

Necropolis 1041

Chapter 1041: Inception

Mosquitoes counted many natural enemies as they were prey for a good number of life forms, but Lu Yun wasn't able to produce any of their predators on such short notice like this.

Mosquitoes hated the cold—this was common knowledge back on Earth. No matter how large they grew, they couldn't change this natural inclination about them. There was no cold air at all on the skull island, which made it a perfect match for an optimal mosquito living environment.

"So mosquitoes are afraid of the cold," Ying Luo murmured. "But what if they aren't?"

She didn't have much confidence in Lu Yun's proposal.

"Erm..." Lu Yun rubbed his nose. He didn't know how to explain biology and other matters to the girl. "Don't worry about it, I'll give it a try." He grinned. "It's not like we have any better options."

No one had come after Wei Yuan's departure. Plainly, second level mortal realm was too weak to venture into this tomb. Though the opportunity to ascend beyond the chaos realm was tantalizing and could be found here, it was too far out of reach for mortal realm beings.

Lu Yun rose into the air as he spoke and approached the sky over the Blood Sea. It, too, had been dyed a crimson color. With all of the realm monsters embedded into it, it seemed more like an enormous ruby ceiling.

He adjusted his body to its most optimal state so that he would continuously adapt to the chill in the air.

Realm monsters were translucent, like enormous jellyfish. An ice crystal the size of a fist centered in the heart of their bodies. He'd seen this kind of crystal before when Xuanyuan Xiaoyue transformed into a realm monster—this was the core of a realm monster.

However, they were smashed to pieces in all of the realm monsters in this area, quickly extinguishing their lives when their cores were broken.

He took a close look at the realm monsters when he drew near them. Snarling and claws upraised, they remained ready to attack even in death. Or rather, they hadn't known that death had come for them.

"All of their cores were destroyed in a split second," Lu Yun sucked in a sharp breath. "Based on what Ying Luo said, they were protecting that mythological realm. So who was that world's enemy, and who destroyed it?!"

The mythological realm had devoured almost the entire chaos. Chaos creatures had barely survived by taking shelter in the six dao palaces; the sacred palaces and nine sacred lands hadn't existed at that time.

Thus, it was nigh impossible that the chaos had destroyed the mythological world. Something far more terrifying had done so.

"Forget all that for now, my current goal is to save my world from the chaos. The rest can come later." Lu Yun shoved a ragtag assortment of everything else out of his mind.

The realm monsters in front of him were embedded into the void and immobilized by the local space. It wouldn't be an easy task to take them out.

"These realm monsters look small, but their mass is the equivalent of a world... They only look small because they're being distorted by this space." Lu Yun frowned ferociously. "No, I don't need to bring out an entire corpse. I just need the source of their coldness."

He looked straight at the crystal core that remained whole, despite being shattered. It was the size of a fist, but it was also as large as a world as well. Thankfully, it'd been broken, so he only needed to retrieve one single shard.

"What are you doing?" Ying Luo flew up as well and looked skeptically at Lu Yun.

"Entering a realm monster's body to get a piece of its core." Sword in hand, Lu Yun was attempting to carve an opening into the one in front of him.

"You can't! You'll get lost inside!" Startled, Ying Luo tried to stop him. "When realm monsters die, their bodies become a dead region. There are no rules or order inside. Even sovereigns find nothing but death when they enter!"

"Even sovereigns die inside?!" Lu Yun jumped with shock.

"That's right!" Ying Luo nodded. "Realm monsters are a marvelous thing—they're formed by the lingering resentment of dead worlds. When they transform into realm monsters, that's the equivalent of a new life form. But if they die, then they return to being a world.

"Even though they don't possess the energy of a world that can kill us, its body is boundless without end and extraordinarily dangerous. More than one sovereign has died inside one before!"

Upon delivering that speech, she stood staunchly in front of Lu Yun. "There's other ways to get cold air if we need it. We don't necessarily need the core of a realm monster."

She was growing frantic. Though she hadn't spent a lot of time with Lu Yun yet, she didn't want him to die for no good reason.

"You're wrong." Lu Yun shook his head. "Apart from the cold air of realm monsters, there's probably very few other sources that exist that can repel the mosquitoes."

He lifted his hand and flared several rays of arctic air from Mo Ke's treasure.

Ying Luo shivered from the sudden drop in temperature.

"Mo Ke died to those mosquitoes, but he'd already activated his treasure. He died all the same, and if my guess is right, this is the final test. We need to retrieve a core fragment from a realm monster so we can pass through this area."

Mosquitoes were indeed afraid of cold, but the mosquitoes of the Blood Sea were no ordinary specimens. Regular cold air did nothing to them, only the chilliness of realm monsters could restrain them.

How else would they docilely remain in the Blood Sea otherwise? Lu Yun and the others would've become mosquito food the moment they entered.

"Stay here. I'm going inside to see what's going on with these realm monsters." Lu Yun flared with rays of dream-like power.

"Inception! The power of inception! You really are a disciple of Inception Palace!" exclaimed Ying Luo. She'd only sensed a little power of inception from Lu Yun's combat art earlier, but it now displayed pure and unadulterated energy.

Inception was one of the six laws of supreme order within the chaos. It represented the beginning of all things and the root of all.

Lu Yun smiled faintly without a response. He pointed with his sword and deployed Dragonrise, making a small incision on the realm monster in front of them. Slipping inside, he entered the realm monster proper.

Inception...

He'd used the chaos stars within the dao palaces to refine the six supreme orders, so of course he could utilize the strength of inception.

He'd instilled the laws into the neutral chaos star and sent it into the rip in time along with his past self. In order to do that, he'd first had to master the six orders.

Chapter 1042: The Rotting Kun Within the Corpse Coffin

Murky gray fog filled the surroundings.

A realm monster's body looked crystalline and translucent from the outside, easily seen through with a single glance. But once Lu Yun entered, he found that everything here was hazy and indistinct, just like the zone of pollution in the chaos.

What set it apart was that there was no energy of the worlds here, just a dense weighty, stagnant power.

"It's so cold." Ying Luo's voice suddenly sounded behind Lu Yun.

He smiled ruefully, he hadn't thought the girl would follow him inside. If she was with him, he wouldn't be able to use a lot of his methods. It wasn't like he could kill the girl to keep his secrets now, could he?

When Wei Yuan appeared on the scene earlier, Ying Luo's first instinct had been to protect Lu Yun, even at the cost of fabricating a ridiculous lie. Now that she'd followed him into the realm monster, he really didn't know how to handle the situation.

"But you're fine in here?" Looking at the nonchalant Lu Yun, Ying Luo realized that she'd too impulsively followed the wanderer.

"It's fine once you get used to it." Lu Yun shifted around as his internal energy caused changes within his body every second. It constantly adjusted his physical form so he could acclimate to the surroundings.

This was an instinctive reaction at this point of his life. Lu Yun's old trade was tomb raiding, something he'd pursued when he was still a mortal. Modifying behavior, mannerisms, and habits in his line of work was a necessity. Now that he cultivated the immortal dao, he still retained the habit of frequently adjusting his body so as to adapt to a new environment as soon as possible.

"Okay." Ying Luo nodded and looked around, asking hesitantly, "Why do all of these corpses look kind of strange? They don't seem like regular bodies..."

"Oh?" Lu Yun blinked.

"They seem like coffins," Ying Luo mused. "You can't tell from the outside, but when you're inside, this feels like a coffin."

"Coffin... a corpse coffin!" Lu Yun's expression changed drastically and he looked wildly around him, operating formula dao at the same time.

Since the inside of the realm monster was suffused with opaque air currents, he couldn't see through to the heart of anything. He could only use formula dao to calculate the truth of the situation.

The dao of burial had long died out in the worlds, but it'd never been broken in the chaos. As a genius disciple of a sacred palace, Ying Luo's knowledge was far richer than Lu Yun's.

"Coffins that have endured a chaos tribulation are all filled with cloudy currents like these." Ying Luo ignored Lu Yun's motions and reached out to gently close her hand around a ball of murky air. "It's very similar to the patch of chaos affected by the energy of the worlds, but different at the same time."

Lu Yun retracted his formula dao and looked at Ying Luo.

"I wonder who's buried here." Still ignoring Lu Yun, Ying Luo murmured to herself as she looked around.

Lu Yun's eyes suddenly widened and he grabbed the girl, hauling her to his side.

"What is it?" Shuddering, she surreptitiously freed her hand from Lu Yun's grasp.

"Remember the mental illusion that bewitched all of the beings that entered the tomb before the bloody path appeared?" Lu Yun asked with a frown. "I'd been searching for the source of that illusion, and it looks like it originates from these realm monster corpses."

Ying Luo shuddered once more. She had indeed been in a strange mental state just now. If Lu Yun hadn't shaken her awake, she would've followed her impulses and probed further inside.

"The mental illusions are dispersed from here, but they don't come from here." Lu Yun forced his mind to calm down and refrain from racing with random thoughts. The more one had on their mind, the more easily they'd be affected by this mental attack.

"Since we're here, we should try to make the best of things." He strode forward and headed into the depths of the realm monster. Ying Luo followed close on his heels as she didn't want to be left behind.

The gray currents grew ever more concentrated until they mostly obscured Lu Yun's vision. He could only see three meters around him, anything further than that was out of sight.

This place was very similar to where the energy of the worlds stretched into the chaos. There was no sense of space or dimension. In the absence of anything for scale or comparison, the two didn't feel like they were moving at all, despite walking forward.

"There's something there!" Ying Luo suddenly grabbed onto Lu Yun's sleeve with some nervousness.

"I see it." He came to a halt as well.

Calm gray currents were agitating not too far ahead of them, and faint echoes of some kind of crooning could be heard from that position. There... seemed to be an enormous shadow swimming through the space.

Lu Yun couldn't make it out clearly, but he could see some sort of indistinct shadow. It seemed to be a large fish swimming through the area.

"What the, why is it this?!" His eyes shot wide open as he saw something very familiar... a kun!

Or more specifically, a rotting kun.

This could only be found in the underworld.

When cultivators in the world of immortals weathered their tribulation, most of them met rotting kuns. Lu Yun had never imagined that he'd find one here!

Kuns were peculiar creatures. When human dao reigned in the Primeval Era, there had been an extraordinarily strong great emperor named the Kunpeng Emperor. Also in that age existed someone who wished to peek into the secrets of creators, so he split the great emperor into two as a kun fish and peng roc.

The peng rocs lived on and formed their own race, but the kun fish didn't and ultimately entered the underworld as rotting versions of themselves.

When Lu Yun met the kun version of the great emperor in Xuan Yuan's tomb, that locale had become the final sanctuary for the Xuanyuan Clan.

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"Aooooouuu!" An enormous roar ripped through the air as the rotting kun picked up speed, barreling down toward Lu Yun and Ying Luo. Its decaying mouth was wide open and blasted forth with a festering stench.

As a treasured disciple of a noble sacred palace, Ying Luo had never encountered anything like this before. She almost fainted dead away when the awful smell washed over her.

"Piss off!" Lu Yun roared back and lifted his sword. An enormous golden dragon rushed out of it and crashed into the giant kun.

This kun was roughly thirty meters long and brimmed with energy ripples corresponding to second level mortal realm. Lu Yun's slash sent it reeling back more than five hundred kilometers into the distance, forcing away all of the murky currents around them.

"Wake up!" Lu Yun grabbed Ying Luo and frantically shot backward for several hundreds of kilometers.

“Urp!” Ying Luo started heaving when she recovered her senses.

“You could tell this is a coffin, but can’t stand this smell?” Lu Yun frowned at the vomiting Ying Luo.

“I... urp!” After emptying the contents of her stomach, Ying Luo dry heaved some more. “I, I’ve seen coffins before, but never smelled this... This kind of smell doesn’t exist in the chaos!

“That thing just now doesn’t come from the chaos either!” she concluded firmly.

Chapter 1043: Another Me

“You never know what might exist in the chaos.” Though Lu Yun agreed with Ying Luo, he still had to frame his response this way.

Ying Luo nodded.

“A creature not of the chaos doesn’t mean that it can’t enter the chaos and hurt you. Therefore, you need to be strong enough to handle anything that might happen.” His longsword lit up again as he spoke.

As its primary attribute was ice, it flared with rays of frigid air whenever it was activated. Though Lu Yun couldn’t fully deploy its entire strength, this was the most suitable treasure for him under the circumstances.

Arctic blasts of air resolved into a golden dragon wrapped around him. No longer hiding the power of inception on him, he combined it with the Dragonquake Scripture to transform it into something from the power system of the chaos. In doing so, he perfectly concealed the presence of the realms that others might detect from him.

Hummmm.

He slashed forward, sending out the enormous sword dragon.

The rotten kun that’d been bearing down on the two shrieked ghastly as grayish-yellow liquid spurted out from its body, giving rise to an even more pungent stench than before.

Her little face beet red with exertion, Ying Luo resolutely ground her teeth together to prevent herself from vomiting again.

Expression unchanged, Lu Yun raised a curtain of pale-gold light around him. Piercing dragon howls echoed through the patch of turbulent space. Bounding upward with Dragonrise, he called upon his sword dao so that he stabbed out tens of thousands of times within the span of a breath. There wasn’t a single repeated stroke in all of them, an indicator of tens of thousands of different sword combat arts.

The rotten kun breathed its last as its body spontaneously disassembled into fleshy chunks the size of a palm.

Lu Yun remained standing where he was, calling upon the Spectral Eye to observe the rotten chunks on the ground.

“It’s from the underworld, alright,” he murmured to himself and thought of that special place in the underworld—their holy mountain.

It was the most unique spot in the underworld; one could follow the river of time and look into the past if they stood upon its peak. Everything that had ever happened was available to be observed. In fact, Ashu had once enjoyed standing upon its peak to peer into the past.

This also meant that there was no concept of time on the holy mountain. One could look into the past as long as they called upon some special techniques.

So was the chaos a place like that. Sovereigns of the chaos could absolutely gaze into the past of the realms and see what had once taken place in distant history.

“Or... or is that holy mountain located here?” The sudden possibility occurred to him. “If this is the holy mountain, then what is the underworld?”

“...the holy mountain?!” The view in front of him suddenly opened up as a towering mountain appeared before his eyes.

There were several beings standing at its peak, looking into the distance. Lu Yun could even make out Ashu’s figure. As Xing Chen had once been a holy king of the underworld, Lu Yun had naturally seen the holy mountain before.

“Lu Yun!!” Ying Luo’s voice suddenly rang in his ears.

Jerking violently, the holy mountain disappeared from Lu Yun’s view and the view returned to being an indistinct gray. Cold sweat rolled down his back.

“Damn! There’s something here that can pick up on the openings created by my thoughts!” He once again turned the Spectral Eye onto the chunks at his feet, but saw that the detail regarding the underworld had vanished from the death information in front of him.

Plainly, some mental power had spied on his weakness just now and created a mental illusion to entrance him.

However, the close encounter also enlightened him as to the nature of this illusion. It was a subjective illusion, one that formed based on his own mental state. In other words, what the illusion portrayed wasn’t based on the wielder, but on the victim’s own thoughts and emotions.

As the illusion came from the victim’s heart, it was flawless and undetectable. This was what made it so terrifying.

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“Should we go back?” Ying Luo’s heart pounded to see Lu Yun in his current state. If both of them were caught up in the illusion at the same time, they’d probably be dead in short order.

“Take a look, does a way back still exist?” Lu Yun pointed behind them.

The girl looked down, feeling slightly wronged.

“Are you regretting your actions?” Lu Yun asked with a smile.

“You’re not even afraid, so why should I feel any regret?” Ying Luo lifted her slim chin. “I am Ying Luo, the future princess of Creation Palace!”

“Then, oh future noble princess, shall we be on our way?” Lu Yun swept a grand gesture forward.

Ying Luo tilted her head proudly, puffed out her chest, and strode out confidently ahead of him.

After taking down the rotten kun, nothing else appeared in the turbid area. The mental power that’d suddenly appeared earlier also vanished entirely, as if it’d never existed in the first place.

Lu Yun and Ying Luo had no idea what wielded that power. Thus, both of them were on high alert, keeping their thoughts firmly in check and their mental states coolly composed.

“This doesn’t seem to be as large as I’d imagined,” Ying Luo murmured as she looked around. “It’s probably split into many sections and we’ve accessed only one of them.”

“Mhmm.” Lu Yun nodded. Though they couldn’t see around them, their senses were uncommonly keen.

It was very big inside, but not as vast as a world. Their surroundings were also turning colder, which meant that they were drawing nearer to the heart of the realm monster. If this truly was another test, they should be able to leave after obtaining the fragment of the realm monster core.

“Be careful!” Ying Luo suddenly shouted and latched onto Lu Yun with a surge of power, dragging him back.

It looks like she’s discovered something dangerous... But strangely enough, as Lu Yun was hauled backward, he saw Ying Luo beside him still continue forward.

“Who is it?!” He frowned and flared with a surge of his own energy, pushing away the power dragging him. He whipped around to see Ying Luo looking at him with panic.

“What’s going on, why are there two of you?!” she shrieked before Lu Yun had a chance to speak.

He whirled around and saw that there was another Ying Luo in front of him, walking next to... another him.

Lu Yun felt like his mind was about to explode. He was dead certain that that one was also him!

“After them, or we’ll both die here!” Lu Yun yelled and dashed forward, tugging Ying Luo behind him.

However, the two figures in front of them were starting to blur.

Chapter 1044: Ice Corpses

Lu Yun was losing his mind. He didn’t know what kind of place they were in, but he did know that if he lost track of the him ahead of them, he would die!

My soul!

His soul had somehow split off from his nascent spirit and transformed into someone who looked exactly like him. That was what was walking ahead of them!

He would be dead without a doubt if his soul dissipated. Even though the six paths of his nascent spirit were in hell, a special power had yanked his soul out from its position of safety. Despite the combined

might of the Tome of Life and Death and kingdom of hell, they hadn't been able to prevent it from happening.

The same thing had happened to Ying Luo by his side. Her soul had slipped off her soul lamp and once it dispersed, she would be thoroughly dead. She'd also discovered the same thing and subconsciously picked up speed, chasing after her soul.

Neither Lu Yun nor Ying Luo had reached third level mortal realm, which meant they hadn't formed a true spirit yet. To them, their souls were everything.

Though the cultivation system of the chaos was different from the world of immortals, there was one point of commonality—chaos creatures didn't form true spirits until third level mortal realm. True spirits in the world of immortals were formed by the energy of the land, whereas true spirits in this realm were forged by the chaos laws of order.

In the great wilderness, denizens were born with true spirits. However, this limited their future development. Formed naturally, their true spirits lacked any tempering whatsoever and thus their potential was constrained.

This was why very few latter-day descendants in the great wilderness, no matter how strong or weak, could reach chaos realm. The little fox was the sole exception to this as she'd been enlightened by Hongjun with a creation seed.

It wasn't until the establishment of the immortal dao that the three founders used it to destroy the naturally occurring true spirit, leveraging the dao immortal realm to reforge the true spirits of all. That was the true way, just as it was in the chaos.

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Lu Yun and Ying Luo's souls were growing fainter, a sign that they were about to disappear.

"Freeze!" Ying Luo shouted as she brought out a treasure shaped like a box. Two beams of white radiance shot out from the box and held the two souls in place.

Unable to drift away, the two souls slowly solidified again.

Lu Yun darted forward and withdrew his soul back into his body, sighing with relief when it was complete.

"What was that? Why did our souls suddenly separate from our bodies?" Ying Luo took her soul back as well. She'd pulled Lu Yun backward earlier because she'd suddenly seen double of herself and the wanderer.

"The illusions." Lu Yun didn't fully relax until he called upon the Tome of Life and Death to send his soul back to hell. "Both of us were taken in by an illusion earlier. Though we woke up from it, its power still affected us and hooked our souls right out from us."

He still felt a little off balance as that strange mental power remained inside his body, influencing his mind and trying to yank his soul out of hell again. He quickly sat down and called upon the power of inception to expel the intruder from his body.

Lu Yun and Ying Luo opened their eyes in unison after an indeterminate period of time, reading traces of horror in each other's gaze.

"Do we... keep going?" Ying Luo asked hesitantly.

"We do." Lu Yun stood up and said slowly, "The core of the realm monster is ahead. There should be a way out from there."

"Alright." Ying Luo nodded.

The two continued forward as the environment gradually changed around them. Murky currents cleared away to present their surroundings in clearer view. Humanoid sculptures encased in thick layers of ice appeared—their subjects were extremely lifelike, as if they were still alive. Their forms varied, but they all looked incomparably grave, as if they were facing a terrifying enemy.

"They... were all alive and died in an instant when the ice sealed them," murmured Lu Yun when he took a closer look at them.

He was reminded of the Xuanyuan Clan in their ancestor's tomb. They'd died from the same reason, but the sculptures here were a bit different from the clan members. Lu Yun could read from their death information that these were all beings that had lived inside the realm monster!

They'd all been slain by out of control arctic energy the moment their realm monster died. So there were living organisms inside realm monsters as well!

That's right, a realm monster is a new kind of life and a kind of world as well.

"This..." Lu Yun gazed upon the varied humanoid sculptures. These people had all been just like him, living beings with emotions, thoughts, and dreams. They were all dead now, looking how they had when alive. He hadn't been able to see them when he was outside the realm monster.

"Look over there!" Ying Luo suddenly pointed ahead.

A tiny ball of ice floated in the void. The corpses of four girls were beneath it, kneeling on the ground and cupping their hands below the ball as if they were holding it up. The ball was the heart of the realm monster and the source of its coldness.

"Don't go over there." He grabbed Ying Luo. "Do you remember what we saw when we first came inside?"

"Coffins!" she recalled.

"That's right. This is a corpse coffin, so it must hold something." Lu Yun nodded. "If my guess is right, that core is fake. Those four girls should be some sort of terrible vengeful ghost, so we should avoid disturbing them."

Silencing Talismans appeared in his hand as he spoke and he attached them to himself and Ying Luo. The vengeful ghosts were currently asleep, but if they awoke, Lu Yun wasn't certain that he'd be able to handle them without calling upon the power of hell.

Crackle!

Crisp sounds rang through the air as the humanoid sculptures of ice suddenly shifted. Chunks of ice fell off to reveal stark white flesh beneath.

“Shit!” Lu Yun looked around wildly. “Run!”

Throwing thoughts of everything else out of his mind, sword energy rippled over him and condensed into a golden dragon, encasing his body within. Ying Luo reacted swiftly as well, bringing out a long emerald green chain. It flew through the air like a snake, standing guard in her immediate vicinity.

The frost over the sculptures next to them had completely vanished, releasing stark white figures that pounced on the two.

Zombies!

These zombies all exuded piercingly cold air, so frigid that even Lu Yun found it difficult to immediately adjust to it.

“Don’t touch them and don’t kill them!” he suddenly shrieked. “If you kill them, you’ll become one of them!”

Chapter 1045: Coffin Exterior, Outer-Coffin Interior

Upon hearing Lu Yun’s words, Ying Luo forcefully retracted her strength. It rebounded onto her and she spat out a mouthful of blood from the recoil.

Lu Yun grabbed her arm and dragged her over to him. The ice zombies were still lurching their way, looking to rip them to shreds. He didn’t dare come into contact with them and supported Ying Luo with one hand as he darted between the zombies, evading their pursuit.

By this point, Lu Yun was absolutely certain that he’d met these incredibly uncanny zombies before. Targets were assimilated into zombies if there was physical contact, and killing them would also turn one into a zombie.

He would never forget the aura they exuded.

Up in the air, the vengeful ghosts in the form of young girls also opened their eyes. Their eyeballs were stark white, as if ice balls had been inserted into their eye sockets. Brimming with a polar air, the frigid eyeballs stared fixedly at Lu Yun and Ying Luo as the four assembled themselves into a row.

The ice ball over their heads had vanished.

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“They’re ghost kings!” Ying Luo suddenly exclaimed with deep despair. “We’re dead, there’s ghost kings here!”

“Ghost kings?” Two black beams shot out of Lu Yun’s eyes and he glared ferociously at the four young girls.

The four ghost kings trembled from what his glare entailed.

"Piss off!" Two pillars of black flame ignited in his eyes. He couldn't afford continuing to hide his abilities, so hellfire slowly rose in his eyes.

Fear replaced every other emotion in the ghost kings' eyes and they gently landed from the air. Sweeping a graceful curtsy at Lu Yun, they waved a hand and sealed the ice zombies away. And then, they disappeared as well.

Ying Luo gaped at Lu Yun.

"I saw two pillars of cold black fire in your eyes just now... What was that?" She was extremely conflicted. She knew that it wasn't done to pry into someone's privacy, but she was very curious.

Lu Yun glanced at her without responding. Ying Luo lowered her head sheepishly.

However, Lu Yun also relaxed inwardly. So Ying Luo didn't recognize hellfire or the power from the Tome of Life and Death that he'd released just now.

The Tome of Life and Death, presence of hell, and hellfire... All of them can restrain the ghosts and creatures of the chaos.

He could finally truly be at ease now, but he still remained alert. While Ying Luo didn't recognize hellfire, that didn't mean others might not. Ying Luo was just second level mortal realm. While her breadth of knowledge and experience was extraordinary, most of it came from the records in the sacred palace. She'd never seen hellfire with her own eyes before.

So the source of those creepy zombies that can turn the living into themselves lies within the chaos.

Zombies counted as life forms in the chaos, a special type of existence. But in the worlds, they were abandoned by heaven and earth and forced to drift between life and death, forever tormented by both sides.

It now appeared that there was a reason for that. Zombies were chaos creatures to begin with, the type that could enter the worlds, but pay the price of endless torment.

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"The monarch once mentioned," Ying Luo brought up, "that if we met someone with cold black fire in the chaos, we were to help him without question if he met with danger or difficulty..."

"What?" Lu Yun started. "Help someone with cold black fire? Your monarch said that?"

There were thousands, if not tens of thousands types of cold black fire in the worlds and chaos. Just giving that descriptor was truly too vague. It wasn't like Lu Yun would suddenly reveal everything about himself either, just because Ying Luo had said that. Subconsciously, he still viewed everyone from the nine sacred lands, six sacred palaces, and even the entire chaos as his enemy.

"Yes." Ying Luo nodded and moroseness crept into her tone. "So I helped countless people with cold black fire along the way here."

Lu Yun grinned, his skepticism vanishing. He didn't know what the monarch of Creation Palace was thinking, but he could understand Ying Luo's current mood.

“Let’s go. If my guess is correct, we shouldn’t meet with any danger after this.” Lu Yun didn’t fret over the conversation topic, but Ying Luo was looking at him with new eyes. The wanderer was now her... quest item?

In Ying Luo’s heart, this was most likely a tempering mission that the monarch had set for all of the palace disciples. They were to help those with cold black fire this time, so next time it’d be those with cold white fire.

Yes, that’s right. That’s absolutely right.

Such were Ying Luo’s thoughts, ones that Lu Yun had already picked up on.

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The two walked forward for an indeterminate distance before a palace carved from ice appeared in front of them. The four ghost kings that’d left earlier were standing to the sides of its entrance, reverted back into ice sculpture form.

This was their true form, instantly frozen to death by glacial temperatures.

“A palace outer-coffin.” Lu Yun took a deep breath when he looked at the translucent palace of ice. Zhao Qing had once been buried in a palace outer-coffin.

All was deathly still around the palace. There wasn’t even a ghost to be found, much less anything alive. Since it was translucent, its inhabitant was visible with a quick glance.

A woman wearing snow-white robes lay on a resting platform in the center of the palace.

“A coffin exterior and outer-coffin interior... This woman is no ordinary person,” Lu Yun whispered.

Due to the obstruction of the ice palace, he couldn’t read any information about the woman. However, there were still clues to be gleaned from the layout here.

A coffin on the outside and an outer-coffin on the inside meant that an ordinary burial layout couldn’t hold its inhabitant. Her identity must be so stunning that if she’d been buried within an ordinary coffin, she would’ve immediately erupted out of it as a creature of immense resentment and violence.

“She was a sovereign,” Ying Luo suddenly murmured. “She was a sovereign of the mythological world, an amazing, wondrous titan of indescribable talent. What a pity that she died in the last battle.

“If my guess is right, this palace is carved out of the realm monster’s core,” she said slowly and pointed at the palace outer-coffin in front of them.

The core of a realm monster was so big that a small shard was enough for a palace like this.

There would be other shards in other areas.

Chapter 1046: To Take Possession

Lu Yun didn’t dare incur the wrath of a sovereign buried within an outer-coffin, which in turn was held in a regular coffin. If he accidentally let whoever she was out, she’d rip apart even sovereigns from the sacred palaces, much less Lu Yun and Ying Luo.

What a pity that the ten Yama Kings have all been filled. I could've tried taking her otherwise. Lu Yun sighed softly as he looked at the quietly resting corpse.

"We can't touch the piece of the core here. Let's go look for shards elsewhere," he said to Ying Luo.

"Mm." Ying Luo nodded. "Ah, have you noticed that no matter which realm monster corpse we enter, we'd always end up here in the end?"

Her attitude now bore no trace of the aloofness from earlier. She really was treating Lu Yun as a quest item, or rather, a mission goal. To her, the monarch was all-knowing and infallible, the source of her faith. Since the order to help bearers of cold black fire had come from the top, Ying Luo wouldn't think twice about it.

Lu Yun also picked up the change in her mood. There wasn't anything he could do about her misinterpretation of him, but it was better than viewing him with suspicion.

"That's right... every realm monster is a coffin, and all of the coffins combined buried this palace outer-coffin." He thought back to the dense crowd of realm monsters outside and hesitated before continuing, "A full one hundred and eight thousand realm monster corpses, to be exact.

"If it took one hundred and eight thousand coffins to barely manage to bury her... who was she when she was alive?" he murmured. "Sovereign realm was just her cultivation level. The layout of a tomb is determined by the owner's identity in life."

Strength was one matter, status and background was another. In the dao of burial, status and background were far more important than the physical strength one wielded.

"I don't know." Ying Luo shook her head. "I just know that she was a sovereign, but I don't know who she was."

Lu Yun gave up trying to probe the depths of this personage and didn't inquire further.

His theory was correct—there were shattered core fragments littered throughout the area. They didn't belong to the realm monster that they'd entered, but to an even stronger one. Plainly, all of the realm monsters outside were a doorway. No matter which one anyone set foot through, they would all end up here.

Lu Yun and Ying Luo departed from the premises of the outer-coffin as they were concerned with disturbing the being buried in it. Just the four ghost kings in front of it were inordinately terrifying enough.

"Isn't it said that the ghost ancestor is the source of all ghostly entities in the chaos? Why are there ghosts here too?" Lu Yun thought of the ghost ancestor that he'd met before. It was dead, but its image was still embedded in the skies of Witherdew Major and quietly surveilling its celestial court.

"Ghost ancestor?" Ying Luo blinked, then snorted, "What good is the ghost ancestor for? It's just a lowly minion in the chaos. Its reputation as the source of all ghostly entities is just something that those idiots in the sacred lands have made up for it.

"Who the heck knows where all the ghostly things in the chaos comes from? Not from the ghost ancestor, that's for sure!"

Complete derision crossed her face at the mention of that entity. When rumors first appeared in the chaos that the ghost ancestor was the origin of all matters ghostly, the experts of the sacred palaces and elsewhere almost died of laughter.

A mere creator dared to call itself the source of something?

The title of ghost ancestor was an absolute joke in the chaos. But since the nine sacred lands possessed absolute authority in the realm apart from the six sacred palaces, no one dared openly laugh about this farce.

Thus, Lu Yun hadn't been aware of the real situation with the ghost ancestor before.

"However, the ghost ancestor is undying," Ying Luo added. "It's destroyed dozens of worlds for the chaos and died each time doing so. It's never long before it's reborn from the wreckage of the world it died in.

"Those from the sacred palaces have tried killing the ghost ancestor before, but it always comes back to life in short order, and from the place it died in."

Her words sent shivers of horror down Lu Yun's back. No wonder its image remained in Witherdew Major after its death. It would probably be reborn there.

That'll be a latent threat sooner or later, we need to get rid of it from the roots, Lu Yun thought darkly. The six paths of his nascent spirit in hell sent out replicas to bring word of this to the ten Yama Kings in the Dao Academy.

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"Here!" Ying Luo cheered. "Fragments of the realm monster core!"

They were very far away from the palace outer-coffin, in a place where chunks of ice crystals floated in the air. The biggest of them were as large as a world, and the smallest tinier than a speck of dust. All of them exuded bone-piercing cold, the same from any realm monster.

"Can we really control the mosquitoes with these ice crystals?" Ying Luo looked at Lu Yun after carefully dislodging a crystal the size of a fist.

"Maybe, I'm not certain myself." He picked up a piece the size of a human head and made certain calculations. "If this really is a test, then these crystals should be effective not only against the mosquitoes. They'll be useful later on as well."

"Useful later on?" Ying Luo's eyes lit up and she waved a hand, collecting tens of thousands of icy shards around her in a streak of light.

"Better prepared than not, right?" She blushed when Lu Yun gaped at her. He shrugged without a response.

Hummm.

The void shook as a large door the color of the ice slowly swung open in the air. Lu Yun could see the scarlet depths of the Blood Sea beyond it.

The appearance of the door meant that they'd passed, a smooth attempt that'd been so easy only because Lu Yun had released hellfire earlier. There were certainly other ghosts and beings around them, but they didn't dare show themselves after he scared off the four ghost kings.

If it'd been anyone else here, they would've commenced a struggle of life and death and possibly even died here.

The two passed through the great door of ice and arrived back at the banks of the Blood Sea. The door then began to swing close.

"To think that someone else would be able to make it here, apart from me." A slightly arrogant voice sounded from the other side.

Lu Yun turned around to see a young man in long white robes with his chin upraised. He regarded Lu Yun and Ying Luo with a lofty bearing.

"You Huoran, secluded disciple of the Opposition Palace," he offered his background. "You two must be disciples of the sacred palaces too, since you could make it here through the bloody path.

Chapter 1047: Ying Luo Goes on a Rampage

Lu Yun and Ying Luo looked at each other. They hadn't thought that they'd bump into a newcomer as soon as they emerged from the realm monster's body.

Ying Luo didn't recognize You Huoran, a secluded disciple of Opposition Palace. Though the six sacred palaces were aligned with each other, secluded disciples were very mysterious. In fact, they were the most mysterious group out of the sacred palaces. This was why she'd said Lu Yun was a secluded disciple of Inception Palace when they ran into Wei Yuan earlier.

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"I am Ying Luo of the Creation Palace, this is..." Ying Luo introduced herself first and then pointed at Lu Yun.

"Lu Yun, Inception Palace," he interrupted Ying Luo. Since he'd displayed the power of inception in front of Ying Luo earlier, he might as well fully embrace the identity of an Inception disciple. It wasn't like anyone would know who was who after they left the tomb.

"Ying Luo of the Creation Palace!" You Huoran's eyes lit up and he ignored Lu Yun. Plainly, he'd heard of Ying Luo before.

"Junior sister Ying Luo, this isn't your real appearance, is it?" His gaze seemed like it wanted to drill right through the girl in front of him. "Junior sister Ying Luo is the foremost beauty among the six sacred palaces..."

"Please conduct yourself with dignity, senior brother You!" Ying Luo's forehead wrinkled in an angry frown.

"Ahem!" Realizing that he was out of line, You Huoran hastily adjusted his attitude and bowed to Ying Luo. "Ah, junior sister, there are many annoying mosquitoes on the island. We could be easily bitten to

death if we don't keep our wits about us. If my guess is right, the key to solving this problem has to do with the crowd of realm monster corpses above us.

"Will you join me, junior sister, and investigate what mysteries may lie with the realm monsters?" He was completely ignoring Lu Yun, as if the other young man didn't exist.

"You can go yourself, senior brother You. Junior brother Lu and I have just arrived and need to familiarize ourselves with the environment," Ying Luo responded brusquely.

"Junior brother Lu?" You Huoran finally looked at Lu Yun. "What, are you trying to take junior sister Ying Luo from me?"

Lu Yun frowned slightly, finally understanding why Wei Yuan had treated him with hostility in the absence of any provocation earlier. Ying Luo was the foremost beauty of the six sacred palaces? The greatest beauty was second level mortal realm?

He made a close examination of Ying Luo and happened to meet her flustered gaze. It wasn't until now that he noticed she was using a special combat art to conceal her appearance. Unbidden, the corners of Lu Yun's lips lifted upward. He opened his mouth and daintily verbalized, "Fuck off."

"What did you say?" You Huoran's eyes narrowed.

"Didn't you hear me the first time? I told you to fuck off." Grabbing at thin air, Lu Yun's hand returned with a longsword. Rays of emerald green power rose from his body and slowly shifted into a champagne color, ultimately collecting as a huge dragon of pale gold.

It was his first time fully deploying the power of inception. This power seemed to possess a life of its own, representing the genesis of all things and describing the origin of the chaos.

"The power of inception! You're from the Inception Palace!" You Huoran had focused completely on Ying Luo earlier and ignored everything about Lu Yun. He finally realized who he was up against when he identified the energy ripples the young man displayed.

"But so what if you're from the Inception Palace? If you dare fight me for junior sister Ying Luo, you will... What, wait, why are you attacking me without another word? This isn't how things are done!" Halfway through a pompous speech, You Huoran retreated in panic and just barely managed to evade Lu Yun's thunderous blow.

"I'm about to beat the crap out of you, but you want to cry about how things are done?" Chuckling, Lu Yun gently flicked his sword upward and once more sent out the golden dragon of sword qi.

Nine dragons in total blossomed from the tip of his longsword in the span of a breath. They circled into a tiny sword formation and trapped You Huoran inside.

"How despicable and shameless!" You Huoran yelled and summoned a black pole arm, sweeping it around with a power that was at odds with itself. He quickly smashed through the tiny sword formation of nine dragons. "DIE!!"

Enraged, You Huoran charged Lu Yun the moment he emerged from the sword formation. The power that opposed itself coalesced an enormous millstone of black and white, crashing down from the air alongside You Huoran's blow.

"The power of opposition!" Lu Yun swiftly took three steps backward, but Ying Luo exploded into motion before he could respond with a second move.

She shook her hand gently and sent out a long chain that snaked through the air. It radiated curtains of bright green radiance, crushing the giant millstone with a languid twist of its chains.

"You Huoran, I'll kill you if you harass us like this!" she shouted and put her hands together, commanding the chain to project two snake shadows with another twist of itself.

They blasted into You Huoran's chest, pounding a mouthful of fresh blood from his body before he flew backward like a broken kite, slamming into the ground.

Ying Luo was close behind, kicking out at You Huoran while he watched with horrified eyes. He flew through the air again, now gravely injured.

But Ying Luo didn't stop there. She dashed and bounded through the area, filling it with her images and kicked You Huoran around like a ball.

Anguished squeals and shrieks rose and fell in a noisy chorus as a gaping Lu Yun looked on. You Huoran's strength was similar to his, at most just a hair weaker. He would've needed to expend some effort to defeat the Opposition disciple. He never would've thought that Ying Luo would trounce the other starting from her first move, beating You Huoran so badly that he wouldn't have a chance to fight back!

This meant that Ying Luo also had the ability to beat the crap out of Lu Yun.

He suddenly thought back to when Ying Luo said that it'd taken her only three moves to pass the bloody path.

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After a dozen breaths, You Huoran was so swollen that he looked like a literal ball. He sprawled listlessly on the ground, staring blankly at the sky.

"I'll let you off this time since you're a secluded disciple of Opposition Palace. I'll kill you if you dare offend me again!" Ying Luo threatened with a mean look in her eyes.

You Huoran opened his mouth to respond, but was interrupted by another mouthful of blood. And then this mighty, noble secluded disciple of a sacred palace... fainted dead away.

"You're this strong?" Lu Yun's jaw dropped.

"Well, er, I guess?" Ying Luo blushed at the compliment.

Looking at her now, it was extremely difficult for Lu Yun to connect her with her earlier behavior.

"Then I'm at ease since you're this strong. Come on, let's go take a look at the island." Settling on their next course of action, Lu Yun looked at the skull island.

Chapter 1048: The Sound of Blood Flowing

Ignoring You Huoran, Lu Yun and Ying Luo each clutched a fist-sized hunk of ice crystal and allowed its chilly air to waft over their bodies. Then, they jumped onto the skull island.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The crowd of blood-red mosquitoes descended as expected, but was instantly repelled when they sensed the glacial air coming from Ying Luo and Lu Yun. Some too slow to react were frozen to death by arctic breezes.

"It worked!" Ying Luo cheered. "But what do we do next? I deduced that the entrance to the tomb is here, but where is it?"

The girl looked around blankly. The island was only a few meters across and its surface seemed to be the top of a skull. Barren of everything, there was nothing on its surface.

"Don't move." Lu Yun shook his head at Ying Luo and took out another piece of ice crystal.

The cold air over its surface streamed toward the center of the island at a pace visible to the naked eye. Not only did its energy flow away from them, so did the wintry air over Lu Yun and Ying Luo's bodies churn toward that central point.

The mosquitoes that'd retreated quietly reappeared again.

Lu Yun snorted and took out another crystal, replenishing his stock as soon as the two in his hands disappeared. Ying Luo also took out ten more pieces and dumped them on the ground.

A polar vortex formed in the center of the island, devouring all of the cold air wafting off of the crystals. It didn't subside until Lu Yun's last crystal and Ying Luo's three hundredth piece were consumed.

A large door made of ice appeared in front of them. It was ghastly white, roughly six meters wide and nine meters tall. Towering in the center of the island, it radiated dreadfully frosty air. The mosquitoes that'd been eying the two living beings scattered out of sight.

"We did it!" Lu Yun's eyes lit up and he quietly operated the Dragonquake Scripture. He made some careful calculations to confirm that they would find the interior of the tomb behind this great door made of ice.

All tests had come to an end now that they'd reached this point. Everything was unpredictable after this. Pursuit of any opportunities would be up to one's own abilities alone.

"Let's go inside!" Lu Yun took in a deep breath and walked through the door of ice with Ying Luo.

"Eh?" Recovering by the banks of the Blood Sea, You Huoran brightened at the sight. "So they didn't just arrive, but had already discovered the solution to the puzzle! Well now, I'll just benefit from your hard labor then! Ying Luo, you bitch, how dare you attack me!"

He chuckled darkly and flew toward the tiny island.

Craaaaack.

Ugly cracks snaked over the door the moment he set foot on land.

"No!" Frantic, You Huoran streaked into a ray of light and barreled toward the door.

Bam!

The unexpected occurred. He didn't pass through it like Lu Yun and Ying Luo had, but smashed his head against the doorframe.

Crack crack craaaack.

The door crumbled to pieces after You Huoran's headbutt.

"Why... how?" He naturally couldn't have missed his mark. The only explanation was that the door had denied him entrance.

Upon the door's destruction, the accumulated cold air dissipated as well. The mosquitoes that'd been in hiding showed themselves again.

"Eeek!" he shrieked and ran off.

As a disciple of a sacred palace, You Huoran was much stronger than Mo Ke of the water origin land. Mo Ke may have died here, but You Huoran would never go down that path.

After escaping the island, he stood by the Blood Sea while his face shifted darkly through various emotions. In the end, he abruptly leapt into the air and headed for the corpse of a realm monster.

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It was pitch black on the other side of the door. They couldn't even make out the fingers on their outstretched hands. However, Lu Yun was reassured nonetheless—he was standing on solid ground.

"What was that?" Ying Luo suddenly asked in a quavering voice behind Lu Yun.

An exceedingly strange sound traveled in from the distance, quite out of place in the emptiness of the dark.

"It's the sound of water," Lu Yun said after listening carefully. "There's probably a river in the far distance. But space here is uncanny, so it's distorted the sound of water flowing."

"Oh." Ying Luo nodded. "Um... I'm scared."

She suddenly drew close to Lu Yun, who could clearly feel that the girl was shaking.

"Scared?" He raised an eyebrow. "If we run into any danger, you'd be the one who's more likely to make it out alive."

He didn't know whether to laugh or cry at her reaction.

"It's not that... I'm just afraid." A note of suffering crept into her voice. "I can't see anything and don't know if the you next to me is the real you... I'm scared. This is my first time leaving the sacred palace by myself."

Whoosh!

Lu Yun opened his palm and ignited a bright red flame to illuminate their surroundings. Ying Luo was standing next to him, her hands clutching his left arm. Her face was a bit pale and she stared fixedly in one direction, unable to speak.

“Don’t be afraid, they’re all dead. Dead means they won’t be a threat to us. In a tomb like this, anything alive is far more dangerous!” Lu Yun comforted her when he, too, saw what was around them.

To be honest, he wasn’t feeling at ease in their current surroundings either. This place was like an ancient battlefield, filled with all sorts of corpses. Some were human, some were other races. They weren’t skeletons—they resembled as they had appeared in life. Though there wasn’t any blood or gore here, it was still a very disquieting sight.

“They aren’t part of the tomb. They’re the people who came in earlier,” Ying Luo suddenly said. “The sacred lands and palaces used them. There’s no blood or gore here because the Blood Sea outside drained them of their blood to form the bloody path...”

“What?” Lu Yun jerked with shock. So the tens of millions of sacrifices had ended up here!

“The water you hear isn’t the distorted sound of a river either, it’s how blood sounds when it flows. It’s the sound of their collected blood,” Ying Luo murmured to herself. “Why do this? Wasn’t there any other way to enter the tomb? Why sacrifice tens, hundreds of millions and use their blood to carve out a safe path?”

Horror prickled at Lu Yun’s scalp as he looked at Ying Luo. Her hair was now the color of blood.

“What did they do wrong? Why do this?” Ying Luo turned around, her eyes the color of blood as well.

Chapter 1049: Original Sin

Ying Luo’s eyes were as if blood-red amber and she no longer gave off the presence of the living.

“Get out of her body, or I’ll have you experience death again.” Lu Yun stared expressionlessly into the girl’s eyes.

“We’ve already died once, what fear is there in dying again?” An eerie smile blossomed on her face, a kind of smile that would’ve never appeared on the original Ying Luo.

Resentment from those who’d died here had lingered after death, forming a titanic vengeful spirit that then latched onto her fear and attached to her body.

This was her first solo expedition from the sacred palace and the first time she’d explored an ancient tomb so thoroughly hidden from the light of day. Though her potential was unparalleled and she was the apple of her palace’s eye, the challenging circumstances still caused inexplicable dread and fright.

Of course, this also tied into how weak she was at mere second level mortal realm. This was the constant worry of her heart, so the vengeful spirit had stolen into her body following that opening.

This was also why she’d relied on Lu Yun in the earlier test. His show of strength induced her to view him as someone to depend on, like a senior of her palace.

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“There’s no fear in dying.” Lu Yun nodded in agreement. “But how about in a life worse than death?”

Whoosh!

Black flames of hellfire ignited with a fury in his eyes. The power it released now was different from what it possessed in the great wilderness and world of immortals. In fact, it seemed to be a different flame entirely.

Hellfire was severely constrained in the worlds due to their fragility, so even some ghostly entities could withstand it. While present within the indestructible chaos, it flared with the domineering presence that properly belonged to it.

“You!!” The vengeful spirit controlling Ying Luo’s body quickly backed up while Lu Yun advanced upon it.

“You haven’t done anything wrong. Your greatest mistake was to be weak. In this dog eat dog place where the law of the jungle reigns supreme, being weak is the original sin.” Lu Yun’s eyes brightened with intensifying hellfire as it gradually set his body aflame.

“They treated you as sacrifices because of your weakness. You had no other choice because you’re weak!

“You, too, can dictate the lives of others if you were strong enough. You did nothing wrong, just erred in being too weak.”

There was nowhere for Ying Luo to retreat to anymore; Lu Yun stood right in front of her.

“Is there no place for the weak to exist in this realm, in all of existence?” Despair colored the vengeful spirit’s tone.

It despaired over its weakness and also viewed the hellfire in front of it with bleak wretchedness. Lu Yun was right; he could not only have it die again, but also subject it to a life worse than death.

“No,” Lu Yun fell silent. “Life is so mercantile and obsessed with personal gain that it defeats one with pessimism. Though I wish to protect a group of beings and ensure that they can live without care or worry, I must suffer even stronger pressure to reach my goal. Thus, I have no choice but to grow stronger.

“I want to live on and also guarantee that those I protect will live on as well. That means I have no choice but to search for more strength and become a titan in my own right, which includes dictating the fates of those weaker than me.”

Desolation filled the amber eyes of the vengeful spirit inhabiting Ying Luo.

“Now get out of her body.” Lu Yun cut short their emotional talk and spoke in removed tones once more. He stretched out a hand and gently opened a door. “Enter this door for a chance to live.”

Everything was dead here, completely and thoroughly dead. Even the last vestiges of their souls and spirits had scattered. What stood in front of him was a collection of malice and resentment that was unable to fade away. They’d accumulated into a mammoth vengeful spirit; their blood still flowed and their warmth yet to cool completely.

The amber film over Ying Luo’s eyes melted away as the titanic vengeful spirit departed from her body. It filtered into the door over Lu Yun’s palm—the Gates of the Abyss.

Huge swathes of Hell Flowers bloomed gracefully over the plains of hell. The enormous spirit scattered over the new blossoms and transformed into individual seeds that sank into the flowers.

"Why does he go to all this trouble?" Ashu sighed softly, sitting next to Zhi Guangji, Chi Biaonu, and Bai Zhaoju on the banks of the sea of Hell Flowers.

"It's the reason why the three of us are alive again." Bai Zhaoju stretched lazily against the stamen of his flower.

The soul force that Lu Yun brought back from the great wilderness had all awakened in their Hell Flowers, but there was a long journey ahead of them if they wished to become fully living beings again.

In the meantime, Ashu visited hell to take care of his old friends.

"You guys need to stop lazing around and focus on your cultivation. Your true spirits have awakened, which makes this the perfect time to establish your foundations," Ashu rose with a solemn expression. "Your previous limit was chaos realm, but now that you've been reborn and your true spirits tempered by the power of reincarnation, it won't be a difficult task for you to become creators this time around."

"Alright alright, man, you say this eight hundred times a day. My ears are growing calluses!" Bai Zhaoju stuck his finger in his ear. "I'm the White Emperor, of course I'm becoming a creator in the future!"

Chi Biaonu and Zhi Guangji smiled wryly at each other.

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Ying Luo sagged weakly into Lu Yun's arms, unconscious after the vengeful spirit took possession of her body. Her features underwent a fundamental change after she was insensate to the world.

She'd been a delicate and pretty girl before. Quite pretty, but not to extraordinary levels.

But now...

Lu Yun couldn't find any other words to describe her. It was no exaggeration to hail her as the greatest beauty of the six sacred palaces. If she didn't conceal her face, he was absolutely certain that she wouldn't make it to the tomb after leaving Creation Palace.

But the treasure used to conceal her face was quite interesting; it was ineffective when she was unconscious.

"She's on the same level as the little fox, but less pretty than Little Yu," mumbled Lu Yun as he gazed upon her face. "Mhmm, that's right. Little Yu is the prettiest."

He shifted her over to a nearby wall.

The boundless expanse of corpses had disappeared upon the vengeful spirit's departure. All of that had been an illusion. The only real aspect of their surroundings was the flowing river of blood and the faint warmth that suffused it.

Chapter 1050: Creator Realm Beneath the Immortal Dao

Off in the distance flowed a river of blood that shimmered with bloody radiance. It dyed the air above it with a bloody tint, highlighting a barren expanse that was filled with ruins.

Lu Yun and Ying Luo rested beneath a fractured city wall.

After an undefined period of time, Ying Luo slowly regained consciousness, her face changing as she did so. Her unbelievably beautiful features slowly morphed into more ordinary ones and returned to what she looked like before.

“What just happened?” She had a vague impression of what had just occurred and subconsciously stroked her face with a bit of anxiety.

“A vengeful spirit possessed your body, but I took care of it.” Lu Yun smiled.

“And then? Did anything else happen?” Ying Luo followed up worriedly.

“Nothing else.” Lu Yun shook his head. The girl changing into a different appearance didn’t mean anything to him.

Ying Luo heaved a sigh of relief. “What happened to those corpses? Why have they all disappeared?” She paused upon noticing what their surroundings looked like now.

“They were just illusions.” Lu Yun stood up and looked at the river of blood. “The beings that entered the tomb were all mashed to a pulp and none were left with a whole corpse. The only thing they left behind is that river of blood.”

He pointed at the flowing body of liquid.

“Is this the Tomb of Heaven and Earth? This doesn’t look like a tomb.” Ying Luo surveyed the surroundings, finding it to be more like an abandoned city.

The ground beneath their feet was a blackish red and the sky over their head murky gray. Ruined buildings dotted the landscape, but there were no corpses. This didn’t seem like a tomb that’d buried a realm or even living beings.

“This is indeed a tomb, one that holds everything. All of the denizens of that mythological realm were buried here,” Lu Yun sighed. “But only ordinary life forms were buried, so their bodies couldn’t withstand the ravages of time. They’ve long become one with the dirt.”

There was no concept or power of time in the chaos, but they were no longer in the chaos. In this ravaged wreck of a world, though its energy had long waned, time still flowed within it.

Lu Yun opened the Spectral Eye to gaze upon the earth beneath his feet. It crawled with death information that belonged to the ordinary beings of this world. He could see their entire lives with a quick scan and also the depths of their despair when disaster arrived. This had been a mundane planet of that realm, one that belonged to mortals.

What surprised him was something different from some of the information.

Cultivation of the immortal dao!

There had been cultivators of immortal dao here. Though he didn't glimpse any immortals, he truly did see the existence of cultivators!

"What the?" Eyes wide open, Lu Yun didn't believe what he saw. Had the immortal dao originated from the mythological realm? There'd also been legends of the heavenly palace and kingdom of hell in that world. In fact, those two entities had been the rulers of that realm.

"Are you alright?" Ying Luo hastily asked when she saw an unnatural expression on Lu Yun's face.

"I'm fine, just saw something that shouldn't appear here." Lu Yun frowned. "Is there no one else around?"

"No... There's nothing else dead or alive within ten thousand kilometers." Ying Luo looked around, scanning everything within ten thousand kilometers with a quick sweep of her gaze. "But there's a big mountain in that direction, I can't tell what's in it."

She pointed in a certain direction while Lu Yun made some quick calculations. According to the orientation of the five elements, she was pointing in the direction of fire, which meant the mountain was located in the south.

"Let's go take a look."

There was no one and nothing here, no opportunity or danger. The only place of note was the mountain that Ying Luo couldn't see through. It was roughly five thousand kilometers away from them, a non-issue for two people of their strength. They quickly arrived at their destination.

It was completely black and wreathed with a faint layer of bloody mist. The river of blood threaded through the mountain and flowed into the distance.

Lu Yun stood in front of it with his brows tightly furrowed.

"What would you say this looks like?" Ying Luo whispered.

"A corpse," Lu Yun responded without thinking. "This is the corpse of a creator that turned into this mountain after someone killed them."

The corpse of a creator!

Creators were the current apex of existence in the world he came from, but in this mythological realm and the current chaos, creators weren't much of anything. The corpse of a creator in a place like this was just the corpse of another ordinary person.

"If this is a planet of that realm, then this creator was the ruler of that planet." Lu Yun's eyes were fixated on the corpse, so agitated that his heart threatened to jump out of his chest. He read the realms of the immortal dao within the corpse!

This wasn't a creator of the chaos, but a creator beneath the immortal dao! The creator in front of them had cultivated immortal dao!

As things stood right now, the final realm of the immortal dao was great emperor. The chaos realm that came after it was a cultivation level that didn't belong to the immortal dao. No matter how Lu Yun and

Qing Yu deployed formula dao, they couldn't theorize what the chaos realm equivalent under immortal dao was.

Reaching chaos realm meant that one could walk through the chaos and withstand the horrific chaos tribulations, which was why it was called chaos realm. Above that came creator realm because creators could create something out of nothing, even something that didn't currently exist.

These two realms didn't exist in the immortal dao yet.

But in the immortal dao of that mythological realm, there was a creator realm that belonged to the immortal dao!

Lu Yun stared greedily at this enormous corpse, imprinting its death information into his brain. Within hell, the six paths of his nascent spirit operated at full speed and furiously deduced what this creator realm beneath immortal dao was.

Ying Luo seemed to realize that Lu Yun was in a peculiar state and stood quietly off to the side, refraining from disturbing him.

He fully copied all of this creator's information after a long while and sent it to his nascent spirit, finally breathing out with relief when it was done.

"He was killed by a single point. Can sovereigns do that to a creator?" Lu Yun asked.

The creator's death information didn't record who'd killed the creator, but had recorded his cause of death—a single point.

"Yes!" Ying Luo nodded. "But a point from a sovereign would turn a creator into dust. No corpse would be left behind. Since there's a corpse here, a sovereign's not behind it. Perhaps a master of the eternal or immortal realms did it."

In the chaos, after creator realm came immortal lords, and after that were the eternal overlords.