

Necropolis 1381

Chapter 1381: With Time As Sword

Having dismissed their disguises, the trio and rat were back to their regular sizes. The Treasurehunter Rat put itself forward and walked carefully at the head of the group.

Lu Yun looked wordlessly at it, but didn't say anything. The little creature was a basket of paradoxes. It was cowardly and afraid of death, but could also be audacious to the extreme. In Mount Cloudcover, the gifts of its race bestowed it with strength rivaling a sixth step king, but it'd still been terrified of the python in the magma river.

The end of the thieves' tunnel opened up to a huge clearing. A million kilometers across, it was plainly another pocket of space entirely. An enormous scroll painting stood unfurled in the center. It depicted a boundless sea, so vivid that Lu Yun could sense the sheer vastness and magnitude of the deep blue just through a two dimensional painting.

Instead of a rich blue, its waters were deep green and a great tree towered in the center of the waves. Red and black blossoms of fire wreathed its branches.

"This painting..." Miao identified involuntarily. "I've seen it before! I founded the sacred land of monster spirits in the North Sea of the Primordial Era. I remember that painting once appeared in the North Sea!"

Gravity filled her face.

"That's no painting, that's Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix," Lu Yun inhaled deeply. "It seems that the two treasures have swallowed Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix, turning them into unparalleled treasures themselves. No wonder no one can tell that he's a ghost as he walks through the Hongmeng."

"What? What two treasures?" Qing Yu widened her eyes and quietly called upon formula dao. She was no closer to an answer after a round of deduction.

"The sea is the soul of a sea as projected by a layout. That tree is the ultimate treasure of the phoenix race—the Fire Parasol Tree." Lu Yun nodded. "Don't bother trying to figure them out, you won't come to any conclusions. They're part of the natural order of the world."

"I'd thought that they'd be in the depths of Mount Cloudcover, but they didn't enter the enormous grave at all. So who's buried in here?"

The soul of a sea was the true core of a sea. Wherever its soul landed would be a stretch of boundless waters. The soul of the sea that was Ghost Dragon had reached an incredibly mighty height. If freed from the painting, it would transform into an enormous body of water that covered several thousand major regions in the Hongmeng.

"What about the being at the end of the path?" It suddenly occurred to the little fox. "Shouldn't there be an awful creature here?"

"It's in the soul of the sea in the painting and quietly observing us." Lu Yun looked at the scroll in front of them.

The soul of the sea was Ghost Dragon's true body. Ghost Phoenix seemed to have suffered some injuries and was fast asleep, but Lu Yun was guessing that Ghost Dragon had sensed their arrival.

"Come on out, Ghost Dragon, I know you're in there," he shouted at the mammoth painting.

Rumble.

The enormous sea trembled as a man in long black robes appeared in front of the trio.

"I was wondering who saw through to my true form and ruined my plans... so it's you." Ghost Dragon nodded at Lu Yun and looked at the human without any enmity.

"What happened?? Why did you enter the Nihil Hell? Are you being controlled by something?!" Lu Yun asked urgently when he saw his old friend.

"Controlled by something?" Ghost Dragon shook his head. "Lu Yun, you shouldn't fancy yourself so clever. Don't think that you're the smartest person in all of the realms just because you've accomplished something in the world of immortals. Some things are completely different from what you think."

"The source of evil in the world of immortals lies in the Nihil Hell. Endless yin and dead spirits flood out from it and nearly destroyed the worlds at one point," Qing Yu spoke up. "The Nihil Hell is also the source of ghosts in the Hongmeng. These ghosts are a violation of order itself and pose a fatal threat to the realm.

"You're now a ghost through and through—don't try to explain it away as if you're a living being who infiltrated the enemy. Lu Yun put himself in danger for you and entered Mount Cloudcover for you. You should know good from bad."

She was indignant at Ghost Dragon's words. If it wasn't for Lu Yun seeing him as a friend, there wouldn't be any reason for her beloved to risk traveling to the mountain. This was a place that even characters like Dragon Butterfly didn't want to approach!

"Put himself in danger?" Ghost Dragon's expression wavered and he burst out laughing. "This is a place of danger to Lu Yun? Do you know where the 'yun' character in Cloudcover comes from?"

ROAR!!

A tremendous snarl echoed in the void at his words, plainly not wanting him to speak further. Dense black smoke suddenly billowed from the painting and filled the air before an enormous dragon with three heads, three tails, and twelve claws barrelled out of the sea. It slammed a claw down on the trio.

"A chaos dragon!" Lu Yun gasped at the unexpected sight.

Qing Yu shouted with anger and flared scintillating sword light out of Quiet, slashing at the chaos dragon. The dragon wasn't a living one, but a zombie!

Clang!

A blinding shower of sparks sprayed out when Qing Yu's sword met the dragon's claw. She flew backward—Quiet's edge hadn't been enough to slice through the dragon's claw!

Despite that, she was still a fearsome ninth step king and knocked the dragon zombie back with her stroke. A tiny dribble of blood bubbled out of her mouth; she'd been sorely injured.

Miao released her Mirage Sand and circulated it around Lu Yun, protecting him within. She could tell that the dragon zombie was aiming for him.

After the chaos dragon recovered its balance, it charged again and broke through the little fox's sand with dense corpse qi, pouncing onto Lu Yun.

Qing Yu and Miao shouted angrily and rushed forward to stop the dragon. It was too strong! Though both of them were ninth step kings, they couldn't put up a fight. This was a dead end and a path of death... If nothing else happened, they would all die to the dragon zombie!

"Back away!" Lu Yun bounded forward and crushed the gourd holding ten inches of time. Silver river water met his flame of order and transformed into purple radiance.

Purple was the color of the order of time. Unorganized time was silver—the color of order. When time met order, it turned into the purple order of time.

Lu Yun separated the two women from the dragon zombie with a wave of his hand. At the same time, he accelerated the flow of time around him and rushed to the front, using time as a sword and swinging at the centermost head.

No earth-shattering collision ensued. The head, and its two claws, simply faded out of existence like they'd never been.

"You're right, this is no place of danger to me," Lu Yun said frostily as he softly landed on the ground with a handful of time.

Chapter 1382: Future Self

Lu Yun had officially commenced forming the hell of order after subduing the order of time.

Last time he unleashed ten inches of time, he'd simply set it free to wreak havoc and employed a time combat art to confine it to a million kilometers of space. It was free to do whatever it wanted within those bounds.

This time, his ten tendrils of order jumped and focused the power of time on his hand, condensing it into a sword of time.

He chopped off one of the chaos dragon zombie's heads with a single stroke. Since there was no order of time in the chaos and Hongmeng, he could counter anything from these realms with time. If he wanted to do so with anything else, he would have to utilize the fire of order to impose his will. However, his fire would have to be stronger than all of the orders in the Hongmeng for him to manage the feat.

He would succeed only if his cultivation level reached the fourth realm—but if it did so, then none of their current struggles would mean anything.

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“I... I didn’t mean it that way,” Ghost Dragon said dumbly. He’d been of the mindset that he’d held back that day in Coiling Dragon City, that he would’ve easily killed Lu Yun otherwise.

Lu Yun lopping off one of the dragon zombie’s heads with one stroke completely upended his understanding of the young man. He also hadn’t known that the renowned Immortal King was Lu Yun!

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The remaining two heads howled with fury and shook their tremendous body, once more pouncing on Lu Yun. He brandished his sword of time and summoned intersecting beams of pale purple sword light, covering himself with a robe of pale purple.

A sword robe.

The chaos dragon zombie didn’t understand combat arts—all it possessed was utterly terrifying speed and strength. It arrived the moment Lu Yun’s sword robe took shape.

However, its unusually swift gestures seemed to be slow as molasses to Lu Yun. His sword robe was coalesced from the power of time. Guided by the fire of order, it formed a small boundary around him that ran six hundred kilometers across.

When the dragon’s claw entered the boundary, it sank into a mire of time.

Whoosh!

Lu Yun swung again and severed the claw with a purple flash of incomparably sharp sword qi of time.

“Time isn’t just the most toxic poison in the Hongmeng, it’s also the sharpest of sword light!” Lu Yun vanished on the spot after he decapitated the claw and reappeared behind the dragon zombie.

“Die!!” he roared. The sword of time expanded explosively into thirty thousand meters of sword light and descended upon the dragon zombie.

Thirty thousand meters of sword light alone were slightly insufficient for the task, given the dragon’s bulk, but the stroke came too quickly and too keenly. The dragon zombie didn’t have a chance to turn or even identify where the sword light was coming from before it was hit squarely in the back.

Grayish-yellow dragon blood sprayed through the air. Lu Yun had struck where he’d severed the first dragon head and sliced the dragon zombie into two halves, each with one dragon head.

This severity of injury was fatal to a chaos dragon zombie.

Chaos dragons possessed three heads, three tails, twelve claws, but only one body. Lu Yun had forcefully sectioned it through the middle into two parts. Though this specimen was a dragon zombie, it could no longer move once it lay in half on the ground.

“Even ultimate treasures of the Hongmeng find it difficult to pierce through the defenses of a chaos dragon zombie. You handled it with three strokes!” Ghost Dragon gaped, incredulity filling his eyes.

Lu Yun retrieved the ten inches of time with a wave of his hand and resealed it into a karmic fruit. The mark that he’d left in the lost ancient city had been erased. The city lord couldn’t have done so, so it must’ve been Hong.

His water from the river of time dwindled whenever he used it, thus it would be wise to conserve his usage. This was a life-saving trump card to be preserved for the most perilous situations.

“It’s not dead yet.” Twin black sparkles flashed through his eyes as Lu Yun looked upon the towering halves of the chaos dragon zombie. The Spectral Eye gave him no information about this creature.

“Is this the thing controlling you?” He turned around and looked at Ghost Dragon.

Ghost Dragon gently shook his head and began fading out of existence; he seemed ready to dissipate as smoke. Lu Yun looked on in silence, not doing anything to stop him. Copies of Ghost Dragon overlaid each other. He was both him and not him.

Lu Yun disabling the dragon zombie seemed to be some sort of trigger. Apart from Ghost Dragon, the scroll painting also shifted into nothingness, as if it was ready to leave.

Roughly three breaths later, both Ghost Dragon and the painting had vanished into the void.

“He’s gone.” Qing Yu walked over.

“Mhmm.” Lu Yun nodded. “But they haven’t left the Hongmeng, they’re still here somewhere... This is just a stop on their itinerary.

“This is the entrance to the big grave and the painting was here forming the influence of dragon and phoenix. They wanted to use the power of dragon and phoenix to break apart the tomb and claim whatever’s inside.” Lu Yun looked around as he analyzed, “They don’t have enough strength of dragon, which is why Ghost Dragon went to Coiling Dragon City to participate in the Dragonling Assembly. He’s after the azure dragon’s ancestral blood as well.”

“This dragon zombie... was a patriarch of the chaos dragons,” said the little fox. “After your past self turned into a dao fruit, I took Lu Qing on a journey through the chaos and mythological realm. We saw many powerhouses in our travels.”

Lu Yun’s past self couldn’t form any karmic ties, but the same was no longer a concern to the little fox and Lu Qing after he transformed into a dao fruit. She would’ve brought Lu Qing and Qing Han on a trip throughout the multiverse if only to lay a strong foundation for her son’s future.

Lu Yun nodded silently.

“The dao fruit of my future self should be here too,” he suddenly realized. “I can sense it... but there’s another powerful existence here apart from my dao fruit.”

“Shall we go take a look?” Qing Yu and the little fox brightened.

With the disappearance of the scroll painting, the vast clearing showed its true form—a lake of boiling magma. The crimson magma dyed the air red; where Lu Yun and the others had stood had been a fabrication from the painting.

Large bronze doors stood on the other side of the lake—the true entrance of the grave.

Chapter 1383: Little Boy

The Treasurehunter Rat often visited Mount Cloudcover because it sensed Lu Yun's presence beneath the big grave. Lu Yun's future self was also Lu Yun, but he was now a dao fruit that rested silently inside the grave.

A complicated mix of emotions rose in Lu Yun's heart. When he'd reached the dao immortal realm, he'd walked the path of using himself as a dao fruit. After he found the dao fruit of his past self, he'd not only absorbed his past cultivation level and experiences, but his strength had taken a massive leap forward as well.

If he could recover his future self, he'd gain more than that... he'd be able to see the various permutations of the future!

His future self was far more important than his past self. And just like his past self, he couldn't form any karmic ties to the future. He would silently cultivate and observe from the shadows just like his past self—of that Lu Yun was certain of.

The future Lu Yun was also Lu Yun, so he was very cognizant of what he should be doing then.

"Come on, let's go take a look!" Lu Yun set his jaw. He also wanted to know what his future self was doing here. When the little fox opened the passage to the future, he'd distinctly felt that it was an inordinately long road. That path wouldn't have led to this day less than a hundred years later!

There was only one possibility—Lu Yun's future self had come back on his own.

He had to understand what had happened in the future, why his future self hadn't sought out the future Lu Yun and instead, returned to present time.

Based on Lu Yun and Miao's original plans, his future self would convene with the future Lu Yun to be his dao fruit.

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The bronze doors were incredibly large, like the gates to a world. They were just a shadow in the air—their true forms were hidden in layers of space. However, there was a tiny door next to the massive ones—less than fifteen centimeters across. It was a tiny thieves' tunnel. Plainly, it was the Treasurehunter Rat's handiwork.

It had tremendous innate potential and could solve many layouts and formations. It was like equipping a tiger with wings after it learned feng shui and the art of tomb raiding.

Lu Yun had never fathomed that the rat would be able to dig a tunnel here.

"The tunnel is just a bit short of perfection. Though it accesses the inside of the grave, there are countless planes of space inside. You'll only end up on its outskirts." Lu Yun glanced at the rat that'd jumped onto his shoulder and caressed its head.

"It looks like there's only one door to the grave, but there are many layers to it—a full three thousand, six hundred and fifty copies to be exact. Each one leads to a different grave, but there's only one real one.

“Who set this grave up? ...me?” Lu Yun stroked his chin. “I do have the ability to set up something like this, but there are many things I can’t see through here. If that wasn’t the case, the person behind Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix wouldn’t have set up a layout of dragon and phoenix to break it.”

He subconsciously wanted to operate the Dragonquake Scripture, but a hint of warning emanated from the depths of his heart when the thought occurred to him. He immediately stopped calling upon the method.

“Don’t go inside!” Qing Yu suddenly blocked Lu Yun’s way, her face ashen. “Don’t come here before you make titled kinghood, or this will be a layout of death for you!

“I, I derived how to get inside and successfully made it to your future self,” she murmured. “But it’s all fake. Your future self told me this is fake and that you shouldn’t come here before you’re a titled king!”

“You can see my future self?” Lu Yun gasped.

“I can’t.” Qing Yu shook her head. “But you can see me.”

Dismayed, he understood what Qing Yu meant.

“Is the future really a dead end?” Lu Yun murmured. “Did he come back because neither you nor I exist there?” He glanced at the little fox. “Can you sense your soul force replica?”

“My soul force replica didn’t follow you to the future. It dissipated on the way there,” came the disappointing reply.

Lu Yun nodded. “Let’s go. I keep feeling like there’s something behind the door that’s luring me in. We need to leave, and fast, before I can’t control myself.”

Cold sweat suddenly beaded his forehead and he hastily opened the Gates of the Abyss, jumping through with Qing Yu, Miao, and the rat.

A pale, chubby boy roughly eight years old walked out of the bronze doors after Lu Yun left.

“Did he get away? What a pity.” He held a brush in his hand and his expression looked like he was both crying and laughing. He turned around and faced the huge grave in front of him. “What a pity that if I don’t have Lu Yun, I can only use the layout of dragon and phoenix to undo this grave’s layout.

“Damn that Meng! That stupid busybody Meng! If it wasn’t for you cooking up Mount Cloudcover, this little master would’ve gotten the thing a long time ago!” He raised the brush in his hand and drew a few light strokes in the air, recreating the vanished scroll painting.

He was the artist behind the painting!

“Ghost Dragon, go to Azure Dragon City and claim one of the Dragonling Assembly spots. You have to participate no matter what and get that old dragon’s blood!” he roared at the painting.

“Yes, master.” A respectful Ghost Dragon slowly materialized on bended knee.

“Go now.” The little boy schooled his expression and gently waved his hand.

Hummm.

A hazy door appeared in the void and an enormous bridge darted out of it, smashing down on the little boy's head.

"...Lu Yun!!" shrieked the little boy and he waved the brush through the air in a gentle stroke, creating a massive spatial turbulence.

The Bridge of Forgetfulness fell right into it and flared with fiery black sparks that pierced through the spatial turbulence. It continued descending onto the little boy, unabated.

"A creature of the fourth realm!" The little boy's eyes turned blood red and his features turned into the laughing and crying ones of an akasha ghost.

"Waughhhhh!!" He howled at the sky and swished the brush at the bridge.

The bridge jolted and evaded the brush, ripping straight through the scroll painting and tearing it to shreds. A faint purple figure appeared and yanked the still kneeling Ghost Dragon and Fire Parasol Tree that'd been ejected from the painting, then vanished without a trace.

The little boy remained screaming on the spot, releasing terrifying malice from his body that contorted his figure.

Chapter 1384: A Moment of Leisure Amidst Busyness

The Bridge of Forgetfulness circled the void in front of the grave and pierced through space, departing from the Hongmeng.

If it continued to remain in the third realm, its true spirit might really scatter and it'd completely lose itself.

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The Gates of the Abyss slowly closed on the ninth floor of the Immortal Pagoda.

"Who was that child?" Qing Yu looked askance at Lu Yun.

"An akasha ghost." Lu Yun looked very unhappy. "The bridge couldn't smash him, which means he possesses strength from the fourth realm. Maybe he's the source of the akasha ghosts, or maybe he's not."

He threw two pieces of paper away. One of them was Ghost Dragon and the other the Fire Parasol Tree that was the current form of Ghost Phoenix. Neither of these were them—it was just drawings.

"The child used Ghost Dragon to lure me to the mountain and wanted to use me to dismantle the grave," Lu Yun murmured to himself. "He put the chaos dragon zombie there for me to break the layout with."

The huge grave's layout was both intricate and uncanny. If not for the warning from Lu Yun's future self, he would've used the dragon zombie to break the grave wide open.

Thank goodness his future self could borrow a certain power to contact Qing Yu and pass on a message that way! It was because of this hint that Lu Yun fully came to his senses and realized there was another seductive power at play. He couldn't see through everything before he became a titled king.

Ghost Dragon had appeared in Coiling Dragon City both for the Dragonling Assembly and to lure him to Mount Cloudcover.

“What’s under the big grave of the mountain and who’s... Meng?” Lu Yun shook his head with incomprehension. He’d left a back door in the grave, one different from the mark that he’d left in the lost ancient city. This time, he’d left a miniature Gates of the Abyss.

It was through the gates that he heard the little boy’s final roar.

“It looks like the waters are very deep in the Hongmeng. The boy would be an absolute heavyweight in the fourth realm, but even he doesn’t dare do as he will here.” Lu Yun stood in front of a window and looked at Haotian Tower across the way.

Shenyu was also looking at him from the tower.

Qing Yu and the little fox didn’t disturb Lu Yun. They stood quietly by his side, flanking him.

“Do you know the truth about the Hongmeng?” Lu Yun suddenly asked slowly.

Shenyu started, then shook his head. “I don’t know, and neither does my master. We’re all birds in this cage and everything we do is to open its doors so we can soar freely into the sky.”

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Six months passed by very quickly.

Lu Yun spent this time with Qing Yu and the little fox. He didn’t cultivate or oversee any matters. He merely spent his time sightseeing on pleasure trips and completely relaxing. These six months were his most relaxed since arriving in the third realm.

The trio traveled through half of the Hongmeng during this time. They journeyed through nearly a thousand major regions and fully took in the vastness and might of this realm. These were all observations that he couldn’t make from the fourth realm.

Despite their utter lack of training during this time, setting their minds at ease actually resulted in significant increases to their strength.

Lu Yun’s flame of order now boasted of twenty-five tendrils, more than double what it was before. Twenty-five wisps of flame propelled his strength to new heights, but they didn’t change it on a fundamental level like they had before. Rather, it was his sword dao that benefited from his relaxation.

The second technique of Dragonsoar once more appeared in his path, and these six months rather felt like a moment of stolen leisure among extreme busyness to Lu Yun.

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On this day, Lu Yun bid farewell to Qing Yu and the little fox. Traveling alone, he came to Coiling Dragon City of Azure Dragon Region.

“You heartless scoundrel—you left for six months, just like that, and didn’t send any word whatsoever! I thought you’d come back a few days earlier to visit my sister!” Azureclad bounded out of an unknown

location as soon as Lu Yun arrived in his tiny residence in the Coiling Dragon city lord's manor. He grabbed Lu Yun's collar and lectured him without further ado.

Lu Yun discovered that the faint trace of arrogance that'd been present on Azureclad before had vanished. It'd been replaced by a weighty steadiness, and the duke was much stronger as well.

Plainly, something special had happened to the Azureclad Duke during these six months.

"Eh?" Lu Yun blinked. "Don't you want me to stay away from your sister?"

"Of course! You're not allowed near my sister!" Azureclad responded matter-of-factly. "But you haven't sent word at all during this half year and didn't come visit my sister. Do you think she's mediocre, that she's not good enough for you?"

Lu Yun didn't even know how to react anymore, what the heck did this Azureclad Duke have for brains?

"Let go, let go. People might think you have feelings for me if they see us," he complained impatiently.

Azureclad's eyes widened. "Not, not only do you have designs on my sister, but me too?!"

Bam!

Lu Yun kicked the duke in the chest and threw him out of the residence.

"Leave me alone!" he shouted.

A sheepish Azureclad crawled up from the ground.

"I came to tell you that my sister's reached a critical point in her cultivation, so don't disturb her!" Azureclad ran off after delivering this important message.

"That kid's damn strong, he's also improved in these six months! We're going to Dragonhollow Mountain tomorrow, so I need to think of a way to get even stronger!" Wiping away the mischievous expression on his face, Azureclad mused carefully over the days to come.

Just like he'd said, Qing Ting didn't visit to welcome Lu Yun back to Coiling Dragon City. She must've reached a critical moment in her cultivation.

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"Though there's no order of time in the Hongmeng, I can't believe that they don't have a calendar. When I'm strong enough, I'm definitely going to establish a calendar for them."

The next day, Lu Yun was part of Coiling Dragon's entourage as they set out for the east toward the Hongmeng Sea. There were three days until the Dragonling Assembly.

Though the city's protagonists for the assembly were Lu Yun, Qing Ting, Azureclad, Leng Che, and You Cang, they were accompanied by tens of thousands of others from the faction. Apart from some superior realm followers, just the kings alone numbered almost one hundred.

When Lu Yun first arrived in the Hongmeng and viewed the realm from the eyes of an inferior realm cultivator, he'd felt that the one hundred and eight kings that the Enforcer Alliance possessed made them the dominating heavyweight of the realm.

But as his cultivation level increased and his range of experience broadened, he finally saw how titled kingdom was only the beginning in the Hongmeng. Large cities such as Coiling Dragon possessed countless kings.

Their immense entourage was headed by the Dragonfeather King and two other kings; the small army's main goal was to prevent ambush from others. Competition was devastatingly fierce for Dragonling Assembly, many were those who didn't mind eliminating some competition along the way.

After all, the profits of the assembly weren't limited to one's usage alone, but to the benefit of multiple major factions.

Chapter 1385: Spacetime King

The Coiling Dragon City procession wove through the land as a vast and magnificent azure dragon, traveling through Azure Dragon Region in an imperious and domineering manner.

A few groups considered ambushing them along the way, but quickly thought better of it when they noted the Dragonfeather King, Mountain King, and another Torch King from the Blazing Phoenix Region among their ranks. These were three nigh invincible sixth step kings—they would make short work of anyone unwise enough to try them.

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In the flying treasure gliding over the middle of the entourage.

Qing Ting sat right next to Lu Yun, maintaining a stare of death at her brother and a young girl in crimson robes next to him. Discontent shone out of her face.

"Qing Ting, do you er... like your brother in that way?" Lu Yun looked at her strangely. This brother and sister duo were too weird. Azureclad forbade him from getting too close with Qing Ting, but Qing Ting loved spending time and being physically close to him. Was she using him to irritate her brother?

The more Lu Yun thought about it, the more it seemed to be the case.

He could clearly sense through the Karmic Tree that Qing Ting didn't feel anything beyond platonic about him. He was, at most, a very good friend to her. Lu Yun wouldn't have gifted her all those items if this wasn't the case.

"No!" Qing Ting turned her unfriendly glare onto Lu Yun. "I just don't like that Crimsonclad Duke! Uh huh, I don't like her!" She ground her teeth.

"Do you two have a feud?" Lu Yun blinked.

"Yes! A death feud!" Qing Ting nodded and huffed out, "I'm stronger than her now. If it wasn't for Qing Yan stopping me, I would've beat her up already!"

"How did you two form a feud?" Lu Yun asked curiously. Though she said it was a death feud, he didn't read any killing intent from her.

"She said I'm flat!" Qing Ting snarled.

"Huh?" Lu Yun didn't understand.

“Am I flat?!” Qing Ting puffed her chest out at Lu Yun. “Do you think I’m flat??”

Lu Yun:

Leng Che and You Cang looked away. They didn’t even dare listen to the conversation, much less look in Qing Ting’s general direction. Though they’d once harbored certain thoughts about her, that was before she became overwhelmingly stronger than them. Even the Azureclad Duke wasn’t a match for her anymore, and the Champion Duke someone they should avoid provoking at all costs.

The two had completely given up on Qing Ting.

“Ahem!” Their conversation naturally registered in Azureclad’s ears and he quickly lectured, “Now don’t go spouting nonsense, Qing Ting...”

“I’m not spouting nonsense!” she snorted. “She said my chest was flat the first time we met! As long as I’m here, she’s not making it through the city doors and marrying into Coiling Dragon! There is no me if she’s here, and no her if I’m here!”

Azureclad fell into an awkward silence and Lu Yun also looked away. But he did make a surreptitious comparison and found that Qing Ting really was much flatter than the Crimsonclad Duke.

Crimsonclad airily laughed the girl off. “And if I want to enter through your doors?”

“Then I’ll marry into the Immortal Pagoda and be the Immortal King’s concubine!” Qing Ting declared ferociously.

Lu Yun almost choked on his spit.

“That would be a very good thing,” Crimsonclad analyzed. “The Immortal King is a marvelously talented person and worthy of being hailed the foremost genius of the Hongmeng. His reputation is greater than Hua Fengwen’s, and marrying him would contribute to an alliance between the Immortal Pagoda and Coiling Dragon City, no matter if you’re a concubine or a wife.”

“You!” Qing Ting flew into a rage and rolled her sleeves up, ready to throw fists and yank hair.

“Qing Ting!” Azureclad quickly stopped her. “Little Ying is just joking with you.”

Chi Ying was the Crimsonclad Duke’s real name.

“Just look at them!” Qing Ting stomped back to Lu Yun’s side in a huff and jabbed an accusing finger at her brother and Crimsonclad. She shook and muttered for a while, unable to voice anything intelligible.

“Are you really going to marry the Immortal King if they become dao partners?” Lu Yun asked carefully.

“Hmph!” Qing Ting swept a lofty glance over Lu Yun and brought out an image talisman. The talisman flickered, projected a limber young man in a white shirt in front of her.

It was Lu Yun.

“How am I worthy of him? ...the Intranse King and he are a match made in heaven,” she said in a lovestruck voice as she looked at the image in front of her. “There are no men in the Hongmeng who are worthy of being mentioned in the same breath as him!

“He deployed the order of time to kill a sixth step king when he was in the common realm. He used a small ploy to dismantle the Supplemental Dao Alliance’s carefully plotted Supplemental Convention. He then refined creation and defeated the arrogant peacock Alchemist King in direct battle! He forced the Supplemental Dao Alliance to end their monopoly! Do you think a man like that can be compared to that rotten clod in front of you?!”

She sneered derisively at the Azureclad Duke, highly displeased by his earlier display. He was so girl-crazy that he forgot his own blood relation!

Lu Yun rubbed his nose; he still didn’t read any love or attraction from Qing Ting. It was more... idol worship? Admiration? Respect?

He actually didn’t understand what was going through her mind anymore.

“There’s more than that!” Crimsonclad suddenly added. “They say that the Immortal King used supplemental dao to defeat the Alchemist and Wild Formation King in concert outside Multitude City. That’s why the Haotian Tower from the Supplemental Dao Alliance doesn’t dare do anything to the Immortal Pagoda.”

“Hmph!” Qing Ting snorted and ignored the other girl’s addition.

“And what happened in Starspace Region! Did you know that...” Qing Ting and the Crimsonclad Duke fired off stories one after another, retelling Lu Yun’s grand feats in a variety of different fashions.

Azureclad listened with great enjoyment at first, thinking his sister and the object of his affections could resolve their tiny differences. But soon enough, his merriment turned to annoyance.

As the two complimented the Immortal King, they compared him to Azureclad, Leng Che, You Cang, and even the Champion Duke—denigrating everyone else as worthless cads in comparison.

Lu Yun didn’t mind at all and listened with delight. He hadn’t thought that Crimsonclad would be a fan of his as well! You Cang and Leng Che didn’t dare protest, whereas Azureclad’s expression turned darker by the second.

“After the Dragonling Assembly, I must go to Multitude City to challenge that Immortal King and see just what he’s made of!” Azureclad muttered with annoyance.

“You?” Qing Ting burst out laughing. “Can you even make it through his emotion formation?”

“I...” Azureclad turned beet red. “Supplemental dao is a means to an end, it’s complementary to cultivation. I’ll use my own strength to beat him, fair and square!”

“Supplemental dao being complementary to cultivation is also a saying from the Immortal King,” sniffed Qing Ting.

“Qing Ting! You’re my sister!” Azureclad yelled.

“So? You helped an outsider instead of me just now,” she chuckled happily, feeling like she’d avenged herself for earlier.

Azureclad muttered ominously—no one could make out what he was saying, but it was most likely something along the lines of defeating the Immortal King and whatnot.

“Eh? Champion Duke, are you not angry?” Crimsonclad asked with surprise. All of the youths present were irritated to a certain degree since she’d half jokingly used the Immortal King to criticize all of them, but this Champion Duke remained smiling easily without a change in expression.

“Me? Why should I be angry?” Lu Yun paused and continued, “All of my treasures are from the Immortal King, so why should I be mad?”

“Maybe Li Zhen’s right,” Qing Ting mused suspiciously. “You really are the Immortal King’s son... if I marry him, won’t you have to call me mother?”

Lu Yun:

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Rumble—

An enormous explosion sounded in the air and the massive procession jolted, having run into a massive formation.

“A Spacetime Formation!” roared Dragonfeather. “How dare you, Spacetime King! This is an entourage of Coiling Dragon that you’re stopping!”

“I’m just a lonely old man now. I work for whoever pays me purple crystals, there is no ‘dare’ about it.” Spacetime King, having fled from Multitude City a long time ago, slowly revealed himself.

He was still a fifth step king, but the power of time on him was denser than before. There was even a hint of the order of time about him.

“Dragonfeather King, I know you’re strong. But since you’ve entered my Spacetime Formation, you won’t be making it out alive.” He stood in the air and leisurely addressed the group. “But I can let you go if you turn around now and swear not to participate in the Dragonling Assembly.”

“In your dreams!” The Dragonfeather, Mountain, and Torch Kings shot into the air. A hundred plus kings beneath them flared with power and formed an azure dragon.

“Ai!” Spacetime sighed heavily. “The Immortal King used a formation of space and time to slaughter more than twenty kings of the Colosseum in Multitude City. Today, I shall imitate him and use a similar formation to massacre more than a hundred kings of Coiling Dragon City!”

Chapter 1386: Douchebag

“There’s no need to struggle. This particular formation of space and time is derived from a strand of time that I stole from the Immortal King when I fled Multitude City. It won’t harm high level kings, but it’s an absolute walk in the park to execute a bunch of mid and low level kings.”

Rumble!

The formation activated; the Spacetime King wasn’t giving Dragonfeather and the others a chance to speak or react.

Dragonfeather struck out with his sword, but his movement was negated by the terrifying poison of time. Even his flying sword dissolved into nothingness.

“Wait! We are willing to withdraw from the Dragonling Assembly!” roared the Mountain King.

“Too late,” Spacetime said coolly. “It’s impossible to stop the formation once it activates and it won’t end until it kills everyone inside. You may lay down and die now. Don’t worry, you don’t feel any pain when you die to time.”

“Oh? is that so?” A soft murmuring sounded in the air as a sparkling golden fruit appeared in the void. It swiftly consumed the Spacetime Formation that filled the skies and sealed it away.

An illusory young girl, dressed in a white silk dress, appeared in the void.

“You!! Intransigent King!!” Color drained from Spacetime’s face when he saw the girl and he turned to run.

Smack!

A hand pure as jade appeared on the other side of the void and slapped him down from the air. Another stunning young girl dressed in a downy-yellow dress stepped out of the void, hoisting Spacetime up with one hand.

“I’ve heard of the Spacetime King’s name a long time ago and I see today that he is indeed extraordinary. His ability to flee for his life rivals the Runaway King.” Qing Yu smiled faintly.

Everyone in the Coiling Dragon procession was stunned as two young girls had dismantled the horrifying Spacetime Formation just like that.

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After capturing the Spacetime King, Qing Yu and the little fox landed in the middle of the dumbfounded entourage with a gentle twist of their bodies.

“Now now, isn’t this the Champion Duke of the Trueriver Sect? It’s only been a few days, but here you are with another woman in hand. How truly you enjoy the charms of womanhood.” The little fox stood in front of Lu Yun with an inscrutable smile.

“I... I...” Lu Yun’s jaw dropped as he stared at the two women. He’d never imagined that they’d appear at this point in time, and like this!

He glanced at Qing Ting who was tightly pressed against him, feeling like it was impossible to explain the situation away.

“The two of you are such a perfect match. Why don’t I go back and ask the Trueriver King to send a marriage proposal to Coiling Dragon City?” chuckled Qing Yu off to the side.

Qing Ting finally realized that something was wrong—she was pressed tightly to Lu Yun’s body and clutching his arm with both hands. She instantly let go and retreated to a more appropriate distance.

“Please don’t misunderstand, big sisters. I’m, the Champion Duke and I are just good friends. It’s not what you think.” She blushed slightly.

It was only then that those around them realized these two overwhelmingly beautiful girls were acquainted with the Champion Duke. One of them was the Inrance King, and though they didn't recognize the other, she was most likely someone from the Immortal Pagoda since she was with the Inrance King.

"Our deepest gratitude to the two ladies for saving our lives! This humble one thanks you on Coiling Dragon City's behalf." Dragonfeather and the others descended onto the flying treasure, hastily offering cupped fist salutes to their saviors. The Mountain and Torch Kings quickly hid Azureclad and Qing Ting behind them, deathly afraid that they'd accidentally offend the two ladies.

Casually breaking apart the Spacetime Formation and capturing the Spacetime King alive took the skill of high level kings.

"Just a small matter not worth mentioning," the little fox shook her head. "We happened to be in the area at the right time because Dragonhollow Mountain invited us to observe the Dragonling Assembly. The conflicts on the way there are part of the assembly, and we wouldn't have taken action if it wasn't for the Spacetime King being one of the Colosseum's."

Dragonfeather nodded with a rueful smile. What could he say to that?

"Where's the Spacetime King?" Lu Yun transmitted to them.

"Same as Ghost Dragon and Ghost Phoenix that you saved before. They're all pieces of paper instead of the real person," Qing Yu responded quietly.

Lu Yun nodded and spoke no more.

"The Champion Duke has a bit of a relationship with the Immortal King, so we'll have to prevail upon the Dragonfeather King to keep an eye on him. My sister and I will take our leave now." Qing Yu disappeared with the little fox upon a wave of her hand.

"What a pity, I didn't get a chance to catch her name," mumbled a lovestruck Azureclad as he looked in the direction that Qing Yu had disappeared in.

Lu Yun glared at him. "What, you don't want your Crimsonclad Duke anymore?"

Crimsonclad also glared at Azureclad when she heard Lu Yun.

Azureclad coughed dryly and spoke no more.

"That's enough, the Inrance King and the other king are both high level kings. You can go annoy them if you'd like to die," Dragonfeather snapped. "Let us proceed with full speed and reach Dragonsea City as soon as possible."

His previous ease was nowhere to be found—the suddenly appearing Spacetime King had thoroughly frightened him. A mere fifth step king had set up a formation of space and time and almost annihilated them all!

Someone had hired the Spacetime King to ambush them—perhaps they'd meet with a terrifying creature next time.

With that in mind, Coiling Dragon's procession carried no more. They brought out their fastest speed and headed for Dragonsea City on the shores of the Hongmeng Sea.

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Azureclad looked like he'd lost his soul as he constantly muttered to himself along the way.

"Qing Ting, do you think I'd be worthy of that lady just now if I ascend to kingship as a high level king?" he suddenly asked seriously.

Crimsonclad's eyes widened.

"Nope!" Qing Ting harrumphed. "Do you think that big sister would fall for scum like you?"

"How do you know that before I've even tried?" Azureclad said quietly.

"Qing Yan, what do you mean by this?!" Crimsonclad demanded with a hot glare. She was truly infuriated.

When Azureclad pursued her, he'd promised the sun and moon and spent his days wracking his brains for ways to please her. She hadn't truly agreed to his proposal yet—what she'd said to Qing Ting earlier was just in jest, but she already viewed him as her dao partner.

The two weren't dao partners yet simply because they weren't titled kings. Once they broke through, that was likely when they united as dao partners.

But Azureclad's heart strayed at this time!

"Douchebag!" Lu Yun couldn't help cursing. How dare this kid think about Qing Yu??

"My business has nothing to do with you." Azureclad glared at him and turned to Crimsonclad. "I'm just thinking about it, but—"

"Qing Yan!" Crimsonclad clenched her jaw. "Then go after your goddess!"

She rose and sat down on Lu Yun's empty side, imitating Qing Ting and pressing herself close to Lu Yun.

Lu Yun's eyes bulged—what the heck was he supposed to do now?!

Azureclad gibbered and shook, pointing at Lu Yun and weakly wagging his finger, but ultimately said nothing in the end.

"What are you doing, Chi Ying?!" Qing Ting was also shocked by Crimsonclad's move.

"Can't you tell? I will have nothing to do with your brother anymore!" Crimsonclad huffed. "You should be happy now!"

"I..." Qing Ting looked around blankly. Though she didn't like Crimsonclad with her brother, it grossed her out even more to see Crimsonclad around Lu Yun.

"Ai," Lu Yun suddenly sighed. "You should give it up, Azureclad Duke. That lady just now is also the Immortal King's dao partner."

"Eh??" Azureclad's jaw dropped.

“Not only is she his dao partner, but she’s also a ninth step king. How dare a puny half step king like you think about a ninth step king? Do you know what it means to court death?” Lu Yun snorted with laughter. “Or do you think Coiling Dragon City is too peaceful and want to bring some disaster to it?”

Azureclad didn’t know what to say. He didn’t care that she was the Immortal King’s dao partner since he was confident of beating the king, but what in the heavens was a ninth step king?

Given their status in the Hongmeng, Coiling Dragon City had the right to befriend high level kings, but their network was limited to seventh step kings.

A ninth step king?

Azureclad’s lips trembled.

Chapter 1387: New Rules

The atmosphere on the flying treasure was both awkward and off.

Azureclad sat inside the cabin by himself while Crimsonclad and Qing Ting swanned around Lu Yun, laughing and chatting with each other. Lu Yun felt slightly uneasy sitting between them as he could sense two extremely unfriendly gazes constantly roving over him.

Though Qing Yu and the little fox had arrived at Dragonsea City, their gazes remained on their beloved.

Meanwhile, Leng Che and You Cang looked wordlessly at each other.

There were no further developments along the way, so the Coiling Dragon procession quickly arrived at Dragonsea City. However, arriving at their destination didn’t mean that they were safe. Since the Dragonling Assembly had begun, any sort of conflict that took place was part of the assembly.

Several thousand factions within Azure Dragon Region had the right to participate in the assembly, but only a few hundred made it to the city. It was a path dyed with blood and some of the most desperate clashes broke out on the city’s outskirts. Participants stopped at nothing to take out their competition.

The struggles outside Dragonsea City weren’t limited by level of strength. Anyone could throw anything into the mix. This was also why Coiling Dragon City had invited the Torch King from Blazing Phoenix Region to boost their ranks. The Dragonling Assembly wasn’t just a trial for the half step kings participating, but also one for the various factions of Azure Dragon Region. It was time to evaluate their comprehensive strength—their allies and their friends. Everything was included in this category.

It didn’t matter if a faction possessed an unparalleled genius if they couldn’t protect the talent. Ruthlessness was a way of life in the Hongmeng.

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“It’s the entourage from Coiling Dragon City!” Two factions fighting each other to the death immediately broke off their engagement when they saw the new procession. No one wanted to give an opening for others to freely profit off of them.

“Coiling Dragon’s here? That means the Spacetime King’s failed!” A keen light shone out of the eyes of a small and skinny elder inside Dragonsea City. He stared fixedly on the procession approaching the city.

“What should we do now, Your Majesty Fog King?” asked a young man dressed in long golden robes next to the elder.

“It’s no matter, I don’t believe that Coiling Dragon has the ability to pierce through the Spacetime King’s formation. It must be another expert who conveniently saved them.” The Fog King thought for a moment. “Don’t provoke them for now, let’s wait until they enter the city. Kings can’t take action in the city, so are you confident of taking down that Azureclad Duke?”

In the Fog King’s eyes, the strongest member from the Coiling Dragon faction was still Azureclad.

“I wouldn’t be if this was back in the day, but now, he’s no match for me.” The young man in golden robes lifted his head proudly. “Azureclad is just an idiot who fishes for compliments and a phony who angles for a good reputation. He honestly thinks he’s the strongest half step king in the Hongmeng just because the realm’s kings raise him up to be the greatest beneath kingdom!”

“Then kill him.” A smile crossed the Fog King’s face. “Let everyone know that the golden dragon bloodline isn’t any bit inferior to the azure dragon bloodline!”

“I’ll have him die with full acceptance of his fate and not a single word of complaint.” An ugly leer curved the young man’s face as he watched the enormous procession filter into the city.

“Coiling Dragon City and Blazing Phoenix Region ambushed our representatives together at the Dragonling Assembly ten million years ago. They inflicted heavy losses to our Crouching Dragon City and stole the spot of second in Azure Dragon Region from us. It’s time for them to pay!” Flames of hatred flickered in the skinny elder’s eyes.

Crouching Dragon City was now ranked number three in the region, but there was no difference between third and last place when it came to the Dragonling Assembly. Anyone below second place was only allotted three spots for the gathering.

Startled, the young man looked at the Fog King. He hadn’t been born yet ten million years ago, so he didn’t know about this occurrence. The killing intent in his heart solidified now that he learned of it.

“Not just the Azureclad Duke, but all four of the others must die as well!”

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Dragonsea City sat on the shores of the Hongmeng Sea. Occupying one hundred and fifty kilometers of land, it was a colossal entity in both deed and name. The road before its west gate was stained with blood, gore, and littered with organ pieces. Plainly, plenty of ghastly clashes had occurred in the area.

The city didn’t prohibit fighting within its bounds, but kings were unable to take action after setting foot through its gates. Everything had to be resolved by cultivators beneath titled kingdom.

Lu Yun tilted his head upward at the mammoth city in front of him.

“A layout of sea dragons vying over a pearl... the architect of this city had quite lofty ambitions,” he murmured as he scanned the metropolis.

“Let’s go in,” Qing Ting quietly said close to his ear.

Lu Yun shuddered subconsciously.

“What? Am I that scary?” she asked with surprise upon noting his reaction.

“Not at all, it’s nothing.” Lu Yun chuckled ruefully. He’d once more sensed death glares from Qing Yu and the little fox.

“Do we have other enemies or something?” He perceived dense currents of malice wrapping around their procession when they entered the city.

“Everyone here is an enemy!” Qing Ting nodded slightly. “But our biggest enemy is the Azure Dragon City, and second is the Crouching Dragon City!”

“Azure Dragon has been our rival all this time and we follow close on their heels. Though we aren’t feuding to the death with each other, we’d happily send each other to the grave if we have a chance to.

“As for Crouching Dragon... It’s said that they were the number two in the region ten million years ago. We badly defeated them during that Dragonling Assembly and took their position from them. They’ve thought of nothing but revenge all these years—the Spacetime King was very likely one of their hired men.”

Lu Yun inclined his head.

Coiling Dragon was currently the second greatest faction of the region, so they didn’t meet with much obstruction after entering the city. They made it to their stronghold without much incident.

People bustled to and fro in Dragonsea, many of the Hongmeng’s kings and half step kings gathering in the city. They were neither cultivators of Azure Dragon Region nor descendants of a dragon bloodline; they just wanted to come observe the proceedings.

The Dragonling Assembly was a massive occasion of bloodshed. Only dragonlings who survived this trial by combat could eventually soar as a true dragon. For those not participating, simple observation was also a chance to grow and develop. Half step kings or superior realm cultivators had a chance to participate and temper themselves.

Dragonsea City was, at present, an extremely disorderly place. No one knew who had the final right to participate in the assembly before the road to Dragonhollow Mountain appeared. Most importantly was that the mountain had set a new rule for this time’s assembly—the right to participate could be taken by another.

If one killed a cultivator who could participate, they had the right to replace the defeated!

The news sent the city into an uproar when it spread.

Chapter 1388: The Tragic Golden Dragon

“Mad, Dragonhollow Mountain’s gone completely mad!” Dragonfeather and the others gasped inside their stronghold.

Dragonling Assemblies had always been an internal Azure Dragon Region affair. Though outsiders could participate, they could only do so if invited to. With this new rule, everyone could foresee the veritable storm of violence and bloodshed that was about to arrive.

Though historic Dragonling Assemblies also saw ghastly confrontation, the overall benefits of the gathering remained with Azure Dragon Region. It was selection of the fittest and fatal elimination of the weakest.

But this time, the region was destined to decline if an outsider was the final winner!

Despite that, Azure Dragon heavyweights didn't dare say anything. The Dragonling Assembly belonged to Dragonhollow Mountain, after all. Whatever they said was the rule; there was no room for negotiation.

Rumble!

The doors to the Coiling Dragon encampment were kicked open as a young man dressed in azure robes walked in.

"Dragonfeather King, you piece of shit! You're still a sixth step king even after several million years!" he declared coldly when he saw Dragonfeather. The youth's left arm sleeve fluttered emptily in the wind—he only had one arm. However, his presence was the domineering one of a seventh step king!

"Crippled Dragon King, what are you doing here?!" Dragonfeather roared at their visitor. This was one of the three high level kings of Azure Dragon City, and it was due to these three kings that Azure Dragon City firmly occupied the seat of first in the region.

"Dare you come and kill people with me?" he shouted back.

"I wanted to go on a killing spree a long time ago!" Dragonfeather instantly grasped Crippled Dragon's meaning and smiled a toothy grin.

"You piece of trash may not have improved in terms of strength, but your courage remains the same! Let's go!" Crippled Dragon shot into the air and charged outside the city, closely followed by the Dragonfeather King.

A killing spree!

They were targeting the geniuses and kings from other regions!

Azure Dragon factions were perfectly willing to kill each other on the way to the assembly just for the chance to obtain another share of the profits for their own people. Now that outsiders were fair game, how would they remain unmoved?

Figure after figure barrelled out of Dragonsea City and clumped up in twos and threes, unleashing fierce savagery on foreign cultivators.

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"C'mon, let's go kill someone and get a spot for Little Ying!" Azureclad stood up with a shout.

“I don’t need your help, I can do it myself.” Crimsonclad glared at Azureclad and rushed out. Dismayed, he hastily flew out behind her.

Everything was beyond chaotic in the city; battles of the Dragonling Assembly weren’t measured in terms of single combat. Anything from ambush, plots, or outright mobs was acceptable. One was the victor no matter how they killed their opponent.

Three days.

There were three more days until the road to Dragonhollow Mountain appeared. Complete pandemonium would reign over these three days.

“Aren’t those of Dragonhollow Mountain worried that we’ll blow the city sky high?” A grin tugged at Lu Yun’s lips. “Half step kings with a title are on par with the battle strength of a titled king. Once large-scale pitched battle breaks out, this entire city might go down.”

“My brother and Crimsonclad might be surrounded given this mess, we need to go help!” Qing Ting hadn’t heard Lu Yun’s words, she was focused on the two who’d already left.

Leng Che and You Cang reacted as well; as titled dukes, they weren’t afraid of this melee.

Boooooom.

A golden pillar descended from the sky and a golden longsword stabbed into the ground in front of Azureclad, blocking his path.

“Azureclad Duke, I hear that you are one of the foremost powerhouses beneath titled kingdom in the Hongmeng, that you are one of the banners of the younger generation.” The young man in golden robes from Crouching Dragon City slowly padded down from the sky, coming to a stop over the golden blade in the ground. “I am—”

“Piss off!” Azureclad flew into a rage when he saw that Crimsonclad had been swallowed up by the crowd. He slashed at the interloper without another word.

“Bastard!” The young man snarled to see that he was being attacked before he could finish his introduction.

Hummm.

The golden battle blade beneath his feet blossomed with brilliance and rushed at his opponent in the form of a golden dragon.

“Brother, go find Crimsonclad, I’ll take care of him!” Qing Ting arrived at this time and sent out her Azuresky Sword, forcing the golden dragon back.

“Alright!” shouted Azureclad. “Champion Duke, protect my sister. Leng Che, You Cang, come with me!”

He bounded upward and followed Crimsonclad’s traces.

“You...” The young man in golden robes didn’t think that the mighty Azureclad Duke would run off without engaging in battle. He took a step back and looked at Qing Ting.

“You are the Azureclad Duke’s genius sister?” he shouted. “I am Crouching Dragon’s—”

Humm!

Qing Ting couldn’t be bothered talking to him either and smashed her sword down on his head.

“You two!!” The young man was truly infuriated. He’d set foot into the world to challenge the Azureclad Duke and make his name known throughout the land. But this brother and sister duo didn’t even give him the chance to introduce himself or say his name!

Qing Ting had learned her battle style from the ghosts; she wasn’t used to engaging in useless chatter first. Her sword rose and fell with swiftness, projecting countless sword shadows that had a tiny azure dragon wrapped around each of them. They combined together into an image of dragons that would devour everything.

Jumping with shock, the youth quickly dodged to the side but was still blasted by the blow.

Boom!

His golden dragon shattered and he flew backward, landing heavily on the ground. Eyes round with incredulity, he couldn’t believe this!

His name was Golden Dragon and he was a secretly nurtured genius of Crouching Dragon City. He possessed the strength of a titled duke, and he’d emerged from seclusion for the Azureclad Duke.

He would defeat and kill that duke, then receive the title of the Goldenclad Duke!

But instead, he’d been defeated by a single move from the duke’s baby sister?!

Golden Dragon laid on the ground and stared at the murky blue skies, his thoughts a tangled gnarl. If Azureclad’s sister was this strong... how strong must the duke be?? He’d also told another person to protect his sister before he left!

“Hand over your identity token, kid, or I’ll kill you where you lie.” Lu Yun walked up to Golden Dragon and rested his Stellar Sword at the center of Golden Dragon’s forehead.

“It’s yours!” Golden Dragon immediately recognized the person in front of him when he saw the sword. After being injured by that stroke, he no longer had the ability to fight the Champion Duke.

He could only relinquish his identity token—one similar to the medallion that Qing Ting had given Lu Yun. The token was a symbol of the holder’s affiliation and their right to participate in the Dragonling Assembly.

Chapter 1389: Robbery

Golden Dragon lay splayed on the ground after Lu Yun's departure. Though he ground his teeth with indignation, there was nothing he could do about the situation.

Qing Ting’s stroke had carried so much weight that it broke apart all of the methods circulating inside his body. He wouldn’t be able to muster any strength within a short period of time.

“And what’re you looking at?” Golden Dragon snorted with annoyance when he noticed other people sizing him up. “Didn’t you see them take my identity token? Will it be that much of an accomplishment to kill a partially crippled person like me?”

There were only two reasons to seek out challenges in Dragonsea City—either to fight a peer and enhance one’s own foundations, or to seize an identity token from someone. There were so many benefits to be had from the Dragonling Assembly that one would profit massively even if they weren’t of the dragon bloodline or trained in a dragon dao.

“Hand over that golden blade and your seed storage!” A young man stepped forward and commanded coldly.

Golden Dragon gaped at him, unable to find words for a proper response.

“I am from the Crouching Dragon Ci—”

“Pah!” The young man spat on Golden Dragon before he could finish. “Don’t try to scare me with your city. I’m obviously not afraid of it if I want to rob you. Hurry up and hand them over, or I’ll kill you on the spot!”

Golden Dragon mechanically handed over his weapon and seed storage. His brain was a confused morass of thought and he didn’t know what was going on.

The young man left without a backward glance after getting what he wanted; he couldn’t be bothered with Golden Dragon either.

“The Hongmeng... the Hongmeng is so... dangerous...” Golden Dragon was so traumatized that he’d forgotten that his top priority should be to recover from his injuries and reform his methods in his body.

He’d always been a secret genius that Crouching Dragon City carefully hid out of sight. He’d never appeared in the public eye and cultivated in seclusion. The Azureclad Duke and Qing Ting were his foremost rivals.

He’d never fathomed that Qing Ting would defeat him with one move and then he’d be robbed in quick succession. He’d even lost his personal weapon!

Could he start bawling now?

Though Qing Ting was also freshly emerged in the world, she had her brother at her side and had also grown swiftly following Lu Yun around.

Golden Dragon had only himself in all of his endeavors.

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“That idiot is seriously too naive. He’s just walking around like that in the middle of the city and doesn’t consider the possibility that he might be mobbed to death.” Lu Yun turned around for a look at Golden Dragon before following closely behind Qing Ting.

Thankfully, the Fog King had left Dragonsea City to attack outsiders, or Golden Dragon’s actions would’ve enraged him into spitting blood.

As strong as Golden Dragon was—and he was even a bit stronger than Azureclad—he had no experience dealing with enemies. He should've attacked Azureclad as soon as he made his presence known, not strut around and strike a pose.

This wasn't an exhibition match—it was a struggle of life and death.

In Lu Yun's eyes, Golden Dragon was a massive baby.

Azureclad had caught up to Crimsonclad and they were caught in difficult straits. Known throughout the Hongmeng as one of the strongest geniuses around, they were the golden standard for youths under titled kingdom.

Naturally, there were many in the city who didn't agree with this reputation and wanted to challenge them. Unfortunately, there were no fair challenges in Dragonsea City, just struggles to the death.

However, Crimsonclad was with Azureclad, and Leng Che and You Cang were also with them. The four combined were a powerful force within the city.

Qing Ting was surrounded before she had a chance to convene with her brother. Her Azuresky Sword was too notable; though there was only one dao rule inside it, a dragon croon exploded whenever she called upon it and always caught the eye of everyone present.

"Where do you think you're going, little girl?! Throw down your flying sword if you don't want to die!" roared a muscular man with explosive strength. He wielded a broadsword at least three meters long and one meter wide. Swinging it with the momentum of splitting apart mountains, he brought it down on Qing Ting's head.

Although he called for the girl's weapon if she didn't want to die, he showed no mercy whatsoever and seemed ready to take it from her corpse.

Seeing that her brother and the others had formed a group together, Qing Ting was slightly more at ease. She twisted around and deftly evaded the terrifying stroke, then kicked her foot up to stomp on the man's wrist and force his sword to the ground.

"Mercy!" Color drained from the man's face. Who would've thought that this fragile looking girl would be so ferocious that she'd defeat him with a simple reaction?

But girls like these tended to be soft-hearted, she'd let him go if he begged for mercy, yeah?

Bam!

Qing Ting sent him flying with another kick and followed swiftly behind to step on his chest.

"Hand over your seed storage!" She swept a gaze over the broadsword—it was just a bit heavier than most and wasn't anything of note. It wasn't worth taking.

"Huh?" The man blinked. His entire fortune was in the seed storage, was this little girl... robbing him?

"Cut the bullshit. You don't have to hand it over if you don't want to, I'll just kill you!" A cold sheen gleamed on her Azuresky Sword.

"I'll hand it over, I'll hand it over!" The man jerked with fear and quickly severed his connection with his seed storage, handing over a small ball of light with shaking hands.

"You're so poor." Qing Ting looked inside with a scoff. There were a lot of items in it, but very few that she was interested in. "Where's your identity token?"

"I'm, I'm not from the Azure Dragon Region, so I don't have the right to participate in the Dragonling Assembly." The man was almost crying now.

"Get out of here." Qing Ting kicked him several dozen meters out, but he quietly crept back, wanting to grab his sword.

Lu Yun's foot came down on it instead. He sneered, "You actually came back for your weapon? Do you want to die?"

Trembling like a cicada in winter, the muscular man ran off with his tail between his legs.

"This sword is the real treasure, do you want it?" Lu Yun hefted the black broadsword.

"Nope!" Qing Ting shook her head. "The Azuresky Sword is enough for me."

"Then I'll take it." Lu Yun put it into his storage. While the broadsword wasn't king grade, it was as heavy as a mountain. Plainly, it'd incorporated a stunning ingredient during refinement.

He looked out over the scene. Onlookers were scared stiff by Qing Ting's easy defeat of the muscular man. They were still standing in the same place, not knowing what to do.

The man had been the strongest person among them, a titled duke half step king. But he'd been defeated with one move?

Who was this little girl?

"All of you, freeze!" Qing Ting roared. "This is a robbery! Hand over your seed storage or die!"

Lu Yun felt like he was losing control of the situation.

Chapter 1390: Robber Couple

Lu Yun had never imagined that Qing Ting could be this ferocious; she was robbing people in broad daylight!

He didn't think much of this level of wealth, naturally, since he had an entire Hopeless Major and half of Origin World to draw on. Not to mention, he'd obtained seed storages from the Alchemist and Wild Formation Kings when he defeated them. He was well and truly swimming in wealth.

If it wasn't for an inexplicable material in this broadsword, he wouldn't spare it a second glance either.

Qing Ting, on the other hand, was strapped for crystals. She'd previously come into possession of three thousand crystal veins and hadn't handed them in—though she'd later purchased a half step ultimate Hongmeng treasure with them and given it to her father, he'd still limited her access to purple crystals.

Even the purple crystals that Li Zhen had sent to her from selling copies of the Robber King's humiliation had been confiscated. She was on her own when it came to earning money.

She'd taken note of Golden Dragon being robbed and discovered that this was a business opportunity. Things were completely lawless in the city as of the moment and cultivators focused solely on killing each other. It wouldn't do any harm to take advantage of present circumstances and conveniently relieve some people of their wealth.

Qing Ting was very strong; bolstered by the Azuresky Sword, she created a sword curtain with a wave and sealed off the void. There were roughly twenty half step kings in the group that'd attacked her. They were all cultivators from other regions and working together to take identity tokens from Azure Dragon cultivators.

All of them handed over their seed storage with trembling hands. If they wielded king grade treasures, Qing Ting claimed them as well.

A slick sheen of sweat shone on Lu Yun's forehead. Though he didn't think that he was the reason for Qing Ting turning out like this... her current domineering self was completely different from the docile younger sister next door who'd left Cloudexit City.

And all of this had occurred after she met Lu Yun.

He could already foresee all of Coiling Dragon City out for his head.

"What a haul! Seed storage from twenty-two guys has resulted in more than ten million premium purple crystals!" Qing Ting's grin stretched from ear to ear. She'd also gained three priceless king grade treasures that were most likely gifts from elders or purchased from the Immortal Pagoda or Haotian Tower.

"Um... this isn't a very good thing to do, is it?" Lu Yun ventured hesitantly as he looked at her.

"What's so bad about it?!" Qing Ting pouted. "Someone as filthy rich as you has no idea how we poors live! The pain, the agony! C'mon, let's go rob more people!"

She retracted the sword curtain and headed in another direction. Lu Yun could only follow with a rueful smile.

He already had a token for the assembly, he was planning on giving the additional one to Dragon Butterfly. As opposed to him smuggling the dragon in, it was easier to have her walk in legitimately.

The Karmic Tree had flowered with fruit again. He was planning on using ten thousand of them to forge a powerful Shapeshifting Talisman for her, one so strong that even someone like Meng wouldn't be able to see through to Dragon Butterfly's true appearance.

Of course, the biggest weakness of the talisman was that slight ripples of combat arts would appear over the user's body. That wasn't very important though, it was enough to make sure that Dragonhollow Mountain couldn't identify her.

Lu Yun himself was also very curious just what the first great dragon to take shape in the Hongmeng would be like.

"I might as well go take one myself." Dragon Butterfly turned her nose up at the talisman shimmering with golden light in her hands and transformed into a little boy.

“You?” Lu Yun shook his head. “I’m blocking all of your challenges during the Dragonling Assembly. You can’t do a thing, no matter what. If you make a move, you won’t be able to hide your presence of a great dragon.”

Dragon Butterfly started, then nodded slowly.

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“I planted this tree and I paved this road! If you want to pass, pay the toll!” Qing Ting halted a team of seven with a grand flourish of her sword.

“...what tree?” Seven half step kings hovered in the air and looked blankly at each other.

“There’s... also no road here?”

“Shut up and hand over your treasures and seed storage. I’ll spare your life in return!” Qing Ting sent dragon croons humming through the air with a wave of Azuresky.

“You, want to rob us?” Their leader was a titled duke half step king. He snorted with laughter when he saw Qing Ting’s gesture. “You must be someone from Azure Dragon Region... we happen to be missing one final identity token, so hand yours over. Otherwise...”

He walked forward with a leer.

One moment later.

Seven people lay haphazardly on the ground, wailing and keening with pain. Their leader was the worst off—his legs were broken.

“Hand over your identity tokens, seed storage, and personal treasure!” Qing Ting twinkled merrily at them.

“No!” The half step king struggled to get up, but Qing Ting sent him back down with a carefully placed foot.

“No? Then I’ll kill you.” Her sword trembled with eagerness.

“Kill me if you want, you won’t be laying hands on my treasure!” This half step king was uncommonly resolved. He’d received his title from a sixth step king and was named the Blackclad Duke. It was an obvious reference to the Bloodclad, Purpleclad, Crimsonclad, and Azureclad Dukes.

Though he’d been bizarrely defeated from a female robber and had both his legs broken, he would never sacrifice his dignity as the Blackclad Duke. He would never yield!

“This guy seems to be called the Blackclad Duke or something... If he won’t give it up, let’s strip him naked and hang him over the city doors!” Lu Yun suggested.

“Like the two sixth step kings over the Immortal Pagoda’s doors?” Qing Ting’s eyes lit up.

“It’s yours!” Blackclad spoke firmly and quickly handed over his seed storage, identity token, and treasures. He also glared hatefully at Lu Yun while the other six behind him did the same thing.

“What are you looking at me for? She’s the one robbing you, not me,” Lu Yun grumbled.

“Hmph! This young lady is a graceful fairy who is obviously a kindhearted person. The shifty look in your eyes makes it obvious that you’re nothing good. You must be directing her in this filthy act!” Blackclad denounced.

It was at this moment that Lu Yun knew he’d never shake off the misconception.

“Miss, I can tell that you’re an innocent and kind soul. Don’t be led astray by him!” Blackclad called out to Qing Ting.

“Yeah yeah.” Qing Ting skipped off with an armful of treasures, leaving Lu Yun and the others staring wordlessly at each other.

“Eh... her brother asked me to keep an eye on her, so see you later.” Lu Yun quickly ran off.

The stories of a robber couple swiftly spread in Dragonsea City. They only robbed and didn’t kill, but no one who came across their path emerged unscathed. Cultivators from Azure Dragon Region or other regions became their victims, and soon enough, cultivators inside the city united to take down this robber couple.