

Necropolis 941

Chapter 941: Fuxi's Tomb

"Then I'm going too!" Lu Yun hastily added when he saw that Qing Yu wanted to go with Tushan.

"Hmph! Look at this bias!" Tushan huffed and narrowed her eyes at Lu Yun. He glared back at her and Qing Yu covered her mouth as she chuckled. The others exchanged slightly awkward glances with each other, while loneliness crossed Lin Yan's face.

"Lin Yan, your empress Yinglong from your previous life should've reincarnated as well." The Deaf Prince clapped his friend's shoulder heartily and boomed out with his trademark ringing tones.

An uncontrollable shudder ran through Lin Yan.

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"It's most ideal that the three of you are going together. The Bell of Chaos is a peerless connate treasure, but it has marvelous uses that should enable it to repel the creatures from the chaos," Fuxi said solemnly. A small dot of light flashed through his eyes and his lips vibrated. He couldn't help but end with a caution for safety. "You must be careful in everything you do. You must still find my severed senses and dispel the curse against great emperors."

"Don't worry, Holy Emperor. I'll teach those things a good lesson and return safely." Lu Yun brimmed with confidence. His primary body had sat in the chaos and safeguarded the Dao Flower for ninety years. He knew many things of the chaos like the back of his hand. There was nothing to be concerned about on his return trip to the chaos.

However, he didn't reveal any of this because he was certain that the traitor was in the human sacred land and possessed a high status.

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The Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates looked to be in perfect operation, but was in fact an empty husk since it'd been broken a long time ago. Something had even sucked out the essence of the blazing sun that Taiyi had transformed into and injected an entirely new filling into it. Thus it kept burning, seemingly the same as before.

If it wasn't for Yulei's reminder earlier, the two human dao weapons likely would've already fallen into the unknown entity's hands.

The chaos consisted of hazy gray air currents. There was no sense of space, time, or other beings here.

"The Dao Flower is in the crystal garden at the foot of Mount Xuanhuang." Tushan looked gravely at Lu Yun and Qing Yu when they reached the chaos.

The couple remained quiet.

"What's going on with you two?" The little fox summoned the Bell of Chaos and sent it hovering protectively over their heads.

“There’s nothing here and no impending victory of those who live in the chaos. I stood guard here for ninety years and never saw anything other than the realm monsters,” murmured Lu Yun. “And, Fuxi’s dead.”

“What?!” Tushan’s pretty eyes opened wide. “What do you mean, Fuxi’s dead?”

“Fuxi died a long time ago in the chaos. The person who returned with the Heavenfall Spear isn’t him.” A deep grief marked Lu Yun’s tones. “If there’s really any other entity in the chaos, then it’s probably that ‘Fuxi’.”

He hadn’t been certain of things at first, but when he saw the two great formations and the formation of the five elements, three essentials, and yin-yang—that was when he’d become certain that the Fuxi they’d just seen wasn’t the one he’d first met in the great wilderness.

“The real traitor is that fake Fuxi. The one who wants to take the two human dao weapons is the fake Fuxi.” Anguish tinged his tones.

Lu Yun lowered his head and looked at the Embittered Bamboo in his hand. It was indeed the spirit root, but he had the feeling that if he showed it to Fuxi’s five senses, they would be devoured by the bamboo.

Though Yulei’s powers of observation could pierce through the heavens, he couldn’t see through the boundless chaos. Lu Yun had fed him the words that he’d spoken just now. And if the little fox hadn’t eagerly volunteered herself, Lu Yun would’ve found a way to take them into the chaos regardless.

“Let’s go find Fuxi’s corpse.” Lu Yun sighed and stepped out into the expanse of hazy gray.

Qing Yu didn’t say anything. She was of one mind with Lu Yun, so she knew exactly what he was thinking. Tushan reverted back to her little fox form and landed silently on Lu Yun’s shoulders.

“If my guesses are right, the fake Fuxi cast the curse on great emperors. If we find Fuxi’s body, we should be able to dispel the curse,” Qing Yu said suddenly. “The Ascension Pool’s been split into two. Part of it is in the World Gates to bewilder our perspectives, while the heart of the curse in the treasure’s core essence is in the chaos.

“It’s in an enormous tomb in the chaos... Fuxi’s tomb.”

Now in the chaos, Qing Yu’s formula dao operated at a stunning proficiency. She only needed moments to calculate the cause and effect of everything here.

If Jing Huaci hadn’t pointed out there was a traitor among them earlier, the fake Fuxi would’ve never allowed Lu Yun and the other two into the chaos. Though he’d cast suspicion on those who’d died, Lu Yun’s follow-up of saying that the traitor had already revealed himself prevented the fake Fuxi from making any other moves.

The traitor could only watch the three of them walk out of his grasp. He still needed Lu Yun to take the Embittered Bamboo to Fuxi’s five senses. In addition, Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower were still in the Deaf Prince and company’s hands. He also dreaded the terrifying combat art of spacetime reincarnation and didn’t dare overly expose himself.

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The chaos was vast and looked the same from right to left, up and down, and front to back. There was no definition of direction or sense of time. Time didn't seem to flow here, and the three walked in the chaos for an indeterminate period of time. Lu Yun wielded Heavenfall in his hands, able to discern where the weapon had once resided.

A patch of shadows loomed out of the void ahead of them like a mountain wreathed with black fog. A supremely profound presence exuded from the mountain.

"We're here!" Lu Yun slowly came to a halt as he watched the bronze spear in his hand.

The little fox didn't put the Bell of Chaos away. She may have returned to empyrean realm, but even great masters of her level couldn't walk freely in the chaos, to say nothing of peerless immortals like Lu Yun and Qing Yu. Without the bell's protection, the couple would've been assimilated by the horrifying air currents as soon as they set foot into the chaos.

The black mountain mass sharpened into focus ahead of them—a tomb, not a mountain. An enormous black stone tablet was erected in front of it, on which were carved several large characters dripping with blood.

Tomb of Fuxi.

Fuxi really had died in this boundless chaos. An unknown creature was wearing his skin outside of the chaos and had brought Heavenfall back to the great wilderness to complete his dying wish of eliminating the demon gods. However, that was only an introduction to the act of an even greater conspiracy.

Chapter 942: Chaos Dao Fruit

"He's dead... Fuxi's really dead!" The little fox flashed into human form and cried soundlessly in front of the demon god's tomb. Grief and sorrow overcame Lu Yun and Qing Yu as well.

Lu Yun thought back to when he'd first met Fuxi and how stunned he'd been to learn that the demon god was Wayfarer. Though Fuxi hadn't given Lu Yun much aid in the great wilderness, his existence had shone like a beacon of light, guiding the lost Lu Yun to the right path.

Who would've thought that their goodbyes in the chaos would be the final farewell?

Fuxi really had died in his mission to the chaos!

"So who built the tomb then?" Qing Yu murmured to herself. "There's no heaven and earth in the chaos, no feng shui, no great dao... but here we have a structure that conforms to the layout of burial. Was it created by the unknown existence that inherited Fuxi's identity?"

Qing Yu had started learning the ways of feng shui and burial from Lu Yun, so she could tell from a quick scan that the tomb in front of them was constructed according to proper burial layouts. This wasn't something that would form naturally.

"Not him, he wouldn't be so kind hearted." Lu Yun looked down and mentally sifted through everything that he'd experienced in the great wilderness. The fake Fuxi had suffered injuries in the chaos, but Lu Yun hadn't known the truth at the time and brought the imposter to the Sea of Hellfire. There, he'd brought the fake Fuxi back to life with the Resurrection death art and healed his trauma in the process.

“He wants to kill me.” Color drained out of Lu Yun’s face. “He set up numerous death traps for me in Fuxi’s original plans. However, he never knew what my trump cards were, so I was able to evade death again and again all these years.

“More’s the pity for him that he isn’t a true match for Fuxi. It’s set in stone that the holy emperor will successfully bring me back to the past and see me become the Flame Emperor. The imposter couldn’t eradicate me, no matter what he tried in the future. He couldn’t deny a truth that had happened in the past!”

A sudden tremble shook Lu Yun. “It’s no accident that he told me he met himself in the future, he wanted to ensure that I would visit Earth and see him at Mount Buzhou! The moment I retrieve all of Fuxi’s five senses marks the moment of my death.”

Standing in front of Fuxi’s tomb, everything revealed itself after an intense round of deduction.

Qing Yu looked at Lu Yun and nodded slightly. Her grasp of formula dao was greater than his, so she’d also come to these conclusions as well. But how to resolve all this was up to her dao partner.

“Fuxi learned of his destiny when he traveled to the future, but he still headed willingly to his death. If my speculations are correct, the way to counter the imposter is in this tomb.” Confidence surfaced in Lu Yun’s eyes when he looked at the large tomb in front of them. It was complete faith in Fuxi. “The holy emperor created feng shui and formations after observing the laws of nature. If he could see his own demise and the existence that would walk the great wilderness in his form, he would certainly leave some contingencies in place for this turn of events.

“Fuxi’s tomb is the key to solving everything.”

Lu Yun didn’t think that upon learning the future to come, Fuxi would just accept without a struggle that someone would be along to assume his identity and scheme against the great wilderness and the entire realm. Not only was the holy emperor well versed in feng shui and formations, but he was even more skilled in fortune telling and deducing destinies. Why else would he have chosen Lu Yun out of all the souls in all time periods of the world and bring him back to the great wilderness so that he could become the Flame Emperor?

Fated Spider Ah Zhi possessed the ability to see through one’s fate. Though she was dead now, her soul force slept in a Hell Flower and would awaken in due time.

Lu Yun slowly opened his hand to allow two scrolls to float above his palm. They were the Yellow River Map and Inscription of the River Luo that Fuxi had left to him before entering the chaos.

Hummm.

A minute change occurred in the chaos the moment the two peerless connate treasures appeared. An enormous door of black light appeared on the front of the tomb and a rainbow bridge extended from it.

“Fuxi’s here alright!” Lu Yun, Qing Yu, and the little fox looked at each other before setting foot on the bridge. The Yellow River Map and Inscription of the River Luo transformed into twin orbs of light and shadow to slowly meld into Fuxi’s tomb.

This tomb was something that Fuxi had built for himself. It followed the most primitive of burial layouts and took the form of an enormous palace. Four large pillars stood in the palace corners with carved statues of the Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermillion Bird, and Black Tortoise fixed to them. There was another enormous pillar in the center of the palace; Fuxi was present in his true form and nailed to that pillar.

As a dragon-snake, Fuxi possessed the head of a dragon and body of a snake. He had three eyes, two arms, and faintly golden scales covering his body. His normally brightly alert eyes were dim and unfocused.

“Fuxi... really... is dead...” Lu Yun’s heart trembled as he stared at the demon god’s corpse. He’d cherished a small fantasy that if Fuxi had built a tomb for himself in the chaos, he might still be alive here. Surely he’d just made this tomb his new base of operations and was still laying out the best plans for this realm.

But, it had been just a daydream.

“No, I don’t believe it!” Lu Yun took a deep breath and called upon the Dragonquake Scripture. Blinding radiance flooded from his body and illuminated the entire palace, the disturbance prompting ripples of life from the four corners of the structure. The Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermillion Bird, and Black Tortoise began to shift on their pillars, crying hoarsely for help amid weak struggles.

“Lie Shan! Save me!” Azure Dragon crooned faintly.

“Why are you still alive, but Fuxi’s dead?!” Lu Yun whipped his head around and glared savagely at the dragon begging for help.

“Fuxi killed himself!” Azure Dragon trembled despite himself when it saw the look in the human’s eyes. “He wouldn’t have been able to leave all this to you if he didn’t!

“Everything here is his gift to you, including the Ascension Pool beneath that Extermination Pillar. He brought it back from the future and took it into the chaos to hide it!” the dragon said in shaky tones. “He saw the immortal dao to come when he was in the great wilderness and also observed the cosmic dao fruits. This tomb is the chaos cosmic dao fruit that Fuxi’s created for you!”

Lu Yun’s mouth was agape while the little fox and Qing Yu stared blankly.

“He abducted the four of us from the future because we once helped the origin divine—hiding in the chaos—steal the opportunity that belonged to the god of the Exalted Divines. Though God forgave us for our transgression, Fuxi didn’t. He fixed us here to await your arrival,” Black Tortoise quickly explained when he also glimpsed that horrific killing intent in Lu Yun’s eyes. “If we died, the cosmic dao fruit here would also dissolve.”

“They’re speaking the truth, they’re the core of this tomb. If they die, the tomb’s layout will also break,” Qing Yu said softly. “There’s a star being nurtured in the Ascension Pool beneath the Extermination Pillar.”

“Extermination Pillar.... Extermination Pillar... that’s a tool in the Dragonspike Litany second to only the Death Spike. The Death Spike scatters fortunes and results in general bloodshed when planted, but the

Extermination Pillar causes the absolute death of its target.” Lu Yun shook like a leaf as he looked at Fuxi’s corpse on the pillar. “He used his own life to forge my dao fruit...”

Lu Yun’s cultivation realm was too vast. There was no dao fruit appropriate for him in the cosmos that Xing Chen had metamorphosed into. Meanwhile, the cosmos over the world of immortals had long been corrupted and was unable to produce any dao fruits.

Fuxi had seen all this, so he’d used his own life and the core essence of the four beasts to extract the power of chaos from the surroundings, forging a dao fruit suitable for Lu Yun.

“I see, I see.” Understanding seemed to illuminate the world in front of Qing Yu. “Lu Yun, you’ll be able to break the curse against great emperors if you refine the dao fruit within the Ascension Pool! The curse is sealed inside that dao fruit.”

Lu Yun didn’t seem to hear her, he was still staring at the dead demon god. Tushan tugged on Qing Yu’s sleeve and shook her head gently. Understanding her beloved’s inner turmoil, Qing Yu stood silently to the side.

“...can I really only have ten Envoys of Reincarnation or ten Yama Kings?” Lu Yun suddenly murmured to himself. “What if... what if I want you to become the eleventh?”

Humm.

The Tome of Life and Death floated out from the center of his brow and drifted down to his hand.

“They say that the Extermination Pillar immediately ends the life of who it’s meant for, that even the ruler of hell Yanluo Wang can’t save the target. But I, your father, am greater than him!

“The Great Emperor of the Eastern Peak may have been the Yin Prince and master of human hell, but he was my disciple first!

“I am Lu Yun, the true master of reincarnation and sovereign over all beings in the multiverse! I alone decide their life or death with a single thought!!

“If you truly acknowledge me as your master, Tome of Life and Death, you will obey and grant me an eleventh Yama King!” Lu Yun screamed, his roar freezing the four divine beasts on the pillars. “Take your place, my eleventh Yama King!!”

Boom.

The chaos quaked as the mammoth image of the bronze book exuded bronze ripples that crashed into the void. The realm of the world of immortals began to quiver as well. In the kingdom of hell, countless Infernum and the ten Yama Kings were crouched on the ground, shuddering madly.

“My martial uncle is angry... who is he throwing a tantrum at?” Ge Long murmured as he took in how hell trembled.

Chapter 943: Capitulation

The kingdom of hell wasn't the only thing shaking, Qing Yu's heavenly palace shuddered as well. They were both derived from the Tome of Life and Death—one controlled the heavens and the other reigned over earth.

Boom—

The Tome of Life and Death boomed explosively from the tremendous pressure that Lu Yun was levying upon it. He fixed it with a death stare and roared, "You've always been the one dictating my actions! You direct my cultivation and determine my fate! You brought me to the world of immortals so I would become Lu Yun of the world of immortals. Since you changed my destiny, then I will change you now!!

"There may only be ten Yama Kings as decreed by the Tome of Life and Death, but I will have you accept another!"

Blood seeped out of his orifices—a result of his defiance of the treasure. Those who knew Lu Yun well all thought him to be the owner of the book, that he'd become an incomparably noble existence because of it. Only he knew the truth of the matter, that he was just the treasure's puppet. A living, breathing puppet.

He was inconceivably far away from truly mastering the Tome of Life and Death, and before he reached those heights, it could leave him at any time or refine him in turn. Though it was unlikely to do so since it lacked its own will and had accepted Lu Yun, he felt that this validation was more like a parent smugly making every decision for him, all in the name of "this is what's best for you".

One such as Lu Yun never appreciated emotional manipulation like this. He would rather die than be caged by invisible restraints or passively accept what others arranged for him. All he wanted was freedom and the right to be himself. His goal was just the carefree liberty of being able to do whatever he wanted!

"Take your place, eleventh Yama King!" Lu Yun roared at Fuxi's body.

Black electricity crackled over the Tome of Life and Death and slowly grew in scope, becoming a massive pair of eyes that looked out coldly at Lu Yun. Something without sentience, like this book, had been forced into opening a pair of eyes in response to Lu Yun's pressure!

"You will obey me or implode yourself, or destroy me!!" Lu Yun snarled.

The little fox and Qing Yu were so shocked by this scene that they didn't know how to react. The former quickly summoned her Bell of Chaos to protect the two of them; the four divine beasts staked into the pillars had perished long ago in the fallout.

"Calm down, Lu Yun! This is the central tomb of the Skandha Extinction Tomb! If you destroy this place, Dusk Province will be done for as well!" Qing Yu called out urgently.

The central tomb of the Skandha Extinction Tomb!

Lu Yun had always thought that Asura had completed the Skandha Extinction Tomb with the help of certain human race traitors, that it was later used to curse the divines that'd betrayed the humans...

Yuchi Tianhuang, Yuchi Hanxing, and Xuan Yu had razed the tombs to the ground, but they'd destroyed only the tombs of the four cardinal directions. They'd never found the central tomb.

As more of this tomb's original layout revealed itself amid furious shaking, Qing Yu realized with a gasp that this was the last tomb they'd been looking for. The ancestors of the four cardinal tribes were all suppressed here.

However, they'd all been reduced to dust from the struggle between Lu Yun and the Tome of Life and Death. The ancestors had been hanging onto their last breath to begin with and were exceedingly weak. Their souls and true spirits couldn't withstand the treasure's ripples at all.

Lu Yun remained entirely unmoved and focused strictly on his standoff with the Tome of Life and Death. He would make it obey him!

The eyes over the book grew increasingly brighter, and a spark of intelligence began to dawn in them.

Whoosh!

Blazing hellfire suddenly gushed beneath Lu Yun's feet as the radiant Karmic Tree appeared behind him to fight the treasure with its master. Hellfire wrapped around the youth and continuously increased his strength and willpower, resulting in the book's eyes gradually dimming with weakness.

"For what do you go to such trouble?" a tired voice suddenly rasped behind Lu Yun.

"Holy Emperor!" Lu Yun's eyes lit up and he whipped around to look at Fuxi.

The demon god was in human form and walking down from the Extermination Pillar. He wore an outfit of hemp and his hair was loose around his shoulders, yet his complexion was the color of chalk.

The Tome of Life and Death had capitulated in the end, but in the form of resurrecting Fuxi instead of making him the eleventh Yama King.

The treasure couldn't break the rules that it'd laid down for itself or it'd explode in self-destructing fury. But once Lu Yun truly mastered the Tome of Life and Death and became the sovereign of death, he'd be able to resurrect whoever he wanted to. He would even be able to travel through time and locate those who'd died in the annals of history and bring them back into the world!

All of this was permitted by the Tome of Life and Death.

Struggle concluded, the treasure fell back into Lu Yun's arms, projecting a distinct emotion of... being wronged. It suddenly gave off the feeling that it was the little fox and not some ultimate treasure over life and death.

Lu Yun gaped at it. The Tome of Life and Death sank back into his body as a faint shadow, but he could still feel a thick sense of pouting suffering from the treasure.

That Fuxi had come back to life instead of becoming a Yama King was the best possible outcome. Lu Yun didn't want his friend and senior to become a subordinate—attempting to make him a Yama King earlier had been a last resort. Fuxi had been dead for too long and his soul scattered. There was nothing else that Lu Yun could do with just the corpse.

Fuxi stopped in front of Lu Yun with a rueful chuckle. "This completely destroys the dao fruit that I left for you."

“The dao fruit is dead, but the holy emperor is a living being. I can still determine what’s more important,” Lu Yun chuckled.

The demon god shook his head slightly and waved a hand, summoning the Ascension Pool beneath the pillar into his hands.

Qing Yu and Tushan approached them to greet the real Holy Emperor Fuxi, with Tushan returning to her fox form to run delighted circles around Fuxi.

“Did you set up the Skandha Extinction Tomb, Your Majesty?” Lu Yun suddenly asked.

“Not I, but Asura, along with the traitors of the human race. I... merely borrowed it,” Fuxi grinned. “I made some moves from the shadows as well, such as capturing those four fellows and throwing them into the chaos.”

As a premier connate demon god, Fuxi was very slightly weaker than Leize. The four divine beasts were strong, but a far cry from Fuxi’s might. They had been the most crucial ingredient of the Skandha Extinction Tomb, but Fuxi had been one step ahead of Asura and brought them back to the great wilderness. He’d sent them into the chaos and perfected the extinction tomb in another space and time.

By doing so, he created a chance of reprieve in the extinction tomb, delaying the activation of the curse on the divine race and cardinal tribes. This was why the divine race had been able to live on in the world of immortals—if the Skandha Extinction Tomb had been completed in the future, the divines would’ve long gone extinct.

“I can’t go back with you yet,” Fuxi said solemnly to Lu Yun. “The chaos dao fruit has not truly taken shape and the curse against great emperors is still in the Ascension Pool’s core essence. I need to keep it under control and think of another way to break it.”

The original plan had been for Lu Yun to cleanse the curse with hellfire when he refined his dao fruit, but his struggle with the Tome of Life and Death and subsequent death of the four divine beasts had wrecked all of the holy emperor’s plans. It would be up to Fuxi now to keep the curse suppressed.

He’d brought back the core essence of the Ascension Pool from the world of immortals, but the curse was so dreadful that it was still affecting the present, though it resided in the past.

“This curse arose because of me, so it should end because of me.” Ge Long walked out wearing flamboyant red robes and a blue longsword.

“Daoist Ingress.” Fuxi hastily rose in respect when he saw Ge Long. “Fellow daoist instigated Emperors Fall at the behest of the heavens. The crux of the issue isn’t the resentment of the great emperors—even that, too, is only a catalyst.”

“But if I die, that resentment will disperse and the curse should break.” Ge Long frowned.

“There’s no need to argue over this.” Lu Yun stretched out a hand, summoned the Ascension Pool’s essence to him, and threw it into the Tome of Life and Death. “There’s no curse beneath the heavens that can withstand my treasure.”

He grinned. "Since the holy emperor wishes to prepare a dao fruit for me, I cannot disappoint the holy emperor's good intentions. Though the layout here is broken, it can nurture a second or a third dao fruit!" He looked at Qing Yu, she was also without a dao fruit.

Lu Yun waved a hand and activated the realms of yin and yang, opening the Gates of the Abyss with an impressive boom.

"After you, Your Majesty." He gestured invitingly.

Return to the world of immortals from the chaos? He wasn't that big of an idiot. That fake Fuxi was undoubtedly waiting for him in some corner of the chaos. Returning via hell was the safest way.

Resigned to this course of action, Fuxi walked into hell. "Ah, yes, this tomb is also a marvelous place of the chaos. I found the ancient spear stuck here in nothingness, and if my guess is right, there should also be other treasures within the vicinity."

Chapter 944: There's No Right or Wrong

"There's other treasures around?" Lu Yun blinked.

Heavenfall and Worldcarver were ultimate chaos treasures of the same level. They'd absorbed a constant stream of energy from the chaos, which put them far beyond even the Bell of Chaos—first of all connate treasures in the world—in terms of might and power. A treasure born of the chaos and filled with the energy of its home was far stronger than a treasure born of nature.

However, Heavenfall and Worldcarver were the only ones known by modern day beings now. Worldcarver was Pangu's greatest treasure, and Heavenfall came by its fame due to the Flame Emperor of the human race. If there were any other treasures to be found in the general area, then it had to be on the same level as these two.

"Worldcarver appeared here as well," Fuxi said softly when he looked at Lu Yun. "After the great god Pangu found Worldcarver here, he used it to subdue the great wilderness and destroy all of the realm monsters and akasha ghosts that invaded the world."

"Just what are akasha ghosts?" Lu Yun asked once again in front of the Gates of the Abyss. "Zhi Guangji said that they're manifestations of great emperor resentment, but the thing in Mount Buzhou that's taken your place says that akasha ghosts are beings from the chaos and oppose our realm."

On their way into hell, Ge Long, Qing Yu, and the little fox paused to look at Fuxi.

"Both explanations are right." Fuxi nodded. "They're both correct. Akasha ghosts are indeed the manifestations of lingering great emperor resentment, and they're also creatures of the chaos. They are opposed to us because it pertains to their survival. If they want to live, they must destroy any world that is born in the chaos.

"They can live only in the chaos—the energy of a world is poison to them. What we mean by a world is the heaven and earth of the realm we operate in. A realm is such a wondrous thing. It grows without pause once it appears and continuously devours the chaos. If nothing changes about this situation, the boundless chaos that we are surrounded by will one day disappear, having been consumed into a vast world that stretches on without end.

“At that point, the creatures of the chaos will vanish completely, lacking even the chance to be reborn into a living being of the world. This is why they wish to destroy our realm. The akasha ghosts aren’t their true form either, just the shape they manifest in due to lingering malice and resentment after the countless wars we have waged throughout history.

“A myriad of worlds was once born in the chaos, and the creatures here employed a variety of methods to ensure that they all died or became their realm monsters to eradicate other burgeoning realms.

“There’s nothing right or wrong about their ways, it’s a simple difference in perspective. They desperately wish to survive, but so do we wish to live,” Fuxi murmured to himself. “There are survivors from the other worlds that once existed—Hongjun is one of them. Though his cultivation level exceeded creator realm, he was unable to preserve his homeland in the end.

“They made their moves when our world was first born. Many chaos realm demon gods flocked to their banner, betraying our realm and becoming cancerous tumors instead. That was why I made up my mind to locate Heavenfall and destroy them.” Here, Fuxi paused to look at Lu Yun. “You were too soft hearted... much of that poison remains.”

Lu Yun fell silent. He hadn’t been able to bear consigning all of the demon gods to oblivion.

“Asura’s extinction isn’t to balance out human dao, is it? He’s there to kill those who have turned traitor and serve the beings of the chaos?” He suddenly thought one of these details through.

“That’s right.” Fuxi nodded. Asura was one of their pieces, and they’d even been the ones to arrange for him stealing Arbiter’s opportunity in the Blood Sea.

The overwhelming obsession with annihilation in his heart didn’t belong to Asura or the Blood Sea, but to Arbiter. Arbiter and Eternal were indeed connate demon gods, but they were the same as Hongjun—survivors of a world that’d once existed in the chaos. However, their cultivation level was far inferior to Hongjun’s, so they could only be reborn as connate demon gods.

Arbiter’s violent tendencies ran too deep. If she’d been reborn in the Blood Sea and drank in the bloodthirst found in its waters, she would’ve immediately erupted with devastating power. Unable to control her urge for a massacre, she would’ve slaughtered every being in the great wilderness down to the last worm.

“Only in transferring Arbiter’s desire for revenge and complete devastation to Asura could we pull the wool over the enemy’s eyes. He could safely develop this way and ultimately possess the strength to excise those cancerous tumors.”

But since Lu Yun hadn’t thoroughly destroyed demon god fortunes, that afforded them some breathing space. Even Asura was gradually corrupted for good during this time, so Daoist Yuyu and the others had had no choice but to quarter and suppress him to slowly wear away his lust for annihilation. Meanwhile, the blood demon became another one of Fuxi’s pawns that brought Lu Yun back to the great wilderness.

Many of Lu Yun’s nagging questions found their respective answers during their discussion.

“However, there are many parties who have made plans in the world of immortals. We’re just one of them,” Fuxi elaborated. “Though our goals are the same, our viewpoints are different. Therefore, some

of our plans may conflict with each other. Ergo, you must be careful of them since they won't mind removing you to make sure their plans come to fruition."

"Ah, right, where are the creatures that live in the chaos?" Lu Yun asked. "I don't think I've ever seen any of them."

"We are still within range of our world's territorial presence. The energy of a world encompasses this part of the chaos, so none of its native inhabitants are willing to come close. Besides, they can enter the world of immortals by manifesting as an akasha ghost.

"Realm monsters were once most numerous in the chaos, but all of them were destroyed after that war. If my guesses are right, there should still be a few connate demon gods lurking around who haven't died yet."

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Lu Yun didn't ask further, he already knew everything he should know and stored the tomb inside hell. Though its layout was broken, its core remained and would develop another chaos dao fruit if it were repaired.

This patch of the void returned to the chaos with the departure of the tomb, but Lu Yun adroitly picked up on a bit more hint of life here compared to other areas of the chaos.

"No wonder, no wonder... If I've got this right, the chaos here will disperse after our realm is destroyed and give birth to another world!"

Both Heavenfall and Worldcarver had appeared here. According to Fuxi's speculations, more treasures should reside in the surroundings.

"But... how do I find them?" Lu Yun was at a loss. The chaos wasn't dirt that could be dug up. Since there was no concept of dimension here and the hazy gray around them shifted and phased in and out of reality, there was no tangible matter that he could work with.

Perhaps the treasures were in the same plane as him, or they were on another dimension entirely. He'd be completely stumped if that were the case.

Chapter 945: Chaos Dragon

As Lu Yun's replica had once sat in the middle of hell and completely refined it from inside out, the experts residing in hell could no longer pierce through the netherworld to view the outside world.

Qing Yu and the little fox were both inside hell—Lu Yun didn't want them to take further risks. In fact, he'd shoved them back in at the last second.

The chaos was too uncanny and dangers lurked around every indistinct corner. The most terrifying of the hidden dangers were the chaos storms. If they ran into one, even the Bell of Chaos would be destroyed.

The tomb layout that'd been present here before had impacted the local chaos to a certain degree. That was why the group hadn't run across any chaos storms on their way here. But now that the tomb had

been withdrawn, it completely exposed the surroundings to any nearby storms again. Lu Yun didn't want Qing Yu and the little fox to run this risk.

As for Lu Yun himself, he'd sat in the chaos before with his primary body protected by the world of the golden spirit pearl. While he'd protected the Dao Flower, he'd passively absorbed the flower's strength and the chaos energy around him.

Though his cultivation realm and level was still lacking, his core essence was far stronger than Xing Chen's. His could be labeled a body of the chaos. If he could obtain a dao fruit suited for him, he'd immediately outstrip what his replica had once been capable of. Thus, a domineering level of strength from Lu Yun was only a matter of time.

And with hell in his grasp, time wasn't an issue for him either.

"If Fuxi could locate the treasures in this area..." He stood in the empty void and sank deep in thought. "...the Dragonquake Scripture!"

He lit up as he recalled one of Fuxi's legacies. The Dragonquake Scripture was a connate method originating from the void. If one wanted to go treasure hunting in this nebulous zone, they would have to rely on the scripture.

To think of the deed was to act, so Lu Yun called upon the Dragonquake Scripture without another thought.

Whoosh!

A beam of gray light rose from his body to form a gray dragon in the chaos. It looked different from the dragon race of the world of immortals or previous great wilderness. It had three heads, three tails, and twelve claws—as if three dragons were intertwined together.

However, it was only one dragon. A complete dragon.

Aouuuu!

A piercing dragon howl rang out in unison from all three heads, clearing the hazy air currents around it. Lu Yun's soul seemed to disassociate from his body and enter the three-headed dragon. He could clearly see everything in the chaos through the eyes of the strange dragon.

"There really is treasure around here!" Lu Yun's head swung in a certain direction before the dragon barreled in the same direction.

Rumble—

The chaos trembled violently as a torrent of air currents formed enormous pillars that scattered in all directions. Rays of cutting sword energy suddenly shot out from below, piercing through the three-headed dragon that Lu Yun had summoned with the Dragonquake Scripture.

A sword gleaming with a frosty glint slowly materialized in the void.

It would be more accurate to call it a blade, since it consisted only of the thinnest sliver of an edge and lacked a grip or a cross-guard. Its edge seemed to swim through the void as gentle water. But to Lu Yun's eyes and consciousness, it remained motionless in the void without movement.

"Am I mistaken?" Lu Yun took a deep breath. A strange thought rose in his mind when he looked at the sword in front of him.

We share a common destiny.

It seemed fated to be his. No one else would be able to claim it. He wouldn't have to refine it upon taking it either—he'd be able to release its strength just by wielding it.

"Worldcarver belonged to Pangu. Fuxi uncovered Heavenfall in the chaos and the imposter brought it back to me, but it should've been God's.

"Then I name this sword... Quietus, the ender of heaven. It looks to have been destined for me from the very beginning." A contented smile spread across Lu Yun's face.

"Hahahaha!! This old man's searched high and low in the chaos for a hundred million years and finally found you today! Come here, my sweet, my precious!" A delighted roar of laughter traveled into Lu Yun's ears.

The youth frowned, but didn't turn back. Instead, he wrapped a hand around the newly named Quietus.

"How dare a peerless immortal brat touch my treasure?!" An elder with graying hair and beard appeared behind Lu Yun. A ruthless sneer crossed his face when he saw the sword in the human's hand—the fury of being offended by an ant.

"A peerless immortal brat?" Lu Yun slowly turned around and smiled superciliously. "Old thing, since when have peerless immortals been able to walk the chaos?"

Shock from the truth of those words startled the gray-robed elder into taking a few steps backward. Even empyrean realm cultivators, those so-called great emperors of the world of immortals couldn't travel here!

Playing the pig to eat a tiger! The elder immediately grasped the implications.

The divine sword that moved like flowing water was plainly a treasure of the same level as Worldcarver and Heavenfall; the third of its kind from the chaos. Since the elder had been nearby, he was the first on the scene when he sensed the ripples of an ultimate treasure about to reveal itself.

But this fellow pretending to be a weakling had been one step ahead of him!

Uncertainty flickered across the elder's face. Though the human youth was only a peerless immortal, he had to be at least chaos realm if he could traverse the chaos. That could only mean that the human's cultivation was far greater than the elder's, since he couldn't see through it.

But was he supposed to just give up the treasure when it was right in front of him?

"This seat has journeyed in the chaos for quite a few years and feels hunger begin to gnaw at me. How fortuitous that you have made a gift of yourself at this time." Lu Yun narrowed his eyes when he saw

reluctance struggle in the elder's expression. He flicked out his tongue and licked his lips with a chuckle. "It's said that when Lie Shan of the human race roasted a connate demon god, that fragrance tempted many a craving of the supreme masters in the great wilderness.

"This seat shall satisfy my curiosity today and see how a connate demon god tastes."

"Lie Shan of the human race? What a familiar name..." The elder hadn't processed Lu Yun's words yet, he was distracted by the mention of Lie Shan.

Rumble!

Lu Yun abruptly deployed the Shapeshifting death art and turned into the image of a dragon—the one he'd summoned with the Dragonquake Scripture earlier.

Three heads, three tails, twelve claws!

"A chaos dragon!" Frightened out of his wits, the elder turned tail and ran in the opposite direction.

"Chaos dragons have arrived in the region!"

Chapter 946: Connate Demon Gods in the Chaos

Chaos dragons!

Lu Yun registered the name with surprise, but didn't react visibly.

His true body was one of the chaos, so when he used the Shapeshifting death art to simulate the three-headed dragon, he became a real chaos dragon in both body and presence.

Upon transforming his physical body, he discovered with delight that while the chaos previously exerted some pressure on him, it now eagerly sought to fuse with him and soaked into his body. He was as if a fish in water, swimming through the hazy gray currents.

However, he could also feel another power looming nearby. It was the antithesis of local energy and continuously tried to corrupt and eat away at the chaos. At the same time, it also tried to devour the chaos dragon's life force.

This is the energy of heaven and earth! Lu Yun was greatly taken aback. Though the power of his world tried to corrode him, it turned into his core energy upon entering his body since he was still Lu Yun at the heart of things. Fuxi was right, which makes this chaos dragon a being of the chaos.

...wait. The Dragonquake Scripture is a method of creatures in this dimension?

Lu Yun took a deep breath. The Dragonquake Scripture far exceeded all of the combat arts and cultivation methods in the current world of immortals. Creatures of the chaos had lived for much longer than his realm. Thus, no one knew to what degree their civilization, combat arts, and cultivation methods had developed to.

A sense of impending doom grew ever sharper in Lu Yun's mind.

It's a very good thing that the energy of the world is anathema to these creatures. They can't march on us in a direct invasion, so they can only try indirect ways... but if I were in their shoes, I would find a way to negate the power of a realm and visit the world of immortals in person.

The energy of a realm was lethal poison to both the chaos natives and infinite tides of dead spirits outside the World Gates. At the same time, this meant that the dead spirits were also a chaos creation. Taking on some chaos attributes made them susceptible to the energy of a world.

The creation of the immortal dao sought to refine the world's energy into an immortal's body, creating a miniature world inside oneself. This was a great dao that Hongjun and the three founders had specifically engineered to target the inhabitants of the chaos.

Likewise, their efforts didn't go unanswered as the enemy sought to destroy the immortal dao just as soon as it was established. They first planted the Dao Tree in the burgeoning dao, then erased the void realm so that future immortals wouldn't be able to craft a world inside their being.

Though Lu Yun had repaired the immortal dao and perpetuated it through the realm, he still felt a very distinct prick of mysterious danger when he transformed into the chaos dragon. He'd been expanding knowledge and innovating dao all along, but so were those in the chaos studying immortal dao. After pouring all these years of effort into chaos and destruction, they'd finally found the true way to curtail the immortal dao.

All things in life complemented and countered each other. The immortal dao would possess its counterpart as well.

Lu Yun didn't linger after his chaos dragon form scared off the elder in gray robes. The matter at hand was to hurry back to the world of immortals and break the curse within the Ascension Pool, to eradicate the last tumor within the immortal dao.

He returned to hell with a quick turn of his body.

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"A chaos dragon ventured into the boundaries of the world and took the third chaos treasure?!" The news immediately spread through the edge of the realm's influence.

Since territory associated with the world of immortals extended into this part of the chaos, connate demon gods who didn't wish to surrender to the humans after the defeat of the celestial court withdrew here to form their own faction.

Given that the immortal dao reigned supreme beneath the heavens, the presence of a world also became the presence of immortal dao. This enabled tendrils of the immortal dao to extend into this part of the chaos. Thus, connate demon gods within this vicinity could observe everything that occurred in the world of immortals.

They were naturally unwilling to return to their homeland. In their eyes, the world of immortals was even more dangerous than their current straits. They could survive in this nebulous dimension, but ambushes and schemes were sure to follow if they returned to the world of immortals. Complete elimination would follow in short order.

The immortals of the world weren't all that strong; in fact, they were far inferior to those of the great wilderness. The issue laid with too many traps tucked in every nook and cranny—all of them left behind by the preeminent masters of the great wilderness era.

These connate demon gods would be nothing but pawns if they entered the world of immortals, but the arrival of a chaos dragon also sent them into frenzied panic. They'd once ventured outside the boundaries of the realm and ran into chaos dragons and other creatures. After retreating with severe casualties from that encounter, the demon gods had possessed a deep fear of their neighbors ever since.

Thankfully, denizens of the chaos didn't dare approach this part of the void since the energy of a world was their fatal weakness. The appearance of a chaos dragon to the contrary and seizure of the third chaos treasure suffocated the demon gods with dread.

"You say he mentioned Lie Shan?" A human figure sparkling with golden radiance frowned sternly at the gray-robed elder.

"Yes, he did. He said that Lie Shan of the human race once roasted a connate demon god, so he wanted to give it a try as well," the elder answered hesitantly. The man in front of him was too magnificent, he wasn't someone that a demon god born in the human dao period could ever hope to aspire to!

During the era of human dao, connate demon gods who were unwilling to submit to human rule also made their way to the chaos. The human dao filled the world then, causing new demon gods to be born in human form.

The shimmering figure in front of them was a connate demon god from the great wilderness, one of Haotian's celestial kings. He was the leader of the numerous connate demon gods in the chaos—Qiang Liang.

Qiang Liang frowned slightly at the demon gods beside him. "Lie Shan... Flame Emperor of the human race. Do even the creatures of the chaos know his name and his feats?"

"It looks like we must meet this Flame Emperor if we wish to live on. I hope... that he is different from the great emperors of the human dao."

The Flame Emperor had fought only twice in the battle to conquer the heavens. The first time to break the guardian formation at the peak of Mount Buzhou, the second time to destroy Kunlun Mountain and destroy the celestial court's foundations.

Qiang Liang had kept to himself when serving at the celestial court, emerging in public only when the bugles of war sounded. He was unfamiliar with this legendary human emperor.

"Milord, do you mean..." one of his subordinates gaped.

"We have left home for too long... it's time that we came back into the fold." Qiang Liang turned to the direction of Mount Xuanhuang in the world of immortals. "I may not know who the Flame Emperor is as a person, but I know that the headmaster of the Dao Academy will not turn us away."

"We must return to the world of immortals if we wish to survive. Otherwise, we will perish when the creatures of the chaos lead the akasha ghosts to the world of immortals again."

Chapter 947.1: A Rendezvous with Death

Lu Yun had no idea what kind of astonishing chain reaction he'd set off by turning into a chaos dragon to intimidate a connate demon god. All he'd wanted was to ensure that he came away with his treasure. But that was a story for the distant future.

Currently, he was in the world of immortals upon returning through hell.

After Xing Chen refined the netherworld, he'd left a door in the Dao Academy that led directly into hell. Lu Yun could immediately disengage from danger if he ever found himself in a tight spot.

He didn't return to Earth or visit Mount Buzhou. The fissure in the depths of Earth's space was no longer important. Creatures from the chaos wouldn't be able to enter through it, even if it was pierced through. All of the preparations they'd laid there were meant for realm monsters. Now that he'd carefully sifted through everything, Lu Yun realized that they'd never run the risk of anything else coming through that particular gap.

The fake Fuxi had purposefully maintained the fissure and painted a false picture of its dangers in order to exhaust the strength of the human sacred land. His eyes were set on Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower. He'd also broken the Great Formation of the Nineheavens Gates and moved the one around the ancestor planet to surreptitiously destroy it elsewhere.

Lu Yun wasn't worried about the Deaf Prince, Houtu, and the others; he'd given them a comprehensive summary a while ago. As premier experts of the world, they would be able to do whatever was necessary to restrain the imposter.

Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower weren't meant to guard the fissure, but to protect the ancestor planet! This was the plan that the real Fuxi had left behind.

As for who the imposter was... Fuxi didn't know either. Perhaps he was a unique chaos creature, or perhaps he was a survivor of a destroyed world like Hongjun and Carmines Eternal and Arbiter. Not every survivor gladly helped other new worlds fight off the chaos when their own had been destroyed. They, too, nursed their own thoughts and motivations.

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The Ascension Pool rested in hell. According to the original plan, Lu Yun had only needed to refine the chaos dao fruit, absorb the curse into his body, then easily cleanse it with hellfire. Given the direction of his actions, he would now have to expend greater effort to break the curse against great emperors.

Sitting cross-legged beneath the Karmic Tree, Lu Yun hefted the core essence of the Ascension Pool with his hands. Hellfire billowed forth beside him to flood into the treasure. With the flames of hell as the base, he projected Pangu and God charging into the treasure, respectively wielding Worldcarver and Heavenfall, to attack that dreadful existence.

He'd identified the heart of the curse as a terrifying concoction of malice and evil. It was an enormously strong living being, and its spite and animosity weren't the result of resentment or a desire for vengeance. It was just pure, unadulterated evil. Since it hadn't managed to find happiness or contentment, it wanted all of life to be the same and burn as its funeral pyre.

"What the hell is this to think these kinds of thoughts?? It's cutting off its nose to spite its face!"

Lu Yun knew that this curse originated from the fallen great emperors, but their resentment had only been a conduit. This curse had already existed in the world to begin with, and was brought into full manifestation after the massacre of the great emperors. It was something very similar to the akasha ghosts.

“Emperors Fall not only forged a bloody immortal dao, but was also exploited by many other parties, such as the akasha ghost and this horrific curse.”

A legion of Lu Yun’s projections charged into the Ascension Pool, but were all destroyed the moment they rushed in. Thankfully, this was hell. The six paths of his nascent spirit hovered overhead, feeding him endless energy to create his projections. In addition, the kingdom of hell also imbued him with sufficient strength so he wouldn’t be injured in the appalling backlash.

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“AHHHHHH!!”

“Kill! Kill! KILL!!” Bloodcurdling shrieks suddenly rang throughout hell.

The four evil coffins guarding the four corners shook furiously in response, and the four swords resting within shot out. Shifting into four sword gates, they stood erect at the abyss of the netherworld.

Stark-white arms stretched out of the void, attempting to smash the almost intangible prison around them. Hell trembled and quaked from the blows.

Dusk Province.

The sword formation protecting the land materialized in the skies, flooding the Dao Academy with tyrannical strength and sending it through the door that led to the netherworld. A tidal wave of energy streamed through to reinforce the four sword gates.

Ge Long took to the air and stared into the abyss. His face darkened as two sharp beams of light exploded from his eyes.

“Are they trying to break free?” murmured the blood demon as he joined Ge Long. He’d been probing the depths of this unknown since returning from the great wilderness, even to the point of ignoring some of the plans he’d left behind in the world of immortals. All he wanted to do was to find what he’d once lost here.

“They really are the source of the curse.” Instead of answering, Ge Long’s forehead drew tightly together and rays of keen sword energy exploded from his figure.

Four more Ge Longs walked out of the sword gates, each of them highly alert and wearing flamboyant red robes. All of them wielding their own swords, enormous killing intent raged from all five.

Furious howls emitting from the void heightened in intensity as numerous faces appeared in the air. These were very different from the entities in white that Lu Yun had fought last time.

The white entities had been traitors from the human dao era, imprisoned for their acts of treason. The faces appearing now, however, were from the first batch of prisoners in these dungeons—the one that’d once sat beneath the Sea of Hellfire in the netherdark.

The creators of the curse were those prisoners that were still confined here. They threw themselves in a maddened dash for freedom upon discovering that Lu Yun was attempting to dispel their curse. They wouldn't allow the master of hell to succeed, but Ge Long's four gates stood in their way and bore the brunt of their impact head-on.

Other traitors of the human dao and the entities of white were the first casualties in the line of the prisoners' crazed charge.

Carmines Eternal and Arbiter swiftly deployed their strength when they rushed to the scene, joining their efforts with Ge Long to quell the insurrection. No one knew where these prisoners came from, why they were kept here, and who'd brought them here. In the era of human dao, various leaders of the human race had followed the Great Emperor of the Eastern Peak on more than one excursion into the void beneath the Sea of Hellfire, to learn more about its inhabitants. Their only conclusion was that this punishment was well deserved.

Those guilty of the most heinous crimes would only be kept here, never to see the light of day ever again, if they couldn't be executed. Over time, this locale also became home to the human race's most vile criminals.

But currently, the violent entities inside were almost in a complete, berserk rage. If it wasn't for Ge Long's four sword gates and help from the Carmine sisters, the prisoners might very well have won their bid for freedom.

Chapter 947.2: A Rendezvous with Death

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Lu Yun remained wholly unmoved. Copies of Pangu and God wielding Worldcarver and Heavenfall streamed out of hellfire and entered the core essence of the Ascension Pool, where a giant ghostly face snarled and roared, defying everything that Lu Yun sent into it.

His projections deployed all of the combat arts that he knew, charging fearlessly at the terrifying face with a no-holds-barred momentum.

This face was different from the ghostly faces of the akasha ghosts. Those looked like they were both crying and laughing, as if a child had clumsily drawn on their features with a brush. The face in front of them, however, was black and leered with a malevolent grin. Its eyes and mouth were the color of blood and rays of bloody light emanated from it, cutting down all of the projections that Lu Yun sent.

"This isn't working, Pangu and God are somehow not enough against it... What has it experienced for it to be so strong?" Lu Yun halted his attacks and sat cross-legged beneath the Karmic Tree, sinking into deep thought.

"Why do you project God and Pangu?" The little fox popped up from an indiscernible spot, munching neatly on a karmic fruit. "Why don't you project yourself? Do you think you're less than Pangu and God?"

"Eh?" Lu Yun started when he heard the question.

“Are you utilizing their true strength when you direct their bodies to deploy your combat arts? In the same vein, are your combat arts coming into play with their full power?” The little fox looked skeptically at Lu Yun.

“I actually used their combat arts just now... but it didn’t make a difference.” Lu Yun shook his head slightly.

His nascent spirit observation method had been perfected long ago and reached unfathomable peaks. If he projected God and Pangu, then he manifested their strength and combat arts as well. However, that hadn’t made a difference against that enormous ghost face.

“Project myself?” Lu Yun chuckled ruefully. “I can’t.”

“Huh?” A piece of karmic fruit fell out of the little fox’s mouth as she gaped at the youth. She also practiced Lu Yun’s nascent spirit observation method and knew how strong the method was. Thus, she’d never imagined that this would be the answer.

He can’t project himself?

“I don’t know who I am. Am I the Flame Emperor? Or Headmaster Lu Yun of the Dao Academy?” A lost look floated up in Lu Yun’s eyes. “They’re both me, but they’re two different identities that belong to two different eras. I... can’t observe myself with my own nascent spirit method.”

Frowning slightly, he sank into deep resignation.

“Interesting...” The little fox cocked her head and took human form, sitting down cross-legged as well and beginning to meditate.

Puff!

Puff!

Two crisp pops sounded above the little fox’s forehead.

“That really is the case! I can’t project you either!” Her impeccably groomed eyebrows knitted together from the incomprehensible.

“Ge Long and the others won’t hold out for long. There’s only one way to resolve this now—I’ll enter the Ascension Pool myself!” Lu Yun took a deep breath and refocused with determination. Both he and Qing Yu had calculated that he would face incredible danger if he entered the Ascension Pool. It was very possible that he’d die.

But he wouldn’t be able to break the curse if he didn’t go in.

“Don’t venture into the treasure. You won’t be able to dispel the curse even if you did.” Fuxi suddenly appeared beneath the Karmic Tree. He’d spent the past period of time recovering, and there were five others by his side upon his return.

Zither Saint, Art Saint, Gorb Demon, Wayfarer, and a woman Lu Yun had never seen before.

They were the five senses he'd left behind in the future that he'd recollected now to tackle the curse. Though they possessed individual personalities, minds, and thoughts after all this time, they couldn't resist their body's commands when face-to-face with Fuxi.

He could destroy them at any time.

"The five of you will enter the Ascension Pool and destroy the curse upon great emperors. In return, I will sever my connection to you and grant you true freedom. You will break free from the shackles of the five senses and become true life forms," Fuxi said to them.

"Old fart, you were preparing for today when you split us out from you to begin with, weren't you?" Art Saint grumbled with dissatisfaction.

Fuxi nodded slightly without protest.

During Lu Yun's visit to Mount Buzhou, the fake Fuxi had instructed him to find the five senses if he wished to dispel the curse. This was the correct method, but the imposter hadn't wanted to break the curse. He'd wanted to use Lu Yun to eliminate the five senses so that the curse could never be broken.

Lu Yun bowed at the five of them and summoned five karmic fruits with the wave of a hand, offering them as a greeting gift.

"Honorable seniors, though this junior cannot help much, I can ensure your survival," he declared solemnly and took a strand of soul force from each of them. This way, they would be reborn in a Hell Flower even if they died on their mission.

"Ai! It would seem that I'm unable to escape destiny after all, despite keeping a low profile all these years in the mortal world," the woman who was Fuxi's sense of smell sighed mournfully. An immensely refreshing fragrance, lightly scented of flowers, wafted from her whenever she moved.

Lu Yun knew that their casualties would be great after entering the Ascension Pool. The best outcome for them was actually to die with their enemy and be reborn in a Hell Flower. They would be independent souls then, having completely nothing to do with Fuxi.

"If we delve into things, though, our primary body has sacrificed a great deal for plans that have culminated today. We are all derived from his soul-parts. If he can offer up his body for this realm, how can we prove to be any lesser?"

"What joy is there in living? What sorrow is there in dying? We all return to the dust in the end." Zither Saint laughed heartily and entered the Ascension Pool in one large stride.

Out of Fuxi's five senses, the Zither Saint and Wayfarer were closest to his personality. Wayfarer had already entered the treasure without a word to anyone—nary a reaction or final farewell. The remaining three looked dolefully at each other, then suddenly grinned broadly.

"Kid, remember to prepare the finest food for my triumphant return! Roasted connate demon god would be best, I want to eat my fill!" Bringing up the rear, the Gorb Demon waved dashingly before disappearing from view.

Lu Yun took a glance at the sea of Hell Flowers—there were five new true souls sleeping in their flowers.

Fuxi's senses had perished the moment they walked in, but the curse's unearthly shrieks were also no more.

Chapter 948: Prosperous Glory of Immortal Dao

The final tumor within the immortal dao had been excised!

It truly illuminated the multiverse now and traversed heaven and earth, becoming the overlord of the realm. A pillar of profoundly arcane light rose from Mount Xuanhuang to envelop the world, cosmos, Earth in another pocket of space, and the root of this realm.

"He did it," murmured the two scarlet apes of the North Sea.

"Immortal dao really is the dao of all now. We monster spirits finally have a chance to lift our heads and come out into the light." However, melancholy drifted into Goldenlight's eyes. "To think... that it would still be the humans who facilitated our race's rise in the end."

"Humans are the sovereigns of the world and the spiritual leader of all things," Silverlight answered faintly. "There's a reason they accomplished this."

Goldenlight fell silent. His cultivation, along with his dao partner's, was increasing at a rapid clip. It rammed through shackle after shackle and soared to their prime, then slowed its rate of ascension, but still continued onward.

Every being and everything in the world of immortals thrived for a timeless moment of joyous harmony. Even rubble in the cosmos outside the world of immortals flared with exuberant vitality. The ruined husks of destroyed worlds and sterile space itself showed signs of revitalization.

In contrast, countless dead spirits keened with agony in this transformed realm, while back on Mount Buzhou, the fake Fuxi brooded ominously.

He hadn't thought that Lu Yun would completely grasp his plans and be one step ahead of him. Now that the immortal dao was fully repaired, restored, and reconnected throughout the realm, intricate plots carefully crafted through countless eons were instantaneously nullified.

The Blood Sea in the southwest of Life Province in Nephrite Major boiled over as innumerable creatures roared and snarled, venting their rage and opposition to the new status quo. In the battlefields of the yet-unconquered Witherdew Major, an enormous ghostly face suddenly formed in the sky, screeching defiantly at the heavens.

When the immortals fighting in Witherdew Major saw the face that seemed to be both laughing and crying, they immediately fled the major in a panicked retreat.

There were akasha ghosts in Witherdew Major!

Thus revealed to the world, the akasha ghosts took over Witherdew Major with the fastest speed possible.

The unexpected also occurred in the ten lands as towering figures suddenly floated out of the central tombs in each facet. Standing in the middle of their respective territories, the ten figures declared their utmost authority over the land.

Many races could be found among these ten magnificent figures—divine, monster spirit, demon, dragon, phoenix, qilin, tortoise, Black Turtle, White Tiger, and torch dragon as denoted by the tiny flame on its forehead.

They were the strongest experts of their race and all were chaos realm. They'd been resting in the tombs of the ten lands, awakened moments ago by the emergence of the completed immortal dao. From Xuan Yuan's tomb, however, emerged the guardian of the human race—the first torch dragon beneath the heavens and the one that Lu Yun had once watched over.

Lu Yun hadn't been the Flame Emperor when he first met the torch dragon, and neither had he been Lie Shan. Thus, the dragon hadn't recognized him, but that'd changed with Lu Yun's return from the great wilderness. It was then that the torch dragon learned who the infinitely small human that'd once protected him was.

Emperor Xuanyuan of the human race slept peacefully in a Hell Flower, awaiting his eventual revival. He'd scattered along the wind in order to aid the creation of Xing Chen and currently existed only in the tendril of soul force that Lu Yun had taken from the great wilderness.

A myriad of plans and contingencies from the Primeval Era fully activated upon the immortal dao's rebirth, revealing themselves to seize the advantage of being first and resonating with the immortal dao to welcome a new age of peace and prosperity.

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"The immortal dao encompasses the world now and supports this realm. There is no further reason for our underworld to exist." The four holy kings looked at each other and smiled with the relief of impending release.

"The world of immortals is affecting the underworld as well. It won't be long before our domain transforms into a land of life. We will be fully alive then, instead of the living dead," Holy King Desolation laughed heartily. "Our denizens will be just as alive as the citizens of the world at large, and all of the dead and yin spirits here will be annihilated."

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"A flower must bloom and wither for it to bear fruit, only today do I know that I am me." In a rundown wooden shack on the ancestor planet, "Lu Yun" put down his bowl and chopsticks with a loud clatter. He threw his head back with a long peal of laughter. "A hard job well done, fellow daoist."

Silence reigned after the spontaneous reflection; Lu Yun of Dusk Province spoke no more.

His voice would never sound in the realm, ever again.

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The chaos also resonated with the immortal dao, and the influence of the realm doubled in size to extend further into this nebulous region. A fourth treasure of the chaos slowly began to form where Fuxi's tomb had once stood.

“Milord, when do we return to the world of immortals?” Many connate demon gods were gathered around Qiang Liang in anxious urgency. Not only was the possibility of becoming a great emperor available from this new immortal dao, but so was the chance of becoming a creator to be gleaned.

“There’s no rush.” Qiang Liang shook his head. “We return after the great war begins in eighty years.”

There was no passage of time in the chaos, but it existed in the world of immortals. These demon gods from the great wilderness likewise possessed a sense of time, so the chaos was thus impacted by their perspective.

“We almost became sinners of the world, so we must atone for our mistakes with our return. That war will be the most ideal opportunity.”

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Thriving prosperity greeted the eye everywhere one looked in the world of immortals. Plans carefully laid from the Primeval Era gradually came to fruition in this moment, creating an atmosphere that the core figures of the world were about to return to the nine majors, ten lands, and four immortal seas.

In contrast, the remaining eight celestial courts of the nine majors that’d once dominated the world seemed rather sidelined. Bereft of any better option, the courts had to extend olive branches to the Dao Academy. Overnight, the so-called peak factions of the world were also rendered as commonplace and ordinary as could be. They, too, shed themselves of their previous pride and arrogance.

These masters from the Primeval Era were too terrifying! Though their combat arts and cultivation methods were far inferior to those found in the current world of immortals, their foundations ran incredibly deep and their understanding of cultivation outstripped all contemporaries.

Nephrite Celestial Emperor Zhao Shengguang voluntarily stripped the title of “celestial king” from his name and renamed himself Nephrite Lord Zhao Shengguang. The other seven celestial emperors quickly followed his example as no one dared call themselves a celestial emperor in front of these astounding Primeval Era existences.

The lord of Exalted Major was... Dongfang Hao.

Modern day divines supported him as he possessed the heritage of the ancient divine court. Thus, the Exalted Major became divine race territory.

Lu Yun disseminated his book of history to the world through the Dao Academy, fully detailing the ages of the great wilderness, human dao, and immortal dao. The fog of the unknown and confusion was thus swept away from the realm’s history.

Classes in ethics and conduct, as well as history, were added to the academy’s required curriculum. Disciples were tested at regular intervals, along with knowledge of combat arts and secret methods, on their grasp of morality and honor. Lu Yun had no desire to graduate unprincipled students who’d lost their humanity. Before one could reach for the stars, one had to learn how to be a proper being.

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Once the source of the curse was eradicated from the Ascension Pool, the prisoners at the edge of hell slowly settled back down. However, Lu Yun sensed residual bitterness from the abyss. Those things would stir up trouble again sooner or later.

Ge Long and the blood demon sat at the edge this time, keeping the newly agitated prisoners under control.

“Blood demon, didn’t you leave any backup plans for yourself or alternatives?” Lu Yun sat on one of the evil coffins and looked at the demon.

“My backup plan was the Hadal Bonfire, which that Venerated brat happily made off with. Some random bastard collected the newly reborn Blood Sea, and Fuxi and those damned akasha ghosts used my Skandha Extinction Tomb.

“I also have an Ichor Bog somewhere, but if my guess is right, the fake Fuxi in Mount Buzhou has claimed it,” the blood demon continued moodily, “As for my four blood demons... you harvested them, kid. And the four coffins...”

He looked at Ge Long, who chuckled without a word. If the blood demon hadn’t manifested physically thanks to Rearbow’s immense strength and seen a corresponding rise in his own, he probably would’ve wanted to smash himself to death on a block of tofu.

“Lastly, my disciple Ji Du! I don’t know how many resources I poured into him so that he could become a demon god, but he’s now the lord of demon dao beneath the immortal dao!”

Lu Yun strove mightily to contain his laughter.

“These are yours.” He raised a hand and sent two streaks of bloody light to the blood demon.

“Yuantu, Abi!” The blood demon brightened visibly.

The two treasures had belonged to Darkriver, but Lu Yun had taken them after the battle with Darkriver and Luo Houluo. Returning them to the blood demon now was just putting property back in the hands of its rightful owner.

These two connate treasures were weapons of great slaughter. Born of the Blood Sea, they should’ve belonged to Arbiter, however, Darkriver had later claimed them.

“I’d thought these two treasures were lost in that prison, but to think that you’d be in possession of them,” grumbled the blood demon. He’d tried breaking into that part of the void and entering a specific cell to scrounge for his treasures because he’d felt their presence there.

“That was a trap, one set by those things to lure you over,” Ge Long said coldly with a glance at the blood demon.

The blood demon fell sheepishly silent.

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“This is that pathetic monster spirit sacred land?” A group of overwhelmingly powerful monster spirits walked the waves to Levitating Island. They stopped in front of the hovering landmass, regarding it with derision.

“Two scarlet apes dare establish a sacred land for monster spirits? You court death! Get out here and get on your knees!”

Boom!

One of them raised a tidal wave with a casual wave and smashed it down on Levitating Island. The tiny movement encompassed a prodigious force that shattered the island’s protective formation with one blow.

“Who dares attack the sacred land of Levitating Island?!”

Humm—

A black club stretched out from the island interior and broke the great wave apart. A muscular man dressed in silver armor appeared in mid air, brandishing the black club and scanning the group of visitors with a menacing glare.

“How dare a mewling silverback gorilla raise his voice in front of us?” The monster spirit who’d made the attack was a young man with a dark green scale embedded between his brows. He sneered with frosty killing intent as he looked at the island defender.

“Who dares? We dare, get on your knees!” The young man stretched out a hand and pointed at the silverback gorilla. “Remember my name, Prince Lu Fuyao of the divine monster spirit Qingfu Nation!”

The finger seemed as if an entire world as it bore down on Yuan Tong.

Eyes widened with effort, Yuan Tong roared and shoved his metal club at the finger.

Craaaack.

This enormous metal club refined by the Dao Academy broke apart into tiny pieces from that singular point.

Chapter 949: The New Dao Immortal Realm

Yuan Tong was the silverback gorilla that’d fought by Lu Yun’s side at the last Sovereign Rankings; he was a disciple of the academy now.

His strength had leapt forward after setting foot on the path of immortality from the void realm, and he was now a peak peerless immortal. After comprehending the dao immortal realm, he only needed to enter the cosmos to pluck his cosmic dao fruit to break through once again.

This Prince Lu Fuyao of the Qingfu Nation, however, was a bonafide dao immortal. A star rested within his body, constantly releasing vast and magnificent energy. He’d almost formed a world with just a casual wave alone.

The dao immortal realm now wasn’t what it’d once been. After Lu Yun and Qing Yu’s joint repairs, it’d been reborn with some changes to it.

It'd once possessed three realms—ether, arcane, and origin dao immortal. With the destruction of the Dao Tree, those dao fruits no longer existed. The path of ascension now was to enter space, locate the star most compatible with the immortal, and refine it into a dao fruit. One would continue to rise through the cultivation realms if they continued to refine this dao fruit. There was no need to enter the cosmos a second time.

The dao immortal realm had been repartitioned into four levels—High Immortal of the Great Firmament, Golden Immortal of Grand Unity, Arcane Immortal of Nine Heavens, and Supreme Immortal of Original Order!

These four were stronger than the previous three realms and melded perfectly with the void realm. The internal world within void-ascended immortals was an impeccable match with the cosmic dao fruits, and the two would come together as an almost tangible world.

High Immortal of the Great Firmament was a realm almost on par with the previous peak arcane void-ascended dao immortal. Lu Fuyao was a peak high immortal, placing him a single step below a Golden Immortal of Grand Unity. How could an insignificant peerless immortal like Yuan Tong put up any fight against him?

The silverback gorilla crumbled into dust at almost the same time with his metal club.

“Senior brother!!” Monster spirit disciples of the Dao Academy wailed when they saw Yuan Tong die. “You will die for killing my senior brother!”

These monster spirit disciples hailed from Levitating Island to begin with and were on an excursion back home to search for great tombs and treasures hidden within the North Sea. Such was the mission of tempering and trial that the Dao Academy had given them.

They'd only just set foot on the floating island when they heard uncouth jeering and insults in the perimeter outside. Hot-headed Yuan Tong quickly lost his temper and charged back out.

No one had imagined that he'd die after one quick move.

Grief and rage gripped the other academy disciples, but they'd also clearly assessed the enemy's strength. Prince Lu Fuyao wasn't the strongest of the group, but even he'd snuffed out Yuan Tong with a single finger.

“Heh, heh. Now aren't those two who dare call themselves monster spirit ancestors the strong and silent type... In that case, this prince will kill a few more!” Lu Fuyao smirked to see no response from Levitating Island. He stretched out his finger again and pointed at the dozen remaining academy disciples.

They were both academy disciples and subjects of Levitating Island. However, there was no reaction forthcoming from the monster spirit sacred land, as if it didn't care about its own dying on the front doorstep.

Boom!

Nearby seawater suddenly exploded and formed an enormous giant of water in the air. It punched out and scattered Lu Fuyao's point, then froze as a man with white hair dressed in white robes walked out. He glared frostily at the Qingfu party and flared his aura—he was a Golden Immortal of Grand Unity!

“Senior Wellspring!” The academy disciples turned to him like a drowning man floundering for a log of wood. “They killed Senior Yuan Tong!”

Wellspring was one of the fiends originally from the Skandha Range. He'd once protected Lu Yun in the North Sea and had joined the Dao Academy to be one of the guardians of demonic dao. Born of connate water energy, he would've had a chance to become a connate demon god in the era before the immortal dao. But upon the immortal dao's establishment, no further connate demon gods were born in the world.

That didn't diminish his strength in the least. Though he was in the second level of the new dao immortal realm, he was one of the greatest among his peers.

“How dare you kill an academy disciple for no reason?! No matter who you are, you will die for this transgression!” roared Wellspring, blasting piercingly cold air from his figure and freezing a layer of frost over the nearby waters and Levitating Island behind him.

“Academy disciple? Is that supposed to be worth anything?” No regret appeared in Lu Fuyao's face when he heard that the silverback gorilla had been a member of the Dao Academy. In fact, his expression twisted with momentarily satiated bloodlust. “Killing one is the same as killing them all... Go!”

He stepped back as his three guards—also Golden Immortals of Grand Unity—leered and swooped down on Wellspring.

They were monster spirits, the purest of their race who'd once created an unparalleled nation only for their kind. Primal savagery marked their moves; they had no intention of meeting Wellspring one-on-one in a fair fight.

“All of you, stick close to me.” Wellspring didn't panic to see the enemy come at him from three different directions. He grasped at empty air, forming a trident of frost from the layers of ice beneath him and beckoning it into his hands.

CRACKLE!

The frozen sea broke apart into a million icy shards. The trident directed them into a tornado of frost that churned toward the three Golden Immortals of Grand Unity.

“Three feral animals dare show their claws in front of me?! Die!!” Wellspring was a great demon who'd once turned the North Sea court upside down! Though there was a bounty on his head, he'd lived through life as carefree as could be.

Now that he'd joined the Dao Academy and practiced its cultivation methods, his strength was head and shoulders above his former capabilities. In his eyes, though these three monster spirits were very strong, they were just wild strays. He wouldn't be afraid of ten of them mobbing him at once, to say nothing of three.

Rumble—

Wellspring crashed into the three monsters and the dreadful tornado swept through half of the North Sea with stunning killing intent.

“What, what is this? He’s on the same level as us, so why is his combat art so strong??” Color drained out of the three monster spirits’ faces the moment they collided with Wellspring. They were absolutely certain that if this had been a one-on-one fight, they’d already be dead.

It was the combat art! Theirs were too crude in comparison!

While there was nothing the three could do about Wellspring’s combat art, he ripped through everything they sent at him in the blink of an eye.

Whoosh!

The tornado of frost brutally scoured the void and sent the three immortals flying. Walking over sheets of ice, Wellspring bore down on Lu Fuyao.

“It was you who killed Yuan Tong earlier, wasn’t it?” His eyes now crystals of ice, two gusts of arctic air blasted out from Wellspring’s eyes.

“Kill him!” Lu Fuyao roared and sent an Arcane Immortal of Nine Heavens by his side into action.

Chapter 950: Laying Plans

Lu Yun’s Xing Chen replica had transformed into the cosmos after mending the immortal dao while Qing Yu remade the dao immortal realm. In the process, the nine connate spirit roots perfectly melded into the immortal dao and injected colossal vitality into it. This prevented the obsolescence of the previous dao immortals and beings at even higher cultivation levels.

The reformation of the dao immortal realm and immortal dao as a whole also reshaped their cultivation levels. Even the demon god survivors in the chaos benefited from this change. They who had lived under the primitive great dao or human dao were accepted by the improved immortal dao and slowly transformed into immortals of the new order.

Qingfu Nation citizens had always lived in the great tomb of Mist Land. Their cultivation realms were also recast when the immortal dao suffused heaven and earth. In other words, their strength didn’t diminish as a result of all the changes during their long seclusion, but increased greatly instead. They, too, smoothly became new members of the immortal dao.

The Arcane Immortal of the Nine Heavens was an elder with green hair and a green glow in his eyes. His brewing presence was also far above his cultivation level.

“So you want to kill a prince of my glorious nation? You can die first!”

Boom.

He slapped his hand downward and formed a deep-green hand of pure force in the air. Wreathed by noxious fumes, it poisoned everywhere it passed through.

Startled, Wellspring beat a hasty retreat.

“An immortal of poison dao!” His expression darkened.

Poison dao was one of the disciplines of the academy, Su Xiaoxiao was one example who was a master of both. She was the dean of medicine dao and a sovereign of poison dao. However, Wellspring had studied neither of them, so he was powerless when facing it in battle.

“Hahaha!!” The immortal of poison brayed with laughter and walked toward Wellspring through the air. Everywhere he passed through turned dark green—even the air. A poison beast of inky-green slowly materialized on his head.

Though he didn’t know how to immediately counter the poison, Wellspring didn’t give up the fight. He defended himself as best he could and called upon formula dao, trying to find a way to resolve this poison.

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“Why are the two ancestors still unmoved?!” The academy disciples turned ghastly pale to see how still and silent Levitating Island remained.

Though they’d joined the Dao Academy, they’d done so under the two ancestors’ orders. They’d never intended to sever their relationship to Levitating Island, even after they passed the examinations for the inner academy and chose a master from the teachers there. They’d fed back numerous cultivation methods and combat arts from the Dao Academy—an act that Lu Yun hadn’t forbidden. In fact, he encouraged academy disciples to share as much knowledge as possible.

Only in this way would the world of immortals grow stronger.

But now that they were being attacked right outside Levitating Island, their old home remained completely unaffected. This was devastating in more ways than one!

The monster spirit ancestors were tremendously strong and had long returned to their prime. It would be a simple, easy task if they wanted to save their juniors. In fact, the other monster spirits on Levitating Island had also seen their strength grow by leaps and bounds. They were possibly not any weaker than these Qingfu immortals.

But everyone had stood quietly by and watched Yuan Tong be beaten to death, while the rest of the academy disciples fell into dire straits. It gave rise to a strange bleakness in their hearts.

“The two ancestors wish for the monster spirits to rise up and be an independent faction within the immortal dao... They wish for conflict to develop between the Dao Academy, this Qingfu Nation, and the Primeval Era forces rising in the ten lands. We are sacrificial lambs for this cause.” Despair flashed through the face of a young girl watching Lu Fuyao approach them.

They all recalled how Levitating Island had issued this mission for the North Sea. It turned out that everything was a plot. Their home had known that monster spirits from Mist Land would come, so they’d lured academy disciples here in hopes that the two would clash against each other. Levitating Island would profit handsomely from the hostilities of others.

It was also no accident that Wellspring was here.

“Are they not afraid of the headmaster’s rage?!”

“The two ancestors should be the strongest experts there are beneath great emperor... they aren’t afraid of any retribution at all. In fact, they might even ally with Mist Land...” another disciple answered in a trembling voice.

They were all inner academy disciples with extraordinary potential and high intelligence. It only took slight analysis for them to identify the situation at hand.

The two scarlet apes were highly ambitious not for themselves, but for the entire monster spirit race. Though the immortal dao was the dao of all now, they still desired to carve out an age of glory from it that belonged to the monster spirits alone. The Dao Academy... was their greatest obstacle!

Monster spirits had once been split into two major camps—Levitating Island and those of the ten lands. After plans laid from the Primeval Era came into fruition in the ten lands, ten ancient personages awoke in their tombs. An enormous monster spirit at peak grand pure realm from Mist Land collected all of the monster spirits in those territories.

The ten lands now represented the ten greatest races beneath the heavens. They’d been laying their plans since the Primeval Era—humans included. Now that the immortal dao traversed the heavens and the curse against great emperors was no longer, their ambitions stirred to conquer the world. Each of them wished to imitate the humans of the Primeval Era and be the sovereign of this eon.

The Dao Academy was also their obstacle.

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“The headmaster won’t care about the lives of a few disciples, but senior brother Yuan Tong and senior Wellspring are his acquaintances... If something happens to them—” murmured the monster spirit girl from earlier. “The two ancestors have made a mistake. Based on the kind of person the headmaster is, he will destroy Levitating Island at all cost!

“This can’t happen! We must ask the two ancestors to take the field for the sake of Levitating Island. All will be lost if senior Wellspring dies here too!” Determination flashed across the girl’s face.

“Hold that prince off, I’ll alert the ancestors!” She suddenly shot toward the island.

“Be careful, senior sister Lan!” The remaining thirteen immediately deployed combat arts together and faced off against the approaching Lu Fuyao.

“Want to run?” A cold sneer blossomed on the prince’s face. “Die!” He stretched out a hand and pointed again, aiming for the back of the fleeing girl.

“Protect senior sister Lan!” The thirteen directed their combat arts forward and charged the prince.

They were all peerless immortals ascended from the void realm, thus bringing incredible strength to bear from a tiny battle formation they laid out together.

Face snapping with shock, Lu Fuyao whirled backward at the sudden threat and punched out at the formation.

Boom!!

An enormous collision rang through the air and shattered Wellspring's seal of ice over the area. The thirteen disciples spat out mouthfuls of blood as they flew backward.

"Since you want to die so badly, this prince will send you on your way!" Baring his teeth with bloodlust, green scales grew out of his skin.