

## **Necropolis 971**

### **Chapter 971: Light the Color of Blood**

Chinks had appeared in the defenses of Dustfall Realm's main world and yin spirits had come flooding through. Immortals from the world of immortals jointly set up a boundary of heaven and earth and barely managed to protect the last sanctuary of this world. It was only ten thousand kilometers across, but it safeguarded the last hopes of the realm.

There were less than a hundred thousand cultivators and immortals left on the main world, and roughly three hundred thousand ordinary beings. Once this last bastion was destroyed, Dustfall immortals could leave through the descent platform or ascent protocol, but the ordinary beings and cultivators would be lambs to the slaughter.

Dustfall immortals didn't want to give up on this place, and neither did the visitors from the world of immortals. Three Golden Immortals of Grand Unity and one Arcane Immortal of the Nine Heavens had jointly drawn upon their cosmic dao fruits to set up the boundary, but it now teetered on the brink of collapse.

Hideous fissures marked the protections, ripped apart from dead spirits ramming their bodies against the boundary. The energy of a realm was fatal to them, but they were fearless and wanted to destroy the boundary no matter how many of them were obliterated in the process.

Outside the boundary, the rest of the main world began to waste away. It'd already turned into barren debris from countless yin spirits devouring it.

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"The second dao palace will arrive here the moment this main world falls!" Lu Yun made brief speculations when he looked upon the world outside the boundary. He could guess that the palace's main purpose was to collect the energy of this realm. As for what they wanted to do with it... that he couldn't deduce.

The energy of the world was poison to creatures of the chaos. Perhaps they wanted to use it to refine certain treasures to withstand the power of a realm.

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"Waugh—" A piercing shriek suddenly rang out as a scarlet bale spirit led a horde of dead spirits to a nearby crack.

"It's a scarlet! Block it, block it!" Instead of cowering back when they saw the new enemy, the defending immortals charged the spirits in a maddened rush. Rays of brilliant sword light intersected in the void and wove an enormous net that covered the large crack.

This was a small team of seventeen golden immortals led by a peerless immortal. They assembled in a simple sword formation and furiously slaughtered the dead spirits trying to force their way inside.

The scarlet bale spirit made its move at this time, transforming into a streak of bloody shadow that pierced the net and led the dead spirits streaming in through the gap. The sword formation of eighteen immortals instantly fell apart in utter defeat.

“Get out of here!” The peerless immortal waved his hand and sent the golden immortals away. He charged in the opposite direction, straight into the heart of the army of dead spirits with a golden sparkle flickering between his brows.

“Senior brother!!” The seventeen immortals could do nothing against the strength of a peerless one. They’d already flown several thousand kilometers away and wouldn’t make it back in time. They could only watch their senior brother rush forward to detonate himself.

“Self-detonation?” Lu Yun trembled when he saw the scene. He’d always thought that the immortals of the world were very selfish, that they’d always choose to save themselves in the face of certain death. But Luan Qi from earlier and now this peerless immortal changed his mind about this matter.

Self-detonation of the nascent spirit would scatter the soul and true spirit. The peerless immortal wouldn’t even have the chance for reincarnation.

Whoosh!

Lu Yun darted forward and tapped the center of his brows, soothing the agitating nascent spirit that was about to explode. Quietus shot out of its sheath and Lu Yun made three thousand strokes in less than a breath.

A watery ripple seemed to oscillate through the void as all of the dead spirits scattered upon the wind.

“Waugh!!” The scarlet bale spirit roared with rage and flung itself at Lu Yun.

He could clearly see the purple light glimmering through it—it was about to evolve into a purple bale spirit! Sharp claws outstretched, it sought to crush Lu Yun’s sword light to pieces. It arrived in front of Lu Yun the next moment with a pungent tang of blood.

“It’s really strong!” Eyes widening, he grabbed the peerless immortal beside him and slowly backed away. Quietus swung again to deploy a vast dragon of sword qi. Snarling and brandishing its claws, it crashed into the scarlet bale spirit.

Crimson light flashed upon the premises as the spirit disintegrated. Howling defiantly, the dragon shot out of the crack and laid waste to countless dead spirits in the outside world.

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“Zhao Lu thanks this senior brother for saving my life!” The peerless immortal quickly bowed in thanks to the sword immortal dressed in white robes.

“There’s no need to thank me. I wouldn’t have done anything if you’d left those golden immortals behind and tried to save your own life,” Lu Yun responded calmly.

The golden immortals that’d been flung into the distance all came flying back, babbling profusely with thanks when they saw Lu Yun.

“Might we know this senior brother’s name?” asked one of the golden immortals.

“Dao Academy, Lu Chen.” Lu Yun repeated his earlier pseudonym. “Alright, it’s very dangerous here, the boundary is about to fall. Return to the world of immortals with your peers.”

“So it’s a senior brother from the Dao Academy!” Zhao Lu’s expression grew stilted. He was a disciple of the Exalted Immortal Sect of Exalted Major and half a divine since his parents were human and divine. The Exalted celestial court and sect of old had been destroyed because of the Dao Academy, and the culprit behind it all was now the dean of demonic dao at the academy.

However, he swiftly refocused. “We can’t leave. If we go, there will be no one to protect the hundreds of thousands of lives here!”

Lu Yun had identified Zhao Lu’s origins early on, but still he was puzzled by these words.

There are legends and myths of immortals back on Earth, painting them as great, benevolent beings whose hearts encompassed the world. It looks like those stories are rooted in truth.

Lu Yun nodded at the growing tinge of red outside the crack and nodded. “Then go back to the world of immortals and summon reinforcements. The few immortals here now won’t be enough for even an appetizer for those yin spirits.”

Zhao Lu and the others had discovered the scene outside the boundary as well; they shuddered with horror.

“We need to go find the forefather!”

The three Golden Immortals of Grand Unity and one Arcane Immortal of the Nine Heavens who’d set up the boundary were from the Exalted Immortal Sect. They were four divine spirits and served Lord Dongfang Hao of Exalted Major.

The world outside had completely turned the color of blood as an endless tide of scarlet spirits gathered by the crack.

## **Chapter 972: Only Our Deaths and Not Our Defeat**

Scarlet bale spirits teemed on the main world of Dustfall Realm. Intermixed with gray yin spirits and black dead spirits, they formed a horribly stifling color scheme. Suffocating despair descended upon everyone who looked upon the scene.

Lu Yun lifted his eyes and noticed that a resplendent golden palace had appeared outside the main world at some point in time.

The Dao Palace!

The residence of the creatures from the chaos.

“So it’s these dao palaces that destroyed these worlds!” He suddenly understood in this moment that the prime culprit behind the destruction of the lower worlds weren’t the yin spirits, but the dao palaces hidden within the multiverse!

The gray yin spirits, black dead spirits, scarlet and purple bale spirits were just vanguards sent to beguile and distract on behalf of the creatures within the dao palaces. But now that the World Gates were on the cusp of being blown open and the lower realms were almost completely ruined, there was no longer a need for restraint or caution. These creatures only needed to sit by and await the final harvest from Dustfall Realm.

This dao palace had revealed itself likely because the one in the Quiet Realm had been broken apart. The repercussions of the little fox manifesting Tushan's form and wielding the Bell of Chaos to slay an empyrean master were too great.

Perhaps the three creatures that had fled that dao palace had sought shelter in this one.

Tides of bale spirits seethed and frothed as far as the eye could see. Some geniuses from the world of immortals that were adventuring outside the boundary didn't even have time to react before they were instantly swallowed whole by massive carpets of dead spirits.

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Zhao Lu and the others were as white as a sheet. The boundary that four dao immortals had jointly set up together was more fragile than an eggshell when faced with the terrifying flood of dead spirits. The slightest pressure from the masses would shatter the boundary into pieces.

However, all they did now was surround the boundary without going on the offensive.

A massive thought descended from the skies and reverberated in the main world. "I know you're here, show yourself!" It traveled into the mind of every single creature in the world.

"Who's here?" Many immortals looked around blankly. So this immense army of dead spirits had suddenly arrived because it was looking for someone!

Boom!

Before they understood who the dead spirits were looking for, a ball of spectacular brilliance exploded out of the descent platform in the center of the world. Human shapes streamed out of the platform and assembled in a mighty battle formation in the air within just a few breaths' time.

More than a million immortals had suddenly arrived in Dustfall Realm!

With the matter at hand impacting the survival of hundreds of thousands, Lu Yun had no desire to give anyone time to temper and improve themselves. He sent out an urgent summons to the experts in Ascension City through the six paths of his nascent spirit.

An excess of a million immortals quickly fell into formation in midair, projecting an enormous image of a divine beast.

The Black Tortoise and the Dusk Phalanx!

These immortals weren't the Black Tortoise troops of Nephrite Major, but the Dusk Phalanx under Lu Yun's command led by Yuchi Hanxing. He'd returned the official designation of his troops to the celestial court, as well as the men he'd recruited to his banner during his tenure as governor. These were the ones he'd raised himself, formed by his Infernum and the soldiers originally under Xuan Yu's command.

After the Dusk Phalanx arrived, even more immortals walked down from the platform and took a stand in the sky. The dao immortals within them added their efforts to the boundary and supplemented it with the energy of a realm.

These immortals were experts of various factions stationed in Ascension City. Over the past ten years, visitors from the world of immortals hadn't reaped too many benefits from the lower realms. Too many worlds had been brutally crushed right in front of them, and they'd helplessly watched the countless denizens of that world be wiped out from existence while they scrambled back to the descent platform to return to the world of immortals.

They thirsted for a resounding victory, for a triumphant defense of a world to boost their morale. After all, the dead spirits the world of immortals would face in sixty-some years were far more horrifying than what they encountered in the lower realms.

If they met their enemy with this current attitude and outlook, the world of immortals would fall without a doubt.

Yuchi Hanxing stood on the head of the Black Tortoise projected by the formation, silver spear in hand and clad in black armor. She presented quite the heroically dashing sight. She'd reached Golden Immortal of Grand Unity and her troops swore fealty to Dusk Province instead of the Dao Academy. They fell under the jurisdiction of the Dusk City Lord Zhao Zhicheng, but the true reins of power to Dusk Province were clasped in Wanfeng's hand.

Lu Yun knew that it was only a matter of time before the Dao Academy became the only sacred land beneath the immortal dao, a place that all of life worshipped. There were many actions that he couldn't commit in the name of the academy. He had to possess his own forces for tasks such as conquering Witherdew Major.

Since that major had become akasha ghost territory, he had no choice but to refocus on Dusk Province.

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As more figures walked out of the descent platform, they flew into the air and formed numerous battle formations with other immortals. Fifty million immortals gathered within the medium-sized boundary after a dozen breaths. They stood in awe-inspiring layers with battle formation projections over their heads that engaged the dead spirits in battle.

More than a hundred Golden Immortals of Grand Unity fully repaired the boundary in a few quick moments.

"This battle will see only our deaths and not our defeat!" Yuchi Hanxing whistled sharply. "We will protect this world even if we die!"

Only our deaths and not our defeat!

Hearts trembled when the nearest ten million immortals heard her words. This battle suddenly seemed to represent the future destiny of the world of immortals... It was the first large-scale clash between the immortals and the dead spirits!

The world of immortals urgently needed a true victory to bolster their confidence against the dead spirits!

The surviving native immortals of Dustfall Realm turned beet red with noble sentiment and they prepared themselves to sacrifice their lives at any time.

“Kill!”

“Charge!”

“KILL!”

Immortals rushed out of the boundary before the dead spirits gathered for their next offensive. Massive battle formations brimming with the energy of a realm hurtled into the waves of dead spirits like hungry tigers pouncing on prey.

A tremendous earth-shaking, heaven-shattering battle thus began.

“That’s right... this battle cannot be lost,” Lu Yun murmured and looked at the little fox on his shoulder. “Little fox, you keep watch. Kill those three chaos beasts at the three purities realm the moment they appear!”

“Alright!” Her body melted into the void as a faint ripple.

Lu Yun also charged out of the boundary with his sword in hand, hacking his way into the nearest crowd of dead spirits. Bright dragon howls rang through the world, but fighting was now so fierce that no one noticed this piercing croon. Or rather, there were plenty of immortals on the battlefield now at his level.

He was just a peerless immortal, but there were even Arcane Immortals of the Nine Heavens on the field who caught the eye. They were far stronger than what he could bring to bear right now.

This time, he manifested nine dragons of sword qi. Every location they graced resulted into dead, yin, and even scarlet bale spirits being reduced to dust.

Dustfall Realm was different from the Quiet Realm—there were ten thousand times more dead spirits here. The dragon howls that Lu Yun released couldn’t travel too far before the energy of the world within them was exhausted.

However, the nine dragons of sword qi stubbornly shot up in the sky. Watery ripples of sword light flared from their bodies to part a path to the cosmos. Only Lu Yun knew that the source of these dead spirits lay in the stars, the dao palace that overlooked the crumbling main world.

The tide of spirits would naturally recede if the dao palace was destroyed; it also happened to be Lu Yun’s primary goal.

His actions naturally attracted the attention of several purple bale spirits. Seven of them surrounded him with a scarlet horde when he almost broke through to the stars, isolating him from the rest of the immortals in the main world.

Lu Yun could neither retreat nor advance, the only world in his vision was a sea of scarlet death! There were no yin or dead spirits around him, just scarlet bale spirits and seven purples!

The crowd of scarlet spirits around him was so dense that they seemed like a physical wall. They were tens of thousands of times more concentrated than the dead spirits on the ground!

**Chapter 973: Lu Chen of the Dao Academy**

“Waughhhh!!” The purples lunged at him along with an overwhelming wave of scarlet bale spirits. They recognized him and the strange connate treasure in his hands!

“Hmph!” Lu Yun sneered and threw out a handful of golden soybeans. They exploded in midair and transformed into thirty-six golden armored warriors that were all peak peerless immortal realm like him.

“ROAR!!” they bellowed in challenge the moment they appeared. Roars that were mightier than even Lu Yun’s sword dragon howls swept the void, filled with boundless energy of the world as a dreadful sound combat art.

Inspiration had struck Lu Yun when he employed a sword dragon’s howl to exterminate a world full of dead spirits in the Quiet Realm. He’d sent this combat art back to the Dao Academy through his nascent spirit, where it’d been further perfected by the academy disciples specializing in formula dao.

These golden warriors were a result of his bean soldiers death art, which meant he could instantly share this combat art with them. As for where these warriors hailed from... they were once the celestial soldiers under Taiyi’s banner, the first celestial army beneath the heavens!

They were all dead now and transformed into yin gods, adrift in an unknown patch of space and still stalwartly defending their posts. Thirty-six celestial soldiers bellowed in unison, overlaying thirty-six roars and enhancing the sound combat art by thirty-six times over!

Hum—

At the same time, Quietus revolved around Lu Yun as a watery ripple to protect his body. In the next instant, the explosion of a world breaking apart ripped through the void.

Thirty-six golden warriors scattered into nothing, but so did ten million scarlet bale spirits and seven purples fly apart as well.

The sound combat art had been customized for the dead spirits. The golden warriors had deployed it with their life as a catalyst to enhance it thirty-six times over, demolishing the ten million bale spirits in one sweep. Even the purple bale spirits had been no exception.

In the absence of the scarlets, the glittering golden dao palace appeared in front of Lu Yun without obstruction. It was the same as the one he’d seen before, the same layout, structure, and ripples of a star from the chaos.

“So this is another trap, huh, just waiting for me to jump into it.” A cold sneer played upon his lips. He’d discovered that the ever-present soul force had burrowed into his nascent spirit with the lingering violence of the bale spirits. It was attempting to assimilate him and turn him into another bale spirit.

Unfortunately for the soul force, his nascent spirit was in hell and reinforced by the power of reincarnation and kingdom of hell. Hellfire had also pooled into a sea of hellfire within the kingdom, and it blazed ferociously the moment the malice entered his nascent spirit. It instantaneously purified the negativity, leaving behind only pure soul force that bolstered Lu Yun’s nascent spirit to unfathomable heights.

It was plain to see that the creatures of the chaos didn't know Lu Chen as Lu Yun, or they'd never attempt such a method to turn him into a bale spirit. What they wanted was just the sword in his hands, that sword which could easily destroy their dao palaces with the surging energy of chaos it contained.

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"Didn't you guys want me to come? Here I am." Lu Yun stood in front of the palace with sword in hand.

All of the bale and yin spirits within the cosmos and main world deserted their original targets and pounced furiously on Lu Yun. That sword in the human's hands was far too great a threat to them.

Named after the characters for ending heaven, Quietus brought the stillness of final rest to anything it touched.

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"What's going on??" Locked in desperate battle with the dead spirits, the immortal suddenly found their opponents withdrawing from the battlefield. At a loss, they looked at the sky above.

"It's senior brother Lu Chen of the Dao Academy!" someone called out. Zhao Lu and the others of the Exalted Immortal Sect were still alive and completely stunned to see the familiar figure in the high reaches.

"Lu Chen of the Dao Academy? Someone from the Lu Clan?" Many academy disciples frowned slightly, having never heard of this person. Even some of the Lu descendants present on the main world looked lost. Someone who could hack his way into the cosmos while bombarded by dead spirits was undoubtedly a stunning genius, one superior to the three great disciples of the academy—Liu Qingmiao, Zou Longxiu, and Silverblaze.

But no one of the Lu Clan had ever heard of this young sword immortal either.

There were many called Lu Chen in the clan, and one of them was even on the battlefield—but he was a pale imitation of the one in the cosmos over the main world.

"The weapon in his hand is a connate treasure!" someone murmured. "No wonder he can fight his way into space and stand in front of that strange palace. He has a connate divine sword protecting him!"

A strange light flashed through the eyes of many. Connate treasures were still very rare in the current world of immortals. The ultimate treasure of the various celestial courts and once peak factions were connate treasures. Now that they saw one in the hands of a mere peerless immortal, many thoughts occurred to a great deal of people.

Lu Yun ignored the tangled mess of distracting thoughts below and smirked at yet another endless wave of dead spirits lunging for him. "Here I am, but you insist on cowering in your shell. It looks like you're not much to write home about, either!"

ROAR!!

Emitting another loud bellow, Lu Yun pulverized the wave into dust. At the same time, eighty-one sword dragons flew out from his hands and shook the realm with reverberating howls.



Changing his stance, Lu Yun stabbed the rippling Quietus straight at the dao palace. He didn't intend to hack it to pieces this time, but wanted to pierce straight into its heart and see what secrets lay within!

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"Let's go!" The immortals on the world below followed Lu Yun when they saw him streak toward the bizarre palace.

After the eighty-one sword dragons rampaged through the yin spirits, it was the easiest exercise possible for ten million immortals to charge into space and scatter the tide of enemies. Lu Yun's combat art had already taken out the boundless scarlet bale spirits, what few remained were insufficient to direct the army of dead spirits. Confusion and disarray engulfed the great army.

"Go back, we protect the denizens of the main world." Yuchi Hanxing took a deep look at the dao palace before turning her back on it. She hadn't forgotten her mission, that they were here to safeguard the last sanctuary of this realm.

The Dusk Phalanx came to a halt and disassembled the Black Tortoise formation. They then returned to the boundary and stood in combat readiness. Though the tide of yin spirits in the stars had dispersed, that didn't mean the rest of the yin spirits on land wouldn't suddenly continue their offensive.

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The dao palace was enormous, like a star. It felt that he'd set foot into a real world when Lu Yun entered it. Crystal-clear waters flowed through beautiful mountains, birds chirped from a fragrance of flowers. He saw a group of children chasing each other next to a small village where men worked the fields and women tended to the home. Numerous footpaths crisscrossed each other as chickens crowed and dogs barked.

Peace and tranquillity reigned, and it all looked very real.

However, Lu Yun knew that this was a massive illusion, one which even he couldn't make out.

"Do you see? This is our world, where we live." A melodious female voice traveled into his ears like a gentle creek.

"Is there such a place in the chaos?" Lu Yun blinked and asked subconsciously.

"The chaos you see is the chaotic power that occurs when the energy of a realm refines the true chaos. When you depart from the boundaries of a realm, you'll discover places like these all throughout the chaos.

"Your world is a cancerous tumor within the chaos. It constantly eats away at the chaos and seeks to swallow our home. We dislike slaughter and destruction, but we will die if we don't eradicate this poison."

"But... this is my home," Lu Yun responded, lost. "All of this exists in my home too."

"We... don't want to destroy you either, we just want to live..."

Lu Yun and the unseen creature of the chaos both fell silent.

Who was right and who was wrong? They both just wanted to survive. Such was the harsh reality of life. They had to destroy each other if they wanted to live on.

#### **Chapter 974: The True Form of the Origin Divine**

The scene in front of him was just an illusion, it wasn't real. But as Lu Yun watched the children playing around, he couldn't muster up any hatred within him against the chaos creatures. They were just protecting who they needed to protect.

There was no right or wrong at play here, just different perspectives.

There was no energy of a realm within the world of the dao palace—any of the ancient immortals who'd never experienced the void realm would suffocate to death in a place like this. But after ascending from the void realm, immortals possessed a minor world inside their bodies and could draw upon the energy of a world at any time. There was no difference to them standing here than in the outside world.

"Are you humans?" Something suddenly occurred to Lu Yun as he looked at the beings in the scene.

Since this was an illusion, it was based on reality. The beings in the mirage were just ordinary life forms who would present their true selves to whoever looked at them and not take the form of whichever race was looking at them.

"Humans?" sounded the female voice again. "We call ourselves the sacred race. Our form isn't that much different from yours."

Faint ripples spread throughout the air as a young woman with cerulean hair, dressed in a blue silk dress, quietly appeared beside Lu Yun.

He understood; there were commonalities between life in all aspects. If humans existed in the realms, then there would be corresponding human-shaped lifeforms in the chaos.

"Since our shapes are similar, why can't you exist in our realm?" Lu Yun frowned.

"And why can't the ordinary people among you survive in our chaos?" the young girl quietly returned. "If we depart this zone in which the boundary of a realm extends into the chaos, we enter a territory in which nothing else can survive other than what you call chaos creatures. Even you wouldn't be able to."

"But does that mean we have to be mutually exclusive? Does it have to be either your death or mine? Isn't there any other way to resolve this?" Lu Yun's frown deepened.

"Indeed, we've asked ourselves this question many times before and tried proceeding in that direction. But the end result is always death, no matter if we enter a world or have you enter our chaos. The injuries that backlash onto us are far more serious as well.

"Beings from your worlds that have reached the chaos cultivation realm can survive in the chaos, but for us, we are always immediately slain by the energy of a realm no matter how high we reach," the girl murmured to herself. "This dao palace was created a very, very long time ago by several masters of the sacred race. It was the last shelter of our race... in a time when the entire chaos was almost swallowed by an unfathomably vast realm. Back then, we would've died the second we left the dao palace.

“Do you find our actions reprehensible?” The girl smiled. “You’ve done the same to us first, and on a worse scale. The beings of that vast realm sought to ensure the development of their world and quash our resistance. To that end, they entered the chaos and tried to exterminate us through genocide.”

Lu Yun fell silent.

“But we were victorious in the end. Masters from our six great tribes sacrificed themselves to destroy the boundless realm that’d almost snuffed out the chaos. That was how we managed to survive.

“We learned our lessons from that experience, that we should spare no effort to destroy any worlds that are born from the chaos,” the girl’s tones were calm. “We are not enemies, you and I, just competitors in our bids for survival.”

It is either your death, or mine.

Lu Yun looked at the young girl in front of him. She, too, was an illusion—her true body wasn’t here or even inside the dao palace. She was likely in the far off chaos and one of the ultimate masters she’d spoken of.

After an indeterminable moment, the illusory world in front of him faded away, revealing a palace built from bones. Massive and pure resentment floated within the stark-white bones, nurturing a gigantic spirit of resentment that sat on top of a throne of bone, loftily looking down on Lu Yun.

The spirit had manifested a physical body and gray, black, scarlet, and purple lights sparkled over it. Dead spirits traveled in and out of its form.

“You’re the thing next on the hierarchy after the purple bale spirits.” A harsh light flashed through Lu Yun’s eyes, replacing the resignation from earlier. A wrathful killing intent blossomed in his heart, the only thing on his mind now to kill the enemy in front of him.

He could be resigned and pity the other party when it came to immutable positions, but when it was down to the life or death of an enemy... Well, it was either their death or his.

Then, it better be your death.

Lu Yun summoned Quietus with a shake of his wrist. Though the spirit in front of him was overtaken by endless malice, it was intelligent and hadn’t lost its ability for independent thought.

“This sword has never appeared in this realm before... Is it a newly born connate treasure?” Instead of being in human form, the spirit took the shape of the origin divine.

It possessed four heads and eight arms, but its power didn’t come from the elements of earth, air, fire, and water. Rather, it stemmed from the radiance of gray, black, scarlet, and purple that represented the four types of dead spirits. Its four heads also followed the four different colors.

“Earth, air, fire, and water came after, you’re the true form of the origin divine!” Lu Yun suddenly understood what the origin divine was. It wasn’t a creature of the world of immortals or even of the realm, it was something created by the chaos creatures based off of this spirit.

Those who could create another life form would be in the creator realm, which made the origin divine a pawn of a chaos creator.

The spirit refrained from extraneous small talk with Lu Yun; it released a tide of dead spirits from its body with a small shift of its body. They split into four currents and pounced on Lu Yun.

In the outside world, their colors denoted their strength. But in front of the spirit, they were all as strong as the scarlet bale spirits. Representing four different powers—gray of evil yin, black of death, scarlet of slaughter, and purple of destruction—they bore down on Lu Yun like four keen blades.

Boom!

A blazing sun of intersecting black and white suddenly rose over Lu Yun's head. Two vicious swords with intense killing intent materialized in the void and cut down on the spirit.

The blood demon! It'd suddenly appeared and made a move against the enemy.

"What are you doing out here?" Lu Yun relaxed from his stance and retreated beneath the blazing sun.

After the blood demon refined the sun of hellfire that Rearbow transformed into, he'd combined it with his Hadal Bonfire and the two swords. The three treasures together made for greater might than before.

"That's my food! If I can eat it, I might be able to revitalize my core essence!"

Strictly speaking, the blood demon was currently a weapon spirit. He could at most be counted as a connate treasure that could take human form, one that could deploy a connate treasure's strength.

He wasn't alive, which made him different from Situ Zong. Situ Zong was one with his treasure, but the blood demon had first become the weapon spirit, then become one with its core essence, and finally become the treasure itself. If he could devour this spirit and refine the dense resentment and malice inside of it, he could come back to life again!

The blood demon craved being a living being again, but since he was a weapon spirit, it couldn't be done unless the connate treasure fell apart. Hope bloomed anew in the form of the spirit of pure resentment in front of him!

If he could devour it and boost his core essence to incredible heights, he'd be able to break free of the shackles of a connate treasure!

Since he was now Lu Yun's treasure spirit, he possessed a connection to Lu Yun. This connection enabled him to walk straight out of hell without passing through the Gates of the Abyss.

Having understood the blood demon's intentions, Lu Yun didn't disapprove. He sent nine karmic fruits into the blazing sun of black and white that held the blood demon's core essence.

### **Chapter 975: The Newly Reborn Blood Demon**

The blood demon's strength immediately exploded to new heights. His two swords crossed each other like an enormous pair of scissors and hurtled over to the wrathful spirit. All of the dead spirits it passed along the way were reduced to ashes.

Such was the might that two connate treasures could bring to bear. Jointly refined by hellfire and Hadal Bonfire, the two swords were slowly being reforged into a brand new connate treasure—one that was stronger than the previous Rearbow and when the two swords had belonged to Darkriver.

Though the yet unnamed connate treasure was still weaker than the Bell of Chaos, it wasn't far off. If Rearbow's core essence hadn't been damaged by the akasha ghosts, the new connate treasure likely would've already exceeded the bell.

There was no room for the yin spirits to fight back in the face of a fully deployed connate treasure. Even being grazed by the swords' aura reduced them to dust; the combined might of nine karmic fruits was too strong. With their reinforcement, the blood demon almost returned to his peak when he was still Asura.

Hummmm.

A colossal hum rang out as a pair of blood-red eyes opened in the air over the palace of white bone. A black and white flame burned in them—the blood demon's eyes. Terrifying pressure smashed down on the vengeful spirit and crushed it down to the ground.

The skeletal palace was also trembling as grimacing faces—human faces—floated up from the mammoth mound of bones in the structure. They swiftly filtered into the spirit's body to bolster its strength.

The spirit was on par with a human king of the Primeval Era, but its strength was dispersed throughout the palace. Fearsome currents of bitterness and spite rushed out from all corners to flood the spirit with power. It gradually broke through human king realm to reach empyrean, showing signs of advancing to chaos realm.

The palace of white bone and the dao palace in general began to tremble. Everything in Dustfall Realm sensed the impending arrival of a chaos realm master. This was different from the blood demon as he only possessed strength on par with the chaos realm, but the true core of his being was still a weapon spirit. He wasn't in the chaos realm himself, and now that such a powerhouse truly dawned in the dao palace, it elicited the resonance of the realm.

Besieging the dao palace to find their way in, immortals attacking the palace's boundary froze on the spot. They were flies caught in amber as the suffocating scent of despair percolated through their thoughts. Their bodies lost the ability to move, but the ripple of chaos realm strength departed just as quickly as it arrived.

The blood demon made his move the moment the spirit broke through to chaos realm. Two swords intersected in the air with black and white flames streaming out of them, changing the skeletal palace into a fiery sea of black and white.

"I have a connate treasure and you don't, so I can do whatever I want!" Cackling, the blood demon looked down on the vengeful spirit like he was looking at the greatest meal of his life. He also took tangible form and pounced on his prey.

A sparkling golden radiance enveloped the bone palace and cut it off from the outside world. The Bell of Chaos hanging upside down over her head, Tushan materialized in the air and stood atop the skeletal palace.

Outside of the dao palace, multiple human masters at the human king and even empyrean realm rammed the seal of the chaos. They wanted in, but they couldn't break the defenses even at their level of strength.

"Forget the vengeful spirit... go outside the dao palace and destroy those immortals." A ponderous thought rippled from the depths of the palace, sending chaos beasts flooding out of the shadows.

The strongest of the immortals outside were but Arcane Immortals of the Nine Heavens, the chaos beasts of primordial human king realm could obliterate them with a casual swipe.

However, a piercing dragon croon rang through space the moment the herd of chaos beasts appeared. An enormous dragon the size of a world suddenly appeared, lighting up the inky shadows of the cosmos like it was day. Magnificent energy of yang flared from the dragon; it was inky black with unique patterns carved on every scale. A ball of black flame burned over his head.

The torch dragon!

The torch dragon within Heaven Locus Land revealed itself at this juncture. He blazed with a tremendous force that put him at peak grand pure realm—infinately close to great emperor.

This was the first torch dragon beneath the heavens, the one that Lu Yun had once defied the heavens to protect. Now that the immortals in this patch of space were in danger, it revealed itself.

Heaven Locus Land was now a divine nation, the Xuanyuan Nation!

Built by humans of the Primeval Era, though this kingdom's ruler wasn't a descendent of Xuanyuan, they'd inherited his legacy. The torch dragon was the nation's guardian.

Awe-inspiring yang energy rushed into the dao palace the moment the torch dragon appeared, blasting the chaos beasts back.

"Leave this place," the torch dragon spoke in human speech. "This dao palace isn't something you should be involved with. Return to the main world and protect that safe zone."

"Understood!" The immortals didn't dare linger now that the torch dragon had given his commands. A realm incomprehensibly powerful had pulsed from the palace just now, and now these horrifying chaos beasts were everywhere. They didn't want to stay and die for nothing. They immediately scattered in an orderly fashion and flashed back to the main world of Dustfall Realm.

The torch dragon peered through layers of the dao palace with his faintly golden eyes and stared fixedly at one of the figures in it.

Lu Yun.

"It's him, it's him! Last time I saw him, he wasn't him yet. But now, he's become him," the torch dragon murmured to himself.

A projection of the torch dragon had traveled to Dustfall Realm, rather than being here in the flesh. His primary body was still in the Xuan Yuan Tomb, coiled around the dragonbolt pillar. However, his projection was made of hellfire and thus possessed the same realm and battle strength as his primary body.

Born of hellfire, the flame that burned over his head was also hellfire.

“That fox is here too... so Tushan’s found herself as well.”

.....

The chaos beasts were blockaded within the palace and the empyrean realm humans weren't showing themselves for some reason. Putting all that out of his mind, the blood demon stretched out a sharp claw and speared the vengeful spirit. Opening his mouth wide, he shoved the spirit in to chew on it.

No matter how the spirit screamed, raged, or struggled, it couldn’t break free of the blood demon’s restraint. It was as if the blood demon was born to devour these kinds of spirits.

The blood demon’s core essence grew ever stronger in the blazing sun of black and white. It was his turn to bellow and fight, trying to break out of the connate treasure’s shackles with every fiber of his being.

Seeing the difficulty of his struggle, Lu Yun sent another eighty-one karmic fruits into the blood demon’s core essence.

Boom!

The black and white flames exploded and melded into one flame that burned with the color of blood.

“AHHHHH!!” The blood demon shrieked as the vengeful spirit in his hand burst apart like a balloon. All of the resentment and malice in the skeletal palace swiftly converged on the blood demon and entered the ball of red flames.

Whoosh!

The blood demon ignited with flames along with his connate treasure, and scarlet eyes slowly began to open inside the bloody flames. A completely remote and merciless will that lived only for slaughter emanated from the eyes.

Puff!

The blood-red sun exploded into a streak of red flame that assimilated into the blood demon. The fire began to retreat, making way for a sinfully handsome man with scarlet hair and robes standing in the center of the skeletal palace rubble.

“Greetings to the master,” the blood demon fell on one knee in Lu Yun’s direction. “Thank you for helping me, master.”

This newly reborn blood demon was truly in the chaos realm. Though he’d just set foot in this realm, he was a brand new connate demon god. Thanks to the karmic fruits, he’d completely severed his connection to the past.

In addition, the two swords, Rearbow, hellfire, and Hadal Bonfire had combined into a cardinal red moon crescent.

The Bloodmoon.

This was a new connate treasure, but one just as strong as the Bell of Chaos. It was the first connate treasure to be born from hellfire and karmic fruit.

“Alright, you can go back now.” Lu Yun waved a hand.

Since the Bell of Chaos had locked down the premises, the blood demon’s aura didn’t make its way out of the dao palace. No one had detected his presence, and neither did Lu Yun want this trump card to be exposed.

“Understood.” The blood demon stood up and returned to hell.

Tushan arrived by Lu Yun’s side in a cloud of light fragrance.

“The second chaos star is in the depths of this palace, but those chaos creatures have left.” She’d been keeping an eye on the surroundings. Since the chaos creatures wouldn’t even have a chance to escape if Lu Yun shattered the dao palace, they’d decided to leave beforehand.

“Let them go. However, this dao palace is a real treasure, so we won’t be breaking any more of them.” Lu Yun didn’t intend to destroy any further palaces now that he knew their origins. The chaos creatures leaving suited his intentions perfectly.

“But be careful, the empyrean realm human traitors are still here.” Tushan’s elegantly arched brows knitted together.

### **Chapter 976: Conflict**

Who the little fox regarded as traitors were humans that had long defected to the chaos creatures. They were very clear on what their purpose and mission were, and had never been exposed to the immortal dao because they were still empyrean realm instead of great emperor realm.

But as great emperor realm was now restored to the immortal dao, these traitors would nurture the energy of their world in their bodies if they ascended to great emperors. They wouldn’t be able to serve their masters then, an unpalatable proposition since their main function was to protect the chaos creatures.

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When the little fox stowed the Bell of Chaos, the skeletal palace collapsed into rubble. There were more palaces of bone within this dao palace—plainly the breeding ground of the dead spirits. They were all empty now, removed of their vengeful spirits and any accumulated resentment.

“Three empyrean realm humans are inside the palace ahead of us. The chaos star of the dao palace is also there. You must be careful,” the little fox said nervously.



This dao palace was bigger than the one that'd been in the Quiet Realm, and its chaos star was stronger as well. She'd already exposed her Bell of Chaos, so the three empyrean realm humans were certainly on the alert.

The little fox wouldn't have been afraid if she'd been here alone, but she was here with Lu Yun. Though the six paths of his nascent spirit were in hell, empyrean masters ahead possessed the ability to destroy one's core essence even when reaching through an entire world.

"There's no need, let's head out." Lu Yun grinned broadly.

The little fox suddenly realized the flaw in her thinking; Lu Yun didn't need to barge into the rest of the dao palace if he wanted to take it with him!

The chaos beasts stationed here had left with their masters. With the torch dragon holding down the fort, no one dared make any further designs on Dustfall Realm. The chaos creatures didn't care about some humans that'd turned race traitors, but they did care very much about the well-being of their chaos beasts. These were the only lifeforms from the chaos that could exist within the boundaries of a realm.

Back on the main world of Dustfall Realm, immortals had begun to clean up the battlefield. Almost all of the dead spirits within this realm were dead—an unprecedented victory. The immortals had truly wrenched a realm from the grasp of the dead spirits!

Dustfall Realm was now the only safe harbor within the lower realms, its inhabitants embraced each other in tears. Even now it seemed surreal; the dead spirits that had tormented them for countless eons were truly eradicated!

The world of immortals paid a hefty price for this victory—several hundreds of thousands of immortals had died, including three High Immortals of the Great Firmament. However, the significance of this victory was too enormous and it brought an unheralded wave of confidence and hope to the world of immortals.

The immortals had died a worthy death, and their names would be forever immortalized in the monuments of Dustfall Realm.

Lu Yun set up a Size Manipulation talisman formation outside of the dao palace and moved the entire structure into hell, like he had when taking the dragon palace of the North Sea. The dao palace was a system unto its own and completely isolated from the outside world. Now that the chaos creatures had left, it was ownerless. Lu Yun could bring it into hell anytime he wanted to.

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Dustfall Realm, half a month later.

The entire realm was a scene of strewn wreckage and war torn ruins. What little remaining energy of the realm there was worked stubbornly to repair its broken worlds.

An enormous monument was erected in the center of the main world, inscribed with a dense register of names. It recorded the gruesome, tragic struggle the war had been and the heroes that had fallen in the final battle.

Lu Yun stood in front of the monument that towered like a small mountain and bowed gently from the waist.

“What a pity they died to the dead spirits. They’ve completely scattered into nothingness... there’s nothing I can do for them,” Lu Yun sighed softly. To be eaten by a dead spirit meant that one was either truly erased from the world, or summoned by another power elsewhere and unable to be traced further.

“You’re Lu Chen of the Dao Academy? And a member of the Lu Clan?” a voice sounded behind him.

Lu Yun turned around to see roughly a dozen academy disciples behind him, looking at him quite rudely. One of them was a High Immortal of the Great Firmament and a descendant of the Lu Clan.

“I’ve perused the official records of the Dao Academy and you’re not in them. There are three Lu Chens in my clan, but you’re neither of them. Out with it, who are you?!” The high immortal took a step forward, pressure exuding from his eyes as he stared fixedly at Lu Yun.

“Does it matter who I am?” Lu Yun frowned, quite displeased with these academy disciples.

Everyone had witnessed “Lu Chen’s” feats with their own eyes in the last battle. Even if he was using a moniker, the headmaster of the Dao Academy would’ve invited him to join after learning of these matters.

However, these academy disciples seemed bent on denouncing him.

“You aren’t a disciple of the Dao Academy, alright! How dare you commit fraud in the name of the academy?! I will arrest you today so the academy can decide how to punish you!” His hand expanding to the size of a small mountain, the Lu immortal reached out and smashed down on Lu Yun. He didn’t intend to capture Lu Yun, he wanted to kill “Lu Chen” on the spot!

In addition, Lu Yun noticed that all of the Lu immortal’s consciousness was fixed on Quietus that he wore on his back.

“Hmph!” Lu Yun snorted and took a step forward, releasing his presence with a roar and shattering the hand to pieces.

“AHHH!!” The Lu immortal shrieked with anguish and clutched his pulped wrist, gaping at Lu Yun with horror.

This was a peerless immortal in front of him, but the energy within the imposter’s body was far behind it! He’d be able to beat up a Golden Immortal of Grand Unity with one punch, to say nothing of a High Immortal of the Great Firmament!

Indeed, Lu Yun remained below the dao immortal realm only because he hadn’t refined his dao fruit yet. He was one in everything but name.

“You little bastard, how dare you provoke the Dao Academy and make enemies out of us?!” Loud condemnations flying from their mouths, the other disciples took a few quick steps backward.

“Make an enemy out of the Dao Academy?” A ball of inexplicable anger rose from Lu Yun’s stomach when he heard this. He reached out and swept all of the disciples to the ground.

The disturbance had caught the eyes of others by now, especially as this wasn't a particularly discreet spot.

"It's Lu Chen, Lu Chen of the Dao Academy. He's fighting with the Lu disciples of the academy!"

"Apparently he's an imposter and not an academy disciple..."

"Come on, let's go take a look! Let's see who he is to dare antagonize the Dao Academy!"

Though immortals steered clear of the area, their consciousness avidly observed the proceedings. The rest of the academy disciples on the main world swiftly ran over to surround Lu Yun.

"Who are you to dare set yourself against the Dao Academy?!" they loudly criticized him.

### **Chapter 977: Wrath**

"Set myself against the Dao Academy?" The ball of rage in Lu Yun's heart faded away and he looked blankly at the disciples in front of him, repeating these words to himself. He could tell from the Karmic Tree that dense ill will was spreading from them to cluster around him.

"That's right, you're making an enemy out of the Dao Academy!" A Golden Immortal of Grand Unity stepped forward, having recognized this fake Lu Chen. This was the one who'd wielded that stunning connate treasure in the stars! "To be enemies with the academy is to be enemies with the world of immortals! This seat doesn't care who you are. You will be handed over to the academy after your arrest!"

Laughing arrogantly, he took the expression on Lu Yun's face as the face of a country bumpkin intimidated by the reputation of the Dao Academy.

"Don't any of you care why I'm fighting with him? Or why I'm pretending to be an academy disciple?" Coming back to his senses, Lu Yun's expression grew ominously dark.

"There's no need to know the reason. Fraudulently claiming to be a Dao Academy disciple is punishable by death! This is a crime of the highest order with no leniency possible!" The immortal advanced on Lu Yun, releasing a ponderous aura to lock the youth in place.

"Thirty years! It's taken only thirty years for the Dao Academy to turn into this..." As Lu Yun looked upon the Golden Immortal of Grand Unity and the rest of the academy disciples around him, it felt like his heart was being ripped apart. In all these years, his academy taught not only combat arts and cultivation methods, but also the measure of humanity!

He'd always advocated that one had to learn morality and integrity first before delving into knowledge and skill. He didn't want his academy to graduate lowlifes who weren't worth the dirt they walked on.

But now he understood that everything he'd done was in vain. It was far from enough to require these disciples to learn history and be injected with ethics and a code of conduct. If the situation was allowed to continue like this, the academy would become a tumor feeding off the world of immortals sooner or later, preventing its further development.

The Golden Immortal of Grand Unity before him wasn't a Lu Clan member, but an elder in the inner academy. A former expert in the Star Demon Sect, he now stood in front of Lu Yun and listened with some amusement.

"Thirty years? Indeed, it took only a scant thirty years for my Dao Academy to become the greatest heavyweight of the world of immortals! We are the leader of the multiverse and the shepherd of the immortal dao! Even the eight celestial lords and rulers of the ten lands would get on their knees before us, to say nothing of a mewling peerless immortal like you!" The immortal lifted his chin cockily.

A shadow appeared over the faces of the other immortals in the vicinity. Tyrannical!

Although the academy constantly disseminated new knowledge and all sorts of supplemental paths, treasures, and more, the first impression any of their disciples gave was that of tyrannical arrogance!

They respected nothing apart from fellow academy disciples, taking whatever they wanted of the world's resources and treasures. Any hint of refusal was answered with bloodshed. Well, to be fair, not all academy disciples behaved like this. The small portion that did was enough to cause the entire world to wince in fear.

.....

Smack!

A crisp sound reverberated in the air. It seemed to be... a face slap?

Pop!

Another sound echoed, to everyone's utter amazement. The Golden Immortal of Grand Unity's head had exploded from the slap!

Thud!

The headless corpse toppled over to the ground, leaving a glittering nascent spirit with a star the size of a fist over its head. It looked blearily at Lu Yun—the immortal had never imagined that one slap from a peerless immortal would break his head apart!

"How dare you!!"

"You'll pay for this!" Academy experts that'd yet to reveal themselves abruptly materialized in the air, cutting down upon Lu Yun with countless rays of sword energy.

"Piss off!!" Lu Yun roared and punched outward, breaking through all of the rays with one blow.

Thud!

Thud!

A full seven High Immortals of the Great Firmament and three Golden Immortals of Grand Unity fell from the void. They were all experts from the academy and the commanders of the Dustfall mission.

Everyone's heart quailed—how did anyone dare beat up the academy dao immortals?? Did this youth know the meaning of death? Headmaster Lu Yun came in at number one in the world for sheer ruthlessness. Anyone who got on his wrong side was scheduled for eternal damnation!

Apart from that, the dean of monster spirit dao was a great emperor, one prior to Emperors Fall. It was due to her presence that the Dao Academy grew ever more brazen and unscrupulous!

But here they were, witnessing someone who dared challenge the Dao Academy.

Granted, the minor peerless immortal had slapped apart the head of a Golden Immortal of Grand Unity with one smack and felled ten dao immortals with one punch. He was no ordinary person either.

No one had thought that Lu Chen, to whom belonged the greatest merit of saving Dustfall Realm, would set himself at odds with the Dao Academy as soon as everything had settled down.

Craaaack.

The crowd heard the sharp snap of bone breaking before they could gather their thoughts. Lu Yun had walked up to the Lu immortal and broken his sternum with a firm stomp.

Wailing with anguish, the Lu immortal glared viciously at Lu Yun.

"How many more scum like you exist in the Dao Academy?" Lu Yun's tones were as if a demonic voice straight from the depths of hell, cold and unfeeling.

"Hah! Kid, just you wait!" The immortal almost ground his teeth to pieces and glared balefully at Lu Yun, committing the youth's likeness to memory. "I'll have you to lead the way if I die, and not just you. Everyone who has anything to do with you will die!"

"Haha, HAHAHA! Just you wait for the Dao Academy's vengeance!" He roared with laughter in between loud shrieks of pain, presenting an exceedingly eerie and bizarre sight that froze the blood.

"Vengeance from the Dao Academy?" Lu Yun murmured as he looked at the other immortals around him. "Are all of you afraid? Afraid of the Dao Academy's retribution?"

"Young man, you should go. The academy's might is great and isn't something you can provoke." A sigh suddenly traveled through the crowd as a somewhat elderly golden immortal spoke up. "Though the Dao Academy is domineering, it has done great good for the world and to life itself! We really don't wish to see anyone make an enemy out of it, so you should leave now."

"Hah! Sheltering enemies of the academy is one and the same crime!" Another disciple suddenly whirled around and stared fixedly at the golden immortal, firmly committing his appearance to memory. Lu Yun may have the situation under his control now, but that didn't mean the academy disciples wouldn't take further action later on.

The golden immortal paled and shook, not daring to say anything more.

"Great good for the world and life itself? That still doesn't give them the right to wantonly do whatever they want! If it wasn't for me being here today, would you clap made-up crimes onto some poor soul's head so you could kill them for their treasure?!" Lu Yun unsheathed Quietus and nailed the Lu immortal's body with it.

He also slowly returned to his true appearance.

“...Headmaster!” The disciples were shocked senseless by the true identity of this imposter.

### **Chapter 978: Merit and Cancerous Tumor**

Headmaster Lu Yun!

Heaven and earth froze in their trajectory and the academy disciples surrounding Lu Yun sagged to the ground. They all knew very well what they were doing—making up crimes to seize a connate treasure from someone pretending to be an academy disciple!

A connate treasure elicited so much greed from immortals that they were willing to do something out of bounds to obtain it. But who would've thought that their sights would be trained on the headmaster this time?! Headmaster Lu Yun, founder of the Dao Academy, the one who'd established a calendar for the world of immortals, found and recorded its history, pioneered countless combat arts and secret methods, the hand responsible for pushing the world to its current heights!

The Dao Academy has done great good for the world?

No, the one to whom that credit belonged to was its headmaster. Those of the world of immortals had never felt that it was the academy's people who had done anything for the world. The immortals from that establishment were just another one of Headmaster Lu Yun's acts of benevolence!

After thinking over everything that had occurred recently, those present finally understood that Headmaster Lu Yun was also the mastermind behind the battle to recover Dustfall Realm. Only he had the ability and charisma to lead immortals in defense of a realm about to fall to the yin spirits.

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“No, impossible!” A Lu disciple from the academy suddenly stepped forward and roared, “You posed as an academy disciple moments ago and now pretend to be the headmaster. Who are you really?!”

This Lu clansman was going out of his mind. The one nailed to the ground was his blood brother; it ran beyond the limits of acceptance that their target had suddenly turned into the headmaster!

Lu Yun's words were very clear. If it hadn't been him today, would their hapless target really be pinned with fictitious crimes and die for the sake of their treasure? Though this was just one mishap, it was also a prime example of the bigger picture at large. Such incidents had likely occurred countless times already in the past.

Lu Yun could barely suppress his killing intent. These cancerous tumors in the Dao Academy had to be rooted out, or the academy itself would be a plague upon the world before long.

However, the Lu immortal's challenge ignited new hope in the academy disciples. What if, just what if the headmaster before them really was fake?

After all, various cultivation methods flourished in the world these days and all manner of shapeshifting techniques abounded. It wasn't outside the realm of possibility that an imposter was posing as their headmaster.

Hope lifting their hearts, some of the academy disciples drew themselves up straight and prepared to spring at the fake headmaster.

“Xingzi.” Lu Yun ignored the disciples.

“Xingzi?” Hearts quailed when they heard this name.

Xingzi was the administrator of justice within the Dao Academy and also the dean of shamanic dao. She was one of the most terrifying people within the school. Though she looked to be a charming, harmless sixteen-year-old, her methods were among the most brutal of the institution.

Someone had once slain several experts in a row in a challenge of the academy’s authority. The regular protectors had been hard pressed to deal with him, so Xingzi stepped forward to handle the situation and skinned the man alive, hanging him in front of the academy gates.

There the dao immortal swung for three months, wailing in agony all the while before finally scattering upon the wind. Such was the style of the administrator of justice.

“This fake headmaster is really committing to the scam—eh?! EH??” Still skeptical, the crowd’s eyes bulged out the next second and everyone fell silent in horrified incomprehension. Fear finally dawned in their eyes.

A small ripple widened in the void as Xingzi walked out of it. She looked the same as always, in her true form of a sixteen year old wearing long black robes.

“Xingzi greets the honored master!” Xingzi fell to a single knee in front of Lu Yun and greeted him with utmost respect.

Her gesture and honorific sent a wave of shocked gasps through the crowd. Honored master, not headmaster!

Honored master?!

As the Dao Academy’s sovereign of justice and a great master of martial dao, Xingzi’s status in the academy was second to only Lu Yun’s. They should’ve been fellow daoists! But she called him “master”, making them master and servant!

“Investigate,” Lu Yun commanded coldly. “Find every single person who has ever bullied the weak, profited off of their authority, oppressed others with their influence, and falsified charges on others for the purpose of stealing their treasures. Identify every offender since the founding of the academy and execute them all!”

The last order echoed in the air like an indomitable rule.

“Understood.” Xingzi remained kneeling on the ground, clearly sensing her master’s towering wrath. Lightning flashed and thunder roared inside hell while all of the netherworld’s inhabitants crouched on the ground.

“And these academy disciples in front of us, execute them all,” Lu Yun concluded indifferently.

“No... no! Mercy, mercy, Headmaster! Please, mercy! We’ll never dare do it again!” The academy disciples who had been hoping to somehow walk away from the situation immediately panicked when they heard Lu Yun wanted to kill them now.

“Please stay your hand, Headmaster!” Immortals of the other factions also hastily walked forward to plead for leniency.

Lu Yun’s words could’ve been just a warning or admonition that the academy disciples needed to rein themselves in. But if he wanted to kill the offenders on the spot, he really did mean business. A storm of violence and blood would then arise in the Dao Academy and world of immortals at large.

The implications of this were too great.

“Headmaster, these people have done great deeds for the world and should not be killed!” said the golden immortal who’d wanted Lu Yun to escape earlier.

“Dao Academy disciples led the charge in the battle to reclaim Dustfall Realm. They endured untold sacrifices and it might thoroughly discourage the rest of the academy’s disciples if you were to kill them!” Requests for tolerance and forgiveness flew in thickly.

Though these particular disciples were high-handed and overbearing, making off with whatever caught their eye and going so far as to arrange false crimes to execute the owner of whichever treasure they wanted, relationships were a complicated web in the world of immortals. Favors, debts, feuds, and gratitude intersected with each other to the point that any possible mix could be behind each plea for leniency.

“Is that so?” Lu Yun looked at the line of shaking Lu descendants.

The immortal nailed to the ground was ashen like a corpse. He’d also just said that he would eradicate anyone having to do with Lu Yun! The nascent spirit of the Golden Immortal of Grand Unity, whose head Lu Yun had popped, was also kneeling on the ground, not daring to look at the headmaster.

“The world of immortals faces the critical juncture of life and death. If the headmaster kills your own for a matter like this, morale will surely decline in the Dao Academy. The consequences will be dire and too much to endure.” The immortals present began to relax when it seemed that Lu Yun was hesitating and they plied the headmaster with a mix of rational and emotional arguments.

The yin spirits in the lower realms were too terrifying. In this decade of war, if it wasn’t for the academy disciples teaching combat arts and cultivation methods to everyone else and always leading the charge... Well, no one wanted to imagine how things might be like now.

The World Gates would open in less than seventy years, turning the world of immortals into a place much like the lower realms. They wished for the Dao Academy to still be their guiding light then, so they didn’t want anything to happen to it now.

“Decrease morale in the Dao Academy?” Lu Yun shook his head at those begging for clemency. “The ones I’m executing are all the degenerates, the scum, the absolute shit hole pathetic excuses of trash that they are! If the academy disciples are impacted by this, that means they are very much of the same. A Dao Academy like that might as well disband! Kill!”



Xingzi's hand erupted with black sword light and she ran all of the academy disciples through. However, she still showed mercy and left them their true spirits so they weren't completely obliterated.

It would be up to their own making as to where their true spirits ended up in the future.

Dustfall immortals shifted uneasily, at a complete loss of what to do. Some of the academy disciples were dao immortals! Lofty personages who regarded the world from an august perch... had died like a gourd being hacked apart?

Lu Yun turned around and bowed once again to the enormous monument. "That kind of scum will not be allowed to desecrate your names."

The monument shook slightly, a slight thought ripple emanating from it.

Naturally, not all academy disciples were similar to this group. The ones that had attacked Lu Yun all coveted his Quietus, but the majority of disciples hadn't joined them. They long disagreed with these kinds of actions, but couldn't do anything as the offenders were peers. They, too, feared heightening tensions within the academy, so could only choose to keep to themselves.

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When the affairs of Dustfall Realm traveled back to the world of immortals, the world erupted with approval. However, many were those who worried within the academy, clearly having falsified crimes before to steal the treasures of others.

This had been a minor quibble in the eyes of the school deans. Which faction didn't have its bad apples? Thus they turned a blind eye to things.

They'd never thought that the headmaster would fly into a rage because of this, but they quickly realized the severity of the issue when it was fully brought to their attention. Peace was not yet present in the world; countless dead spirits prowled the borders of the world of immortals. As the pillar of the world, the Dao Academy had to lead by example. If corruption snaked through its inside, it would be an unmitigated disaster for the world of immortals.

Just as Lu Yun said, if it'd been Lu Chen instead of Lu Yun in Dustfall Realm, then a masterful young genius would've been killed in the cradle by academy scum. That would cause other immortals to lose faith in the academy, which would be a most fatal development for events to come.

Thankfully, it'd only been thirty years since the founding of the academy, so there was still time to steer the ship around.

Blood began to spill in the Dao Academy.

No one who Xingzi identified was pardoned, no matter who they were. They were all executed before they could even explain themselves. Due to the house cleaning, morale drooped greatly and many more disciples voluntarily left the Dao Academy.

Of those who withdrew, those who hadn't committed any crimes were allowed to leave without a word of protest. But those who'd once committed crimes in the academy's name were barred and their cultivation destroyed.

This was a fate worse than death.

A junior highly valued by the patriarch of the Zi Clan in Thundergale Major hastily fled back to his clan, but Xingzi caught up to him right before he entered Zi Clan territory. She smacked him into a mess of indistinguishable meat right in front of the patriarch, erasing his soul and spirit.

However, the patriarch didn't dare breathe a hint of protest.

### **Chapter 979: The Old Path of Humans?**

Almost every major faction in the world of immortals had enrolled disciples in the academy, and some disciples had even reached the inner academy. Many of the smaller clans also joined en masse, entering the Dao Academy with their entire faction.

In the eyes of the world, the Dao Academy was a massive umbrella of protection, a towering tree that they could shelter under. They could use its name in all manner of lawbreaking and continue to enrich themselves in the new world order.

How very wrong they were, and realization of this hit them only now.

Immortal after immortal died ignoble deaths in this bloody purge of undesirable elements. Tens of thousands of immortals were involved before it finished, an abnormally terrifying number. Of those, the Lus and Qings numbered the greatest.

The Lu Clan was Lu Yun's home clan and the Qing Clan where Qing Yu hailed from. The two factions were extremely brazen both within and without the Dao Academy because of this. Never had they fathomed that Lu Yun would be even more straightforward and decisive when it came to killing them. Any case that had to do with either clan resulted in Lu Yun personally executing the immortal in question.

As a result of this, Patriarch Lu Daoling of the Lu Clan resigned his position of academy protector and brought the experts of his clan to one of the most dangerous lower worlds—the Harshcloud Realm. His cultivation level had reached Supreme Immortal of Original Order, which put him very close to the next level that was the ingress realm.

However, seven Supreme Immortals of Original Order had already died in Harshcloud Realm!

Lu Daoling simply felt that he'd embarrassed himself beyond all measure and no longer had the face to remain in the Dao Academy. His descendant had created this wondrous establishment for the benefit of the entire multiverse, but his own kinsmen were sullyng it. Though he'd been unaware of the unsavory acts his juniors had committed, he was still hard pressed to explain himself.

Patriarch Qing Taxian of the Qing Clan also traveled to Harshcloud Realm with his clan's dao immortals.

Lu Yun naturally wouldn't allow any accidents to happen to these elders, so he sent his old trump card Kui with them.

Kui was the mythological one-legged beast of lightning that'd become Lu Yun's Infernum. Now that his master's control of the Tome of Life and Death had taken a step forward and the treasure further submitted in the chaos, Kui's strength rose as well and he returned to the peaks he'd attained in the

Primordial Era. He even broke through principal realm to supreme pure realm, the first of the Three Purities realm after the divine dharma realm, which came after dao immortal realm.

He was now on par with a human king of the Primeval Era and rivaled the four great emperors of the primordial world of immortals. With his name written in the Tome of Life and Death, a wisp of the treasure's energy wrapped around him at all times. He was a walking door to the underworld; experts from hell could arrive in Harshcloud Realm any time they were needed.

Harshcloud Realm had been the biggest realm in the multiverse a hundred thousand years ago, so strong that it was able to rival the world of immortals! Their ruler, Immortal Emperor Harshcloud, had been so fearsome that he'd been able to suppress the ascent protocol, ensuring that his realm's immortals remained on home territory.

When he felt that they'd accumulated enough strength to challenge the world of immortals, he released the ascent protocol and sent nearly a hundred million immortals to the world of immortals at the same time, attempting to conquer the heavens, overthrow the immortal emperor's rule, and occupy the world of immortals.

In those times, the immortals of the lower realms found their way to immortality from the starting point of mundane cultivators. Having bypassed the void realm, they were the weakest of the weak when they arrived on the battlefield.

The world of immortals put down the rebellion without breaking a sweat. Zhenwu, Emperor of the North, smacked the principal realm Emperor Harshcloud dead with a single swipe. The Immortal Subjugation Seal that could suppress the ascent protocol also fell into the immortal emperor's hand.

The rising of Harshcloud Realm to conquer the heavens was well documented by later historians and stored in the ancient tombs. Thus, this particular realm's name was viewed with certain awe in the current world of immortals.

Lu Yun had once thought that Fuxi was behind the countless tombs in the world, but the demon god denied responsibility when asked. That left it still a mystery as to who had built the tombs that forested the world of immortals.

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Harshcloud Realm had been Lu Yun's next destination; he'd be able to greatly raise morale if they were able to retake this legendary realm. The world of immortals would be immensely confident in facing off the dead spirits in seventy years if he were able to manage this feat.

However, he set this aside after the events of Dustfall Realm. He would personally oversee the reorganization of the Dao Academy and all of his forces, including Dusk Province.

What greatly set his heart at ease was Wanfeng's steady hand at the helm of Dusk Province. Though there were some thugs in the province as well, they didn't dare use Dusk's name when breaking the law or oppressing others.

Wanfeng had once been Lu Yun's head lackey, but she also hated misbehavior like this with a passion. Thus, when she first grasped the reins of power in Dusk Province, she ruthlessly and efficiently straightened out affairs in all three hundred sixty-five provincial cities.

Lu Yun wanted to have her take over the Dao Academy as well, but ultimately backed down after coming face to face with her puppy dog eyes.

With the return of Ah Bao's soul force, Wanfeng's cultivation level grew by leaps and bounds. Following Lu Yun's pointers, she slowly recovered her power and had now reached ingress realm.

These days, the Dao Academy was internally reconstructed. Though many disciples withdrew from the academy for a variety of reasons, Lu Yun didn't care about that. His original purpose in establishing the Dao Academy was to share his knowledge with the rest of the world. The academy was his medium with which to do so, but the fact that he was the master of the sacred land of immortal dao was a mantle that the peak factions of the world had forced on him.

If it were up to him, he wanted to drift around as a carefree hermit, to explore with Qing Yu and take in the sights of the world. But with every action the rest of the world took and word they spoke, they had slowly backed Lu Yun into becoming headmaster of the Dao Academy.

An enormous projection of the Karmic Tree appeared at the foot of Mount Xuanhuang. Its power enveloped the Dao Academy and unfurled into an enormous system of merit and virtue. The Karmic Tree could collect goodwill and identify good from evil, and the apex of goodwill was virtuous merit!

Since he couldn't change innate character and thoughts in a short period of time through education or subtle influence, he would force the change on the immortals.

Merit and virtue!

The power of the Karmic Tree flowed into every academy disciple. When they did good, the tree's power would transmute to virtuous merit and enhance their cultivation and strength. But if they did evil, the tree's power would result in retribution that burned their spirit and weakened their cultivation.

Everyone thought both good and evil thoughts; there existed no one since the dawn of time who had stuck resolutely to only one side. It was impossible for someone to do only good or do evil in their entire life, so this was a makeshift measure that Lu Yun was forced to rely on.

He didn't hope that the academy would graduate saints, but at the very least he hoped it wouldn't produce devils that ruined the world.

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"What difference is there between the Dao Academy now and the human race of the Primeval Era, when they established the hell that judged one based on merit and retribution?" The little fox took Tushan's form and looked at Lu Yun with an unpleasant expression.

That all races had betrayed the humans and pulled them down from their perch could be attributed to secret instigation and stirring of the pot from others, but was also heavily tied to the human race creating a system of virtue according to their own standards. Humans rewarded good and punished evil as they saw fit, passing judgement on the multiverse.

All life chafed under such a world order. The final rebellion to end human rule had also been an outlet to vent their frustrations, and now the little fox seemed to foresee Lu Yun headed down the same path. If

things progressed as they stood now, then the immortal dao of all would become Lu Yun's immortal dao. After all, he held the wheel of reincarnation in his hands.

"But what choice do I have?" Lu Yun murmured to himself. "Eighty thousand people. Putting our affairs back in order this time involved taking down eighty thousand people, and more than ten times that number died in their hands!

"Eight hundred thousand! Eight hundred thousand innocents died to academy disciples in less than thirty years!" He clutched his head with some pain. Though his hands were also stained with blood and he'd killed more than he could count, all of those had been his enemies.

It was either their death or his.

The eight hundred thousand dead immortals were all innocents with no grudge against the Dao Academy. Many of them were stunning geniuses who would one day develop into a heavyweight of the world. Their only crime had been that their wealth caused another's greed, resulting in their deaths to academy disciples trained by Lu Yun's system.

Tushan's eyes dimmed as well. "Perhaps Tianqi's original intentions in building his system of merit and virtue echoed your current thoughts... he only wanted the denizens of hell to not bring disaster to others.

"But if this system continues to develop, it will impact the entire world of immortals and multiverse. It will proceed in ways that you don't foresee." The little fox turned grave, "Cease your actions immediately, or I'll destroy the projection of this tree!"

### **Chapter 980: Supreme Order of Law**

Normally slightly scatterbrained and endearing, the little fox didn't seem to care about anything. But when it came to what they were currently discussing, she evidently possessed quite a set of principles.

Lu Yun sighed softly, "Don't worry, I won't repeat history and make the same mistake. My system of merit and virtue won't proactively reward or punish them. Everything stems from goodwill and retribution, and this is a voluntary subjugation to the system. The tree's strength will fade from their bodies if they withdraw from the Dao Academy."

He lifted his head and looked at the peak of Mount Xuanhuang, where the Dao Flower had completely assimilated into Qing Yu's body.

"When Qing Yu wakes, it will be the time to build a new celestial court. This system of merit and virtue won't be needed then." An unexplainable lightheartedness and joy blossomed in Lu Yun's heart when he thought of his dao partner. Only she could bring him such comfort in the vast world of immortals.

A system of merit and virtue had to be established, or the academy disciples would become increasingly insatiable if current trends continued. What infuriated Lu Yun the most was that they didn't care if their targets accomplished great deeds on the battlefield against the dead spirits. If a treasure caught their eye, they arranged for any sort of charge that would stick and killed the war hero to take their treasure.

The bloody cleansing and subsequent creation of the Dao Academy's system of virtue sent waves through the world. Most factions' disciples were impacted, sinking the academy's reputation for a while.

Many of the world's factions even banded together to boycott the academy and demand an explanation for the eighty thousand dead disciples. This resulted in the withdrawal of even more immortals related to these factions, but most of them were outer disciples. Inner disciples received formal tutelage from the deans of various schools and didn't dare engage in such brazen misconduct.

Lu Yun didn't care about any of this. He'd already returned to hell to examine the two chaos stars. Released from the dao palace, they floated in the skies of the netherworld.

"The power released from this star is what constituted the core essence of the origin divine." Lu Yun frowned as he looked closely at the chaos star retrieved from the second dao palace.

The core essence he was reading was the elements of earth, air, fire, and water—not a combination native to this realm. What dominated in the world of immortals now was the five elements, wind and thunder, and yin and yang. They came together in varying permutations to form the rest of the local plane.

According to what the blue-haired girl had said in the last dao palace, there existed six dao palaces in total. Refined by six experts of the chaos creatures, they protected the last bloodlines of the chaos creatures and resisted the enormous world that had almost occupied all of the chaos. The core essence of earth, air, fire, and water should be some kind of strength that the chaos creatures had mastered.

Lu Yun successfully identified what powered the second star, but he had no idea what brewed in the first star. Even formula dao was unable to shed light on the matter. There seemed to be two completely opposing forces within the first star. They constantly conflicted with each other, but were also a remarkable harmonious whole.

This type of paradoxical strength should also be under the control of the chaos creatures, and Lu Yun didn't dare brashly refine the star before he fully identified it.

Though formula dao indicated that both stars were suitable to be his cosmic dao fruit, he had to exercise extreme caution. These were chaos creations, and the combat arts and cultivation methods of the chaos creatures were far more advanced than his. Perhaps even formula dao long existed within the chaos.

Since he didn't dare refine the stars just yet, he could only wait for Qing Yu to emerge from closed door cultivation and build the celestial court, for Fuxi and Ge Long to return to their peak and then jointly analyze these chaos stars.

If there were six dao palaces, then there should be six chaos stars. Based on what his deductions told him, the other four were all in the same plane as the world of immortals!

Two of them were in Harshcloud Realm, which also happened to be the source of all of the yin spirits in the multiverse. The last two were in the cosmos outside of the world of immortals.

Utter devastation and ruin marked the skies beyond the world of immortals. There was no life or any hope left; its cosmos was even more terrifying than the lower realms.

The World Gates would endure for only sixty more years. Once they broke, not only would the teeming yin spirits waiting outside the gates flood in, but so would the yin spirits in the lower realms attack the world of immortals through the dao palaces. It would truly be a final stand for survival then.

The remaining four dao palaces hovered in the world of immortals and lower realms like two pairs of eyes, surveilling the universe.

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Qing Yu sat cross-legged at the peak of Mount Xuanhuang with the Dao Flower completely vanished into her body as her dao fruit. The second it did so, the will of the immortal dao residing in the mountain quietly dispersed, officially leaving Qing Yu at the helm of the immortal dao and its ruler.

The Dao Flower had never been refined by anything before, but now, this most unique and sacred flower in the world was Qing Yu's dao fruit. She was as if the heavenly dao running through the universe, overseeing the lives of all.

Of course, her grasp of the immortal dao was similar to Lu Yun's control over hell. She needed to continuously improve and cultivate so she could truly control this unfathomable dao.

She leaned against Lu Yun's shoulder and he stretched out a hand to play with her hair.

"The power contained by the six dao palaces are the six supreme orders of law in the chaos! Inception, Ethos, Burgeon, Creation, Opposition, Nirvana," she said softly. "The two stars you've already obtained correspond to Ethos and Opposition, but just those two alone aren't enough for your dao fruit. We need to collect all six and refine them into the six paths of reincarnation, so that the supreme laws of the chaos submit to the wheel of reincarnation!"

"Reincarnation... isn't that the highest order within the chaos?" Lu Yun asked with surprise.

Qing Yu shook her head. "I don't know what reincarnation actually is as I can't deduce it either. As for your book, not only is it the medium for reincarnation, but it also holds an even more ancient will as well. It has a tremendous background and it's not an item from this realm."

"Inception, Ethos, Burgeon, Creation, Opposition, Nirvana... the six orders of the chaos..." Lu Yun mused on the names and pondered the meaning they held. "It seems that we'd create a reincarnation system if we connect them all together."

"Eh?" Qing Yu blinked, then nodded. "Perhaps reincarnation is the product of the six orders together. Let's go to Harshcloud Realm and take those two dao palaces!"

She shot to her feet and looked down at the lower realms, to where two dao palaces hovered next to the Harshcloud main world and quietly overlooked the entire realm. But for some reason, the denizens of the realm couldn't see the two giant palaces.

"Be careful of a trap..." Lu Yun rose as well. "I've already taken two of their palaces, I'm sure they're ready this time!"

The couple suddenly looked at each other and grinned broadly.

"Then let's go take the two in the world of immortals!"