again?” She looked mournfully at Lu Yun, already sensing the sadness of farewell.

“You will.” Lu Yun patted her head. “As long as you're still alive, I'll find you no matter where you are.”

A sudden thought struck him and he tapped lightly between Ah Bao's brows, taking a strand of her soul force and curling it around his fingers.

“Mmhmm!” Ah Bao nodded emphatically. “Ah Bao will do her best to live on. Ah Bao will wait for big brother to come back even if it takes a hundred million years!”

Lu Yun's nose twinged.

“Go on, big brother. Ah Bao will take care of herself.” She lowered her head and heroically kept the tears in her eyes from spilling out.

It wasn't until this moment that Lu Yun discovered what tied him to this place wasn't the great dao, but each and every single person he'd gotten to know during his time here. Ah Bao, Jiang Ti, Shaodian, Bai Zhaoju, Ling Weiyang... even Fuxi and Wahuang, as well as that perpetually dozing Ah Zhi and the impish Yin Prince Houtu in Pangu's tomb.

There were too many people that he couldn't bear to never see again.

“I see, I see...” He looked up toward the chaos, exchanging a glance with his primary body. “Since I can't remain in this area, then I'll bring all of you back with me! Back to my time!”

Determination flashed through his eyes as he looked at the soul force twining around his fingertips. A smile crept across his face.

“There's no need to be sad, Ah Bao. Big brother will absolutely find you once I return to my time and if you're dead then, I will reverse yin and yang to resurrect you!”

Absolute confidence blossomed from his figure and the image of the Tome of Life and Death flashed through the air. Lu Yun had actually refined one step further in this moment due to his self assurance.

But this was no time for him to dwell on that. There were two more decades left in his countdown in the great wilderness—time enough to do a lot of things. He opened his hands and took out the core essence

that Bai Zhaoju had given him. The White Emperor's figure slowly walked out of his essence after a moment.

"Hoi, it's Lie Shan!" Bai Zhaoju looked around blankly at first, then grinned widely and wrapped Lu Yun in a huge hug. His joy slowly faded away. "My master is dead."

"Mm, so you must live well and live up to Senior Rushou's hopes for you!" Lu Yun comforted him.

"Are you leaving?" Sensing the strange atmosphere, Bai Zhaoju frowned at his friend.

"Yep." Lu Yun pointed at the center of Bai Zhaoju's brows and extracted a bit of soul force without struggle. "Help me obtain some soul force from both Zhi Guangji and Chi Biaonu," he said after a moment's thought.

He hadn't met the two of them in this era, but the Huo and Shui nations were both allied with the humans now. Though Zhi Guangji hadn't been willing to offer up his great dao in the battle of Emperors Fall and ultimately died for it, he hadn't done anything wrong himself.

Lu Yun also didn't want him to really die in Emperors Fall. He wanted all of their soul forces so he could coalesce them into seeds and plant them into Hell Flowers to recollect their souls!

"Alright!" Bai Zhaoju agreed without hesitation and turned around.

"Though there's legends of Fuxi, Wahuang, and Houtu in the future, I've never seen any sign of them..." Lu Yun sighed and took the little fox with him to Mount Buzhou.

#### **Chapter 914: Trap**

"What do you want our soul force for?" Wahuang asked with surprise when Lu Yun said he wanted a tendril from both her and Fuxi.

Soul force was energy radiated by the soul and not the soul itself. It had nothing to do with the true spirit and it wouldn't harm living beings to lose a little bit of it. Of course, when it came to shamanic dao in the future, a mere tendril of soul force was enough to take someone's life. It was all that various curses need to operate on, but that was neither here nor there.

"I haven't found any traces of you two in the future... I don't know if you're still alive, so I want to keep a bit of your soul force, just in case," Lu Yun responded candidly.

"You can guarantee our survival with just a strand of soul force?" Wahuang handed over her soul force while Lu Yun looked at Fuxi.

The holy emperor shook his head. "There's no need for mine, I've already met the future me. I am not dead then."

Lu Yun's eyes shot wide. He'd met himself? Fuxi really was a bold man of great talent. The blood demon hadn't dared seek out Darkriver or Luo Houluo after returning to the great wilderness, afraid that that would somehow prevent him from returning to his proper time. Fuxi, however, had sought himself out.

"In that case, I'll make a trip to Pangu's tomb again." Lu Yun nodded to the two holy emperors.

“Pangu’s tomb... you’ve seen the Yin Prince?” Wahuang gaped. “You made it out alive after seeing her?” She found this a little too incredible.

The Yin Prince was the great danger in Pangu’s tomb, no one who ever saw her walked out alive. Just a glimpse of her army of yin soldiers had been enough to scare off brother and sister last time. Though the Yin Prince knew Fuxi and Wahuang, they didn’t know her.

“I have indeed seen her, but she’s not the great danger in the tomb. In fact, I think the actual danger’s already left the tomb.” Lu Yun thought of the enormous akasha ghost.

“Left?” Fuxi’s eyes glinted.

“Yes indeed, but I don’t know if it’ll come back,” Lu Yun sighed. “The Yin Prince is a good person, but there are no legends of her in the future world of immortals. I don’t want her to die like this.”

“The Yin Prince is a good person?” Wahuang goggled. “Her eight bearers are refined from the corpses of connate demon gods even stronger than my father Leize. That makes her a good person?”

She laughed uproariously, like she’d heard the greatest joke ever since the beginning of time.

“Those eight bearers probably would’ve transformed into eight unimaginable terrors if she hadn’t refined them into puppets. They would’ve filled the tomb beyond capacity,” Lu Yun responded solemnly. “If it wasn’t for her standing guard in Pangu’s tomb, the great wilderness would’ve become great misery a long time ago.”

“That’s true.” Fuxi nodded. “I didn’t discover traces of the Yin Prince in the future either, so she more than likely perished in one of the disasters to come.”

“In that case, I’m visiting Pangu’s tomb again.” Lu Yun left without hesitation and took the thieves’ tunnel he’d dug last time.

All was the same as had appeared on his first visit. The magnificently grand and creepily gloomy palace still towered in the center, but empty now since all of the creatures that haunted it had been seared to ashes by hellfire. The footprints in the palace had also disappeared with the departure of the akasha ghost.

Six altars still floated silently in the air, throwing off faint halos of light. However, Lu Yun noticed that the Exalted divine corpses lying on them were gone. He also didn’t find any traces of the Yin Prince.

“There was a great battle here after I left!” Lu Yun’s expression changed drastically when he saw a fragment in an out of the way corner. It was a piece of one of the Yin Prince’s bearers.

He’d killed three of them last time, but they’d resurrected in the shadow of her carriage, the pieces coming back together with the rest of the body. This tiny piece almost the size of a dust particle laid quietly on the ground, a sign that the bearer was completely dead.

An ominous premonition developed in Lu Yun’s heart.

“This fragment was purposefully placed here to lure me over.” He stared grimly at it. For someone at his level, though the fragment was almost nonexistent, it wouldn’t escape his senses. It could only be on purpose that it’d been left here.

Perhaps the enemy had counted on Lu Yun coming back and left it here to lure him into a trap.

“How unfortunate for you that while you left some traces on the fragment to lure me to the world of celestials, you don’t know that I have formula dao.” He didn’t move, but was already operating formula dao within his body.

He stood up a moment later and looked to the boundless stars.

“Not the stars of this planet, but the stars of the world of celestials!” He pushed off and shot toward the horizon from the foot of Mount Buzhou, entering the world of celestials.

This didn’t go unnoticed by Fuxi and Wahuang, and they quickly made to catch up with him.

“Don’t come, Holy Emperors!” his voice sounded in their minds. “This is a trap that’s been laid out for me, but I’ve already found the way out of it. Please remain on guard at Mount Buzhou and prevent them from taking advantage of this opening.”

The human sacred land at Mount Buzhou was the foundation of humanity and its spark. If it was breached, then the human race was fated to fall one day, no matter how strong it was.

Fuxi realized this with shock and retreated to the mountain with his sister. The great formation around it rebuffed connate demon gods, but if both Fuxi and Wahuang left at the same time, Ah Zhi herself wouldn’t be able to fend off all the attackers.

Lu Yun didn’t slow down after entering the world of celestials and continued shooting up into the firmament. The stars in the sky here were almost the same as the night sky of the great wilderness below. The arrangement of the stars and the constellations was exactly the same... but the ones here were true stars, and the ones in the great wilderness were formed from countless corpses.

Seeing the identical layouts made Lu Yun realize that the sky of the great wilderness was a projection of the world of celestials!

The great wilderness was the great wilderness—the foundation of this realm and a planet of its own. Vast and boundless, it had no night sky and only endless chaos outside of its boundaries!

When Lu Yun entered the cosmos, he immediately saw a wrecked black carriage that’d been pierced through by an attacker. Two pillars of flame ignited with fury in his eyes.

“Whoever dares injure Her Majesty Houtu of the human race will die!” He flew into a rage.

## **Chapter 915: Huaxu**

A harrowing battle was taking place deep in space. The Yin Prince’s eight bearers and massive army of yin soldiers had all been massacred, leaving only Shentu and Yulei protecting their mistress against hordes of connate demon gods.

The Yin Prince’s face was unhealthily pale from a series of deep injuries; something had pierced her body through. If it wasn’t for Shentu and Yulei desperately defending her and other parties in the fray, she would’ve perished a long time ago.

“Haotian!” Yulei snarled at a figure sparkling with golden radiance in a crowd of demon gods. “If you dare harm my mistress, I will rip a piece off you today even if I have to die for it!”

Yulei wasn't very strong as he was just an ordinary connate demon god. However, he showed no sign of backing down before the throngs of demon gods and celestial soldiers.

“Yulei, we can consider granting you mercy if you throw yourself under our banner. How does being the future king of the netherdark sound?” The indistinct figure throwing out aureate radiance boomed, “The Yin Prince goes against heaven's will and is not a good mistress!”

“Your own mother would be ashamed of this bullshit!” Yulei cursed loudly. “Haotian, you're nothing but a two-faced, shameless ferret! When the world struck back at you because you tried refining the bloodline in Pangu's body, it was my mistress who saved you! You'd be nothing more than a lost ghost if it wasn't for her, but you bite the hand that feeds you and ambush my mistress!”

“Harrumph!” Hidden within the blinding glow, Haotian's expression darkened when he heard Yulei's words.

He was a powerful connate demon god among the first batch born in the world, someone on par with Leize. In the year of Pangu's demise, he'd tried to refine the bloodline in the great god's body and nearly died to the backlash from the heavens. Thankfully, the Yin Prince had saved him in the nick of time.

Haotian disappeared from the world after that and joined Taiyi's celestial court without great fanfare, working his way up the hierarchy and eventually becoming a critical member of its operations. He hailed himself as celestial emperor upon Taiyi's death and inherited the court to become the ruler of the three realms.

Despite doing so, none of the connate demon gods in the great wilderness recognized him as the celestial emperor. After all, very few knew of his background apart from Houtu, Leize, Huaxu, and the others.

“And what's more, I know that you're the one who fans the flames for connate demon gods to distill Pangu's bloodline out of the humans. You're also the one who covertly instigated the attack on my mistress and Leize!” Yulei's eyes shone brightly, seeming to see through all things in the world.

“Men, capture Yulei!” came Haotian's low roar.

“Understood!” Countless celestial soldiers assembled into formation among the stars and surrounded the Yin Prince's party of three.

Formations!

Though formations originated from Fuxi's hand, he'd passed them onto Taiyi, who'd used them to create the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates to steady the celestial court's fortunes. Upon ascending to the throne, Haotian naturally came into possession of a few fragmented manuals regarding formations and was able to create his own from them.

However, the court lay in tattered pieces after the war with realm monsters; it was a far cry from its former glory. Thus, Haotian didn't proclaim his new rule far and wide, instead opting to conserve energy and build up strength.

Over the past hundreds of thousands of years, he'd imitated Taiyi and traveled the great wilderness, recruiting countless numbers of connate demon gods and empyrean great masters. After accumulating his strength for all this time, while he may not have restored the court to its peak under Taiyi and commanded so many demon gods that they were as numerous as the stars, he wasn't far off from that heyday.

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"You say that it was Haotian behind the mob against Leize that year?" A frosty female voice suddenly echoed through the void before a white-haired woman wearing black robes walked barefoot out of space. Her glacial features promised pain and retribution.

This patch of space instantly quieted down and the soldiers about to charge the Yin Prince froze in place. They stared dumbly at the chilly woman with a remarkable bearing, not knowing what to do.

"Huaxu!" Haotian walked out of his golden haze when he saw the newcomer, appearing in the form of a middle-aged man. He appeared stately and dignified in a long dark-gold robe and exuded a poised air from his being.

His original plot had been to take down the Yin Prince and use her as bait to lure the Flame Emperor over.

The sword formation outside the planet of the great wilderness struck terrified awe into all of them; more than one connate demon god had already fallen to it. In Haotian's eyes, though the Yellow Emperor was the ruler of all as acknowledged by the great dao, it was the Flame Emperor who was the real threat!

That sword formation not only exhibited the highest mastery of formations, but also displayed the dreadful might of sword dao!

Hence, Haotian once again laid plans to erase this mortal threat originating from the human race. However, the last thing he'd anticipated was that he'd attract Huaxu's attention instead of the Flame Emperor!

Huaxu's true form was that of a connate divine snake and Leize's dao partner. She, too, was a terrifying connate great god.

Being the strongest demon god of the great wilderness, Leize conducted his affairs in an eccentric and unreasonable manner. But after the joint attack on him for protecting the human race, no one dared try anything else. It was a wary caution that held firm even with recent rumors of him being heavily injured.

The root cause of that was because Huaxu stood by his side.

"That cowardly Flame Emperor might not have come, but it's all the same now that you're here!" A ruthless light flashed through Haotian's eyes. "Kill!" he commanded coolly, looking at Huaxu, but his men blinked with indecision when they heard the order.

Huaxu and Leize were publicly acclaimed as the strongest demon gods in existence. Thus, all of the soldiers and great masters among them hesitated to leap into action after coming face-to-face with Huaxu.

“Hmph, how will you become the greatest powerhouses in the realm if you don’t overcome the shackles of your heart!” Haotian snorted. “I dare call myself the celestial emperor, rule over all beings, and conquer the three realms because I am the master of inhibitions that hold me down! This emperor dares to touch even Pangu’s body!”

Demon god hearts wavered and trembled.

“Don’t all of you want to become creators? How dare you dream of being a creator if you can’t step over a mere Huaxu?!” Contempt danced across Haotian’s face. “KILL!!”

“Understood!” Golden flames ignited on the soldiers’ bodies as they roared into a magnificent formation. It was one never seen before!

The celestial court’s formations originated from Fuxi and rose from Taiyi, gradually evolving from Fuxi’s primitive formation dao and becoming their own system. However, only formations existed in the celestial court as it hadn’t received the heritage of feng shui.

Though it was only one side of the same coin, this formation that burned like the sun was still extraordinarily frightening.

Huaxu had sent only a replica, but if it died, the recoil would severely injure her all the same. Her true body sat at the highest peaks of the world of celestials, helping Hongjun suppress the realm monsters.

As formidable as her replica was, it was still inconsequential compared to a formation of all of the court’s members. A mammoth sun formed in the sky, enveloping Huaxu as well as the Yin Prince’s party. The grim heat wave almost combusted space itself.

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Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

Long peals from the Bell of Chaos rang through the cosmos at this time.

### **Chapter 916.1: Destruction of the Builder Tree**

The enormous bell fell upon the scene after bell tolls rang out, emanating a vast aura that swept away the golden flames with sheer dominance. Lu Yun also appeared in a linen outfit with his thick mop of black hair flowing freely. A snow-white little fox stood on his shoulder.

“Haotian, cutting down the heavens was something to be undertaken by the human race and nothing for me to be involved with. But... you have forced my hand!” Lu Yun glowered to see the Yin Prince pierced clean through.

As a human from the future, he naturally revered a set of gods from the age of mythology—Pangu, Fuxi, Wahuang, as well as the current Yin Prince Houtu. Murderous intent reared its head when he saw that Haotian had injured the Yin Prince.

“You’re finally here, Flame Emperor!” A frosty light flashed through Haotian’s eyes when he saw Lu Yun follow closely behind the Bell of Chaos. The ultimate connate treasure of the great wilderness had swept away his army’s formation with a few simple tolls; there’d been no room for resistance.

“Yes, I’m finally here. I’m quite curious to see just what you’ll bring to bear against me. That crudely pathetic imitation that can be barely called a formation?” Contempt shone brightly out of Lu Yun’s eyes. “You’re a far cry from the likes of Taiyi and your formations are laughably inferior to his Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates!”

“Hmph!” Haotian’s expression darkened perceptibly to hear that he was less than Taiyi.

He’d chafed at Taiyi’s name and reputation ever since ascending to the throne. It was similar to how the current Yellow Emperor of the human race refused to submit to Lie Shan, with the exception being that the Yellow Emperor still had the chance to prove himself against the one who overshadowed him.

When it came to Taiyi... well, he was dead in the eyes of the public and completely transformed into the wheel of a sun, standing guard in the center of the night sky. Haotian would never have the chance to demonstrate his ability and validate his beliefs.

“Taiyi simply borrowed the strength of the Bell of Chaos! If it wasn't for that treasure, I could've beaten him myself!” Haotian shouted.

“You still don’t understand, do you,” drawled the little fox on Lu Yun’s shoulders. “I only lent the bell to Taiyi to boost his appearance, but he never refined it and relied on his own strength from beginning to end.”

Haotian shook from the revelation, a lost look blossoming in his eyes. He quickly recovered with a snort, “Taiyi’s dead, so the truth is whatever you say it to be. But today, you will die here even with the Bell of Chaos!”

A frosty air like no other slowly released from his body, threatening to freeze over time itself in this patch of space.

“This is the power of the realm monsters... Haotian, you’re colluding with the realm monsters!” Huaxu could hardly accept the sight of this particular energy coming from the demon god. She, Leize, and Hongjun had stood strong here for countless of eons, preventing realm monsters from invading their realm. But one of her peers was displaying their unique abilities right before her eyes?!

“DIE!!” She shrieked and spat out jet-black sword light from her mouth, stabbing straight at Haotian.

Crackle—

The radiance froze over before reaching its target, crumbling into dust. Huaxu paled and stumbled backwards, so incensed that she nearly spat fire from her eyes.

Lu Yun descended from above and stopped protectively in front of her. The little fox had put the bell away and Rearbow had taken the form of the black sun. It blazed over Lu Yun’s head, pushing back against the fearsome cold air. Only hellfire was able to withstand the frigidity of realm monster techniques.



Never would it have occurred to Lu Yun that the current celestial emperor would turn his back on the original principles of the celestial court and defect to the realm monsters, thereby obtaining their power!

“No, that’s not right. The opening to the world of celestials is sealed off, so it’s impossible for realm monsters to enter this way. But somehow, Haotian’s become their dog!” Lu Yun coldly assessed the situation.

The celestial army once again assembled together in the great formation they’d created earlier. This time, the formation released glacial blasts instead of golden flames!

“No, I can’t summon the Sal Tree of Life and Death here!” A twinge of warning floated up in his mind when he thought of summoning the tree. He quickly thought better of the idea.

Yes, Haotian was a fearsome enemy, but something even more terrifying laid waiting in the shadows—the akasha ghost that’d escaped from Pangu’s body!

“Break!” He suddenly brought out Worldcarver and hacked down at the arctic waves blasting their way.

“Worldcarver!” Haotian sucked in a sharp breath to see the legendary weapon in the human’s hands.

Momentum unceasing after it hewed apart the realm monster technique, Worldcarver came straight down on Haotian’s head, the sudden move scaring the wits out of the demon god. Though he quickly dodged to the side, he still lost an arm to the shocking blow.

Golden blood flecked with black radiance splashed through space as even Haotian’s imperial seat was chopped to pieces behind him.

“We go!” Lu Yun waved a hand and collected Huaxu, the Yin Prince, Yulei, and Shentu. He blurred into a streak of light and vanished within the deep of space.

Neither he nor Haotian noticed that the stars within a radius of a billion kilometers were arranged into a strange phenomenon—a ghostly face that seemed to be both crying and laughing.

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Lu Yun quickly darted a billion kilometers away and completely departed the vicinity of where they’d been.

“Why did you run? The Worldcarver in your hands could’ve chopped that blasted Haotian apart with one move!” Huaxu frowned at the slightly pale Lu Yun.

In her eyes, Haotian was the only figure keeping the celestial court together. It would dissolve if he died, which would give the human race an easy opening into the world of celestials without having to go to war.

“There’s more than just Haotian there, there’s an even more terrifying existence where we were.” Lu Yun looked back at where they’d come from. “I wasn’t able to identify where it was hiding.”

“Do you mean the akasha ghost that fled from Pangu’s tomb?” the Yin Prince asked in a trembling voice.

“Precisely.” Lu Yun nodded and frowned slightly. “It’s ready this time. If I’d summoned the Sal Tree and ignited hellfire in space, it would’ve taken both away from me. But if I don’t have hellfire, I won’t be able to project the two creators to suppress it.

“Ah, Your Majesty, your injuries...” he recalled that the Yin Prince was grievously injured.

“I’ll be fine with a bit of rest.” Houtu nodded reassuringly.

Meanwhile, Huaxu peered back at the location they’d left and grimaced at what she saw. “You’re right, there is indeed a very terrifying thing there.”

Her replica didn’t see a thing, but her true form sat at the highest reaches of the world of celestials and overlooked the entire world, including its sky. She wove a map of the stars with a casual wave and displayed it to the group.

The face that seemed to be both laughing and crying peered back out at them.

“It’s that being alright!” Color drained from the Yin Prince’s face.

“The akasha ghost has become one with the stars!” Lu Yun was appalled by the discovery. The patch of space on the map was at least two billion kilometers across! This was a clear indicator of the akasha ghost’s dreadful might—it’d maintained its own form after becoming one with the cosmos!

“Realm monsters are not the greatest enemy...” Huaxu murmured. “Akasha ghosts are.”

“Please bestow unto me a strand of your soul force, Your Majesty!” Lu Yun suddenly bowed to Huaxu.

“My soul force?” Huaxu blinked. “What do you want that for?” Though she asked with curiosity, she handed a tendril over to Lu Yun before she finished her question.

“Not just Your Majesty’s, but Senior Leize and Hongjun’s as well! If you would so kindly do me the favor, Your Majesty.” Lu Yun entwined the strand around his finger tips. “I haven’t heard of your names or legends in the future... I must obtain a strand of your soul force to prevent your demise in future disaster. I will resurrect all of you when I have the ability to.”

“To bring those of us dead back to life? Are you seeking to go against the heavens?” Huaxu’s true form had obtained Hongjun and Leize’s soul force, and handed them to Lu Yun through her connection to her replica.

“It’s not going against the heavens if I collect your soul force in this era. All I can say is that the seeds of karma are planted now to bear fruit in the future.” Lu Yun smiled. The little fox had sealed off the premises with the Bell of Chaos, so even someone like Haotian wouldn’t be able to eavesdrop.

“Your Majesty Houtu.” Lu Yun looked toward the Yin Prince’s party.

Clang!

The bell shook slightly and suddenly devoured the Yin Prince, Yulei, and Shentu.

“You can do without them, I’ve sent them into the bell to cultivate.” The little fox burrowed into Lu Yun’s robes and popped her head back out. “Jing Huaci can’t control Timelight Tower by herself, she

needs the combined efforts of several others. Houtu is one of the strongest among the connate great gods, so she'll do!"

Lu Yun stared dumbly at the little fox, uncertain of what to make of this.

### **Chapter 916.2: Destruction of the Builder Tree**

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"Tushan is correct. Houtu carries the concept of reincarnation on her. If she doesn't go with you to your era, it's very likely she'll transform into the wheel of reincarnation and never be reborn herself." Huaxu nodded.

Reincarnation didn't yet exist in this time period, but its system had to be built sooner or later. Houtu carried the seed of reincarnation on her and was also the current Yin Prince. If a reincarnation system appeared, she would have to become part of it and never be released.

On the other hand, a new seed of reincarnation would be born in the netherdark once she left. Her absence wouldn't affect the wheel of reincarnation from being formed.

"Alright, since things have ended here for now, it's time for me to go," Huaxu said to Lu Yun and the little fox. She disappeared from their view with a quick turn of her body.

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Lu Yun returned to the great wilderness and paid visits to collect Changxi, Shaodian, Jiang Ti, Ah Zhi, Zhi Guangji, and Chi Biaonu's soul force. As for Ling Weiyang... Ashu was alive and well in the world of immortals.

After some thought, Lu Yun traveled to the Shui and Hao nations for Gonggong and Zhurong's soul force as well. These two divine spirits had abdicated their positions and passed the throne onto Black Emperor Zhi Guangji and Crimson Emperor Chi Biaonu.

"Everything has been prepared. I just need to wait for the right moment to drive this spear into the celestial court and then... go home." It'd been eighty years since he'd arrived in the great wilderness. Though it'd been a very normal period of time for him in that he hadn't experienced the years go by, he felt that he'd been away from home for too long.

It was time to go home.

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Lu Yun threw himself into closed door cultivation. He didn't know when the right moment would be, but since Fuxi would notify him when it arrived, there was nothing to worry about.

However, Ling Weiyang came calling after he'd just started meditating.

"Flame Emperor! I have word of where the Heavenly Grass is!" Ling Weiyang arrived with a not-so-pleasant expression on his face.

"The Heavenly Grass? Isn't that in the celestial court?" Lu Yun blinked and asked subconsciously.

“It’s not there anymore, it’s in the Mu nation now.” Ling Weiyang’s scowl deepened. “The realm monster that stole my master’s body wants to combine it with the Builder Tree and turn it into a ladder to the world of celestials!”

Lu Yun jumped up, suddenly recalling something that Wahuang had once said to him.

The first great emperor of the human race would personally destroy the Builder Tree, and that great emperor... was Lu Yun!

The Mu nation was no longer what it’d once been. Everyone knew that something had taken possession of the Mu nation ruler and thus, Ling Weiyang had established another Mu nation elsewhere and become its ruler—the Azure Emperor.

However, the nation’s foundations lay with the Builder Tree, so though there was a new Mu nation, it wasn’t very legitimate in the eyes of the world.

“Alright, I’ll go with you and execute that realm monster. I’ll take back your kingdom for you!” Lu Yun brought out Worldcarver again.

Rumble—

A tremendous shudder shook the world as countless rays of sword qi descended from the heavens to fill the sky.

“Hahahaha!!” Unfettered laughter echoed through the firmament. “I’ve finally seen through the sword formation and set foot into the chaos realm!”

It was the Yellow Emperor’s voice.

Lu Yun had set up a sword formation outside the great wilderness to temper his junior, but Xuanyuan had taken only a few short months to break it and ascend to the chaos realm. Even Lu Yun was taken aback by this speed of accomplishment; no wonder Hongjun had chosen him as the next great emperor! Xuanyuan was truly worthy of being called an unparalleled genius!

A genius of his caliber can’t die like this. With that in mind, Lu Yun shot into the air and found the preening Yellow Emperor.

“Flame Emperor, let’s fight!” Brandishing the Xuanyuan Sword, he looked at Lie Shan with exuberant battle intent.

Lu Yun, however, ignored him. He grabbed the Yellow Emperor like he would a chick and extracted a tendril of soul force from the center of his brows.

“You!!” Xuanyuan stared dumbly at Lu Yun, unable to find the appropriate words.

“I’m infinitely close to Leize and if I really tried, he probably wouldn’t be my match either, to say nothing of someone who’s just broken through to chaos realm like you.” Lu Yun smiled. “After all, I’ve cultivated for longer than you have. Live well and you’ll surpass me one day, becoming the strongest in the world.”

Still reeling from the earlier shock, Xuanyuan’s eyes lit up when he heard the last sentence.

“Alright, you should go back to the human race and make your preparations for the coming war.” After comforting the Yellow Emperor, Lu Yun headed to the east.

“Where are you going?” asked Xuanyuan to see his senior speed for the east.

“To help the Azure Emperor take back the Mu nation!” Lu Yun called back.

On the banks of the East Sea, four people were already waiting for him. Ling Weiyang in azure robes, Bai Zhaoju in white robes, and two others—Chi Biaonu and Zhi Guangji!

They all called themselves emperors now as they’d reached chaos realm. Lu Yun and Ling Weiyang alone wouldn’t be enough to retake the Mu nation, the other three were crucial as well.

“Wait!” The Yellow Emperor landed heavily as well and declared solemnly, “The Mu nation has allied with the human race and we share life and death together. Since fellow daoists are on a mission to liberate the Mu nation, Han Shuniu will not shrink from this calling!”

“Most wonderful.” Lu Yun applauded with loud laughter. “The five emperors conquering the East Sea together will be a marvelous tale in the future.”

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The previously vibrant Mu nation was now a frozen land of ice and snow while countless yin spirits passed through it. Since it was no longer a secret that Goumang’s body was possessed by another, the realm monster no longer kept up the pretense and turned Mu nation into a kingdom fit for its kind.

There were no other signs of life in the land now, apart from the Builder Tree that towered into the clouds. However, its emerald green form was also undergoing some changes. Some bright yellow dots of light sparkled on it, as if there was another power influencing this second greatest divine tree in the world.

“It’s the Heavenly Grass! It’s combining with the tree!” Ling Weiyang’s eyes dulled with dejection when he saw it. “It’s under the realm monster’s control, but it’s not strong enough to support the realm monster accessing the world of celestials. Thus, someone sent down the Heavenly Grass from above so it can strengthen the Builder Tree.”

As he possessed a body of great dao, Ling Weiyang nursed a special connection to the spirit roots of the world. He only needed to take a quick glance from afar to determine the tree’s current condition.

“Haotian did this!” Bai Zhaoju frowned. “Seniors Bai Ze and Xiangliu have just reached the Jin nation. They say that Celestial Emperor Haotian has turned traitor and joined the realm monsters, thus obtaining their strength.”

He looked at Lu Yun as he spoke, who nodded in return. Though the battle in the skies had yet to be publicized in the great wilderness, many already knew what had happened. Following that, Celestial Kings Xiangliu and Bai Ze deserted the celestial court and joined the Jin nation.

As for the center of the cosmos... no one needed to stand guard there anymore. With the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates present, not even Lu Yun would be able to destroy its defenses with Worldcarver.

“In that case, let’s destroy the Builder Tree!” A hard glint shone out of Lu Yun’s eyes. The tree’s seed had taken root in Ling Weiyang’s nascent spirit and it was only a matter of time before it also grew into a towering tree. There was no need for another one to exist in the world.

“Alright!” Ling Weiyang nodded. “But the Builder Tree is a divine tree second to only the demonic tree in the netherdark, if we wish to destroy it... oh, um. Okay then.”

He stopped talking when he saw Worldcarver in Lu Yun’s hands.

“The five of you go kill the realm demon, I’ll chop down the Builder Tree!” Lu Yun swung the axe around.

“Alright!” The five looked at each other and nodded, shooting forward in a combined offensive of the five most powerful existences of human dao.

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“Ling Weiyang, you’ve come back!” Gleeful surprise emanated from the kingdom. “If I refine you, I’ll be able to immediately summon all of the spirit roots in the world and combine them with the Builder Tree, opening the path to the world of celestials! Come to me!”

Boom!

A blast of frosty air barreled out of the Mu nation and pounced on Ling Weiyang.

“Realm demon!! I will not suffer my master’s murderer to live. Either you perish today, or I die!!” The sight of the realm demon sent Ling Weiyang into a berserk rage. Returning to his old home painfully reminded him of how Goumang’s nascent spirit and true spirit had both dissipated for good.

He’d only been able to break through to chaos realm so quickly because Goumang’s true spirit had used the last of his strength to set up a final boundary for him to cultivate inside. Now his master was no more.

Ling Weiyang was sent flying from his first clash with the realm demon, but the other four emperors swiftly arrived to reinforce him. They drew upon their core essence and bayed for enemy blood, while Ling Weiyang quickly recovered and rained numerous combat arts down on the realm demon.

The combined efforts of all five hurled the Goumang-shaped realm demon into the sea, raising titanic waves that almost flooded the Mu nation.

Humm.

The watery depths spontaneously solidified into thick sheets of ice as the realm demon charged back out. He’d given up on Goumang’s form and revealed his true form as a ball of chilly air protecting a white orb.

The five emperors froze in midair, unable to move. The arctic blasts of the realm monsters were too domineering for cultivators of their level to withstand. The tide of battle had changed and the five stars of humanity were about to be snuffed out. A precarious moment stretched on into eternity—

Thud—

Thud—

Thud—

Three earth-shattering thuds rang out as the Builder Tree—standing tall within Mu nation for a billion years—shuddered, swayed, and fell over in an explosion of wood chips.

“...no? No! NOOOOOOOO!!” the realm monster shrieked like all its kin had just been brutally murdered in front of it.

### **Chapter 917: Master of the Realm**

As the stair to the world of celestials, the Builder Tree had been playing host to countless yin spirits crawling up it to flood into the land above. With its destruction, all of them were pulverized as well.

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As the five emperors had just come into their strength, they weren't a match for the realm monster and it would be an easy feat for the enemy to kill them.

However, it lost its sanity when Lu Yun destroyed the tree and swept the emperors away, turning to charge at the youth instead. The biting wind howling through the air roiled into wintry currents that ran rampant over the sea, freezing the air solid.

After he chopped down the Builder Tree, Lu Yun remained standing in the air with Worldcarver in hand, coolly staring down the crazy realm monster. It'd swallowed Goumang's body completely and was an orb that glinted piercingly, surrounded by dense glacial mist.

Such was the realm monster's true form, formless and intangible apart from the orb.

Of course, this was also a very weak member of its race since the truly powerful realm monsters could take other form—the future Xuanyuan Xiaoyue, for example, was a premier realm monster.

He jerked his hand upward when the enemy drew close and smashed Worldcarver down on the agitating orb.

Boom!

It felt like the obliteration of a world had been set into motion as terrifying energy reverberated throughout the land. This was Lu Yun's first time witnessing the death of a realm monster. Seawater that had frozen solid into icebergs burst open as furious tidal waves, roaring with incoherent rage across the water's surface.

He also keenly perceived that a strand of unusually profound strength had melded into the local dao when the realm monster died, upon which the great dao grew a little bit stronger.

“Realm monsters are transmuted from dead worlds, so their core essence is that of the world's essence. Therefore, their strength will be absorbed by the heavenly dao upon their destruction. Ah... I see how they go extinct in the future.”

Since the core essence of realm demons could be absorbed by the heavenly dao, humans only needed to completely demolish the creatures to ensure that they would never be reborn.

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Striking out together, the five emperors ruthlessly destroyed the remains of the Builder Tree, felled the realm demon, and retook Mu nation.

When the dust settled, Lu Yun built a great formation over the Mu nation and injected life back into the desolate kingdom. Ling Weiyang relocated his new nation back to home ground, not minding that the Builder Tree was gone.

It'd long become just a symbolic totem to the people, and was in fact a magnet for danger since enemies would constantly target it. With its death, realm monsters would only be able to access the world of celestials through Mount Buzhou and redirect their attentions there. All that mattered was that the Mu nation was now legitimate in name and substance in the eyes of the world.

The five emperors also made use of this opportunity to enter an official alliance and establish the five great nations as the five titans of the great wilderness.

Sudden inspiration struck Lu Yun in the heroic atmosphere and he retrieved the six altars from Pangu's tomb beneath Mount Buzhou. The six could communicate with the five elemental directions; the five nations would soar to greater heights if they used these altars to worship heaven.

However, the Yellow Emperor regifted four of them to the other four nations after he received them. It would seem that events of the present differed from the history that Lu Yun knew, one in which the Yellow Emperor appointed five priests and oversaw the rites of the five altars.

History followed its own progression; Lu Yun was just a catalyst for one of its beginnings. Many things would happen in the future that would change everything he saw now.

Of course, he would have no say in any of that.

And then, he stunned the great masters of the world by bequeathing Worldcarver to the Yellow Emperor.

Worldcarver was recognized by all connate demon gods as the foremost treasure of the great wilderness. It was the divine weapon of the great god Pangu, but the Flame Emperor of the human race was giving it up without a second thought!

The Yellow Emperor shuddered like a leaf, unable to scrounge up sufficient courage to accept the divine weapon.

"I'm going to leave the great wilderness sooner or later, I shouldn't be Worldcarver's bearer." Lu Yun shoved the axe into Xuanyuan's hands.

Humm.

A ball of yellowish-brown power exploded from his body when Xuanyuan accepted Worldcarver. All of the great wilderness and the realm itself formed a marvelous connection with the Yellow Emperor.

The Yellow Emperor was the true protagonist of this era.

Though his strength didn't change noticeably after receiving the divine axe, a shocking potential flared to life within him—the potential to become master of the realm.



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“Worldcarver isn’t much of a threat when it’s in the Flame Emperor’s hands, but it becomes a true danger when the Yellow Emperor wields it!” Haotian narrowed his eyes dangerously as he looked down over the great wilderness from the world of celestials.

When he’d been injured by the axe, he’d still seen the possibility of seizing Worldcarver for himself. But after it passed into the Yellow Emperor’s hands, that possibility had faded away. No one else could think of claiming Worldcarver as long as the Yellow Emperor lived!

Unfortunately, the path down to the lower world through the Mu nation no longer existed—destroyed by the Flame Emperor himself—leaving only Mount Buzhou if one wanted to visit the great wilderness through the world of celestials.

However, Fuxi, Wahuang, and the even more frightening demon god Ah Zhi held down the fort at the mountain. It was easy to defend and difficult to attack; even Haotian didn’t think lightly of marching on Mount Buzhou.

Great masters of combat arts could still break through the walls around the great wilderness and descend from the world of celestials, but no one below their cultivation level could do the same. Hence, Haotian called upon the true strength of his celestial court.

Its assembly of connate demon gods wasn’t the strongest aspect of the celestial court, that honor laid with its extensive army and formations. The formations that the celestial army assembled into could suppress any demon god, or even an entire crowd of them!

Formations were yet to be popularized in this era, so that the celestial court could borrow the power of the land through formations put it at the leading edge of the times. However, Haotian was currently deploying that ability in the form of a threatening formation that besieged Mount Buzhou. Passively suffering beatings had never been his style.

On the other hand, the human race couldn’t be bothered with the celestial court at the moment. With the Xiong Nation as their leader, the five newly allied nations declared large-scale war in the great wilderness. All of the powerful connate races were dragged into the conflict, as well as the monster spirits, demons, dragons, phoenixes, and qilins.

It was a war for unification of the great wilderness and the ratification of humanity as rulers of the world. Whether or not they would be the master of all races would be decided by this campaign.

In battles, the Yellow Emperor of the human race wielded Worldcarver with one hand and the Xuanyuan Sword with the other, shocking the world by killing thirty-six connate demon gods in a row!

Those demon gods had all been existences strong enough to rip apart the walls between worlds! In their eyes, the current Yellow Emperor had become even more horrifying than the old Flame Emperor!

The Flame Emperor had defeated his opponents in single combat or one versus two, but the Yellow Emperor had executed his enemies when they attacked him all together!

Since the thirty-six connate demon gods had come from the celestial court, there were naturally many existences on par with Nuanzi among their ranks. This battle dimmed the sun and moon, casted a shadow over mountain and river, and completely stupefied the great wilderness.

Fuxi finally recognized humanity's strength in the aftermath of that particular battle and began passing on his formations to the human race. Hongjun's three disciples walked the land as well, establishing sects and teaching the supplemental paths of pill, equipment, and talisman dao.

Supremacy of the human race took a tremendous leap forward in this war that lasted ten years, and at the end of it, humans had conquered all of the other races and become the only master of the great wilderness.

Only the four great nations held the same status as the human race, but the great dao was now human dao, so the emperors of the four nations demoted themselves to become humanity's protectors. Even so, the Yellow Emperor didn't discard their titles and still showed them respect as befitting an emperor.

### **Chapter 918: Absolute Force**

The war of the great wilderness lasted a full ten years before gradually drawing to a close, leaving behind devastation that greeted the eye in all directions and enormous swathes of scorched earth.

The primary enemy of the human race and the four nations was the connate races in the great wilderness. Most of these races also had a connate demon god backer behind them. But as strong as the demon gods were, all of them ultimately bowed their heads in the face of human dominance.

As for the latter-day races, humans saw them as nothing more than a gaggle of uncivilized barbarians still eating raw flesh and drinking blood. Though they also practiced the cultivation methods of the great dao, they scratched only the barest surface.

Even the most noble of all races in the future—the dragons, phoenixes, qilins, and spirit turtles—were lumped in the same category, to say nothing of monster spirits.

For every race the humans conquered, they would develop tailored cultivation methods for their new vassal so the race could raise its strength. This proved to be the key to truly winning over hearts and curtailing the desire to resist human rule.

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The year was the ninetieth year of Lu Yun's arrival in the great wilderness, and only ten short years lay between him and home.

"Little fox, you call yourself the monster spirit ancestor in the future. Doesn't that title come from you passing on cultivation methods to the monster spirits of this time and being their patron?" Lu Yun regarded the fox in his embrace with surprise.

"I was the monster spirit ancestor a very long time ago," she yawned lazily. Though she'd returned to the empyrean realm, she still preferred lying in Lu Yun's arms and would rather not take human form.

"Latter-day monster spirits found themselves in very similar circumstances to the human race. I imitated Fuxi once and saved them from disaster, upon which they hailed me as their ancestor. Well, to be honest, I am indeed the first monster spirit in the world to reach chaos realm.

“But if I make an appearance again, certain unstable elements within the monster spirits will probably jump out and defy human rule. I’m not willing to lead those gremlins and monsters precisely because their wild natures are too strong and they’re too unruly to control.”

The little fox looked deep in thought. When human rule would be overthrown and human dao destroyed in the future, monster spirits would be the first to raise the banner of insurrection. Granted, it was more than likely because someone had been instigating them to do so, but that didn’t change the fact that monster spirits would be the lead troublemakers.

“What about you?” Lu Yun asked curiously. “Aren’t you a monster spirit too?”

“I’m different.” The little fox squinted and curled up comfortably into a furry ball the size of a fist. “I’ve been enlightened by that one!”

“Uh, alright then.” Lu Yun accepted that answer with resignation and then looked at his shoulder. A little figure three inches tall and burning with black flames stood there—the blood demon’s replica.

During these chaotic times, the blood demon had somehow ended up refining Rearbow’s core essence and became its weapon spirit. But since the treasure had already been refined via Lu Yun’s hellfire, the blood demon was bizarrely able to project himself with hellfire for current results.

He was rather depressed by the unexpected chain of events. He’d been waiting to return to the future and make a quick getaway, but Lu Yun had become his master for some strange reason!

“Where are you hiding at this moment?” Lu Yun smiled merrily at the blood demon.

“What, do you want to take care of the current me?” the blood demon asked woefully.

“If I went to take care of the current you, do you think you’d be able to cause all that trouble in our time?” Lu Yun took Mount Buzhou’s path to the world of celestials.

“That’s true,” the blood demon thought about it. In his memories, no one came for him after his birth. He spent this time fishing in troubled waters and devoured demon god upon demon god, quietly increasing his strength.

“Don’t worry, Hongjun is raising you and Leize spares you for the sake of balance. Humans will be the rulers of the world for a very long time to come, but they must have a sense of danger and an enemy. You’ll become their foil.”

Of course, Asura was the combination of demons of heaven and earth. If he was allowed to grow unchecked, then his boundless lust for annihilation would one day destroy the great wilderness.

“I was in the Blood Sea at this time,” the blood demon said quietly. “I’d thought my combat arts were strong enough to hide me from him, but it now looks like he was just letting me off the hook.”

This was a depressing revelation.

“The Blood Sea, of course.” A knowing smile flashed across Lu Yun’s face.

“What are you doing? Are you looking to die by going to the world of celestials now? Tens of millions of soldiers are stationed at the peak and the dao weapon of the celestial court deters all challengers...”

The blood demon naturally knew that the top of the mountain was under siege by tens of thousands of soldiers arranged in formations. Even the him of this era didn't dare provoke the celestial court.

It was called thus because it was seated in the world of celestials, and hailed as the sovereign of the three realms because three great dao weapons protected its fortunes. Just like the immortal dao to come would have its own dao weapons, so did the primitive great dao have its treasures. Those of the human dao hadn't been born yet.

"Tens of millions of celestial soldiers?" Lu Yun grinned. "In your memories, has anyone ever pierced this place straight through?"

"Pierced it through?" The blood demon looked around in a daze. "Well, yes, but that was on the eve of all beings conquering the heavens..."

Boooooom.

Lu Yun suddenly released a black air current and shot two streaks of flame out from his eyes. He set down a heavy step on the peak of the mountain.

"Who dares attack a pivotal holding of the celestial court!!" A powerful demon god erupted with blazing radiance that lit up the mountain peak like it was high noon.

This had once been God's dao arena where he'd sat cross-legged in meditation. However, it was now occupied by countless soldiers and a cauldron, bell, and tower shining brilliantly over the scene.

"These three dao weapons..." Lu Yun trembled when he saw them, thinking of the three mysterious factions in the future—the Green, Purple, and Crimson Firmaments.

Boooooom.

Tens of millions of soldiers stationed at Mount Buzhou's peak stepped into formation at almost the precise moment Lu Yun appeared and launched themselves in a running charge. They were deploying a pure formation instead of the battle formations seen in the future. This utilized living beings as a foundation to become one with the enormous power of the land and receive a temporary explosive increase of strength.

But in the eyes of a formation grandmaster like Lu Yun, this formation was crude beyond belief. Though it was very strong, it was riddled with flaws and thus extremely easy for him to break through.

In the same vein, there would be no point in him coming here if he wanted to resolve things with an easy little trick. He was going tit-for-tat and wanted to crush the celestial court's confidence with absolute force. He would destroy their faith and have them shudder whenever they heard of the human race or the Flame Emperor's name!

Booom.

Black light surged out of his body and pierced the clouds before he concentrated all of his strength on his fist and struck out at the formation.

**Chapter 919: Kunlun**

Having refined the Heavenly Grass, eight of the legendary spirit roots were rooted in Lu Yun's body of the world. He might not be in the chaos realm, but his strength had reached such unfathomable heights that he was now confident of vying with Leize even if he didn't summon the sea of hellfire!

The greatest drawback to the current situation was that since human dao had been fully established, he would no longer affect the great dao if he released his arts and abilities. In fact, the human dao would slowly convert him until he became a life form of this era.

Lu Yun had calculated that this would be his last fight in the great wilderness.

If he took the field again, he would no longer be able to return to his time period and neither would he exist in this era. His final form would be to become one with the great dao and transcend into an ethereal and intangible existence.

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Lu Yun's utterly wild and violent blow let loose with everything he had. Gushing hellfire leapt through the skies to crash brutally into the enormous formation and three weapons of great dao. So devastating was the collision that it spread outward in a soundless shock blast, destroying everything on Mount Buzhou.

But not a single soul died at Lu Yun's hands.

Countless celestial soldiers and several concealed demon gods were sent flying to unknown destinations. The three dao weapons blazing with the magnificence of a sun were also blasted into space, never to be seen again.

Mount Buzhou quaked uncontrollably as the energy of the world surged and ebbed, scaring Haotian senseless. He fled back into the cosmos with the remainder of his court, not daring to face the human youth any longer.

More than his greatest trump card—the formation locking down the peak of the mountain—had shattered from one physical punch, half of his court had been demolished as well! The celestial court's courage and valor were no more.

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Up in the highest reaches of the world of celestials, Hongjun, Leize, and Huaxu turned to Lu Yun at the same time with widened eyes. Down at the foot of Mount Buzhou, Fuxi, Wahuang, and Ah Zhi peered upwards in overwhelmed amazement.

Lu Yun's blow had shaken Mount Buzhou to the core; it was still trembling even now.

Pandemonium sowed across the great wilderness. Defeated connate demon gods who were still stirring from the sidelines promptly went as silent as cicadas in winter, not daring to entertain any more rebellious thoughts.

Nuanzi and other demon gods who neither backed a connate race nor answered to the celestial court were frightened out of their wits. They cowered in their hiding spots, deathly afraid that they were next on the Flame Emperor's list.

"I'm not his match, even with Worldcarver in hand." Xuanyuan looked toward the world of celestials with shock. A little girl about four years old grasped his hand, staring curiously at Mount Buzhou with her big black eyes.

This little girl was his daughter, Xuanyuan Xiaoyue.

The Xuanyuan title had become a surname and part of an official clan legacy. They would be the first bulwark for humanity and passed on for eons to come.

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"That isn't enough," Lu Yun murmured to himself as he looked to the west of the world of immortals. "The fortunes of the celestial court still exist. They aren't truly destroyed until that's gone as well."

When Taiyi established his court, he'd tied the fortunes of the land to the group of connate demon gods under his command. Those fortunes were both the providence of the celestial court and of those demon gods.

Therefore, though Taiyi had fallen, the celestial court still remained because its fortunes were intact. As for how many demon gods were part of it, no one knew. The cosmos were infinite and boundless, filled with perished great masters of which a great amount were connate demon gods!

"...that's Kunlun! So Kunlun Mountain's in the world of celestials!" Lu Yun muttered as he stood at the highest point of Mount Buzhou and looked at the divine mountain to the west. "The celestial court's life point is located in Kunlun Mountain!"

He took one step forward and headed for the mountain. Throughout all of this, the little fox remained frozen in place in Lu Yun's robes, and the blood demon on Lu Yun's shoulder was knocked out cold from the force of his master's punch.

His head lolled with his tongue protruding from his mouth, and he was very grateful to Hongjun when he finally came to. Thank goodness Asura had been raised as an enemy of the human race for balance in the world, and that he possessed the strength of both a heavenly and earthly demon! Otherwise, Lu Yun's flabbergasting blow would've pounded even the blood demon in his prime to indiscernible bits.

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Kunlun Mountain was the greatest divine mountain in the world of immortals, on par with Mount Buzhou of the great wilderness.

Legends in the future would say that Kunlun was formed from the wreckage of Mount Buzhou, but the reality was that it'd always existed in the west of the world of celestials. It was the location upon which Taiyi had established his celestial court.

Though Kunlun Mountain didn't tower as majestically as Mount Buzhou, it was still awe inspiring in its own right. An easy landmark to target, Lu Yun strode forth with inexorable finality, poised to bring extinction down upon the demon gods.

"Fellow daoist, please show mercy and leave a hint of bloodline for the connate demon gods." A young man in white robes blocked Lu Yun's way when he arrived at the foot of the mountain. "Though the

demon gods are guilty of the most heinous crimes, having colluded with realm monsters and are a blight upon the world... there are still some demon gods who have not been involved in any of that.”

The young man’s gaze was clear and pure, and there was no killing intent or hint of blood in his aura. It was plain to see that he’d never killed anything in his life.

But when Lu Yun faced the young man, it felt like he was talking to Nuanzi or Haotian. Clearly, the white-robed young man was also a preeminent connate demon god.

“I am Kaiming, greetings to the Flame Emperor of the human race.” The young man swept a bow toward Lu Yun.

“Is the Queen Mother of the West in attendance?” Lu Yun suddenly thought of another mythical powerhouse on the mountain.

“Her Majesty has become one with the world.” A melancholic air appeared around Kaiming.

The little fox burrowed out of Lu Yun’s robes and gaped at the youth. “Her Majesty... is dead?” her voice trembled.

“She offered up her core essence to the heavens for the slimmest chance to send the group to the future.” Kaiming’s expression dimmed further and Lu Yun’s eyes widened as well.

“God, Fuxi, Tushan, and Ah Zhi were to head to the future, and though Tushan and the Fated Spider jointly wove a time formation to dream of the future... the core essence of a premier chaos realm master was necessary to send them through space and time.

“The one originally slated to sacrifice her essence was Huaxu, but Her Majesty blocked Huaxu at the last second and offered up her own.

“On behalf of the Queen Mother’s account, I beseech the Flame Emperor of the human race to show mercy and leave a bit of hope for the connate demon gods.” Kaiming bowed deeply, his tones full of pleading.

“...alright,” Lu Yun agreed after a brief hesitation. “I promise you to leave a ray of hope for the demon gods, but it’ll be up to them to see if they grasp that hope. It all depends on if they go with the will of the heavens.”

His meaning was clear: they wouldn’t die if they didn’t go courting death.

If the connate demon gods kept to their seclusion and studied how to break through to the creator realm and not oppose the humans, then they really would have some hope. But if they insisted on pitting themselves against humanity... then they would die a well-deserved death.

Lu Yun put the fate of the demon gods back into their own hands.

## **Chapter 920: The Cosmos as a Mausoleum**

As the foremost divine mountain of the world of celestials, Kunlun Mountain’s life point was the life point of the celestial court and connected to the fortunes of all of the connate demon gods.

Lu Yun had planned to drive the long bronze spear into the mountain's life point with the Dragonspike Litany and scatter the fortunes of the celestial court and demon gods. But upon listening to Kaiming's entreaty, he changed his mind.

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"The rise of humanity and domination of this world is written into the great dao. The celestial court must come to an end and chaos realm demon gods must withdraw from the stage," Lu Yun proclaimed coolly in front of the mountain's life point. Hefting the spear, he sent the Dragonspike Litany whirling into furious operation.

Crackle—

Black electricity sizzled around him and collected as the dreadful Death Spike of the litany.

When he planted the Death Spike on Mount Exalted, it'd caused the destruction of the Exalted Immortal Sect and Exalted celestial court. At that time, his Dragonspike Litany hadn't even reached the realm of minor perfection.

Times were different now—he wielded a divine weapon from the chaos and his method was infinitely close to great perfection. This spike would destroy the entire mountain and maybe even render the fleeing celestial palace into dust. Haotian had escaped into the stars with what remained of his court, vacating the world of celestials for the moment.

"I won't destroy Kunlun Mountain today or extinguish the court's fortunes... Your destiny will remain in your own hands!"

Rumble!

Boundless black lightning screamed and danced in a mad frenzy as Lu Yun drove the bronze spear into the mountain. However... he missed Kunlun's life point by roughly three inches.

The action fractured earth and skies, quenching the sun and moon.

The world of celestials vibrated and quivered while an intangible dragon shadow slowly materialized within the mountain. It keened with anguish and screeched with pain. This was the dragon formed by the mountain's life point, one that'd started taking physical shape.

Though Lu Yun's Death Spike had missed its mark by three inches, the spear's piercing edge still shook the entire mountain and ravaged the dragon. The land beneath Kunlun Mountain suddenly split open from the quaking, slowly pulling down the landmass and sending it into an eventual free fall into the great wilderness.

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"The fortunes of the celestial court have been severed, now we cut down the heavens themselves!" roared the Yellow Emperor beneath Mount Buzhou.

Three hundred sixty-five sparkling human figures rose into the air like the stars. These were the geniuses that Lu Yun had selected from the Yan Tribe; they'd all reached empyrean realm after training under Wahuang and Fuxi's hand.



All of them together signified the major stars of the night sky and bolstered humanity's fortunes. They represented the prosperity of the human race! Now that they advanced to the world of celestials, they brought human fortune directly into their new territory, along with the presence of the world's new sovereign race.

When they soared into space, they were swiftly met with three hundred and sixty-five major stars in the cosmos, each of which melded with their respective genius.

Humanity's three hundred and sixty-five star divinities, city lords of the future three hundred and sixty-five major cities, were thus officially born!

A massive human army and various allied troops followed the star divinities to flood into the world of celestials, occupying the vast planet for their own. The great wilderness was the foundation of this realm and the world of celestials its land of milk and honey!

.....

"Bastards!" Overlooking the world in his slightly tattered celestial palace up in the skies, Haotian glowered at the human allied troops. There were so many of them that they completely blotted out the skies and ground, shifting as one massive entity.

"Haotian, your position hinges on the results of this battle." A pair of frosty eyes slowly opened next to the demon god. "The Flame Emperor can no longer take to the field, he is not a native of this era. If he dares attack you, he'll be assimilated by the great dao and lose his sense of self."

"Not a native of this era?" Haotian shook violently and stared at the frigid eyes with shock. "Rumors say that when the great god Pangu was still alive, he wanted to observe the future and see how the great dao develops. Does this mean that his plan succeeded?!"

The eyes lost themselves in thought for a moment. "The future is a kaleidoscope of change. You may be able to defy the heavens and rewrite your destiny yet."

Haotian exhaled sharply, a ruthless look rising in his eyes.

"How are your boundless akasha souls?" he asked frostily. "With my current strength, I can't fight the Yellow Emperor when he's armed with Worldcarver."

"Don't worry, they're ready." The wintry eyes belonged to the enormous akasha ghost that'd escaped from Pangu's tomb.

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Humanity's incursion naturally didn't go unanswered, the celestial court's counterattack crashed back into them with the fury of the heavens. Thus, the two sides engaged in war to rewrite the order of the realm.

Lu Yun didn't participate in this war as he'd done everything he was supposed to do. Instead, he returned to the cosmos of the great wilderness.

"The night sky of the great wilderness isn't a real sky, but a mausoleum." He sat on top of the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates and surveyed the cosmos.

After the Dragonspike Litany reached great perfection, he'd entered a brand new realm. The Dragonsearch Invocation, Dragonshift Method, and Dragonspike Litany had combined into the Dragonquake Scripture, enabling him to see to the heart of a matter even without operating the Spectral Eye.

Every star in the cosmos was a tomb and they all connected together as an enormous mausoleum. The center of the cosmos wasn't the center of the mausoleum, however, the middle of the mausoleum was the tremendously huge blue planet of the great wilderness.

"Can it be... that someone set up a layout here... to bury the great wilderness?" Lu Yun suddenly recalled something. Before he'd obtained the spleen of the world, Xuanyuan's ghost had asked him if he would be willing to die for the ancestor planet. Lu Yun had answered in the affirmative then.

"That's right, this realm would be destroyed if humanity's ancestor planet was no more," he murmured to himself.

Splayed in Lu Yun's arms, the little fox took in these words with great shock.

"The cosmos of the great wilderness is a projection of what hangs over the world of celestials. What should've been outside the great wilderness was sheer nothingness that connected to the chaos. Someone sent this projection here, it didn't develop naturally."

The rules of the stars here were projected from the world of celestials, and it was those rules that turned the bodies of the great masters into celestial bodies.

"It's not Pangu, not Hongjun, and not God... There's another inexplicably strong existence in the great wilderness who constantly keeps an eye on things. Who is it?" Lu Yun remained where he was, waiting for the right moment to return home and for the path to open.

Instead of bearing witness to the precise moment when the human race overthrew the celestial court and fully settled into their position of masters of the realm, he speculated on many things and theorized over details that people had missed.

This cosmos, for instance.

"Though the Dragonquake Scripture is a connate method, it languished in the chaos. Fuxi isn't its first owner." As he mused over the scripture, he also thought of the three fragments that composed it—Dragonsearch, Dragonshift, and Dragonspike. It was obvious that someone had smashed the original scripture to pieces.