

## **Necropolis 1171**

### **Chapter 1151: Rage and Resentment**

“You court death!” raged Goldenlight when he heard the immortal’s words. He was the guardian of the Dao Academy now and even Lu Yun treated him with courtesy! How dare these race traitors say that his ancestors were livestock!

Wham!

Goldenlight raised the club in his hand and smashed it down on the crowd of traitors.

“Sniveling swine!” snarled the chaos realm immortal. His sword likewise flared with cutting light and he charged the scarlet ape.

Goldenlight was in the chaos realm as well; he and Silverlight cultivated in Mount Xuanhuang and regularly received the nourishment of the immortal dao. The two scarlet apes were now on par with their ancestor, Wuzhiqi.

However, the immortal in front of them was also a peerless master. He matched Goldenlight blow for blow for the time being, so the ape threw his head back with a long howl. Scintillating rays of splendor exploded from his body and a great combat art unique to the scarlet apes transformed his body.

Now possessing three heads and six arms, his metal club split into three and the cape that was like a bank of fiery clouds appeared on his body. Howling a challenge, he immediately suppressed the immortal.

“This rat is uncommonly strong... We need to help!” The thousands of immortals behind their chaos realm compatriot assembled in formations and rushed over. They were here purely to ambush Dusk Province when everyone was preoccupied. Considering morality and justice was hardly on their mind.

Silverlight also made her move when she saw the rest of the contingent storm the defenses. Currently in human form, she wore a silver silk dress. Her silver hair and eyes glowed gently, like she was enveloped in a layer of faint silver light.

She only needed to shift slightly to reduce a dozen grand pure immortals to dust. Despite that, the handful of chaos realm and empyrean immortals remained unmoved, their charge toward Goldenlight undeterred.

Silverlight was much stronger than her dao partner, so there was no point in fighting her. They were better served concentrating on Goldenlight and then turning their attentions to her. Most importantly, there was more than one group attacking the Dao Academy.

The highest point of the world of immortals—the World Gates—was a gruesome battlefield. Most people’s attentions were focused there, while Lu Yun and Qing Yu kept the ghost ancestor under control in Witherdew Major. The various deans and elite disciples of the Dao Academy had headed to the World Gates or were putting down disturbances elsewhere in the world.

This was the academy’s moment of weakness. Once the rebellions in other places were stamped out and the situation at the World Gates stabilized, there would be no further opportunity to take the Dao Academy.

Thus, several tens of thousands of immortals from an unknown world crossed the North Sea and stormed Dusk Province.

The sword formation protecting the province materialized as four enormous swords in the air released rays of cutting sword qi, butchering all those who rushed into Dusk.

However, it was deploying only chaos level strength. There were more than thirty chaos realm immortals attacking Dusk Province. They bore the brunt of the formation's offensive and created space for the immortals behind them to rush in.

Disorder and pandemonium engulfed Dusk Province.

RUMBLE!!

A tremendous cracking echoed throughout the world of immortals, like something had broken apart. Four enormous chasms appeared in the depths of the four great oceans.

Abysses of Divine Burial!

The abyss that'd once buried the divine race—the guardians of all civilization in the world—had once again shown itself!

There'd been ones beneath Dusk Province and the celestial master tomb, but Lu Yun had filled those in. Today, another four appeared in the North, South, East, and West Seas!

Lu Yun had anticipated that someone would attack Dusk Province and attempt to take over the Dao Academy, but the appearance of four abysses at the same time was entirely outside of his expectations!

The monster spirit courts of the North and West Seas had been reconstructed over the past thirty years and outstripped their previous heights. Flourishing and prosperous, the four seas lacked not for monster spirits and cultivators at all.

But when the four abysses materialized, the courts of the four seas were instantly annihilated and hundreds of millions of monster spirits perished in the waters. The four seas turned black, as if the Black Sea at the end of the West Sea.

Boundless demons wrapped in strange resentment walked out of the depths, advancing on the facets of the world from four different directions.

No one had expected that Abysses of Divine Burial would suddenly appear!

General panic and fear descended upon the world of immortals, and the survivors of the monster spirit courts fled to the thirty-three facets under the protection of their scant remaining powerhouses.

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"KILL!!" Furious yells raised in Nephrite Major.

Deaf Prince Xiangliu Hongzhen was on duty to protect the world of immortals from this sort of development. He hailed from the court of the East Sea while Bai Qi came from the South Sea. Though they were reincarnated masters of the great wilderness, they'd all fully assimilated into the world of immortals in this life.

The monster spirit courts of the four seas were their homes.

Whoosh.

Cerulean blue radiance erupted from the peak of Mount Vastspace and covered the world. It connected the four seas and made it so that any demons from the abysses would make land at the foot of Mount Vastspace.

Upon the mountain, Xiangliu Hongzhen and Bai Qi wordlessly killed everything they saw, their eyes red with sorrow and pain. In addition, Jing Dichen, Feng Ruyu, Lin Yan, and Beicang Qiong released the mountain's full might so the spatial power could hone in on the four abysses.

The current world of immortals was more than several hundred times bigger than when Lu Yun first arrived. Mount Vastspace was unable to cover the entire world, but it was the dao weapon of human dao and the greatest ultimate treasure of spatial order.

Jing Dichen and the others had reached peak chaos realm, so their efforts enabled Mount Vastspace to reach the four abysses at the same time and twist the laws of space around them.

Strange negativity and boundless resentment exploded from the abysses at periodic intervals. Any regular life form or immortal who touched them would be swiftly assimilated as demons. But with Mount Vastspace interposing itself, all of the negative emotions and resentment were redirected to the mountain.

"This is the fury and resentment of the divine race!" gasped the Deaf Prince after he took in the current of emotions.

"The divines protected all of life and nurtured the birth of civilization, but they were made into the greatest sinners of history. This kind of resentment isn't something that we can withstand!" Jing Dichen grew pale.

Hummmmm.

A pillar of hazy purple energy descended from the skies and barreled into the boundless tide of anguish and wrath.

The Yin Prince and Jing Huaci appeared side by side, the Timelight Tower over their heads as endless power of time poured forth.

"The headmaster and dao sovereign have cleared your name. The glories of the divine race shine forth among the worlds once more! Why do you persist in letting others use you?" Jing Huaci hectored.

A wave of time surged and followed Mount Vastspace's energy toward the four abysses. Only time would ease the divine race's resentment and fury.

## **Chapter 1152: The True Ghost Ancestor**

The divine race had accumulated too much resentment from the great wilderness to modern day. Though Lu Yun had redressed their grievances, only time could erase their hurts. Their pain and anguish could not be resolved so simply.

No one knew what the divines had endured during all these eons. They'd protected the world and embers of civilization, but had also been scorned, cursed at, and even hunted down at the same time.

The Abyss of Divine Burial laid to rest the last of their glory and dignity with an ignoble whimper.

With the happenings in the world, their rage and suffering finally boiled over, becoming a most terrifying weapon in the hands of the chaos creatures.

Once all of this bottled up resentment and wrath flooded the world of immortals, there would be very few who could withstand them. And if they made it to Exalted Major, the divine race there would immediately change sides and come under the control of the chaos creatures.

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Jing Huaci and the Yin Prince were stronger than the six prodigals. Their joint command of the Timelight Tower released enough power of time to erode at the mammoth accumulation of bitterness.

None of the acrimony came from a single source; it was a joint amassing from all divine spirits that'd come beforehand and had reached these horrific levels after eons of accrual.

Whoosh.

Whoosh.

Whoosh.

Whoosh.

Four pitch black hands stretched out of the abysses and blotted out the sun. They were as large as a facet, and they reached for the Timelight Tower and Mount Vastspace.

The moment they did so, the energy of the worlds swelled violently in a furious offensive. These four hands belonged to chaos creatures that were at least immortal lords! They'd used a special power to somehow evade the detection of the worlds and reach into the world of immortals. Even so, the energy of the worlds found them as soon as they revealed themselves and madly ate away at the offenders.

A black mist-like energy covered the arms that temporarily blocked the energy of the worlds. The arms hit the Deaf Prince and the others like bolts of lightning, forcing mouthfuls of blood from the eight and shaking Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower.

"Bring that here!" roared a furious voice from an unknown patch of space. The four hands grabbed onto Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower at the same time and dragged the two treasures into the abyss.

Hummm.

Four evil coffins descended from the skies and slammed down on the four abysses. Ge Long appeared in bright red robes, long flowing hair, a wine gourd at his waist, and a blue sword in his hand.

"Sever!" The four coffins opened the moment he revealed himself, making space for four enormous swords to shoot out and stab into the abysses.

“What?!” The unknown voice colored with shock and the four large arms jerked as if they’d been electrocuted. They subconsciously wanted to retreat, but Ge Long’s speed was many times faster than the owner of the arms.

The four sharp swords bit deeply into the abysses, discharging a destructive power that began to dismantle their targets.

“Set!” the voice rang out again. The powers of earth, air, fire, and water surged over the four arms and fixed the crumbling abysses into place. A gigantic ghost face probed out of the void and coolly regarded Ge Long on top of Mount Vastspace.

“Ghost Ancestor,” Ge Long breathed when he saw the face that was laughing and crying at the same time.

How could it be the ghost ancestor?! Lu Yun and Qing Yu were suppressing it in Witherdew Major, but here it was! And with the power of the four origins—or rather, the four elements.

Though the ghost ancestor had only shown four arms, Ge Long could still see its true form. It had four heads and eight arms—the appearance of an origin divine.

This was incredibly shocking and alarming! What was the ghost ancestor? Did the origin divine come from the four origin sacred lands or this ghost ancestor?

The moment the ghost ancestor appeared, it somehow calmed the agitating energy of the worlds and all returned to what it was before. The energy no longer attacked the four arms, clearing the way for an enormous shadow to slowly appear in the sky.

The ghost ancestor’s face was both crying and laughing at the same time—like an akasha ghost. Its body possessed four heads and eight arms—like an origin divine. Part of its body existed over each of the four great oceans, one with a singular head and two arms. The four parts combined made for the four-headed and eight-armed body of an origin divine.

There was only one ghost ancestor, but it was simultaneously appearing over all four oceans. This indicated that it existed outside the confines of the world of immortals, and that the world was just a plaything in its hands.

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Back in Witherdew Major, the sealed away ghost ancestor leered uncannily before its body slowly faded away.

“Did we fall for a trap?” Qing Yu smiled with resignation at Lu Yun.

“It was always just a replica in the world of immortals.” Lu Yun lifted his head to look in the direction of the North Sea. The ghost ancestor was now the size of all thirty-three facets, so large that it blotted out the sun.

“Its true goal here was just to absorb the essence of the worlds so that it could become one of us. That way, its true self wouldn’t be attacked when it entered the world of immortals.” Lu Yun stroked his chin. “But thanks to our seal, it fell just a little short of its goal. It could only send another replica instead of its real body, one that was an immortal lord.

“What cultivation realm is it, really? The legends of the chaos say that the ghost ancestor acts as the vanguard of the sacred lands to repay its debt of gratitude. But it looks like this isn’t the case.”

Lu Yun had asked around the chaos to glean more information about the ghost ancestor, and most reacted with a certain degree of contempt once they heard the name. But it was now marching on the world of immortals with the cultivation level of a creator and had somehow projected an immortal lord replica. That could only mean that its true body was even stronger.

“Whatever its cultivation level is, there is only one path ahead for him after entering the world of immortals—death!” Lu Yun stared fixedly at the ghost ancestor’s contradictory face and materialized a brush in his hand.

This brush had been in Qing Han’s possession ever since she became an akasha ghost. Now that she’d returned to her true self, the brush ended up in Lu Yun’s hands instead.

The purest strength of ghostly power brimmed in the brush, so potent that even Lu Yun treated it with trepidation. This thing didn’t hail from the chaos, it absolutely came from the third realm. Perhaps it was what had drawn the ghost ancestor into what it was now.

### **Chapter 1153: This Way is Barred**

The figure of the ghost ancestor covered the skies and blotted out the sun. Its massive form could be seen anywhere within the thirty-three facets. Cultivators cowered and immortals shook, but no one lost their heads in panic.

Ge Long was also on the scene, standing at the peak of Mount Vastspace and suppressing the four Abysses of Divine Burial with four bloodthirsty swords. His form also split into four and shot toward the four separate bodies of the ghost ancestor in the seas.

The atmosphere in the world of immortals nearly froze over; even the immortals battling Goldenlight and Silverlight over the North Sea paused with shock. No one had told them that the ghost ancestor would be materializing in this battle!

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“Pathetic ant!” sneered the ghost ancestor when it saw Ge Long make his way over.

The energy of the world around them shifted to that of the four elements, churning into enormous waves that crashed down on the four Ge Longs charging into the oceans.

“I see! So you’re a chaos creature to begin with, but you weren’t attacked by the energy of the worlds because you once absorbed the energy of this land!” Ge Long frowned, releasing hazy rays of sword light from his weapon and slashing apart the rearing waves.

The four Ge Longs then transformed into four sword shadows, resonating with the four swords pinning down the abysses and raising them in a formidable sword formation. In this moment, Ge Long stepped beyond the limits of space and surrounded all four oceans!

He’d accomplished a task that the joint efforts of Mount Vastspace and the Timelight Tower had proven insufficient to do!

“You stole the divine decree of the Exalted Divine Tribe from the altar of heaven and earth all those years back, which is why your replica isn’t attacked by the energies of our world!” As he spoke, Ge Long sent his four swords scything down on the ghost ancestor’s replica from the four cardinal directions.

Instead of responding, the ghost ancestor regarded the scene solemnly. The mewling life form in front of it was only barely chaos realm, but the terrifying killing power of that sword formation made even the ghost ancestor’s heart quail.

This was the purest of slaughter dao—to verify one’s cultivation through killing!

Just who is he?!

The ghost ancestor didn’t have time to further consider the question. Instead, it summoned the energy of the four elements—dyed black from the corruption of akashic power—to its body. Refusing to back down in the slightest, it raised all eight arms and slammed them against the four bloodthirsty swords.

The violent collision evaporated tonnes of seawater, cresting the rest into horrific tidal waves that roiled toward the thirty-three facets with cataclysmic power.

The ghost ancestor didn’t care what would happen to the world of immortals and its life forms. It wanted to cleanse the world of all life, even if that meant destroying the world itself!

It was also completely berserk at this point. That a tiny chaos realm immortal could obstruct its immortal lord replica completely, thoroughly, and utterly humiliated it!

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Battered by endless tidal waves, all of the islands, sects, and monster spirit strongholds in the four seas were washed into oblivion. Any immortals that didn’t retreat to the thirty-three facets in time followed the same path into nothingness as well.

However, when the waters of armageddon neared the facets, they mysteriously dispersed and faded away.

The immortals standing within the facets blinked with surprise. They’d been ready to fight to the bitter end and die for their homes in the next second. This result was completely outside of their expectations!

Even the ghost ancestor paused briefly with consternation, giving Ge Long an opening to slice off one of its heads. Pure black blood sprayed through the air alongside a scream of anguish, turning the waters beneath its feet pitch black.

Quickly following up on his advantage, Ge Long forced the ghost ancestor step by step back into the abysses.

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“The thirty-three facets of the world are complete and the world of immortals has evolved beyond what it once was. It’s the center of the worlds now, which means our home is truly maturing into its final form.

“As long as the ancestral planet remains, no power from the chaos will harm the world of immortals,” murmured Lu Yun as he watched the receding tidal waves.

The waves were the fallout of battle between Ge Long and the ghost ancestor. The ghost ancestor’s strength came from the chaos, so the waves it raised also carried forth the energy of the chaos. Since it wasn’t the natural energy from the world of immortals, the thirty-three layers naturally dissolved them.

Calm reigned for only an eye blink as Ge Long and the ghost ancestor continued their battle in the four great oceans. Scuffles broke out in the various facets as well, long laid plans by the chaos creatures or those of the Hongmeng activating and setting into motion. Even the demon of the immortal dao took advantage of the mayhem to wreak havoc where it could.

Lu Yun and Qing Yu stood firm from their vantage, taking everything in stride. The ten Yama Kings were on the scene and deploying their worlds to keep order. Any terrifying being that dared showed themselves were promptly crushed out of existence.

In the end, they assembled into formation and flew into the four oceans with help from Mount Vastspace, joining Ge Long to suppress the ghost ancestor.

Outside of the worlds, in the polluted part of the chaos, the ghost ancestor’s primary body squawked with rage. If it hadn’t been for Lu Yun preventing it from refining the altar of heaven and earth in the great wilderness, preventing it from fully claiming the core essence of the Exalted divines, its true form would’ve been able to enter the world of immortals now.

If only Lu Yun and Qing Yu hadn’t arrived fifteen minutes before it was reborn in Witherdew Major! It would’ve been able to absorb enough energy of the world to gain entrance for its primary body!

Lu Yun had reacted too quickly and ruined its plans once again, and always at a critical moment!

As things were, the ghost ancestor’s true body could only advance to the polluted part of the chaos, where the energy of the worlds extended into the second realm. It couldn’t really set foot inside.

Within the world of immortals, the overlay of the formation of the ten Yama Kings and Ge Long’s sword formation meant that the ghost ancestor’s replica could only continuously fall back to the Abysses of Divine Burial.

The abysses were also about to shatter.

“You bastard!” Enraged beyond belief, the ghost ancestor in the chaos gnashed its teeth and reached out toward Mount Buzhou.

This mountain was the door to the ancestral planet. If its protections were broken, that would fully expose the ancestral planet—the origin of the worlds. Destroying the ancestral planet meant destroying the rest of the worlds as well.

However, a segment of green bamboo suddenly stretched out from Mount Buzhou and slapped harshly at the ghost ancestor’s hand.

Smack!

The crisp collision resulted in the breaking of that arm.



“This way is barred,” sounded Fuxi’s voice from Mount Buzhou.

“The sacred prince of Creation Palace!!” shrieked the ghost ancestor. “Aren’t you dead?!”

Smack!

Instead of responding, Fuxi smashed one of the ghost ancestor’s heads open instead.

Slack jawed with dismay, the ghost ancestor didn’t know how to react. It was a sovereign, but not yet on par with the sacred monarchs.

Fuxi and Wahuang were once respectively the first and second strongest beneath the monarchs. Now that they were peak sovereigns, they were fully on par with the six monarchs, placing them at the highest level of strength that the chaos could tolerate. Peak sovereign meant that they were at the apex of their cultivation realm, not that they possessed absolute dominance in the chaos.

### **Chapter 1154: Chasing Them to the Outer Realms**

The ghost ancestor’s true body retreated well into the polluted zone of the chaos, its laughing and crying expression flickering uncertainly.

It’d been the three-eyed man who’d personally crafted the plan for the demise of the Creation sacred prince. However, he was now missing and the Creation sacred prince here instead. Not only that, but the prince was in residence at Mount Buzhou and protecting the foundation of the worlds.

With such a powerhouse holding down the fort, even a dozen sovereigns wouldn’t be able to take the mountain. That the Creation sacred prince hadn’t erupted in an all out slaughter and smashed the ghost ancestor to death was only due to wariness of the latter’s patron.

If the ghost ancestor died, then its backer would throw all caution to the wind. Things would truly become dangerous if that resulted in the arrival of a great master from the chaos.

The minor scuffles between the chaos and the world of immortals currently maintained a delicate balance. Both sides kept certain aces up their sleeves and didn’t pull out all of their trump cards or fight to the death.

Both Fuxi and Lu Yun knew that if the ghost ancestor died, then those of the third realm would be compelled to act and break this balance.

Having retreated deeper in the chaos, the ghost ancestor found its immortal lord replica being suppressed within the four Abysses of Divine Burial. Space between the fissures broke apart and they slowly melded into one abyss.

They were a creation of the ghost ancestor to begin with.

It’d known how to control the divine race after stealing the opportunity of the Exalted divines all those ages ago. Then, it’d spent countless years creating several Abysses of Divine Burial for burying the divines.

All of them had been shattered, leaving only these last four. These also contained the last of the ghost ancestor's core essence in the world of immortals and was its strongest source of power. As long as these fissures remained, its replica couldn't be destroyed.

Now that they were becoming one abyss, the ghost ancestor brought out an unknown treasure to project a watertight defense that fully encased the Abyss of Divine Burial. It then burrowed inside, becoming unassailable no matter how viciously Ge Long's four swords stabbed at the abyss. The fissure only trembled slightly, but remained intact.

"Come, let us head to the outer realms," Ge Long said to the ten Yama Kings as he looked beyond the facets to where the World Gates once stood.

"Let's go!" The ten headed to space, followed closely by four streaks of light that were Ge Long's swords.

Unrest and upheaval continuously erupted in all thirty-three facets as enemies sought to destabilize the world of immortals from the inside. Hidden experts on Lu Yun's side appeared one after another, shooting for the battlefield in the other realms whenever they took care of local disorder.

The Deaf Prince and the other prodigals, Jing Huaci, and the Yin Prince also headed to the World Gates with their great weapons of space and time.

Therein lay the true heart of the struggle.

Upon the shores of the North Sea, after the tidal waves receded, Goldenlight and Silverlight jointly slew all of the human traitors. Instead of also making for the outer realms, they hacked their way back to Dusk Province. There were still many race traitors to take care of there.

These traitors were all human supremacists, viewing humanity as the rightful ruler of the heavens and all other life as livestock and slaves for their ownership and enjoyment.

At the end of the era of human dao, apart from influence from chaos creatures, the fundamental reason for all other races betraying humanity was the existence of these extremists. Life itself had been forced into fighting for its future.

This select group of humans was once again on the scene, seeking to revert to human dominance and rule the heavens once again. All races should take their rightful place—beneath the heel of the human race!

This ran completely counter to the intent of the immortal dao. Though it centered on the human race, it was the dao of all. When human dao was first established, trailblazers Flame and Yellow Emperor created a sanctuary for humanity in the great wilderness. They did so not only through absolute strength and supremacy, but also with benevolence and tolerance that encompassed all races of the great wilderness.

However, the humans rampaging through Dusk Province recalled only violence and peremptory tyranny.

Heavyweights that'd survived the human dao era appeared in Dusk Province and waged a furious campaign on Mount Xuanhuang, seeking to occupy the mountain of immortal dao, the Dao Academy, and regain control over the great dao.

In their eyes, the Flame Emperor had betrayed humanity and become a cancerous tumor for the human race. They'd gone so far as to obtain power from the chaos creatures in order to excise this tumor, and willingly acted as the vanguard of the second realm.

The human demon, Fuying, the Azure Dragon King, and many other experts of the academy, as well as the patriarchs of major Dusk clans, took to the field. Though they weren't in the chaos realm, they were still masters of the empyrean realm.

Their combined efforts kept the group of traitors off Mount Xuanhuang soil. At the same time, the three hundred and sixty-five major cities of Dusk Province flared with scintillating light and connected in a formidable formation that enveloped Dusk.

Standing at the highest peak of Dao City with longsword in hand, Wanfeng looked at Zhao Zhicheng in Dusk City. Operating with perfect coordination, the two kept Dusk Province perfectly safe.

Within Dao City, the soul force that Lu Yun had brought back from the great wilderness were fully reborn in the Hell Flowers. Now life forms of the immortal dao, they quickly gathered together and fell in with a large army stirring to readiness.

This army was the original Dusk Phalanx!

To the front of the army, Yuchi Tianhuang, Yuchi Hanxing, and Xuan Yu stood on the head of a real Black Tortoise and stared coldly at the immortals daring to besiege their home.

"Kill!" In the center, Yuchi Hanxing raised her spear high and pointed it at the human traitors outside Dao City.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

Rumble!

An opening appeared in the city's formation as the city gates swung wide open. A million Dusk Phalanx soldiers poured out, assembled in a battle formation that summoned another enormous Black Tortoise. That one formed a yin yang formation with the real divine beast and advanced on the enemy with inexorable momentum.

"Today, we baptize our army's banner in the blood of traitors! Our valiance knows no bounds and the outer realms will hear of our victories!" Though Yuchi Hanxing was a woman, she roared with commanding authority and stirred her troops to unmatched ferocity. In this moment, she was the center of this world.

Her declaration made the blood of the enemy run cold. This army that'd suddenly appeared didn't even view them as opponents! In their eyes, immortals of the three purities realm, empyrean, and chaos realm were just sacrifices!

Of this million strong army, there were defenders who once guarded the seaside stronghold of Dusk; there were a hundred and fifty thousand former soldiers of the Nephrite court; there were experts resurrected from the great wilderness. They were all one entity now—the Dusk Phalanx!

The troops gathered in the Heavenly Formation of the Black Tortoise and the two Black Tortoises ripped into the enemy like two tigers into a flock of sheep. They exterminated the traitors in the shortest period of time possible, and the black Dusk Phalanx banners fluttered freshly of bloody scarlet at the end of the engagement.

After they cleansed Dusk Province of unrest, the Dusk Phalanx looked to the capital of Nephrite Major. It was similarly under attack by human traitors. However, Xiankan fared far worse than Dao City—it teetered on the edge of breach and collapse.

“We will start from Nephrite Major and storm our way through all of the majors, until there is nothing left but the outer realms!” snarled Yuchi Hanxing.

“Kill!”

“Kill!”

“Kill!”

#### **Chapter 1155: Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix**

Earth-shaking roars of challenge reverberated among the firmament as the million strong Dusk Phalanx swept through Nephrite Major, Lazuli Major, then Primus Major, and finally the outer realms where the World Gates were!

Wanfeng watched their progress silently, gazing upon an army that contained people she’d known in this life and the last. They had embarked on a road with no return, and perhaps all one million of them would be dead after a few years. Even Yuchi Tianhuang, Yuchi Hanxing, and Xuan Yu might perish.

But they had no other choice.

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A shocking crimson colored the skies of the world of immortals. When immortals died in battle, their blood sprayed downward in a bloody rain that dyed every inch of the world’s soil.

It was just like a saying that Lu Yun had once heard on Earth: each inch of territory is won by an inch of blood. A million immortals meant an army a million strong.

This wasn’t just a rallying cry meant to bestir public opinion for war, but the voluntary action of all immortals in the world.

In the hundredth year of the Xuanhuang calendar, the Dao Academy welcomed its hundredth anniversary and the last day of peace in the world of immortals!

“Those who die in battle will not die in vain. I’ll have Hell Flowers bloom throughout all of the world,” murmured Lu Yun as he watched blood sprinkle down.

“The world projected by the World Gates won’t hold for long. It’ll shatter, sooner or later.” Resolution flashed through Qing Yu’s eyes as she looked at her dao partner.

“Then... we’ll fight our way out and head for the cosmos. Let’s take a look at what’s out there. How are they creating these horrific yin spirits?!” Lu Yun completely understood where her thoughts were going.

Their previous calculations had shown that if the world of immortals possessed more than ten great emperors when the World Gates fell, that would be enough to potentially emerge victorious over this cataclysm. But when disaster truly descended, they discovered that someone had interfered with their formula dao.

The current world of immortals was far greater than what it’d been at the peak of human dao. Their greatest experts exceeded creator realm and reached immortal lord or higher.

But still, there seemed no hope of winning against the endless tides of yin spirits behind the World Gates.

The chaos creatures didn’t even need to make a move, much less powerhouses from the third realm. Just the hordes of yin spirits alone were enough to shake Lu Yun’s heart and dim the light of hope from his eyes.

There was certainly something dreadful hidden in the depths of the cosmos, something that kept attracting the horrific yin spirits. Only when they resolved that latent threat in the darkness would they have a chance of winning.

“The demon of the immortal dao is on the move. I wonder how Pangu and God are faring.” Lu Yun suddenly worried about the two legendary characters.

They were in charge of suppressing the demon of the immortal dao, but it was beginning to appear with increasing frequency in the world of immortals. The corresponding lack of word from Pangu and God made Lu Yun’s heart sink.

“There’s someone else behind the demon, he’s not alone. Perhaps he has something to do with the third realm.” Qing Yu’s heart grew heavy as well.

“We can’t keep the demon down, so I can only hope that Pangu and God are fine... Blood Demon, Demon God, the two of you must protect the academy well. Remember, the demon of the immortal dao may be coming for you, so you must be careful,” Lu Yun suddenly transmitted to the blood demon and his disciple at the Dao Academy.

“Don’t worry, Headmaster. The demon dares not act recklessly within Mount Xuanhuang,” came the blood demon’s response from a distance. “But you must keep an eye on the Venerated Sacrosanct Immortal King. He possesses the heritage of the Hadal Bone Method as well as an enduring true spirit. Perhaps he’s the demon’s true target.

“The Hadal Bone Method comes from lofty origins, I wonder who exactly left it behind...”

“Hold on!” Lu Yun interrupted. “Doesn’t the Venerated Sacrosanct Immortal King use the Skyturning Seal? Didn’t he return the Hadal Bone Method to you? How can he be practicing it again?”

Of course he knew where the method came from—a great master of the fourth realm!

The Hadal Bonefire with the Hadal Hell had been left behind by the young man of bones. He'd comprehended the method within that hell, which was why he named it the Hadal Bone Method.

The young man knew that entering the Hadal Hell consigned him to an eternity of imprisonment, but he didn't want his method to die out like this. Therefore, he'd left both method and fire by the perimeter of the Hadal Hell for one who would resonate with them.

Lu Yun had spent the past hundred years running to and fro or deriving combat arts. He didn't pay attention to those under his command unless they died; they could do everything as they saw fit.

Therefore, he didn't know that the Venerated Sacrosanct Immortal King was relearning the Hadal Bone Method.

As this method came from the fourth realm, its implications were too great. If word of it got out, experts from the third realm would hold nothing back in fighting for it. A method of the fourth realm was much more important than the world of immortals!

"Well... the Hadal Bonefire has taken root in his enduring true spirit, so even if he returns the method to me, he can cultivate it again," paused the blood demon. He continued dejectedly, "All of the efforts I put forth in cultivating that method benefited him in the end.

"He's also the foremost expert of the immortal court now. When creator realm appeared, he broke through to that level without fanfare."

Lu Yun narrowed his eyes in thought, then nodded. "Alright, I see."

He thought about it some more and contacted Qing Han in the outer realms, instructing her to keep a close eye on the Venerated Sacrosanct Immortal King.

This disciple was the strongest under Lu Yun's banner, apart from the Bridge of Forgetfulness. She was their greatest trump card to safeguard the cosmos. It was because of her existence that Lu Yun felt they could hold on for eighty years.

If not for her, they wouldn't last even a year.

.....

Hellfire burning around them, Lu Yun and Qing Yu set foot outside of the world of immortals. But as soon as they did so, they came to a surprised halt.

"What are you two doing here?" Lu Yun frowned at the two people—or rather, dragon and phoenix in front of him.

Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix!

These two often appeared to help Lu Yun fend off enemies—such as when large numbers of experts had appeared in the dragon tomb of the North Sea, or Dusk Province had been under siege.

They'd vanished a while ago, and Lu Yun and Qing Yu had failed to find them through formula dao. To think they'd be in the cosmos outside the world of immortals!

They looked wordlessly at Lu Yun and Qing Yu, then turned around to head deeper into space. Yin spirits teemed among the stars, but didn't notice their existence.

"After them!" Lu Yun grabbed Qing Yu's hand and deployed the Boundless Step in their direction.

### **Chapter 1156: Spatial Node**

"They're completely gone." Lu Yun stopped after a prolonged chase.

Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix's presence had utterly vanished into the vast cosmos. Qing Yu called upon formula dao, but wasn't able to determine where they were.

"They weren't acting normally... something must've happened during the time they went missing," she whispered beside Lu Yun.

They were far from the world of immortals and an unknown distance into the cosmos. Innumerable yin spirits crowded in around them. Apart from a few ghastly looking suns in this part of space, the yin spirits had left none of the other stars untouched.

Lu Yun and Qing Yu were wrapped in blazing hellfire that completely concealed their traces of life. To the senses of the teeming yin spirits, they were a patch of empty void. There was nothing there.

"Whatever's happened, there's hope as long as they're still alive," Lu Yun sighed as his expression darkened with gravity. "Where the heck do these yin spirits come from?! The strength we've accumulated in the world of immortals won't be able to fight them off at all!"

Though the yin spirits here were also gray, black, scarlet, purple, and silver, they were many times stronger than the ones that Lu Yun was familiar with. Many of them were empyrean, chaos, and even creator realm!

If it wasn't for something restricting their movements and preventing them from swallowing the world of immortals, they would likely devour the entire world!

"The heavyweights of the third realm don't want to destroy the worlds, they just want to kill everything in them and claim the world of immortals!" Qing Yu almost felt that she'd returned to the chaos when she looked around her.

She didn't know what else existed in the cosmos, but the strength and presence that she was able to see and sense here was on par with a sacred land in the chaos. There might even be sovereigns in this part of space!

Hongjun and Fuxi both rivaled sacred monarchs, but they only dared remain on guard at Mount Buzhou. They didn't venture a foot into the space around the world of immortals!

A battle between sovereigns could easily destroy a newly matured world. The worlds in general were just a speck of dust in the chaos at the moment, yet to fully mature. They could only be categorized as developing as they hadn't experienced a single chaos tribulation since their formation.

This was also why those of the sacred lands were entirely relaxed and leisurely set up all sorts of plans. They were far from striking out in desperation and sending everything they had to destroy their enemy.

It would take several tens of thousands of chaos tribulations for the worlds to expand to the point of swallowing the chaos.

However, the amount of yin spirits around the world of immortals was really rather frightening. Even Lu Yun and Qing Yu felt a deep sense of helplessness when they scanned the scene.

There had to be sovereigns present here. With sovereign realm powerhouses around, there would never be an end to the yin spirits here—not unless the worlds expanded to the point in which they could endure collisions between sovereigns.

But by then, those of the nine sacred lands would surely attack with everything at their disposal. They possessed their own sovereigns now, as well as the creatures born of the nine creation seeds. If allowed enough time, they would reach the level of the sacred palaces.

.....

Lu Yun and Qing Yu had entered space to search for the source of yin spirits and take care of the problem at the root. But they now discovered that with their current level of strength, it was impossible for them to attain this goal.

They would have to return empty-handed even if they found the source.

This wasn't the fourth realm or the chaos, Lu Yun couldn't deploy his strongest powers here. The Bridge of Forgetfulness was also unable to fully exert itself.

"Is there something special about this place for Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix to have led us here?" Qing Yu suddenly mused and operated formula dao, contemplating this part of space.

Their presences had vanished here, a carefully calculated move that banked on Lu Yun stopping in this precise spot.

"There really is something a little strange about this place!"

Lu Yun took up a protective stance beside Qing Yu.

She abruptly shifted to the side and firmly planted herself over a certain spot, squeezing out an empyrean realm yin spirit that was already there. And then, she became completely still.

"What's going on?" Lu Yun regarded her actions with a bit of alarm. He'd never seen her like this before.

"This is a spatial node that connects the chaos, world of immortals, and Earth!" Qing Yu explained solemnly. "We need to steady it with the immortal dao. If it's broken through, then the world of immortals and Earth will be fully exposed to the chaos creatures. They'll need only one blow to destroy us all!"

"I... must stay here!" she said softly to Lu Yun. "I'm sorry, I can't keep you company from now on."

"...must it be you?" Lu Yun frowned fiercely. He was also operating formula dao, but the conclusion he reached was the same as what his beloved had said.



The immortal dao must be in residence here, and Qing Yu represented the immortal dao. A replica or projected image of her would be insufficient. It had to be her, personally, the dao sovereign who'd refined the Dao Flower as her dao fruit!

This was a trap to keep Qing Yu confined to this part of space. Though she knew it was a trap, she still had to jump in with both feet. Once Lu Yun left and she remained here alone, that was when true danger would descend.

Qing Yu nodded mutely.

"It's the demon of the immortal dao behind Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix, it's controlling them. It should be the only one aware of this spatial node." Drawing upon the immortal dao, Qing Yu fully derived the situation. "I must stay here. If the chaos creatures discover this place, they'll use it to attack Earth!

"As the previous great wilderness, Earth is the source of our world. If it's destroyed, then everything goes as well."

The chaos creatures weren't the heavyweights of the Hongmeng with their own schemes. All they wanted was to destroy the worlds so they could survive.

Qing Yu looked steadily at Lu Yun. "If our world is destroyed, everything is gone. Our efforts can't go to waste."

Lu Yun sighed gently and took out Violetgrave.

"You need to think carefully about this," Violetgrave said seriously as she appeared in front of Lu Yun. "I can hold down the fort again for you this time, but when we meet next, we will be purely enemies."

There was a frosty edge to her words.

### **Chapter 1157: Fissure**

Violetgrave had unconditionally done many things for Lu Yun already. In return, she'd only wanted an immortal sword that Lu Yun had no use for.

Apart from a detached look in her eyes, a bit of disappointment could also be glimpsed.

Lu Yun shook his head gently. "I'm not planning on having you safeguard the spatial node."

"Eh?" Violetgrave blinked. In her understanding, apart from Qing Yu and one other in the current world of immortals, she was the only one up for the task. Surely Lu Yun knew this as well.

"Little Yu is the dao sovereign of the immortal dao and she has her own duty and responsibilities. She should've undergone a tribulation in the chaos, but avoided it due to various reasons. Therefore, it has to be her this time," Lu Yun responded solemnly as he looked at his dao partner.

Qing Yu nodded in return. Violetgrave had dispelled that tribulation for her—the human tribulation that Lu Yun had summoned with the Dragonquake Scripture. Not only had that tribulation resulted from the Dragonquake Scripture, but it'd also contained her dao tribulation.

After the immortal dao entered the chaos, repulsion from the chaos creatures created a tribulation in and of itself. The humanoid figure with a dagger in hand represented the will of all living beings.

Violetgrave had traded her dark fire to Qiu Luoyu, who used it to dispel the human tribulation. However, the dao tribulation remained. Qing Yu had to truly shoulder the responsibilities of the dao sovereign before she could endure it.

“There’s actually someone else who can stand here in her place.” Violetgrave narrowed her eyes in thought when she heard Lu Yun’s response. “She can take the tribulation for Qing Yu instead.”

“I know who you speak of... but it wouldn’t be fair to her.” Lu Yun shook his head.

Dongfang Hao’s dao partner.

Apart from a mysterious master by Dongfang Hao’s side, there was another woman who could influence the will of the immortal dao. She’d been born with this inclination and could even manipulate it to a certain degree.

When Lu Yun had been scheduled his own tribulation, the woman had used the will of the immortal dao to affect it. Thankfully, he’d still overcome the trial in the end. And after Qing Yu became the dao sovereign, thus making the will of the immortal dao whole and flawless, there was nothing else in existence that could affect it.

However, Dongfang Hao's dao partner still possessed the fortunes of the immortal dao. Though she wasn’t a dao sovereign, she was the equivalent of a replica of immortal dao—one with its own mind.

While it’d be less effective if she was the one to hold down the fort here, she could also call upon the immortal dao to seal away this spatial node.

“Fair?” Violetgrave cocked her head. “Someone once talked about fairness with me, which is why I keep transacting with people. Living beings give me their souls while I give them power.

“But later on, I discovered that there is no such thing as fairness in life. Everything is but superficially righteous excuses.”

Lu Yun remained silent for a moment before saying, “Violetgrave, please keep Little Yu company and keep her safe.”

“You really don’t need me to guard this place for Qing Yu, or bring that woman here?” Violetgrave started and asked again. Staying here to keep Qing Yu company was a completely different affair from personally standing guard herself.

Violetgrave was a treasure, an unparalleled immortal sword. If Qing Yu was the focal point of remaining here with her, that wouldn’t result in any terrifying changes to a treasure.

“Nope,” Lu Yun and Qing Yu chorused.

“I’m very much reassured with you here.” Lu Yun smiled at Violetgrave.

“Aren’t you afraid that I’ll tempt Qing Yu and reach some sort of deal with her?” A smile floated onto Violetgrave’s face and she looked teasingly at Lu Yun.

"I can trade you whatever you want. I have plenty of souls," Lu Yun responded without missing a beat.

"Boring." Violetgrave jumped up and vanished. The Violetgrave sword floated up from Lu Yun's hand and floated down next to Qing Yu.

"I'm afraid that you'll have to suffer a bit." Lu Yun looked lovingly at Qing Yu, an apology flashing through his eyes.

"This was my duty to begin with. I calculated just now that one of my opportunities has something to do with this spatial node." Qing Yu smiled merrily. "Go and don't worry about me. With Violetgrave here, no one will be able to harm me."

"Mhmm." Lu Yun took a deep breath.

"You'll be able to spend some alone time with the little fox while I'm preoccupied. Make use of it to take down her primary self too!" Qing Yu suddenly said with a half smile.

"Eh, what, uh, no, huh?" Tongue tied, Lu Yun stared at Qing Yu and couldn't get a full sentence out. The sudden change swept away the sorrow of parting that'd been seeping into the atmosphere.

"Alright, go on. Don't tell me, you two will have a whole nest of little foxes by the time I return!" Qing Yu sat down cross-legged among the stars and spoke no more.

Grinning ruefully, Lu Yun walked up to his deeply meditating dao partner and dropped a kiss on her forehead before he left.

After his departure, Qing Yu opened her eyes again and stared dumbly in his direction, her thoughts unknown.

.....

Lu Yun retrieved the hellfire on Qing Yu. With Violetgrave by her side, the fire seemed rather superfluous. Instead of immediately returning to the world of immortals, a golden coin with wings appeared in his hand—the Treasurefall Coin.

This was a peculiar treasure that wasn't ranked or possessed any offensive abilities. Its only function was to search out treasure and claim it.

Lu Yun had once made use of it to locate the Fire Parasol Tree and Ghost Phoenix within the dragon tomb. He could likewise direct it again to search out the same tree. Since he was an empyrean master now, he could send out the Treasurefall Coin in search of something specific, rather than generic treasure.

Humm.

Golden light burst from the coin as its tiny wings shuddered, sending it shooting forward as a golden meteor and vanishing among the stars.

Snapping to attention, Lu Yun quickly deployed the Boundless Step in pursuit.

The Treasurefall Coin was extremely fast; it almost tested the limits of what this realm could tolerate. There were no ripples of energy or life when it activated, as if it was something dead. Thus, there were

no yin spirits that would take an interest in it, not to mention the horde here seemed to have received some sort of command and were surging toward the world of immortals.

.....

“What is this?!” Lu Yun looked at what was before him with shock.

The Treasurefall Coin had stopped and circled the void—it’d lost the Fire Parasol Tree. There was a tremendous spatial fissure in front of it, filled with yin spirits both in and out.

Patently, the yin spirits of the cosmos came from this crack in space, and Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix were both inside it.

### **Chapter 1158: Great Peak of the Five**

“What’s... on the other side of the fissure?” Lu Yun’s heart spasmed painfully.

The crack was too large—it was bigger than the entire world of immortals! Perhaps it even ripped the cosmos of the world in half.

Was it manmade or naturally occurring?

The space inside it likely dwarfed the worlds and it wasn’t possible that someone of the sacred lands had created it. If they could tear such a large rip through the stars, then they could’ve hewn the world of immortals in half a long time ago.

No, someone of the third realm was behind it!

Heavyweights of the third realm supported the sacred lands from the shadows. They’d sent their own disciples to the chaos through the creation seeds. These disciples were supposed to slowly nurture their own power through the creation seeds, but Lu Yun’s appearance and blocking the sacred lands had forced their hand before the best timing.

The nine possessed battle strength on par with the sacred monarchs when they were just sixth level mortal realm. If they reached sovereign realm... they’d be the ones ruling the chaos.

So it couldn’t be them behind the fissure.

Lu Yun felt enormous pressure when he stood in front of the rip. It was one thing if the heavyweights of the Hongmeng fought for their own interests and plotted against each other. But from the looks of this, they seemed to be considering allying together.

The only thing he could be thankful for was that these third realm powerhouses couldn’t enter the chaos or the worlds.

Lu Yun swept the Spectral Eye toward the fissure and saw that evil, sinister winds gusted inside. A disquieting air permeated it, just like how the Hadal Hell had once appeared.

The Hadal Hell had later been refined by the Tome of Life and Death and firmly stuck to the hell of human dao. It’d given birth to the netherdark, human hell, and the current kingdom of hell. Its core essence was now part of the world of immortals and had become the overall potential of the worlds.

The world within the fissure, however, was as if a Hadal Hell that'd never been touched. Ravening, turbulent energy ravaged through it, afflicting all of the yin spirits it touched.

Lu Yun glowered at the sight. He wanted to go in and see what the world was like, but he was shocked to discover that his dao heart, normally as steady as a boulder, was shaking.

He was afraid!

The terrifying presence that that world exuded shook him to the bone. His was an instinctual fear of a living being, as if there was something there that could devour every last trace of him.

There were no ripples of indication from the Tome of Life and Death, though he quailed from this primal fear. The Tome of Life and Death was an unknown treasure that represented a certain pattern, a kind of rule, and a type of order. It didn't possess its own thoughts and the power it deployed was a function of Lu Yun's strength.

That had been the case when Lu Yun forced the revival of Fuxi. He'd bestirred a certain rule within the treasure that triggered the power within the Tome of Life and Death. Though he was currently afraid, the book wouldn't appear to protect its master in the absence of any tangible danger.

"Well then, let's go inside and see what kind of place this is!" Lu Yun grit his teeth and forced down the terror circling around his heart. He sat down in front of the fissure and ignited hellfire over his body.

One of his image projections appeared in front of him.

Since it was an unknown world through the crack, he wouldn't possibly brazenly head inside to his potential death. The six paths of his nascent spirit had once more returned to his primary body. Though he couldn't die if they remained in the kingdom of hell, this kind of subterfuge wasn't useful when facing an immortal lord. By recombining the two of them, that raised his cultivation condition to its most optimal.

He was now in the empyrean realm, a far cry from the lowly ant he once was. But when faced with this fissure, he almost reflexively wanted to send his nascent spirit back to safety again.

I will never bow down to this kind of fear!

Blazing hellfire coalesced into a figure of Lu Yun, bearing him into the fissure on the back of a fiery dragon. He'd put the Treasurefall Coin away as he didn't want this precious object to be lost in an unknown world.

.....

"This isn't the chaos, nor the third realm or fourth realm!" Lu Yun's projected image stood on top of a black dragon and wielded a dragon spear. Though he was a humanoid, he possessed three heads and six arms—three dragon heads.

He was a chaos dragon in human form.

Lu Yun's projected body was based off of the Dragonquake Scripture, and this method was the ultimate knowledge of the chaos dragons. Being in chaos dragon form enabled one to release the greatest power from the method—that of the forbidden passages.

When he burrowed into the fissure, he immediately discovered that he was still among the worlds. In fact, this seemed to be part of the cosmos around the world of immortals, just that it'd absorbed the core essence of some powerful world and turned uncommonly ferocious.

Yin spirit after yin spirit darted out of the depths of this world, heading out the fissure and toward the world of immortals. They were growing steadily stronger as well. Though they were repressed upon encountering the energy of the world after they left the fissure, this kind of restriction dwindled the stronger they were.

"What kind of place is this?" Lu Yun sucked in a sharp breath. This world seemed like a crazy tumor, firmly lodged into the world of immortals and releasing terrible poison that ate away at his home. Sadly, if this world was still within the chaos, he could release the Bridge of Forgetfulness and have it seal the fissure shut.

He dithered only momentarily before streaking further in.

"What is that?!" Lu Yun suddenly stopped in front of a crimson sky. A great mountain towered in front of him, blocking his way as if it was a world itself.

However, it lay in ruins, having been cleaved into two. Yin spirits poured out through its crack, and five bloody words were emblazoned on the landmass.

Great Peak of the Five!

There should've been another word at the end, but something had erased the sixth word. However, Lu Yun could still guess what it should've been.

Hells.

Great Peak of the Five Hells.

This was Mount Tai.

A broken Mount Tai.

### **Chapter 1159: The Sanguine Hell**

Mount Tai was the mountain between two realms, but this one lay in ruins!

As slow as Lu Yun might be, even he knew where he was now.

Hell!

What lay beyond Mount Tai was another hell, one similar to the Hadal Hell.

Up until now, he'd only known that there was the Hadal Hell in the world. Though he'd inferred from the name "Great Peak of the Five Hells" that there were five total hells in the world, he hadn't been able to determine where the other four were or what kind of existence they entailed.

A second had just abruptly appeared in front of him, having turned into a pestilence for the world of immortals.

“This is indeed the cosmos of the world of immortals... The unknown hell lies beyond this mountain!” Lu Yun’s projected image took a deep breath as he set foot on empty air, striding toward this second hell and crossing beyond the mountain.

A barren, desolate land the color of blood entered his field of vision. Piles of stark white bones littered the landscape, painting a macabre and eerie sight. As he walked the crimson land and took in its atmosphere, gravity weighed down his heart.

He could feel a distinct bleak sorrow, a mournful keen from this hell.

It was dead.

Contrary to the Hadal Hell that’d been refined by the Tome of Life and Death and connected to his kingdom of hell, this unknown hell had been destroyed by an unknown assailant at the roots. The white bones on the ground were the prisoners that’d once been kept here.

This was no longer the world of immortals, and Lu Yun still had no intention of bringing his actual body here. Even if his primary body came and operated the death arts to the maximum, he would still die here.

When She Nong had learned that Tianqi was the god of Mount Tai, he’d said that the god of Mount Tai was dead.

While Lu Yun didn’t know how many gods of Mount Tai or Mount Tais there were in the world, the one in charge of this hell had undoubtedly died with it.

Lu Yun looked down and tried to use the Spectral Eye to glean some information from the bones, but someone had wiped away all information within them a long time ago. These bones were just chunks of stubborn rocks.

“The yin spirits don’t come from this dead hell, but from beneath the mountain.” Lu Yun turned back to look at the landmass hewn into two.

There was another terrifying world beneath the mountain, the true source of all the yin spirits in his world. This hell was just fertilizer for that world.

Lu Yun felt a headache set in from confusion.

It was certainly someone from the third realm behind the fissure in space, but this hell and the world beneath Mount Tai were beyond the reach of even heavyweights from the fourth realm.

What the heck is going on here?

It wasn’t until now that he realized there’d been some sort of connection to the fourth realm all along, and it’d been right there in front of him. He’d been too minuscule before, unable to see the bigger picture even though it was placed right under his nose. He could only see the parts that he could comprehend.

If this bloody world was the same as the Hadal Hell, then the world beneath Mount Tai was very likely a similar kind of hell.

Lu Yun made some calculations outside the fissure before sending his projected body further into the depths. His focus was on the connection between this hell and the Hadal Hell for now, the world beneath Mount Tai could wait. Was this hell one of the five?

He wouldn't venture into that more dangerous zone beneath the mountain until he had a clear handle on this hell.

"This... should've been a fiery sea before!" He suddenly came up to an enormous pit that looked very similar to the sea of hellfire in the ninth level of the Hadal Hell. What should've been an expanse of leaping flame had been doused; there was only a withered branch at the bottom of the pit.

It was the same crimson color as the land.

"A tomb..." A sudden thought occurred to Lu Yun as he looked at the dry seabed and withered branch. "The fiery sea and branch form a layout of burial. This large pit is a tomb, laying to rest a terrifying existence!

"...is the god of Mount Tai buried here?" His eyes lit up.

Though his primary body wasn't here, his projected self was extraordinarily strong. In fact, it was stronger than his primary body when it operated the Dragonquake Scripture in the form of a chaos dragon.

He slowly floated down into the dry pit.

Rustle!

The branch fell apart into dust as soon as he touched it.

"Looks like it was something like the Karmic Tree," Lu Yun sighed. The withered specimen hadn't been from a Karmic Tree, but something that was the same equivalent. There was absolutely no trace of life left in that branch.

"The flames of this fiery sea should've been on the same level as hellfire. If I can get a second kind of hellfire..." Lu Yun operated the Dragonsearch Invocation and looked for the best spot to enter the tomb.

He wanted the seed of this flame, even if he couldn't find the buried god of Mount Tai! There was no way that a fire of that level would entirely die out. A seed would remain even if it was extinguished, awaiting a new chance to burn again.

"Found it! Right here." Lu Yun burrowed beneath the ground.

Since his body was a projected image, it hovered between the tangible and intangible. He didn't need to make it out alive either; he could just throw whatever he found into the Gates of the Abyss.

Dragonquake Scripture operating at full capability, he swiftly arrived in front of something that looked like a palace. Primal layouts of burial contained only a main chamber that was shaped like a palace; there were no other side chambers or hallways. The one before him was made of countless planes folded and stacked upon each other.

With Lu Yun's current level of cultivation, he was standing in only one of them.



“The Sanguine Hell!” Lu Yun trembled when he caught sight of an obelisk ahead. Erected next to the palace, it spoke proudly of this hell’s name. He didn’t recognize the script, but a certain will emanated from them so that he could understand them.

“The Sanguine Hell? Is that the world outside?” He stared fixedly at the obelisk.

The Sanguine Hell was very likely the second of the five, a hell that was on par with the Hadal Hell.

Lu Yun then shifted his gaze from the stone to a tiny oil lamp in the center of the palace. There was a tiny flame the color of blood burning within it.

### **Chapter 1160: The Sanguine Flame**

Hellfire!

The tiny flame that burned with the color of blood was a blossom of hellfire, the same that Lu Yun controlled. Since his projected body was made of hellfire, it was evident at first glance what he was facing.

However, the flame in front of him was extremely weak. It clung to life through that tiny oil lamp and the oil inside, flickering in its throes to avoid full extinguishment.

When Lu Yun walked toward the lamp, the scarlet hellfire within jumped gently, as if sensing the arrival of its own kind.

“This is... corpse oil.” Lu Yun regarded the lamp with widened eyes. This wasn’t just regular corpse oil, but oil from an unfathomably strong existence. Their body had been destroyed and refined into corpse oil after its death, sacrificing everything to preserve this tiny bit of fire.

He looked up to see an enormous crimson outer-coffin floating quietly in the air—a hanging coffin. Strange rays of bloody light flared around the coffin, dyeing it the same eerie shade of red.

Lu Yun attempted to deploy the Spectral Eye, but found that the layers of light blocked his Spectral Eye. He wouldn’t be able to see through them unless he was here in the flesh, blazing with hellfire, and deploying the strength of a king of the fourth realm.

The flickering hellfire in the oil lamp pushed any inclination to do so out of his mind.

He... really didn’t dare go inside with his primary body.

Lu Yun had yet to reach the highest mentality of the principal realm, a level at which he would be without emotion or desire. He was still an ordinary being with the emotions of a regular life form. His projected image took a deep breath and carefully observed the surroundings.

Apart from the hanging coffin and the tiny oil lamp in front of him, there was nothing else unusual about this place. This was a primitive layout of burial without any burial goods or others buried with the tomb owner. Everything about this tomb followed the most primal rhythm—born of nature and returning to nature.

Lu Yun thought for a bit, then stepped up to the hanging coffin. A layer of bloody light circled around it, but he could see that the coffin itself was also bright scarlet.

“Is the corpse of the mountain god inside? Or the master of this Sanguine Hell? Whose corpse oil is inside the lamp?” he murmured to himself, having no basis with which to deduce anything.

The other was too strong for him to calculate. Only when he was filled with hellfire and become a king of the fourth realm would he have the right to look upon such a personage.

Lu Yun thought for a moment, then returned to the oil lamp that was smaller than a palm and tried picking it up. A hazy red light emanated from it, dyeing the tiny lamp the same color.

He smoothly grasped the lamp and the blood-colored flame inside danced gently, exuding an extremely joyous air. It seemed to be happy to see one of its kind.

“Are you the hellfire of this Sanguine Hell?” Lu Yun carefully asked the flame that was the size of a pea.

It continued dancing around, seeming to want to jump out of the lamp. But once it did so, it would immediately disperse and leave nothing behind.

“You’re finally here, replica of the Hadal Fire.” A very weak thought emerged out of nowhere and sank into Lu Yun’s mind.

He remained listening quietly without response.

“This tiny ember of Sanguine Flame is the last hope of the Sanguine Hell... If it goes out, then the Sanguine Hell is truly ruined, just like the Nihil Hell. It will become an unholy nest for yin spirits...”

Lu Yun frowned slightly. “Is the Nihil Hell the world beneath Mount Tai?”

The thought spoke no more, having dispersed fully into nothingness.

“Damn, this corpse oil has been refined with unusual thoroughness. I can’t resurrect it through the power of reincarnation,” Lu Yun sighed and carefully put the lamp away.

Though the thought had faded away without answering his question, he could still make an educated guess. The Nihil Hell had been corrupted into an unholy nest for evil spirits and was the source of the festering spirits beneath Mount Tai.

That was likely due to the Nihil Flame going out, so if the Sanguine Flame went out as well, that would be the fate of the Sanguine Hell.

Countless numbers of living beings had died in this hell, and a boundless number of them had melded into the Sanguine Hell upon their death, never to be reborn or freed from suffering. If the Sanguine Flame was extinguished and the Sanguine Hell truly destroyed, then these fallen souls would struggle free of their torment.

As long as its fire burned on, the Sanguine Hell would never be fully shattered.

Lu Yun completely dismissed the idea of entering the Nihil Hell. To do so would be nothing short of seeking death. His projected image suddenly scattered apart and vanished into the void.

Outside the fissure, his primary body slowly opened its eyes and two streaks of black fire flashed through them. He seemed to meet something’s gaze.

“Idiot, did you think I would send the oil lamp through the Gates of the Abyss? The fastest speed in the world isn’t light, combat arts, or cultivation methods, it’s thought!” Lu Yun’s lips curved upwards with a hint of derision.

A projected body was a replica formed by thought and outside force. It was in essence, pure thought. When the strand of hellfire attached to his thought dispersed, the thought brought everything attached to it back to the primary body.

The nascent spirit observation method was a truly heaven-defying method. It was the fundamental reason why the current immortal dao could fully surpass the past and even exceed the world of immortals in the mythological realm.

It wasn’t because the Hadal Hell supported the modern world of immortals. It wasn’t that the Dao Flower bloomed on Mount Xuanhuang and had become Qing Yu’s dao fruit. It wasn’t because of the body tempering methods or the various setups by Fuxi and the others.

It was due to the nascent spirit observation method.

This was why Fuxi said that it wasn’t they who’d chosen Lu Yun, but Lu Yun who’d chosen them.

Though Lu Yun’s past self had traveled to the mythological realm, his past self couldn’t do anything that would create any karmic repercussions with the past. Thus, his past self hadn’t taught the nascent spirit observation method. Even Qing Han had learned it only after she arrived back at the modern Lu Yun’s side.

Within the Sanguine Hell, where his projected body had just been, a ghostly face slowly materialized. It seemed to be both laughing and crying, as if a child had clumsily drawn out a face with a brush.

The face of an akasha ghost.