

Necropolis 931

Chapter 931: Be My Dao Partner

God's appearance froze the big akasha ghost in place. The ancient spear in the former's hand had felled the heavens and was an ultimate treasure of the chaos that was on par with Worldcarver. If God wanted to kill the big akasha ghost, it wouldn't be able to escape this time, no matter what it tried.

However, God ignored the ghost and stabbed his spear at the Dao Tree.

"AHHHHH!!" A bleak wail rang out from the tree as the four-headed, eight-armed origin divine charged out from its trunk and attempted to escape the premises.

God swiftly followed up with a second thrust and stabbed the bronze spear into the origin divine, sounding the final death knell for the lingering obsession of a wrongdoer from a primitive era.

Boom.

The origin divine went rigid, then disintegrated in an explosive burst. The last traces of the first divine spirit of the world finally dispersed upon the wind, altering the mammoth body of the Dao Tree. It shed the look of the origin divine and reverted to the appearance of a tree.

Deep-rooted fear flashed across the laughing and crying face as both God and Pangu turned around to face the big akasha ghost.

"So you two used the power of space and time to travel to this era and avoid pursuit from my tribe!" No emotion could be read from the ambiguous face, as if it'd accepted its impending fate.

There were two creators present; one of them was even its bane and would counter it fatally. The big akasha ghost harbored no desire to resist its doom. All it wanted now was to be set free and returned to the chaos.

"Flame Emperor, we leave the world of immortals in your hands. While the two of us have manifested with the aid of your combat arts, our true forms are suppressing a terrifying existence. We won't be able to maintain the status quo for long, so you must grow stronger as soon as possible. Else, another cataclysm will descend upon this realm," Pangu said seriously to Lu Yun.

"You two aren't dead?" Lu Yun's eyes lit up.

He'd never seen the two great personages before, but their traces were everywhere to be found from the great wilderness to the current world of immortals. Lu Yun had seen both of their corpses with his own eyes, but the great god seemed to be telling him now that they were still alive.

"We did die... but were reborn due to the Great Emperor of the Eastern Peak using his power over reincarnation," responded God.

"Tianqi?" Lu Yun smiled despite himself. "So that child didn't let me down, after all."

The big akasha ghost, Dao Tree, Pangu, and God looked around awkwardly to hear Lu Yun call the terrifying master of human hell and Great Emperor of the Eastern Peak "that child". Tianqi's cultivation had risen by leaps and bounds after Lu Yun's departure from the great wilderness. He'd even replaced

the Yellow Emperor at one point to become the strongest expert among the human race and the protagonist of the world!

The hell of human dao had been born after Lu Yun's departure and the system of reincarnation established. Back then, Tianqi had utilized the new system to free himself from the body of the Mount Tai mountain ghost and transform himself into a human being.

"Ah, yes," Lu Yun suddenly asked. "If the two honorable great gods have been born, what about Hongjun? Has he truly perished?"

He'd also taken a strand of Hongjun's soul force, but it'd rooted in one of the Hell Flowers—an indication that the owner had died. However, Lu Yun didn't believe this outcome, that the distinguished and otherworldly Hongjun really had departed from the world.

"Hongjun?" God started, then said, "He wasn't a creature of our realm. He had to die if he wanted to become part of this world. He had to scatter upon the wind and extinguish his true spirit before recollecting it and being reborn through reincarnation."

"Alright, we shall be on our way now. Keep a careful eye on God's body that you placed in the celestial master tomb. Don't let anything have a chance to possess it," Pangu suddenly interjected.

The akasha ghost's eyes brightened briefly before returning to normal.

Pangu and God faded away at the same time, taking Lu Yun's projections with them. However, Worldcarver and the spear now known as Heavenfall drifted down into Lu Yun's hands. He could feel the terrible strength pulsing inside of them the second they landed in his grasp.

Lu Yun slowly lifted his head and looked at the big akasha ghost and Dao Tree. The other akasha ghosts and human traitors that had surrounded this area all scattered the moment that Pangu and God left.

"We're leaving!" The big akasha ghost and Dao Tree made a run for it as well. The tree shot into the sky as a hazy gray shadow, trying to flee from the world of immortals entirely.

How would Lu Yun allow it the chance to do so?

Whirling into motion, Worldcarver trailed a current of chaos energy behind it and crashed down upon the Dao Tree.

Craaaaack.

The axe chopped solidly into the demonic tree that'd been rooted in the immortal dao for a hundred million years. Time froze for the briefest of moments; when it resumed, the Dao Tree flew apart into dust with an explosive roar.

There was no time to dwell on this incredible accomplishment. Qing Yu immediately sent the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals forward as a long chain to wrap around the big akasha ghost, slowing it down for a split second.

Lu Yun spun around with residual momentum from his first strike and stabbed the spear into the big akasha ghost.

It shrieked one final piercing scream before the dreadful might of a treasure from the chaos reduced it to nonexistent particles.

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Incomprehension descended over the immortals of the multiverse. They didn't know the history of the great wilderness and were unaware of the significance of God and Pangu. Likewise, they had no idea what this Flame Emperor of the human race represented.

All they knew was that the Dao Tree had been destroyed.

It had been a demonic tree that countless immortals both yearned for and were petrified of. They longed for the dao fruits on its branches and shrank from the endless long-haired creatures around it. Everyone risked their lives without hesitation to pluck dao fruits, and even more of them had been devoured by the tree.

There were an unlimited number of residents in the world of immortals even after the great war a hundred thousand years ago. The world boasted of at least a hundred million immortals, but fewer than ten thousand dao immortals.

All of them had instantaneously lost their goal in cultivation with the destruction of the Dao Tree. Was peerless immortal now the final pursuit of immortality?

Those who were dao immortals were even more lost. Whether they were aether dao, arcane dao, crippled or flawless origin dao... all could clearly feel their dao fruits begin to fall to pieces within their body. Even their strength was beginning to subside.

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"With heaven and earth as dao, and the cosmos as fruit!" Lu Yun's voice rang throughout the world. "I do hereby sacrifice mine body to make whole the immortal dao!"

Boooooom.

Bronze radiance blasted from Mount Xuanhuang and soared into the atmosphere, past the nine heavens and through the World Gates. Xing Chen's body began to disassemble in the light.

The organs of the world melted away, the nine connate spirit roots disintegrated, and the ultimate treasures of the five elements also began to melt into the Cosmic Sea, Cosmic Eyes, and Cosmic Skycarver.

A tiny speck of chaos formed in the illumination of Mount Xuanhuang. Lu Yun's great dao soared into the sky to combine with that point of foundation.

KABOOM!!

The tiny speck exploded with a soundless roar, sprinkling across space as a true night sky and swiftly expanding in all directions to envelop the world of immortals!

Lu Yun could clearly sense in this moment that his replica had broken through to truly reach the creator realm and created a real cosmos!

“The dao immortal realm is whole, the path of immortality clear. Dao Flower, manifest!” Qing Yu sang a profound note into the void, summoning the Dao Flower into being.

The immortal dao residing in Mount Xuanhuang entered the flower and traveled through the cosmos as the Dao Flower bloomed, reaching the entire world, galaxy, and multiverse! In this moment, all immortals glimpsed the immortal dao and the new dao immortal realm within.

With the cosmos as dao fruit!

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Two pillars of dreamlike luster shrouded Lu Yun and Qing Yu.

“Little Yu, will you be my dao partner?”

“I will.”

They smiled at each other.

Chapter 932: With Creators as Patrons

In the first month of the twentieth year of the Xuanhuang Calendar, Headmaster Lu Yun of the Dao Academy destroyed the Dao Tree and excised that cancerous tumor from the immortal dao. Dao Sovereign Qing Yu then reshaped the dao immortal realm and made the immortal dao whole again.

Thus fortified, the immortal dao illuminated the heavens and ushered in an era of auspicious prosperity. The entire world of immortals experienced an age of peace and glory as it'd never known before.

Headmaster of the Dao Academy and Dao Sovereign of the immortal dao further joined hands as dao partners. Their union was blessed by the world and watched over by the immortal dao.

This instance of rebuilding the immortal dao differed from when the void realm had been restored to the path of cultivation. When the missing realm had been reinstated, many immortals had faced the risk of being eliminated by the times and the immortal dao.

This time, however, though the dao fruits of those who'd reached dao immortal realm had dissolved, their cultivation levels didn't disappear. After the remolding of the dao immortal realm, the stars were now dao fruits. The immortals would be able to reform their dao fruits if they entered the cosmos and refined the stars.

It wasn't until this moment that numerous immortals of the world finally understood what Lu Yun had once said—that if it wasn't for the dao immortals, he would've destroyed the Dao Tree a long time ago and rebuilt the dao immortal realm.

To take a star as one's dao fruit!

There was no longer a need to risk one's life to travel through the realm and search for the Dao Tree. From now on, as long as one reached peerless immortal realm, they would be able to enter the boundless night sky with the blessing of the cosmic laws and search for the star that belonged to them.

The cosmos that Lu Yun created was a true sky of stars. It overlapped with the cosmos outside the world of immortals, but resided in a different plane. One could enter it only when they broke through to peerless immortal realm and comprehended the laws of the stars for that plane.

After all, true space in the outer world was too dangerous. Yin spirits and dead entities could be found everywhere, and there were many more terrifying unknown existences lurking in the depths. For a peerless immortal to venture there would be to seek death.

That was why Lu Yun had sacrificed Xing Chen and used the Cosmic Sea within his replica as a base for a brand new cosmos.

Xing Chen had become a creator the moment he transformed into his namesake. Not only could immortals from the world of immortals enter the newly created plane, but so could those struggling in various broken worlds elsewhere in the galaxy also gain access.

Most importantly, since the immortal dao traversed the entire world, galaxy, and multiverse, any living being still struggling in the ruined husks of shattered worlds were blessed with a sudden increase in cultivation speed. In fact, even the ruins themselves showed signs of revitalization under the newly completed immortal dao.

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Spring.

Pale purple flowers carpeted Dusk Province.

With the immortal dao whole again, it showed an unusual level of activity. A large portion of beings born after this event arrived in the world as connate cultivators, no longer just mundane lifeforms.

There was much less conflict in the Dao Academy and the world at large these days; everyone was immersed in cultivation.

On this day, Lu Yun and Ashu sat by the banks of the North Sea and gazed silently at the scintillating blue stretching to the horizon. Since his replica was now the night sky, Lu Yun had fallen back to his true strength of a mere peerless immortal.

“Based on current trends... eighty years is enough.” He looked up at the sky where the World Gates were.

“There’s something I don’t understand,” Ashu asked with a smile after a moment of thought. “When you returned from the great wilderness, you were the strongest below creator realm and likely the mightiest in the world. Why didn’t you go to the World Gates then and take care of all the problems?”

“Would you have, if you’d been in my shoes?” Lu Yun remained peering in the direction of the World Gates, of where the nine celestial emperors, Yueshen, Ruyi, and Diexi were.

He’d always thought that Changxi had turned into Diexi upon her death, but now understood that while the goddess’ corpse had become a zombie and then a zombie king, the spirit inside her body was her shortsword’s. Her true spirit had reincarnated into Jing Dichen.

“Me?” Ashu blinked, then smiled. “Nope! The immortal dao needs to be baptized in the flames of conflict after its new completion, and many immortals will have perceived the situation at the World Gates. They’ll cultivate even more ferociously because of it.”

Lu Yun shook his head slightly, causing the other to cock his head in confusion.

“If I’d made a move then, I would’ve died for it,” Lu Yun sighed. “Great emperors are cursed in this era, and Xing Chen was cursed by this misfortune before he followed me to the great wilderness.

“His death was necessary. Evolving into the cosmos and supplementing the immortal dao was the best possible outcome. If I’d done anything before that, I wouldn’t have had a chance to use him the way I did.”

“A curse?! What kind of curse is it that even you can’t resolve?” Ashu’s eyes widened in shock.

Since finding himself and returning to being Ling Weiyang, he’d also recovered his memories of that era and knew full well how terrifying the Flame Emperor could be. He’d personally witnessed how Lie Shan had single handedly crushed the celestial court’s confidence and connate demon god courage.

“Me?” Lu Yun grinned. “The heck am I? Just a puny peerless immortal without my replica and a mere golden core cultivator in the era of human dao. I wasn’t even at true human realm, how can I tackle that kind of curse?”

Ashu fell silent. Who they called the Flame Emperor and Xing Chen were just Lu Yun’s replica. His true cultivation strength really did fall in the peerless immortal realm; he hadn’t even formed his true spirit yet.

“Even Hongjun has died... though Pangu and God said that he did so to become a part of this realm, would he really have gone to his death if he’d had a choice?” Lu Yun grinned. “This world is so much bigger than what I think. Death isn’t out of the question for me even at the creator level.”

He thought of Pangu whose head had been split open by his own Worldcarver, and how God had died in the immortal dao. If even creators could die, what could a little Lu Yun do?

“You’re already at extreme peerless immortal... when will you break through to dao immortal realm?” Ashu didn’t know what to say anymore.

“There’s no rush, I’ll wait until Little Yu has broken through first.” Lu Yun knew that there were countless eyes fixed on him now.

The mighty Flame Emperor of the human race had fallen from being a creator to a tiny peerless immortal, and he possessed Worldcarver and Heavenfall to boot. There were naturally a lot of people plotting against him.

If it hadn’t been for Pangu and God appearing at the last second, he’d probably be running for his life right now.

The two creators had manifested not to counter the big akasha ghost or Dao Tree, or even to give the two weapons to Lu Yun. They’d put in a showing purely to back him up. Add to that Ge Long’s sword formation protecting Dusk Province—that was why everything appeared fine on the surface.

But Lu Yun had adroitly picked up on the fact that there was a pair of enormous eyes in the void tracking his every move and gesture.

Chapter 933: Ascension Pool

With the changes in the world, the Dao Academy soared to the highest peaks it'd ever known since its founding.

As dean of the demonic school, the demon god assimilated the demonic dao that'd been drifting outside the proper dao of the world of immortals. The Star Demon Sect, Skandha Range, and other demonic factions all emerged from the shadows to take their place on the world stage. Due to congregating in the Dao Academy, the newcomers managed to settle down peacefully in the bigger picture without undue conflict.

Apart from bringing demonic dao into the fold, Qi Hai's sacred land of pill dao in the South Sea sent an olive branch petitioning to join the Dao Academy. Lu Yun naturally wouldn't turn him down.

When Qi Hai joined the academy, the current dean of pill dao—Gu Xun—immediately vacated his position in favor of this prestigious senior. After a certain degree of polite refusal, Qi Hai accepted the seat as his accomplishments in pill dao were far greater than Gu Xun's. He still reigned at a lofty pinnacle of pill dao mastery even after all of Lu Yun's changes to the supplemental path, to say nothing of how he'd dominated the field from the human dao and primordial times.

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There were more Dao Academy disciples than could be counted twenty years after the institution's establishment. Even some of the geniuses of peak factions were willing to enroll in the inner academy and become a disciple of various mentors or deans teaching within.

Nothing could be compared to the Dao Academy's age of glory; it completely outshone the nine majors. In fact, there were many in the world of immortals who knew only the academy headmaster and none of the nine celestial emperors.

For a long time after repairing the immortal dao, Lu Yun spent his days engaged in a mundane routine. He slowly crossed things off on his to-do list and continued working on his book of history, recording what had been buried in the long river of time.

Wanfeng and Ashu joined his efforts as well, filling in the blank period that was the era of the human dao.

In addition, he collaborated with Qing Yu to derive various cultivation methods, combat arts, and secret techniques to pass them onto the world at large. He also held various lectures to circulate the combat arts he'd invented and assorted tomb raiding knowledge.

His lectures weren't held behind closed doors and limited to academy disciples—Lu Yun sat on the peak of Mount Xuanhuang and orated to the entire world.

Though the immortal dao had left the mountain to meld with the heavens and earth, Mount Xuanhuang was still the foremost sacred peak beneath the immortal dao. One could overlook the entire world of

immortals when sitting cross-legged on the mountain, and Lu Yun's voice could reach every nook and cranny if he spoke from it.

His reputation soared to unfathomable heights after repeated public lessons; the Karmic Tree hung heavy with sparkling karmic fruits and all of hell was awash with golden radiance. There were eighteen thousand fruits glittering on its branches!

What most delighted Lu Yun was the appearance of a second Karmic Tree sapling beneath the first.

Immense goodwill had propelled the Karmic Tree to peak evolution and it'd split off, forming a second shoot of itself.

"Tianqi's coming back." An unbidden smile rose to Lu Yun's face when he thought of the strong and dignified youth of the great wilderness. That the Karmic Tree had given birth to a second sapling foretold one thing—Tianqi was on his way back.

Lu Yun had passed on the Method of Life and Death to his disciple, and the method's foundation was the Sal Tree of Life and Death, now known as the Karmic Tree. During human dao, Tianqi had used the method to control the Sal Tree and create hell.

Now that he was about to return, the evolved Sal Tree couldn't go back to his hands, but it could form an offshoot and become Tianqi's own Karmic Tree.

"However, Tianqi's circumstances don't look too good at the moment." Lu Yun frowned slightly as he inspected the small sapling an inch tall. "The power of reincarnation surrounds this sapling, so if my guess is correct, he'll come back after it grows up. Maybe... he'll be reborn from this Karmic Tree."

Lu Yun's heart sank. The Dao Tree had concealed the secrets behind the great war a hundred thousand years ago, so he hadn't been able to observe the truth of the situation. However, he'd sensed Tianqi's presence in it. If his disciple had been a part of the conflict, who had been his opponent?

Was it the demon of immortal dao who'd killed God, sent the little fox through the reincarnation cycle, and become Ah Zhi's nightmare?

Fuxi had once said that this demon would be born of the immortal dao, that Luo Houluo and Ji Du were nothing in front of it.

Now that the immortal dao was truly complete and enveloped heaven and earth in flourishing prosperity, its demon would see a tremendous increase in strength as well. Maybe it was already so strong that it couldn't be imagined.

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Qing Yu sat cross-legged on the peak of Mount Xuanhuang, in communion with the immortal dao and all living beings. Though she hadn't entered the cosmos to refine her cosmic dao fruit, her cultivation made giant strides by the day and she'd completely outstripped Lu Yun. However, she focused her efforts on deducing the origin of the curse.

Great emperors had become taboo after Emperors Fall and no one dared call themselves an emperor at all. Whoever did so would be cursed and ultimately die; even Lu Yun hadn't been able to see a way out of it.

What made the two of them very uneasy was that someone had modified the empyrean realm to be called the great emperor realm, and then forcefully imprinted it into the immortal dao. Anyone who dared set foot into that realm would be executed by the dreadful curse.

There were no exceptions.

Even Tianqi was probably fighting this curse right now.

“I’ve found it!” Qing Yu suddenly brightened and she sprang up, excitement dancing in her movements. “Lu Yun, I’ve found the source of that curse!”

She took a step out and instantly arrived by Lu Yun’s side. Her grasp of formula dao was better than Lu Yun’s—even after he’d visited the great wilderness and been baptized by the Dao Flower. Qing Yu’s comprehension of formula dao had almost reached great perfection.

“Oh?” Lu Yun’s eyes lit up. “Where is it?”

He was confident that as long as they broke the curse, there would be someone who broke through to great emperor under the immortal dao within the next eighty years!

“The Ascension Pool.” Qing Yu’s slender eyebrows knitted together slightly after she calmed down. “The gateway through which immortals of the galaxy and multiverse once ascended through—the Ascension Pool!”

The answer turned Lu Yun’s face dark.

The Ascension Pool was a connate treasure born of the immortal dao and a doorway to the world of immortals. No one had ever placed it as the source of the curse on emperors!

During the thriving period of immortal dao in the Primordial Era, countless numbers of immortals traveled from the lower worlds to the world of immortals through the Ascension Pool. Lower world immortals didn’t mean those from humanity’s ancestor planet, but rather, immortals from elsewhere in the multiverse.

However, the Ascension Pool had mysteriously gone missing after the great war and no one could journey to the world of immortals ever again. All of the immortals on this planet now were natives.

“The world of immortals is a huge tomb and the Ascension Pool the doors to the tomb,” Qing Yu explained. “But now that the great tomb layout has been destroyed, the Ascension Pool has lost its function. If my calculations are correct, it should be in one of the ancient ruins somewhere in the world.”

Chapter 934: The Person I Want to See the Most

The Ascension Pool!

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Lu Yun located Meng Wang’s flower in the sea of Hell Flowers.

Since the luopan had become one with Lu Yun's body, that resulted in the former immortal emperor regaining his freedom, no matter how unwilling he was to obtain it. Lu Yun sent him to the flowery plains so he could reform his soul.

Since Meng Wang's true spirit was complete, he was the only one awake in this expanse of flora.

"You're looking for the Ascension Pool?" Three inches tall, Meng Wang sat cross-legged on the stamen of a Hell Flower. He thought briefly before responding, "The Great Emperor of the South, Haotian, was the guardian of the Ascension Pool..."

"Who did you say?! Haotian??" Lu Yun's expression changed drastically when he heard the name.

He hadn't forgotten this master of the celestial court after Taiyi's death, the one who'd colluded with realm monsters and even the big akasha ghost.

Lu Yun didn't know what'd happened to the connate demon god in the end, but it couldn't have been anything good. And now, he was hearing the name again.

"Ah, right, Haotian, Haotian! I wondered why his name sounded so familiar..." He smacked his forehead fiercely.

Haotian's name existed in both Su Xiaoxiao and Cangyin's memories. He was the Great Emperor of the South, just as Myrtlestar was the Great Empress of the East.

There were two other great emperors apart from them: Great Emperor of the West, Polaris, and Great Emperor of the North, Zhenwu. They'd both exceeded the primordial realm and had set eyes on the Three Purities realm. Though their cultivation level was less than the immortal emperor's, they'd still been enough to dominate the four cardinal directions and ensure tranquility in the world of immortals.

However, they disappeared mysteriously before the great war broke out a hundred thousand years ago. Even the Ascension Pool that Haotian watched over went missing as well.

When Lu Yun returned to the great wilderness, he'd considered the connate demon gods from the perspective of a future descendant. He'd treated them as ancient figures of mythology, and apart from a few exceptions such as Ling Weiyang and others, he didn't connect them with anyone in the future.

Not to mention, Emperor Haotian had just been someone that existed in the memories of two of his Yama Kings. He hadn't thought much about it at the time, but a foreboding feeling rose in his heart when he heard the name again.

"Empress Myrtlestar and her tribe were buried in the eastern tomb of the Skandha Extinction Tomb. If my guess is correct, the other three emperors lie in the other tombs," Meng Wang said to Lu Yun. He knew about Empress Myrtlestar's affairs, but he didn't know what Lu Yun currently thought of everything.

"Yuchi Tianhuang broke apart the Skandha Extinction Tomb a long time ago. Apart from Empress Myrtlestar in the eastern tomb, there was no sign of the other emperors anywhere to be found." Lu Yun shook his head slightly. "But I think I know now where the other three emperors and the Ascension Pool are."

A shadow hung over his mind. There'd only been Empress Myrtlestar and her tribe in the Skandha Extinction Tomb. Her strength alone had been enough to activate the awful Skandha Extinction Tomb and curse the four cardinal tribes.

As one of Lu Yun's Infernum, Yuchi Tianhuang's name was written in the Tome of Life and Death. After Lu Yun's return from the great wilderness, he sent Yuchi Tianhuang, his dao partner Xuan Yu, and daughter Yuchi Hanxing to raze the Skandha Extinction Tomb and dispel the curse on the divine race.

Lu Yun had passed on his sect's inheritance during these years, and the numerous experts under his command were the first to learn the secret arts of the human ancestor planet. Breaking apart a tomb wasn't a difficult challenge to them.

"Where?" Meng Wang asked curiously.

"The World Gates." Lu Yun's voice was hoarse. "That bastard Haotian combined the Ascension Pool into the World Gates!"

Qing Yu had been able to deduce that the Ascension Pool was in one of the great tombs of the world, but no matter how she tried, she hadn't been able to locate which precise tomb.

There was one possible tomb that they hadn't considered—the location of the World Gates. The land around it held all of the past celestial emperors and divine race experts in a jumbled hodgepodge of graves. As ragtag as it was, it was still a tomb, one formed by the power of heaven and earth.

The Ascension Pool was the doorway to the enormous tomb that was the world of immortals and thus, very similar in function to the World Gates. They were now merged into one giant threshold to the outer reaches of space, and that horrifying curse still continued to be active.

If one wanted to destroy the curse, they would have to destroy the Ascension Pool and World Gates. But once the World Gates were demolished, hordes of yin spirits and dead spirits would surge into the world of immortals and tear it to pieces, turning it into another ruined wreck among the stars.

Lu Yun had once thought that the curse would be broken if the immortal dao ran through the heavens. But when the immortal dao had been fully repaired and extended into all reaches, he quickly realized that this was a trap.

If anyone dared break through from grand pure realm and become an emperor, they would expire on the spot from the curse.

"Pangu and Hongjun started laying out their plans during the great wilderness and paved the way for the future immortal dao. However, so did their enemies put their pieces into position then as well. They injected their cancerous tumor into the immortal dao at its moment of inception." Lu Yun glowered forebodingly.

If the Ascension Pool had been anywhere else, he would've destroyed it even if he'd have to blast a planet to pieces. But since it was in the World Gates, there was almost nothing he could do. Without great emperors at the helm, the world of immortals would very likely fall to the tide of yin spirits to come. But if they wanted to bring great emperors into the world, they had to root out the origin of the curse in the World Gates.

It's a catch-22!

"What should I do?" Lu Yun was at a complete loss for the first time in his life.

"I think you should go see the person you want to see the most right now." Meng Wang cocked his tiny head at the master of hell.

"Who do I want to see the most right now? Pangu? Hongjun? God?" Lu Yun stared back at the spirit.

"Who would you say that is?"

"That's up to you, of course," Meng Wang replied merrily.

"Ge Long, who would you say I want to see the most right now?" Lu Yun looked at Ge Long standing outside the sea of flowers.

Ge Long smiled. "That's up to my dear martial-uncle yourself."

Fuying's expression froze upon hearing the honorific. She was Ge Long's disciple, so that meant she'd spontaneously dropped two ranks in seniority to Lu Yun! ...she really wanted to wail with the unfairness of the situation.

"The person I want to see the most right now... is definitely not Pangu or God. They're probably suppressing the demon of immortal dao at the moment. It's not Hongjun and it's not Tianqi..." Lu Yun stared blankly at the sea of Hell Flowers. Suddenly, his eyes stopped on a particular flower.

"I know who I want to see!" he laughed uproariously. "That's right, he's the only one in the world who can solve this problem! He's not dead, he's still alive! And he's on... the ancestor planet!"

Chapter 935.1: A Lonely Grave

The ancestor planet: Earth.

Once known as the great wilderness, it was the source of this realm, the root of this world, and Lu Yun's homeland.

Except, the planet had been endless times greater than Earth when it was known as the great wilderness. Lu Yun had no idea what had happened for it to end up in its current state. Not only had it shrunk many times over, its qi had dispersed, and combat arts and cultivation methods could no longer be found, to say nothing of cultivation.

However, many myths and legends regarding the great wilderness still existed on the ancestor planet, as well as the heritage of the human sacred land—feng shui.

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"Your homeland?" Qing Yu blushed bright red when she heard that Lu Yun wanted to take her home.

"Are we meeting your parents?" she asked bashfully.

"Eh, in a way." Lu Yun blinked, then kissed her loudly on the cheek. "I don't believe that my old man of a master really did die, and I've mostly guessed who he is!"

“But how do we get to humanity’s ancestor planet?” Qing Yu asked curiously. She'd long since learned the truth behind Lu Yun’s background and how he'd reincarnated from the ancestor planet to the world of immortals, becoming the Lu Yun that she and everyone knew.

“I can naturally travel back there if I could come here. There’s got to be a way.” Lu Yun grinned broadly, suddenly feeling a weight lift off his shoulders. It was only now that he recalled that the strongest beneath the heavens in feng shui and formations wasn’t himself, but his master!

He didn't know how to get back to Earth, but the Tome of Life and Death knew. As long as he communicated his most urgent matter at hand to it and followed the book’s rules, it would naturally lead them to the ancestor planet. Even the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates, as formidable as it was, couldn’t stop the Tome of Life and Death.

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On this day, Lu Yun and Qing Yu strolled around Mount Xuanhuang for a quiet, intimate moment. Although it looked like they wandered around without a predetermined destination, a path of hazy blue light stretched beneath Lu Yun’s feet and led to an unknown terminus.

Whoosh.

Mount Xuanhuang trembled as a pair of enormous eyes suddenly opened on the landmass. It was unfeeling, aloof, and looked down loftily upon the couple as it would at two ants.

Qing Yu’s eyes widened with shock. She had no idea there was such a frightful existence on the mountain that kept the academy under constant surveillance!

“Ignore it. Someone tossed a few parasites into the immortal dao when it was born, this one's just a bit bigger than the others.” Lu Yun had sensed a long time ago that there was a pair of eyes always monitoring him. He just hadn't entertained the idea that the eyes would belong to Mount Xuanhuang.

The mountain had given birth to its own mountain god after the departure of the immortal dao. However, the god was a manifestation of one of the parasites in the immortal dao, much like the Dao Tree had once been.

With the perfection of the immortal dao, these leeches could no longer survive within it. They could only make use of certain things to take on corporeal form—Mount Xuanhuang had turned into one of their next targets.

“Flame Emperor, you better behave yourself and stay in Dusk Province for the next eighty years, or I’ll raze all forty thousand kilometers of your little kingdom.” An extremely overbearing will transmitted from the eyes. “You will not be going to the ancestor planet to see Fuxi.”

The will was so strong that it’d easily crush even a dao immortal, to say nothing of Lu Yun being a peerless immortal. But for some reason, Lu Yun and Qing Yu exhibited no signs of pressure and meandered off without a change in their relaxed composure.

Wham.

A gigantic bronze hand stretched out from the mountain, so massive that it was a minor mountain itself, looming over the married couple.

“Since you won’t stop, this seat will snuff you out first and then erase Dusk Province,” sounded the will again.

A destructive force flared from the top of Mount Xuanhuang, but not one felt it apart from Lu Yun and Qing Yu. No one in the vicinity saw the massive eyes and not a soul realized the couple was there.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

Piercing bell tolls rang through the void as golden ripples vibrated the huge hand to dust.

The little fox burrowed out of Qing Yu’s robes; the Bell of Chaos around her neck shot into the sky and expanded to the same size as Mount Xuanhuang.

“I’d thought there was something off about the mountain, but to think that an evil god had been born here,” grumbled the little fox. She waved gently with her furry paws and sent a long white chain snaking out from Qing Yu to wrap around Mount Xuanhuang.

A sensation of extreme fear flooded out from the mountain.

“Of all life forms to choose, why did you choose a divine spirit?” sighed the little fox. The long white chain was the divine race’s Scroll of Shepherding Immortals, it could counter akasha ghosts and the divine race.

The evil god in Mount Xuanhuang hadn’t fully arrived in the world yet—it’d only collected its soul and was using the mountain for its body. Full control over the mountain currently remained out of its grasp. With the scroll tightening around it and the bell harming its core essence, it was swiftly bounced out of the mountain.

It was a mind-numbingly terrifying demon when part of the immortal dao, but absolutely nothing of consequence once detached. However, it was still irritating to be kept under close watch every second of the day by an evil god. Thus, Lu Yun had undertaken this walk today with Qing Yu and the little fox to lure it out of the mountain.

A dark shadow darted out of Mount Xuanhuang, wailing and shrieking before vanishing into the Bell of Chaos to be suppressed in its deepest world.

“That’s one latent threat gone,” Lu Yun heaved a slight sigh of relief.

“Then, are we still going to your home?” Qing Yu asked piteously.

“Of course, why not? Going home is the big item on the agenda, that evil god was just a convenient errand.” Lu Yun laughed heartily and flung his arm around Qing Yu’s waist, continuing down the hazy path of light.

The little fox squirmed with dissatisfaction in Qing Yu’s embrace and waved the Scroll of Shepherding Immortals around. “This is yours, why are you giving it to me?”

“That treasure deploys to its fullest strength in your hands, I was just using it to suppress the poison in my body.” After a bit of struggle, Qing Yu laid her head on Lu Yun’s shoulder and replied smilingly to the little fox.

The little fox was now empyrean realm—the cultivation level she’d recovered in the great wilderness, not what she’d gained beneath the human dao or the great emperor equivalent beneath the immortal dao. Therefore, she wasn’t afflicted with the curse against emperors in the immortal dao.

She’d gone through reincarnation to be reborn in the future, but had come into her dao in the great wilderness. That made her quite an anomaly beneath the heavens.

Chapter 935.2: A Lonely Grave

“Alright, alright,” the little fox grumbled and hugged the scroll and bell to herself. She nuzzled Qing Yu’s chest fiercely and glared in challenge at Lu Yun.

Lu Yun glared back and reached for Qing Yu’s robes, but his dao partner slapped his hand down.

They’d reached the end of the path at some point and a vista of boundless space with a cerulean planet at its center greeted their eyes.

“The great wilderness...” The little fox poked a head out of Qing Yu’s embrace and stared, mesmerized, by the planet that looked like a life sphere.

“This really is the great wilderness and humanity’s ancestor planet... Earth,” Lu Yun murmured to himself.

Though the two were the same planet and Lu Yun had once journeyed back to the primitive era, everything had felt too foreign to him when he was in the great wilderness. Nothing had struck a chord, but now as he looked at the planet that’d birthed and raised him, he felt oddly emotional.

His mental state began to go through certain changes and transcend itself.

“The cosmos in this region of space is fake. None of these stars are actual celestial bodies,” Qing Yu murmured as she scanned the area around them.

An endless expanse of space studded with stars stretched on before them like a most beautiful painting, but to one as well versed in formula dao as Qing Yu, this was all a mirage.

“That’s right, the cosmos here is fake. It’s just a projection of our own night sky in the world of immortals. However, since our night sky is strewn with ruins, that makes the one here completely fake,” sighed Lu Yun. “If you take a closer look at these stars, you’ll see that they’re all transformed from the great masters of combat arts in the great wilderness. Some of them are connate great gods, some are descendants of the gods. Many of them climbed to their heights after being born as mundane beings. They all died to protect this realm.”

Qing Yu nodded gently. Lu Yun had already told her all this when he came back, but it was another thing entirely to see it with her own eyes. Her face dimmed to see space filled with devastatingly numerous corpses of wondrous experts.

“I’ll revive them all one day so that their valiant battle spirits grace the world again!” Lu Yun suddenly proclaimed with great heroism.

“What’s going on here?!” the little fox suddenly shrieked. “The Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates should be protecting the ancestor planet, but why has it changed?!”

“Huh?” Lu Yun started and carefully examined the planet and formation in front of him before breaking out in a broad grin. “This... really isn’t that great formation, but something even stronger!”

Taiyi had created the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates, but someone had found a way to break it a long time ago.

Given that, the one holding down the fort on the ancestor planet wouldn’t sit idly upon his hands. He would certainly lay down a new and improved formation. After all, Taiyi’s creation had been derived from Fuxi’s dao of formations.

Fuxi was on Earth!

If Lu Yun’s guess was correct, Fuxi was his master and the one who’d inducted him into the sect and path of tomb raiding.

“With earth, water, fire, metal, and wood as the five elements; Neptune, Uranus, Pluto as the three essentials; sun and moon as yin and yang... What a fantastic combination of the five elements, three essentials, yin and yang!” Lu Yun’s grin deepened as he couldn’t think of anyone else who could set up this formation other than Fuxi.

The little fox knew formations as well, especially mirage formations, but she’d learned all of her trade from Fuxi.

“C’mon, let’s go take a look at what Earth is like now.”

Lighthearted, Lu Yun was delighted to be back on his home planet. He also very much looked forward to seeing Fuxi again. Though there were the Art and Zither Saints, Gorb Demon, and others in the world of immortals, those were just his senses. They’d also formed their own individual personalities and were far removed from being Fuxi.

Lu Yun didn’t know how he should face Fuxi now... was he the holy emperor of the great wilderness as before? Or the greatest benefactor who’d changed Lu Yun’s life?

The demon god had played his cards much too close to his chest—Lu Yun hadn’t discovered his relationship with Fuxi even though he’d traveled back to the great wilderness.

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Earth had continued to change and evolve during the few decades of Lu Yun’s absence. Laws of cultivation could barely be found here and combat arts couldn’t manifest. Mortals spent only a few scant decades in the world before passing on, but technological developments on the planet had still changed it completely.

“Good thing that not too much has changed here, it’s still the home of my memories.” Lu Yun and Qing Yu had both changed into loose casual clothing, the likes of which made Qing Yu feel slightly uncomfortable at how different they were.

There was no qi in this world and naturally no immortal dao, but immortals at their level had long foregone the need to absorb energy from their surroundings. There was an internal world inside of themselves that constantly supplied them with immortal energy.

Early spring charmed a little town in the province of Jiangnan. Flowers of all sorts bloomed with exuberance, imparting a restful air to the streets.

“Is this where you grew up?” Qing Yu whispered involuntarily when she looked at the various passersby.

“That’s right, I grew up here. This was my home.” Lu Yun looked at the house in front of them, one that had a new owner. A couple he didn’t recognize lived in it now—it’d seem that everything had changed in the forty years since he’d left.

What was once his had become someone else’s.

But of course, he didn’t mind this anymore. He and Qing Yu were in Earthling attire, but no mortals could see them.

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“My master’s grave is still here.”

A tiny grave sat by itself at the foot of the small mountain to the rear of town. However, there were no weeds or trash around it—which rather surprised Lu Yun.

By his generation, his once impressive sect was dilapidated and he was the only disciple. If his speculations were correct, this tiny grave should be empty.

“...what??” Lu Yun looked at the grave with the Spectral Eye, but could clearly see the urn buried within, a ceramic container that contained ashes. His master’s ashes. “Am I... am I wrong? Fuxi’s not my master?”

Regardless, Lu Yun walked up to the grave and respectfully kowtowed three times. This was the master who’d raised him, and he hadn’t paid his respects for forty years.

Qing Yu also knelt on the ground next to him and kowtowed to the small, lonely grave.

“Unfilial disciple Lu Yun has not let master down. I have extended our glorious sect far and wide,” murmured Lu Yun.

Chapter 936: Another Lu Yun

Though there wasn’t a tomb raider faction in the world of immortals, it’d become the mainstream school of the Dao Academy.

Every disciple chose to study tomb raiding, no matter what path they walked. Pristine, unexplored tombs were the most abundant resource in the world, so the dao of tomb raiding was the most popular among immortals and cultivators.

Lu Yun knelt in front of the grave for a very long time, immersed in the memories of yesteryear. He'd thought at one point that Fuxi was his master. But now he learned that his master was just his master, a mortal without any cultivation.

Somehow, this revelation made Lu Yun feel freer.

If Fuxi was his master, that would mean that his destiny had been written in stone from the moment of his birth, that everything he'd done so far was predetermined by another. However, his master was simply a very ordinary person. Though he was a descendant of the once human sacred land, Lu Yun's fate belonged to only himself.

"This grave hasn't fallen into disuse." The little fox burrowed out of Qing Yu's collar and jumped onto Lu Yun's head. "There's a very familiar presence here... someone I know has been here before."

"Eh?" Lu Yun blinked. He'd left Earth more than thirty years, almost forty years ago. However, his master's grave hadn't fallen apart. It was spotlessly clean and there weren't any weeds or dust around.

Plainly, someone came by often to clean up the tiny grave.

Lu Yun was at a loss. By his generation, his sect only had one disciple at a time so he couldn't possibly have any peers. Besides, he operated in the world of darkness, and though he'd made a few friends, he'd never revealed his master or master's grave.

"Someone you know?" Lu Yun took the little fox down from his head and looked seriously at her. "Who?"

The little fox was an expert at the empyrean realm. Her perception was far more sensitive than Lu Yun or Qing Yu's. At least, Lu Yun hadn't sensed any particular presence here.

The little fox looked blatantly back at him and responded dumbly, "It's your presence."

"Mine?" Lu Yun's eyes widened and he looked at Qing Yu, who was equally confused. "I've come here before?" He looked askance at the little fox.

"It does seem like your presence, also feels a little different." The little fox paused. "The you here is only a mortal..."

She suddenly shut her mouth as a somewhat thin figure came limping in from the distance. It was an elder over sixty years old, wearing a ragged shirt and looking to be in feeble health. He carried a basket in one hand and slowly approached the lonely grave.

"It's the anniversary of your death today, master. This unfilial disciple Lu Yun has come to visit you." The man put the basket on the ground and placed some fruit that was beginning to spoil in front of the grave. He then took out a flask of low quality spirits and started drinking.

Qing Yu opened and closed her mouth, but didn't say anything. She could clearly see that the elder in front of them was Lu Yun. Though he looked different from her dao partner, the presence he emanated was the same as Lu Yun's.

There's another Lu Yun on the ancestor planet?

Lu Yun also remained silent and didn't reveal himself. He silently regarded the other him.

The Lu Yun in front of them was covered in injuries both large and small, and he'd broken his right calf once. It hadn't recovered even now, which was the reason behind his limp. These injuries were most likely souvenirs from raiding tombs. The one on his right calf, in particular, had sounded the death knell on his tomb raiding career.

If Lu Yun hadn't obtained the Tome of Life and Death and reincarnated to the world of immortals, would his fate be like the old man in front of them?

Everyone in the industry knew that tomb raiders didn't end up with happy endings. Those who managed to successfully extricate themselves from the trade were no exceptions either. Bad luck still found them in their later years and sent them to the afterlife under grisly circumstances. Sometimes, even their families weren't spared from misfortune.

Lu Yun of Earth propped himself up from the ground with one hand and held the flask with the other. He poured pungent spirits into his mouth without care for much else. He was drunk before too long and hauled himself up from the ground to kowtow three times at the grave. After that, he placed the fruit back into his basket and limped away.

"He won't live for much longer," Qing Yu said with melancholy after a long period of time. "Would you have turned out this way if you hadn't gone to the world of immortals?"

"No." Lu Yun thought of how daring and triumphant he'd once been in the world of darkness. Back then, he'd brimmed with so much self assurance that he'd met the titans of the dark head-on.

He would never be down on his luck like this.

"I reincarnated to the world of immortals, but the me on the ancestor planet didn't die. Someone's lived out my life here in place of me!" Lu Yun slowly followed the hunched over figure in the distance.

Qing Yu and the little fox blinked at his declaration. Someone was living out Lu Yun's life for him on the ancestor planet?

Was it Fuxi?

But Fuxi had met himself after he traveled from the great wilderness to the future. He wouldn't let himself turn out like this either.

No matter what, Lu Yun believed that Fuxi was on Earth, tucked away in a corner of the world. Perhaps he was at the old site of Mount Buzhou, or perhaps he was on Kunlun Mountain. Perhaps Lu Yun would be able to find Fuxi if he followed the Lu Yun on Earth.

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"Where have you gone, you old shit?! Hurry up and take this trash out!"

Bam!

A brawny man with bulky arms and a round waist dropped old Lu Yun to the ground with an irritated kick. Unable to scramble back up from the agony, the old man lost his grip on the basket as well. Some of the fruit rolled out and was impatiently stomped to a pulp when it met the brawny man's foot.

Old Lu Yun struggled to sit up and wordlessly picked up the mess, putting it back into his basket.

Eyes reddened, Qing Yu couldn't bear to see this old man with the same life energy as Lu Yun to be bullied like this. She reached out to interfere, but the Lu Yun by her side pulled her back.

He shook his head gently. "Don't do anything yet, let's see how things play out." He stared fixedly at the scene, body also trembling from the brawny man abusing his elder.

They were in front of a small restaurant with some trash and liquid waste collected in front of the doors. The brawny man was clearly an employee of the restaurant. Old Lu Yun lurched along and piled the trash onto a worn-out electric rickshaw, then rode off with the vehicle.

"Pah, stupid old thing!" The brawny man spat at old Lu Yun's departing figure, disgust surfacing in his eyes.

Qing Yu could no longer tolerate what she saw. She sent the brawny man flying with a wave of her hand, hanging him onto a large tree by the side of the road.

The ghostly retribution scared the wits out of the brawny man.

Chapter 937: Lu Yun and Lu Yun

"Ahhhh there's GHOSTS!!!!" After staring blankly for a while, the brawny man suddenly screamed at the top of his lungs. By now, even the little fox wanted to slap him silly, to say nothing of Qing Yu boiling over with rage.

"Why are you holding me back?!" She shook with fury. "Don't tell me that you haven't been able to see that this bastard shares the same blood as the old version of you. Perhaps they're father and son!"

Father and son!

Lu Yun didn't respond; he looked at the man hanging off of the tree with very complicated feelings. This brawny man may be the son of Earth's Lu Yun, but this bully had nothing to do with him. He'd long since reincarnated to the world of immortals and become the headmaster of the Dao Academy.

But in Qing Yu's eyes, if her beloved's fate hadn't changed all those years ago, then the old man would very likely be him right now, a poor soul abused by his own son!

Lu Yun stretched out a hand and gently rubbed her head, calming her down. Meanwhile, the little fox jumped in front of the brawny man and carefully looked him over, trying to find anything of note about him.

The disturbance attracted a crowd and many people tried to rescue the brawny man when they saw him hanging from a high branch. However, Qing Yu had been truly angered earlier and placed him at the very top of the tree.

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“There’s nothing special about him, he’s just an ordinary person,” the little fox said with resignation as she jumped back onto Qing Yu’s shoulder.

“Come on, let’s follow the other me and get some answers,” sighed Lu Yun.

“Don’t you want to teach that new son of yours a lesson so that he becomes a properly filial son?” Qing Yu half rolled her eyes and snarked with a bit of jealousy.

Lu Yun chuckled ruefully. “What new son? If you want a son... how about the two of us make one?”

That made Qing Yu blush furiously. “Dream on.”

“He’s not me, he’s just a substitute for me, one that’s living out my destiny on Earth.”

Just moments ago, Lu Yun had confidently proclaimed that he’d never end up in this sort of straits if he’d continued to remain on Earth. But when he saw the old Lu Yun’s son, he suddenly realized that no, this really would have been his destiny.

“Are the fates of all living beings predetermined?” Lu Yun thought back to everything he’d seen and heard in the great wilderness. Leize, Fuxi... and even existences such as Hongjun, Pangu, and God— they’d all entrusted their hopes to the future. They seemed to believe that such was their destiny, that the future they knew would be the one to come to pass.

“No!” Qing Yu shook her head slightly. “There’s no such thing as destiny and nothing in life is predetermined. I firmly believe that even if you hadn’t reincarnated into the world of immortals, you would be just as brilliant and great a personage on the ancestor planet as well!

“This is his fate, not yours.

“And, the great gods that you speak of also didn’t believe in fate or submit to their so-called destiny. Why else would they painstakingly set up plans in that far off age? They could’ve just admitted defeat, or done nothing at all and just waited for eventual success.” Qing Yu’s eyes sparkled brightly and she looked unblinkingly at Lu Yun with great conviction.

Lu Yun smiled back at her. “Let’s go and see what’s up with the old version of me. How could I possibly have led such a crappy life as this?!”

He wasn’t the sort to give up or throw in the towel. He didn’t believe in destiny either, not before his reincarnation, nor after.

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The feeble Lu Yun rode his dilapidated rickshaw to an extremely crude wooden shack. He moved the bags of trash down from his vehicle and placed them in a corner of the shack. Then, he took the watery waste that was the remnants of washing ingredients and dishes, and poured it into a sticky pot.

“Who are you?” Lu Yun revealed himself at this time to question the Earth version of him.

The old Lu Yun shoved a few sticks into a cooking stove and started a fire.

“Am I not you?” Earth’s Lu Yun stood up and responded haltingly. “You went to the world of immortals as my substitute, and I came here to be yours.”

“You’re the governor of Dusk Province in the world of immortals??” Lu Yun shook violently.

The Tome of Life and Death had sent him to the world of immortals and helped him become a native life form. Though he still possessed memories from Earth, he had truly become Lu Yun of the world of immortals through the power of reincarnation.

But at the same time, a Lu Yun had existed in the world of immortals. He’d arrived on Earth, also thanks to reincarnation, and carried his old memories with him. However, the old Lu Yun of the world of immortals was a hopeless degenerate. He was still the same after traveling to Earth, hence his current ignoble circumstances.

Lu Yun carefully sized up the other version of him and shook his head. “No, you must have another identity apart from being governor of Dusk. Why would you take care of my master’s grave otherwise?”

“Want some?” Smiling with self-derision, Earth Lu Yun pointed at the bubbling waste in the pot.

Lu Yun ignored the words and raked the old version of him with a sharp look. Earth Lu Yun didn’t seem to sense the attention and ladled out a bowl of sticky goop, bringing it up to his mouth for a sip.

Lu Yun slapped the bowl out of his hands.

“I’ll die of hunger if I don’t eat this.” Earth Lu Yun looked down at the ground. “I don’t want to die...

“When I first came to in that ice-cold tomb, I wasn’t angry or resentful. I was grateful for my escape! I could finally leave that damned Dusk City and never have to spend my days in fear again. I didn’t have to worry about Ge Long looking to take his revenge or Xue Lang out for my head. I would never have to be afraid that House Ge or the other houses in the city would suddenly erupt in open hostility and tear me to pieces!

“I don’t want power or cultivation, I just want to live!

“I inherited your memories, so I knew the reason why things happened this way. I’m actually very thankful to you, so I’m willing to live out your life for you on this place called Earth and do what you’re supposed to do.

“But I’m not you... I don’t know how to raid tombs and don’t know how to survive in those dark worlds...”

Lu Yun sighed and gently patted the elder’s shoulder, injecting a current of pure life energy into the feeble body. He smoothed over all of the injuries afflicting the old man and even reconnected his broken right leg.

Earth Lu Yun began to look much younger.

“I... I don’t want to leave with you. I just want to live here quietly for the rest of my ordinary days.” Earth Lu Yun lifted his head, understanding what the other Lu Yun was doing—compensating him.

“I’m afraid that won’t be possible.” Lu Yun shook his head. “I don’t know who you are, but you know the ins and outs of everything. You also know about the power of reincarnation, so you can’t be any ole mundane person. If you don’t come with me, there will still be others who swing by to scatter you, body and soul.”

Two pillars of black flame ignited in Lu Yun's eyes.

"Flame Emperor, please stay your hand. He lacks one more reincarnation cycle before he can reform his soul." A wizened voice suddenly sounded by Lu Yun's ear.

Chapter 938: The Sacred Land in the Depths of Space

A marvelous power descended from the heavens to envelope Earth. Everything in this world came to a halt, leaving only Lu Yun, Qing Yu, and the little fox moving about freely.

Lu Yun lifted his head to see an elder in white robes and loose-flowing white hair walk out of a beam of white light.

"This human descendant greets the Flame Emperor." Though the elder's long hair scattered around his shoulders, he wore the clothing of modern humans. He bowed respectfully when he arrived in front of Lu Yun.

"I know you." Lu Yun frowned slightly at the newcomer. He could clearly see that the old man's cultivation was at the human king realm. The latter wasn't an immortal of the grand pure realm, but a human king who practiced human dao. "You're a forefather of my sect."

This old man was a hallowed ancestor of Lu Yun's sect; worship had to be offered up to his portrait every festival holiday. To think that this historical figure was still alive, and as a human king!

"Oh no no no!" Startled, the old man jerked backward when he heard the title. "The forefather of the human sacred land is Holy Emperor Fuxi. This humble one is but an advocate of his teachings."

Every cultivator in the multiverse had seen Lu Yun excise the Dao Tree from the world of immortals and battle the fiend within. This old man was no exception, and he also knew that the youth was one of the founders of human civilization—the Flame Emperor.

"Do you know who he is?" Lu Yun put the issue of the elder's identity out of his mind. He'd traveled back in time to become the Flame Emperor of the human race and in doing so, thrown an enormous number of hierarchies into complete disarray. This forefather of his sect had somehow become his junior as a result and had to refer to himself as "this humble one" in front of Lu Yun.

Back in his days on Earth, this would've been grave insubordination almost on par with personally stabbing his master. But with his changed mentality now, these issues were completely meaningless in his eyes.

"This humble one doesn't know who he is either, but the holy emperor left instructions for this one to stay on the ancestor planet to protect him." The old man's expression grew ever more respectful.

"Holy Emperor Fuxi? Where is he?" Lu Yun brightened. He'd come back to Earth to look for Fuxi.

He'd originally guessed that Fuxi would be on Kunlun Mountain or the ruins of Mount Buzhou, but didn't discover traces of the demon god when he swept Earth with his consciousness. Besides, it would be Fuxi standing in front of him if he was still on the planet, not this old man.

“The holy emperor is in the human sacred land outside the cosmos, standing guard over the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates. He hasn’t been back to the ancestor planet for several tens of thousands of years.”

“The Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates in the depths of space...” Alarm crept into Lu Yun’s face. “Has something happened there?”

The great formation among the stars should’ve been the one that Lu Yun had set up according to Taiyi’s formation diagram. It was to protect space and stopper the realm monsters in the chaos. What he hadn’t expected was that it’d still be standing after a hundred million years! It was still there, sealing away the fissure between the chaos and this world.

“Many things have indeed happened and the original great formation has already been destroyed. The one now was supposed to be protecting the ancestor planet, and the holy emperor expended great effort to move it.

“But it, too, has begun to waver. I’m afraid the holy emperor won’t be able to maintain it for long.” Fresh hope flared to life in the old man’s eyes when he looked at Lu Yun.

Though the Flame Emperor’s cultivation was so low now that it was almost nonexistent at peerless immortal, the human race nursed a nearly fanatical faith in their Flame Emperor. This elder was a human king from the era of human dao, so the legendary emperor was almost invincible in his eyes.

“Alright then, you remain here and keep him safe. I’ll go take a look in space.” Lu Yun looked deeply at the old man and walked out of Earth with a single step.

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“There’s something wrong with that elder,” Qing Yu whispered softly to Lu Yun.

“It’d be weird if there isn’t something wrong,” Lu Yun chuckled. “But thankfully, though his body has decayed, his soul hasn’t changed.”

“Oh?” Qing Yu blinked.

“The way he looked at me... I’ve seen too many humans look at me with those eyes in the great wilderness. It’s an emotion that other races can’t understand at all.” Lu Yun heaved out a long sigh. “He’s changed, but his roots are still there.”

Qing Yu and the little fox looked at each other, unable to understand Lu Yun’s words.

Though Earth was many times smaller than the planet of the great wilderness, the cosmos outside of its atmosphere was still the same. Its boundless stars were still transformed from bodies of countless great masters.

Qing Yu picked up on a few things and subconsciously deployed formula dao, deducing a few theories.

“I can bring them back to life!” she suddenly whispered next to Lu Yun’s ear.

“Oh??” Lu Yun’s eyes lit up.

Of these great masters, some were connate great gods and others were empyrean powerhouses. It would be a tremendously wonderful thing for the world of immortals and the realm at large if they could return to life.

“If there’s a way to refine this entire cosmos into a formation or a huge treasure, then we can gather all of the energy in space into a world... If we then add your power of reincarnation to it, we’ll be able to revive all of the fallen masters into that world.” Qing Yu looked at the enormous sun star and murmured, “But the magnitude of such an undertaking is too tremendous and almost impossible... According to my calculations, we’d need at least ten creators to complete it.”

“Ten creators?” Lu Yun blinked.

“Ten creators? If ten creators really existed in this realm, would it matter if these masters came back to life or not?” the little fox piped up.

“It’s not the same.” Lu Yun shook his head. “These great masters are all heroes who sacrificed themselves for the sake of this realm. If it’s possible, I’d really like to revive them.”

These celestial bodies had all been the corpses of the fallen masters. If they were still alive, they could’ve lived carefree and easy without a worry in the world. But when the realm monsters invaded, they’d willingly gone to their deaths to carry out their duties.

“There are too many heroes in this world... do they all have a chance for resurrection?” the little fox murmured to herself.

Lu Yun and Qing Yu fell silent when they heard her words.

“Well, I’ll do my best no matter what,” Lu Yun said heavily after a moment.

The Path of Ingress pierced through the void and zigzagged madly through the graveyard of space. A brilliant star appeared in front of them before long—Taiyi’s sun star.

Lu Yun also saw an enormous mountain next to the sun, a towering monstrosity that was even bigger than the star beside it.

Mount Buzhou!

Fuxi had shifted the destroyed Mount Buzhou into the depths of space, outside the great formation. The human sacred land at its foot was still there, and Lu Yun could even glimpse the hustle and bustle of human cultivators within it. What marked them different from before was that they were all immortals now. Changes had incurred in their bodies after the immortal dao ran whole and complete through the multiverse.

However, they were only slightly stronger than those of the world of immortals. Those in the sacred land were just over the dao immortal threshold into the ingress realm.

Of course, this described only the humans that Lu Yun could see—the ones born in this era. He firmly believed that there were many more experts hidden in the mountain that’d almost become a world of its own. The elder earlier had been a human king.

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“Who dares trespass in the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates?!” A voice rang out like a clap of thunder as a tall and bulky man with nine golden feathers stuck in his hair appeared in the void, wielding a bow. His internal energy was gathered and on the tip of lashing out—he was a peak grand pure realm powerhouse.

Human king!

Peak grand pure realm put one at peak human king realm and only a step away from grand emperor.

The man was dressed in simplistic ancient armor and he fixed a sharp look at the two humans and one fox on the Path of Ingress.

Wham—

A second explosion rang out in space as a furry white beast’s claw descended from the void, pressing the man face down where he stood.

“A great emperor!” he shrieked with horror.

“Shh, be quiet.” Lu Yun and Qing Yu walked down from the path. The little fox yawned lazily in Qing Yu’s embrace and swept a glance over the man. It’d been her, or rather, her paw that’d acted just now.

“Hello again, Gai. Last time Shennong and I visited the sacred land, you were the first one I saw. Who would’ve thought that you’d still be the first person I meet upon my return visit a hundred years later!” Lu Yun smiled merrily at the man beneath the little fox’s paw.

“You’re... the Flame Emperor?!” Gai struggled to get up, but the little fox was too strong. She wouldn’t let him up before she was certain that this Gai wouldn’t attack them.

Lu Yun and Qing Yu were only peerless immortals at the moment, they wouldn’t last half a second in an attack from a human king. In fact, Gai could injure them by simply leaking out a little bit of his presence.

Seeing that he couldn’t escape from the little fox’s paw, Gai ruefully withdrew all of his strength and lay docilely face down in space.

Those of the sacred land had naturally witnessed Lu Yun’s battle with the Dao Tree and even when he guarded the Dao Flower to make the immortal dao whole again. When he’d established the Dao Academy, they’d realized that... their Flame Emperor had returned.

“Gai greets the Flame Emperor!” Sprawled face down, Gai wanted to bow reverently, but quickly realized with embarrassment that he could only settle stretching his limbs out even further.

Chapter 939: Your Ten Years Are Really Too Darned Long

A rainbow bridge extended gracefully from the peak of Mount Buzhou to Lu Yun’s feet. All was the same as his first visit with Shennong.

Instead of immediately setting foot on the bridge, he called out, “The sacred land of immortal dao in the world of immortals and Headmaster of the Dao Academy, Lu Yun, has arrived with dao partner Qing Yu to pay our respects to Holy Emperor Fuxi—”

His voice rang out resonantly and traveled through the entire mountain.

“Greetings to the Flame Emperor!”

“Greetings to the Flame Emperor!”

“Greetings to the Flame Emperor!”

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The mountain began to tremble as waves of responses rose and fell from it.

Streams of goodwill gathered from all directions, flooding into the Karmic Tree in Lu Yun’s hell. Delicate and beautiful, eighteen thousand karmic fruits sparkled radiantly on its branches like the stars themselves, illuminating all of the netherworld.

Ge Long sat beneath the tree and looked at the outside world.

“I hadn’t thought that Mount Buzhou would still exist... so what did that primitive fellow use to refine the Skyturning Seal?” He stared off momentarily into space. “Well, that’s right. If he’d used the mountain for the seal, would he have died in such a macabre way?”

He looked at the sea of Hell Flowers to where the fragmented soul of his second senior brother, Daoist Purity—also known as the Jade Pure One—slept silently in one of the buds.

“I’m alive, but you’re dead~ Tsk tsk tsk, I win I win~” Ge Long threw an ankle onto the other knee and hummed an unknown ditty.

Carmine Eternal straddled one of the Karmic Tree’s branches without a care for her image and plucked one of its fruits. She shoved it into her mouth for a large bite.

“This Flame Emperor sure is generous, he doesn’t even fence off this treasure more precious than the connate spirit roots. We can pluck its fruits whenever we feel like it,” Carmine Eternal tutted proudly at herself as she ate. “Such a job well done that I sensed what was coming and found Lu Yun before he became the Flame Emperor. Though I haven’t recovered to my peak yet, I’m not that far off.”

Lu Yun had been only Lu Yun before he traveled to the great wilderness, not the Flame Emperor. He’d become that legendary personage after traveling back in time, meeting Fuxi on Mount Buzhou, and being decreed the first great emperor of the human race.

Prior to that, even the faithful Ge Long, renowned Daoist Ingress who was one of the founders of immortal dao, had no idea that Lu Yun was the Flame Emperor.

“I’d always thought that though Lu Yun had received the greatest blessings of heaven to obtain a treasure that controls reincarnation, he lacked the morality and conduct to really possess it. That though he’d founded the sacred land and repaired the immortal dao, his foundations were too shallow for it. Utter annihilation from a cataclysm seemed to be a foregone conclusion.

“Who would’ve thought that he’d be my dear martial uncle, the Flame Emperor of the human race! Destroying the fortunes of the connate demon gods, creating the glorious age of human dao, pioneering cultivation methods beneath the great dao... He has bestowed countless bounties and served all of life. Such virtuous merit, such deep foundations...” Ge Long shook his head with a sigh.

“Is that why you stayed here and tamed Asura’s four coffins? Was it all to protect Lu Yun in the event of a disaster?” Carmine Eternal also felt very kindly toward the Flame Emperor. He’d protected her when she was just an egg without sentience. The emperor had brought her and her young sister to their respective hatching grounds so they would have a safe and smooth birth and grow back into their strength.

Ge Long nodded silently. “But now, he holds his destiny in his own hands and doesn’t need me for anything anymore.”

“Then do you know where your master Hongjun’s gone to?” whispering softly, Carmine Eternal bounced herself down from the tree and clung onto Ge Long.

“Why do you think I became the Flame Emperor’s martial nephew?” Ge Long chuckled.

Carmine Eternal’s diminutive form stiffened and she fell off of Ge Long’s body. Her head slowly turned in a certain direction.

“He’s your master?”

She was looking in the direction of Earth.

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Grasping Qing Yu’s hand, Lu Yun set foot onto the rainbow bridge. The little fox took human form as well and followed beside the two as the stunning Troublemaker Tushan.

“It’s been a long while, Flame Emperor.” Fuxi sat cross-legged in front of a stick of bamboo—the Embittered Bamboo. It shared the same source as the one Lu Yun had refined; they’d both stemmed from the main spirit root.

“Fuxi greets the Dao Sovereign of the Immortal Dao.” He raised cupped hands at Qing Yu.

As the Dao Sovereign, Qing Yu’s status rivaled Fuxi’s, though her cultivation level wasn’t high.

“...to me, it’s only been ten years since our parting.” Lu Yun stopped, a sense of loss creeping into his voice.

It’d been his ninetieth year in the great wilderness when war broke out to conquer the heavens. He’d retreated from the public eye to visit places in secret or observe the world before his final conversation with Hongjun and return to his era.

Ten years wasn’t long, but in the eyes of Fuxi and the others, the Flame Emperor had disappeared forever. He’d vanished completely from the realm, not to return until many, many eons later.

Fuxi still looked the same as before, dressed in his usual outfit of hemp and his long thick hair flowing loosely around his shoulders. However, the ravages of time were now present in his eyes.

“Your ten years are really too darned long,” Fuxi laughed heartily. “Have a seat.”

Four seat cushions had appeared in front of him, and the three visitors took their places accordingly.

"I heard the guard of Earth say that the situation here won't hold for long... What's happened? Are the realm monsters still out there?" Lu Yun didn't mention the World Gates. Instead, he looked to the other side of Mount Buzhou where the enormous sun was. The palace formed by the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates drifted in and out of sight, as if fighting against something.

"The realm monsters are no more, but something even more terrifying than them has arrived," Fuxi sighed. "The realm monsters just want to survive and become a new life form, but those things want to destroy this entire realm."

"Eh?" Lu Yun blinked. "Destroy this realm? Why do all the big baddies want to destroy the world?"

He thought of how annihilation flooded Asura's heart and how the demon god constantly obsessed over razing the realm. He also didn't think that such emotions came without a source.

"A simple difference in positions," Fuxi said forlornly. "They must die if we live, so they must destroy us and this world if they are to survive. They must turn this world into something like the realm monsters."

"What..." Lu Yun didn't really understand.

"There's no need to ask further at this moment, you'll understand in the future," Fuxi responded solemnly. "This realm won't allow it even if I wanted to tell you right now."

He looked up at the stars where pale purple seemed to shimmer in the outline of a pair of enormous eyes.

"Alright then, that's enough of this topic. I know what you're here for." Fuxi rose and pulled out the emerald branch of bamboo in front of him. "The past me left my five senses in the future, they're the ones who can resolve the curse in the World Gates. Find them and show them this segment of Embittered Bamboo. They'll help you then."

Wayfarer, Art Saint, Zither Saint, Gorb Demon, and an existence that Lu Yun had yet to meet were all in the world of immortals. However, they'd all become truly independent life forms with their own minds and personalities. It would take some convincing if Lu Yun wanted them to help him.

He took the stick of bamboo with a nod.

"What about things here?" Lu Yun looked at the blazing sun. "The great formation is about to collapse and the even more terrifying things in the chaos are about to invade. If Earth is destroyed now... I'm guessing this realm is done for."

Inspiration suddenly struck him. "I know!"

"Hmm?" Fuxi, Qing Yu, and the little fox all looked at him.

"If Jing Dichen is Changxi and possesses the power of the Taiyin Star, then Lin Yan is Taiyi!" A smile floated onto Lu Yun's face. "If Lin Yan's Taiyi, then Feng Ruyun is Rushou!"

In the kingdom of hell, the six prodigals in seclusion trembled in unison. Brilliantly blue radiance flared from the top of Mount Vastspace and melded into their bodies. Purple luminescence shone from the Timelight Tower at the same time and sank into Jing Huaci and Houtu's bodies.

The blue power of space and the purple power of time intersected in hell, slowly becoming one.

The Deaf Prince, Jing Dichen, Lin Yan, Beicang Qiong, Bai Qi, Feng Ruyu, Jing Huaci, and Houtu all opened their eyes at the same time. Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower crossed in mid air, forming an enormous ball of light.

The reincarnation of spacetime!

The combat art that Lu Yun had deployed with the two weapons of connate great dao had now been recreated by the two weapons of human dao.

“Senior brother Lu, open the doors! Let us out!” The Deaf Prince’s voice blared out loudly.

Hummm.

Lu Yun quickly opened the Gates of the Abyss and deposited the eight people, as well as the reincarnation of spacetime, onto Mount Buzhou.

“We meet again, Fuxi! What an honor, haha, what a tremendous honor!” The Deaf Prince laughed uproariously when he saw Fuxi. He’d recovered his sense of self and returned to Goumang, ruler of the Mu Nation of the great wilderness.

The others had also retrieved their memories of the great wilderness, and though they hadn’t recovered their cultivation, they’d mastered the two weapons of human dao.

“You set up quite a plot, huh? You even dragged me into it,” smiled Jing Huaci.

“The Bell of Chaos was too overwhelming. I couldn’t think of any other way to keep them in the chaos other than using the two weapons of human dao.” Fuxi nodded at each of his old friends.

“Tushan!” Lin Yan looked throbbingly at Tushan, who turned back into a little fox and darted into Lu Yun’s embrace.

“Senior brother Lu...” Lin Yan turned to Lu Yun with much suffering. He might have found his way back to being Taiyi again, but he was still Lin Yan, the third young master of the Lin Clan in Lazuli Major.

“Nothing forcibly done is agreeable.” The little fox popped back up and stuck her tongue out.

“Fellow daoists, this matter cannot be delayed. The akasha ghosts are conducting a blood sacrifice in the chaos and the great formation is about to shatter. I need your help,” Fuxi said solemnly.

Chapter 940: Traitor

Smiles slid off the faces of the Deaf Prince and the others as they looked sternly at the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates teetering on the edge of collapse.

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“So they really did find a way to break the great formation in the end.” Lin Yan was Taiyi’s reincarnation. Though the great demon god had sacrificed himself to become a blazing sun for the great formation, he’d created a multitude of backup plans for himself since he was the first celestial emperor of the realm. He would’ve been reborn even if he’d been completely wiped out from existence.

However, the power of reincarnation was so domineering that once its system was established, Taiyi eventually lost himself in the endless cycle of life after life. Upon his final return, he was Taiyi no longer, but Lin Yan of the world of immortals.

The Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates in front of them wasn't what it'd once been. Upon his first homecoming, Taiyi had set up a second great formation that Fuxi melded with the first, the whole being greater than the sum of the parts. But now, the formation wobbled dangerously.

On the other side of the seal, horrific beings of the chaos had collected hordes of living spirits from somewhere and were furiously sacrificing them en masse to corrupt the formation.

Working in tandem, the eight great experts lifted Mount Vastspace and Timelight Tower at the same time, summoning the reincarnation of spacetime again and aiming it at the sun star transformed from Taiyi's body.

"Careful!" Yulei suddenly objected at this time. Two rays of black and white light shot out from his eyes as he looked at the blazing sun. "Those things breached the great formation a long time ago, but they're still guarding the spot for some reason, pretending to attack..."

As Houtu's guard, Yulei himself wasn't very strong. However, his notable ability was that he could easily discern everything that occurred in the chaos.

"What?!" Fuxi reacted to Yulei's words with great shock.

"The Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates has already been broken, but those in the chaos don't pour forth in an attack... Then there's only one explanation for their behavior: they're waiting for the great weapons of space and time." Jing Huaci pondered deeply, worry flashing through her eyes. "Only a very select few knew of our plan and most of them died to see it through."

In the great wilderness, peak connate great gods such as them had made countless preparations and numerous backup plans for the sake of the future. However, most of their painstaking arrangements had been washed away in the long river of time, and not many contingencies were still intact in the present day and age.

Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower were two crucial pieces they'd devised to replace the great formation sealing away the chaos. But the chaos natives on the other side of the gap were plainly waiting to launch an ambush and steal the two weapons.

"We have a traitor among us," Jing Huaci pronounced heavily after some thought. Unbearable sorrow colored her voice.

Everyone quieted down at the mention of "traitor".

"It shouldn't be anyone who survived until now... All of us have gone through the wheel of reincarnation and with the Great Emperor of the Eastern Peak overseeing things, he wouldn't have let the traitor enter the cycle. Unless—" Lin Yan looked solemnly at Lu Yun.

Very few of those alive now had known of the plan. Apart from Fuxi, Lin Yan, and Jing Huaci, all of the rest had connected the dots only when the two treasures of human dao awakened their sense of self. Even the little fox had been kept in the dark, though she'd been an active participant.

“Tianqi’s not the traitor,” Lu Yun declared firmly. “I’m his master, I know his character well.”

“Mm.” Fuxi nodded lightly. “I don’t think Tianqi is the traitor either. Then... that traitor is among those who’ve died!”

Leize, Huaxu, Wahuang, Pangu, God, Hongjun, and some other great gods on the same level as Leize and Huaxu had all voluntarily given up their lives for the plan, just like the Queen Mother of the West. They’d been reduced to dust without a word of complaint.

Whether it was Fuxi, Jing Huaci, or Lin Yan... none of them could bear to view any of the dead with suspicion.

“We don’t need to fret about this, the traitor’s shown themselves a long time ago.” Lu Yun thought of Yu Rang and the human powerhouses ready to ambush him when he fought the Dao Tree. Their appearance then hadn’t been coincidental. If there was a traitor among them, this traitor had to be the person directing that crowd’s movements!

The traitor could be human, or they could also not be human.

“I’ll go!” Tushan stepped forward. “Since they’re waiting there to seize Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower, I don’t mind teaching them a very painful lesson!”

Golden radiance flared over her body as the Bell of Chaos slowly rose to hover over her head. Curtains of aureate light cascaded down from the treasure and dyed this patch of space a sparkling golden. Tushan then turned around and suddenly shoved her face in front of Lu Yun’s.

What had been a rather somber atmosphere instantly turned a bit weird. Caught off guard, Lu Yun quickly scrambled back a step. Tushan’s face followed his closely.

“What... what are you doing?” Lu Yun demanded hotly.

“I’m risking my life to fight those awful creatures of the chaos, what if I die? Hurry and take some of my soul force so I can head into battle with peace of mind!”

Suppressed eyerolls filtered through the crowd. Tushan had been known for her impish antics during the great wilderness. Thoroughly stumped by her mischief, many an expert could only throw their hands up with resignation as they couldn’t do anything to the greatest beauty of the great wilderness.

Lu Yun chuckled wryly and pointed at the center of Tushan’s brows, extracting a strand of soul force from her.

“Don’t worry, you won’t die with me around.” He dropped a karmic fruit into her hands.

Tushan wiped off a bit of drool at her lips and quickly stored the fruit inside her robes, chuckling deviously all the while.

When she’d visited hell last, the sparkling karmic fruits on the Karmic Tree’s branches had caught her eye. However, Lu Yun had been busy planting the souls of those he’d brought back from the great wilderness, and she’d been preoccupied with releasing the Deaf Prince and others from the bell. When everything was said and done, she’d forgotten to ask Lu Yun for a few fruit.

But he was just giving them to her today!

“Alright, I’ll go meet them in the chaos! You all do whatever needs to be done here.” She looked at Lu Yun and continued in a soft voice, “If I don’t return in a hundred breaths... you should plant my soul force.”

Lu Yun’s expression shifted slightly when he heard her words. It looked like the little fox wasn’t joking for once. She really did think she’d die on this excursion.

“I’ll go with you,” Qing Yu suddenly piped up. “The Dao Flower itself is still in the chaos. I’ll make a trip to bring it back.”