

## Necropolis 1691

### Chapter 1691: Prisoner

“Those are just wild speculations,” Haidong Lin grit his teeth. He felt that everything Lu Yun said was driven by the young man’s desire to have them enter the Abyssal Hell together.

“You can use formula dao yourself if you don’t believe me,” Lu Yun sighed. “Order is complete in the primary worlds, so everything has to follow the framework of order. Formula dao must confine itself to order, so it cannot consider all aspects of an issue.

“But here, it can perfectly deduce everything just from a tiny clue.”

The path of formula destiny!

Lu Yun could derive the fortunes of even mighty figures such as the Sea Emperor and Princess Mu. Most importantly, he’d established a connection with the Imperial Seal. Through it, he could use formula destiny to grasp the presence of fortune. The fortunes of the emperor, princess, and many other strangers drifted around the seal. The latter group was all as strong as the emperor and princess.

Haidong Lin’s forehead relaxed. He didn’t utilize formula dao himself, but he believed Lu Yun.

“Even so, I cannot go to the abyss with you. The World of Sea needs protection,” he shook his head. “But you can access sequence here. You should be able to see it now.”

“I hadn’t planned on having you go with me,” Lu Yun shrugged. “It’s not the time to access sequence either. I can see my own destiny here. Even though it’s subject to interference, I know that the best place for me to activate sequence is in the Abyssal Hell.

“Young man,” he smiled at the frail youngster in front of them. “This is for you. If my guess is correct, you’re the future Sea Emperor.”

Lu Yun waved a hand and handed over his Fire Virtue Orb, his Water Virtue Orb, and the Metal Virtue Orb that he’d obtained from Jian Zhuxian.

Flabbergasted, the young man fearfully accepted the orbs. He was just a true void cultivator, but could deploy the strength of a Nihil World Sovereign with the Water Virtue Orb. And now he had three more similar treasures!

“Find a way to collect all five and combine them into one. If you can do that, you’ll receive incredible power. There’s a fetus in the Fire Virtue Orb that can become your replica. Also, the man beside me is the missing Sea Lord Doinglin as recorded in the Chronicles of the Sea Emperor. He traveled to a world of sequence on account of the Sea Emperor’s orders all those years ago and has returned now,” Lu Yun chuckled. “Well? Hurry up and greet your master.”

The young man’s mind was completely blank. It took him some time to process what he’d just heard before he thudded to his knees in front of Haidong Lin and kowtowed vigorously, not knowing what to say.

Haidong Lin looked frostily at Lu Yun and glanced at the young man. The future Sea Emperor? In his eyes, the Sea Emperor was one and only. Sacred and inviolable, which meant Lu Yun's statement immensely displeased him.

"Oh don't look at me like that, this world needs a living emperor. I think he's a perfect candidate. If you keep harping on about your emperor, this world is done for if he fails his mission," Lu Yun addressed Haidong Lin. "Alright, this is where we part ways. I'm heading to the Abyssal Hell and you'll stay here to rebuild the empire. Farewell."

He deployed the Wandering Step and vanished on the spot without the slightest reluctance. Haidong Lin would never go with him to the abyss, he'd expected that before they even reached this world.

"Wait!" Haidong Lin's voice caught up to him as soon as he set off. He appeared next to Lu Yun in the next second. "I'm going with you."

The young man wasn't with him—he didn't even know the boy's name. "You said His Majesty and that Princess Mu is in the abyss. I want to see how real that is."

His expression was grave; he'd employed formula dao the second Lu Yun left. Although his skill wasn't as masterful as Lu Yun's, he'd come to the outline of a similar answer. With his speed, he easily matched Lu Yun's pace.

"No, you can't go with me." Lu Yun stopped and looked at Haidong Lin. "You'll be a burden in the abyss, you'll only drag me down."

"You were a burden in the darkness too, but I protected you!" Haidong Lin glared at him.

"Uh, very well then. Fine, say nothing and ask nothing once you enter. Anything you see will go with you to your grave. You can't breathe a word of it even if your emperor asks," Lu Yun said sternly.

"Does it have to do with your secrets?" Haidong Lin nodded. "I can do that. I swear to order that if I violate what you just said, I will suffer order's backlash."

"Then let's go." Lu Yun stretched out his hand for Haidong Lin to grasp and the two vanished at the same time.

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Haidong Lin's altar.

"Am I really the future Sea Emperor?" The young man stared dazedly at the four orbs in his hand. There were two of water, one of fire, and one of metal. "But no matter what, there is hope for us now that Sea Lord Donglin has returned."

The confusion cleared from his eyes and he looked resolutely to the distance. Though he didn't know it, he'd already set foot on the path to becoming the next Sea Emperor.

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After they left the World of Sea, Lu Yun and Haidong Lin passed by several dozen major worlds before reaching the end of the secondary worlds.

A profound gloom stretched ahead of them, darker than even the land of darkness from before. It stretched between the darkness and secondary world, like something cutting through reality.

“This is the Abyssal Hell!” Haidong Lin announced. “Are they really all inside?”

“What is the original emperor’s cultivation level?” Lu Yun murmured as he stared at the hell. “He made his move from this locale and crossed the Abyssal Hell, secondary worlds, land of darkness, and primary worlds to bring back the Imperial Seal, Di Yin, and his clan?”

Haidong Lin gaped at Lu Yun’s question. Indeed, how much strength did it take to accomplish such a task? Was that the true capabilities of the emperor of the original Hongmeng, the legendary titan of the Boundless Planes?

He didn’t think that Lu Yun was lying or trying to scare him.

“Come on, let’s go inside too.” Eagerness gripped Haidong Lin and he stepped forward to lead the way.

Bam!

His head crashed into something and he bounced back.

“What??” Haidong Lin had once briefly explored this hell since he was curious about it. Though he’d ran back out after a few steps in, access had been easy and this weird obstacle hadn’t existed.

“A boundary.” Lu Yun reached out to gently caress the air. There was an invisible barrier outside the Abyssal Hell, a boundary of some sort.

“Impertinent prisoners, how dare you trespass in the Abyssal Hell!” An angry yell sounded as a long chain stabbed out of the void, aimed at Lu Yun and Haidong Lin.

### **Chapter 1692: Time Guards**

“Prisoners? What?” Lu Yun paused, whereas Haidong Lin was already reacting. He flung his hand upward and sent two chains reeling back with a surge of waves.

“Even if there are prisoners here, it’s not us!” The Sea Lord jumped up and kicked at a certain part in the void. A ripple oscillated through space and threw him back down.

A man in uniform and a mask walked out of the void. The mask was both laughing and crying—the face of an akasha ghost! But Lu Yun knew that it was the other way around. The akasha ghosts’ laughing and crying expressions came from this mask.

Haidong Lin seemed to be well acquainted with the man; he sneered as soon as the other appeared.

“Aren’t you supposed to be part of the Time Guards? Since when did you become a warden?” he snorted.

“It’s you!” Lu Yun suddenly remembered where he’d seen the face before. His future self had originally planned to keep observing the loops, but had been stopped at the thirty-fourth. It was this ghostly face that’d stopped him.

When his future self returned to his time, he'd used the Brush of Three Reincarnations to draw the face he'd seen. As it tangled with his future self's resentment, the combined product slowly became the akasha ghosts.

Time Guards?

Ah, so this was what Mo Yi had been afraid of. This guard, or his colleagues, had captured Mo Yi's senior sister and sent her back.

"Perhaps..." Lu Yun's eyes lit up; he thought of another possibility. He'd known that something had blocked him in the thirty-fourth loop, but his future self's memories of that time had been erased. All he recalled was that ghostly face.

If it wasn't for Lu Yun's primary body possessing the Tome of Life and Death and affecting his future self with the treasure, his memories of the thirty-three loops probably would've all been deleted. If Lu Yun's guess was right, the versions of him in those loops didn't remember meeting his future self either.

The guard stared coldly at Lu Yun and Haidong Lin, his piercing gaze landing on the young man. Plainly, he remembered Lu Yun.

"I wanted to eliminate the aberration that you were, but never found the chance to. Since you've come to the edge of this world, don't mind if I do!"

Clatter!

Chains shot out from his body and churned toward Lu Yun. The terrifying presence had locked onto him—the guard didn't care about Haidong Lin at all. The Sea Lord was just a toy; he'd seen this toy too many times in each of the loops and restarts. Their downfall was always the same.

It was Lu Yun that was different. He'd broken free of the repeating cycle and was impacting every person he met. He was changing their trajectories to proceed in ways they never had before.

Boom!

A fearsome wave of air exploded from Lu Yun's body. Close at hand, the Abyssal Hell roared to life and countless paths of hell dao burst free to drape down over Lu Yun.

This Abyssal Hell didn't have an owner!

Though Lu Yun couldn't control or direct it, he could borrow its hell dao! That was why he'd dared make this trip. The gray flame of the Abyssal Hell ignited on his body, blasting back the chains drawing close to him. Lu Yun threw himself at the boundary outside of the hell.

Bam!

He spat out a large mouthful of blood. He was still too insignificant compared to the Time Guard, even with his borrowed power.

Off to the side, Haidong Lin released his sequence of water to its utmost and manifested an enormous ocean that crashed down on the guard. Every drop of water in it was a combat art under sea dao. The entire ocean was a boundless collection of combat arts!

A dim world bloomed over the guard's head and swallowed the ocean.

"Haidong Lin, I'll take care of you after I finish off the accident."

Clatter!

Chains stretched out of the dim world and slapped Haidong Lin away.

"The sequence of darkness!" he gasped. "That's a world of dark sequence!"

The dao of darkness!

A world of sequence that answered to darkness!

He'd never imagined that the Time Guards could access such a sequence. It wasn't one of objective darkness, but a subjective great dao! How was it possible for someone to create such a world of sequence??

"A world of dark sequence?" Lu Yun wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth. He opened his arms and released rays of purple light, summoning a purple world over his head.

The sequence of time!

He operated the method of nothing from the overlord of Ice and accessed the sequence of time. Purple chains of sequence stretched out from the sequence of time and clashed with the black chains.

Since Lu Yun could see sequence, he could access the one of time at any moment if he so wished. All the same, he knew that his dao wasn't one of time. If he accessed that sequence, his dao would reach its end.

As for the Time Guard, what the hell was he? He was only a first level sequence expert, but he'd sent the twelfth level Haidong Lin flying with one hit.

While the chains of time temporarily held off the guard, Lu Yun used the opening to bring out the withered wood. Black hellfire immediately seared the void and combined with the Abyssal Hell. Lu Yun turned pure black.

"No wonder the tree god destroyed its form and ignited boundless resentment. It was all for you!" the guard gasped when he saw the wood.

Hell dao had flowered and the Abyssal Hell fully came to Lu Yun's side when it sensed the summons from the hellfire on the withered wood. Lu Yun now commanded terrifying power with every twitch of his fingers.

"You probably know the truth behind the endless cycles and repeats!" Lu Yun reached a hand for the Time Guard. "So c'mere!"

Haidong Lin shuddered when he saw the young man in his current state. Lu Yun had once built a world of immortal dao in Fairylands and lit hellfire there to kill him. Though the young man didn't have that world now, he had an even bigger and stronger hell.

**Chapter 1693: Soybean**

The tree god had sacrificed itself and ignited boundless resentment to create the withered wood. Hellfire blazed in full on the scorched remains, bestowing Lu Yun with the strength of the Abyssal Hell. However, his weak body couldn't contain such momentous power. He wouldn't be able to maintain this state for long, but just a few breaths was enough for his goals.

His body was wrapped by black flames. The withered wood, his nascent spirit, and the Tome of Life and Death resonated with each other, unleashing hellfire's complete might. A projection of the Abyssal Hell appeared as well, hovering behind Lu Yun.

"Die!!" The Time Guard didn't hesitate when he saw this situation develop. He materialized a generic broadsword and hacked at Lu Yun with a simple stroke. The purest simplicity of dao!

The blow encompassed the strength of space. The blade itself was still off in the distance, but its attack had already arrived. Space was nonexistent before this move.

Lu Yun jerked with shock, thinking back to the Dao Tree that'd once leeches off of the immortal dao. A certain black, long-haired monster had been born from it. They wielded sharp axes and attacked with the same move that spoke of the basic fundamentals of dao.

He'd derived the combat arts of space reincarnation and time reincarnation from them, and here was another employing the power of space! Where the Time Guard differed was that his attack far outstripped the long-haired monsters', both in terms of cultivation level and achievement of skill.

Lu Yun subconsciously tightened his hand into a fist and hit back with a punch. A combat art of the six paths of hell dao—Abyssal Punch!

It felt like he was swinging back with the Abyssal Hell itself. A variety of hellish phenomena flashed through the void, crashing into the terrible blade light as if ten thousand ghoulish demons themselves.

Rumble—

The void trembled. Hellfire rampaged through space and the Abyssal Hell shivered, once. Having been vaporized, the guard left behind a ghostly mask hovering in the air.

"It's over?" Haidong Lin paused and stared blankly at the scene; he'd already retreated a hundred million kilometers away. He hadn't thought that Lu Yun would defeat the Time Guard so easily!

Lu Yun's expression snapped with alarm and he quickly backed away.

KABOOM!

The area where he'd just been standing in collapsed and the Time Guard walked out of the void. He vanished the instant he appeared; when he stepped into public eye once more, he was reaching for Lu Yun's head.

The young man was prepared. He called upon the Tome of Life and Death and deployed Spatial Reincarnation, vanishing into the void as well. The two continuously flashed into being, disappeared, flashed into being, and disappeared through this part of the void.

Neither of them could get the upper hand.

The space around them collapsed and fractured without pause. Haidong Lin kept running away until he made it into a major world.

“Curse King!” He saw the Curse King as soon as he set foot into the world. The latter flicked a glance at him and ignored the man, keeping his attention focused on Lu Yun and the Time Guard.

“What kind of monster is Lu Yun that he can dominate the Spacetime King’s man like this??” he murmured to himself.

The Spacetime King.

Haidong Lin didn’t know who that was, but some things clicked into place when he heard the Curse King’s tones and his words.

“You’re not a creature of the dark, you’re from the same place as the Time Guards!” he cried out impulsively.

The Curse King flicked another glance at him. “So what? Bite me.”

“Nope.” Haidong Lin retracted his shocked expression and snorted, “You’ve eaten Jian Bu’er’s spit, you’re disgusting.”

“I’ll kill you!” the Curse King shrieked and clawed at Haidong Lin’s face. The man jumped with surprise and ran off in abject fear.

Rumble!

The major world shuddered, like something had rammed it. The jagged darkness above it shattered from the impact and tongues of hellfire burrowed out from it, burning the endarkened alive. Lu Yun and the Time Guard appeared in the sky over the world.

The guard inclined his head at the Curse King when he noticed the latter, but the Curse King ignored him. Reaching out with his hand, the Time Guard grabbed his mask and repositioned it on his face. Two beams of black light shot out from Lu Yun’s eyes—the Spectral Eye captured the guard’s true appearance in that split second of change.

“So he’s actually female,” Lu Yun murmured. “That’s a helluva mask. Not only does it conceal your true features, but it also changes the presence of your soul.”

“Female?” the Curse King blinked. “When did that Time Guard turn into a female?”

Lu Yun ignored him. Although he could kill the Curse King with one palm strike at this moment, he didn’t do so. Likewise, the Curse King didn’t seem concerned that Lu Yun would suddenly switch focus and kill him.

“Lu Yun, I know your name is Lu Yun,” the Time Guard suddenly said. She didn’t mind that Lu Yun had seen her true appearance. “You’re just a Nihil World Sovereign, so how long do you think you can maintain this condition? Your body will fall apart even without my doing, so there’s nothing you can do to me.”

“Oh? Is that so?” Lu Yun grinned. “One of my greatest hobbies is to carry soybeans wherever I go.”

“Soybeans?!” Haidong Lin and the Curse King shuddered in unison. Plainly, they’d suffered some trauma from the notion of soybeans. As they expected, a soybean appeared in Lu Yun’s hand and a streak of golden light flashed through the air when he flicked it outward.

A golden-armored warrior with the same strength as Lu Yun appeared behind the guard. A second, third, fourth... thirty-six warriors with the same strength materialized and petrified the world with their domineering aura.

Whether it was Haidong Lin or the Curse King, both were flies caught in amber. The Time Guard trembled at the sight of her new opponents and a hint of incredulity appeared in her emotions.

Lu Yun waved a hand and opened the door to the Disordered Hell, making a welcoming gesture. “Will you walk in yourself or be thrown in after I beat you up? A delicate little thing like you shouldn’t be smashed into the ground before the Curse King and Haidong Lin, wouldn’t you say so?”

The guard seemed to glare at Lu Yun before stomping her foot, then walked into the Disordered Hell.

“Hehehe, here comes someone new after the Dao King and Mo Yi left!” The disordered spirit bounced into the air when it saw the Time Guard enter.

The guard sent it flying with a single kick.

Lu Yun dismissed the Abyssal Hell’s power with a wave of his hand and fell to the ground like all energy had been drained from him.

“Heh, Lu Yun, you refused the road to heaven and hacked a path to hell. You die here today!” crowed the Curse King as he barrelled toward the young man.

### **Chapter 1694: The True World of Sequence**

“Do you take me for a dead man?!” An irate Haidong Lin kicked the Curse King away with a jump kick.

Caught off guard, the Curse King flew out a long distance before crashing to the ground. He rubbed his bottom and grumbled, “Sea Lord, Lu Yun is our mutual enemy. If we kill him now, the world of sequence is as good as ours!”

Haidong Lin side-eyed the Curse King and didn’t respond.

Lu Yun sprawled on the ground like a puddle of mud, unable to even twitch his fingers. Borrowing the strength of the entire Abyssal Hell had been too much for him. If the Time Guard hadn’t submitted and entered the hell when she did, the likely outcome would’ve been both of them going down together in a blaze of glory.

The Sea Lord sat down in front of Lu Yun—not to help the young man recover. Everything was up to himself.

The Curse King remained on the premises, staring fixedly at the young man. A longsword appeared in his hand and he continuously waved it at Lu Yun, pantomiming various attacks. He seemed to be experimenting on where to set his blade so Lu Yun would instantly die from one stroke.

The young man recovered his ability to move after an indeterminate period of time. He sighed gently and sat back up.

“Well? Not so bad having a burden like me along, is it?” Haidong Lin had taken his earlier words to heart.

“He doesn’t dare kill me,” Lu Yun harrumphed. “If he did, you wouldn’t be able to stop him.”

“So you’re not that dumb.” The Curse King put his longsword away.

Immensely irritated, Haidong Lin whipped his head to the side and ignored Lu Yun.

“How about we make a deal?” Smiling merrily, the Curse King approached the two.

“A deal?” Lu Yun snorted. “While you and I don’t exactly have a blood feud, one of us will definitely be the death of the other. Make a deal with you? Do I look like I want to dance with the devil?”

Although many causes had culminated in the destruction of the original Hongmeng, the Curse King was the most direct reason.

“What is this talk of death?” The Curse King remained smiling in a friendly manner. “You heard the Time Guard as well, the tree god destroyed its own form and left behind this tiny bit of withered wood all for you. So this means—”

“Enough!” Lu Yun interrupted. He didn’t want to engage the Curse King in further conversation.

The Curse King didn’t dare kill Lu Yun because the latter possessed the withered wood burning with hellfire. If he tried to kill the young man, Lu Yun would simply ignite the withered wood and go down in a fiery blaze of mutual destruction.

Plus, the little bastard might not even die after all that.

“Are you not going to listen to me first?” the Curse King nattered on. “How about I have the Ghost Bat King retreat if you take me into the Abyssal Hell?”

Lu Yun raised a mental eyebrow.

“And the darkness around Mount Astronomia?” he asked.

“I can’t direct the darkness, but I can have the Ghost Bat King retreat and the darkness stay behind,” the Curse King shook his head.

“It doesn’t matter whether or not the Ghost Bat King retreats,” Lu Yun shrugged. “It doesn’t dare invade while my son is there.”

The Curse King stared intently at Lu Yun for a while before continuing, “Are you waiting to discuss terms?”

“Nah,” Lu Yun shook his head. “I just don’t want to help you.”

The Curse King wants to go to the Abyssal Hell!

Then there must be something very special about it. When he borrowed the hell’s power, Lu Yun discovered that it was an empty shell, that there was another existence inside. When he tried to probe

its depths, a frisson of excitement had moved his heart. It appeared that something he desperately desired was in the depths of the abyss.

He deployed formula dao again and again, but couldn't determine what it was. However, that didn't dissuade him from wanting to enter the abyss and obtain whatever was there to be found. Thus, he would never agree to bringing the Curse King in. That would be warming a snake with his own embrace.

"How about I dissolve all of my plans in the world of immortals and Hongmeng if you take me into the abyss?" The Curse King set his jaw. "You should know that I have more than one curse set up in the world of immortals. If they take effect, I'll blow the world to pieces!"

Lu Yun's expression shifted slightly.

"Heh heh heh, as strong as you are now, you are still a denizen of this part of existence. My methods have long superseded this patch of existence, so you'll never be able to see the extent of my abilities if you use the orders and great daos of this world!" the Curse King recounted with great self satisfaction.

"Since your abilities are so grand, then you enter the abyss yourself. You don't need me." Lu Yun curled his lip and stood up. "Come on, let's take a look in the abyss."

Haidong Lin quickly got to his feet and stayed close behind the young man. The two disappeared from view at the same time, leaving a slack-jawed Curse King behind. He hadn't thought that Lu Yun would turn him down!

"Damn it, he cultivated the mistress' method of three lives. His future self traveled through the worlds and even visited the other reincarnation cycles. He already knows all of my plots in the world of immortals!" He suddenly smacked his forehead and paced with irritation.

Lu Yun's future self hadn't been able to peer into many secrets in the thirty-three loops because they'd all been too big for him. But everything about the world of immortals was laid bare to his eyes, including everything the Curse King had done.

It wasn't until now that the Curse King realized the flaw in his thinking. He'd only known that Lu Yun's future self had traveled through thirty-three cycles when he met the Time Guard. It was simply too ridiculous to imagine otherwise. Even the Curse King himself had required the unique power of his world to anchor himself in the endless loops of these worlds.

This was a kind of tempering for him, a trial of cultivation.

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"What's inside the Abyssal Hell that even the Curse King wants to go in?" Haidong Lin couldn't help his curiosity.

"I haven't derived it yet, but I have a good guess." Desire flashed through Lu Yun's eyes. "It's what you want, what the Sea Emperor wants, and what the original emperor wants!"

"What?" Haidong Lin didn't understand. What he wanted most of all at the moment was to see his emperor.

“A real world of sequence.” Lu Yun gazed upon the boundless depths of the Abyssal Hell. “If my guess is right, a real world of sequence is nurtured in this hell! A world that can access a dao sequence does exist!”

“The Major Cycle Worlds that supported the primary worlds perished, so this Abyssal Hell came here to nurture a world of sequence!” his voice trembled with emotion.

### **Chapter 1695: I Actually Really Can't Hold On Anymore**

“A real world of sequence? In the Abyssal Hell?!” Haidong Lin jumped with shock.

The world of sequence that they knew was fake—Mazu had manifested it with the realm monster's body. But since she could manifest such a world, that meant a real one existed somewhere in the planes and she'd seen it before. There'd been the hint of a world of sequence on the realm monster, which indicated that the true world could be found somewhere in the secondary worlds.

“I don't know, I'm just guessing.” Lu Yun regained his calm. “But I'm eighty percent sure that the Abyssal Hell nurtures a world of sequence.”

“Eighty percent!” Haidong Lin's eyes lit up eagerly. “Let's go!”

“Lu Yun!” called out the Curse King. He'd exited the world behind them as well. “Do you remember the Firmament Prison?”

“Huh?” Lu Yun's heart shook and he paused, turning around.

“I know you cultivate hell dao and that you have Ruina in your grasp. But if you want to reach great perfection with your hell dao, you'll need the Firmament Prison!” the Curse King chuckled. “And what a coincidence, I happen to own it. It's not native to these worlds.”

The Curse King was the architect of the Firmament Prison; he'd built it to curse the Di Clan—the bloodline of the emperor of the original Hongmeng. In fact, he'd wanted to curse the original emperor with it, but the emperor had proven so strong that he hadn't died when both the Firmament Prison and withered wood were cursing him.

All the same, the Firmament Prison truly existed and it was a branch of hell dao, one that Lu Yun was yet to master.

When he entered the Firmament Prison to excavate the Dao Flower and make the immortal dao whole, hell dao had concealed everything else about the prison. No one had an inkling of an idea that the Blood Sea, Path of the Dead, and Avici Hell had all once been part of the hell of human dao.

During his future self's journey through the thirty-three loops, he'd also thought that the Firmament Prison only served to bury the Dao Flower and the void realm that should belong in immortal dao.

“I'll give you the Firmament Prison if you take me with you into the Abyssal Hell.” The Curse King stared intently at Lu Yun and stretched out his hand, materializing a beam of white light from his hand.

It originated from the tiniest of points, but Lu Yun could clearly discern that there was a real world in the depths of the point—a world like a hell.

“Hell is hell and the final resting place of all beings,” he suddenly said. “Ruina is a branch of hell and the hell of the sea. What is the Firmament Prison?”

“It’s naturally another branch of hell and also the final resting place of all things.” The Curse King tossed the point to Lu Yun, who subconsciously caught it.

He employed formula dao on it again and again, subjecting it to intense scrutiny. The Curse King’s expression grew darker by the second and he ground his teeth together.

“What, do you not believe me?” he snorted. “For those of us at our cultivation levels, do we need to use petty tricks against each other?”

“You never know,” Lu Yun shook his head. “You’re an insidious and deceitful character with a plethora of crafty plots. While we cultivators fear karmic repercussions, perhaps you have something that enables you to avoid it.”

The Curse King had no response to that.

“Fine, I’ll trust you for now.” Lu Yun opened the Disordered Hell and tossed the tiny point in.

The Curse King audibly ground his teeth once again.

“You can come with me,” the young man nodded at him. “But you need to be careful, my strength grows many times over in the Abyssal Hell. I’ll also be able to continuously absorb energy from it and refine it. I might lose control of myself and accidentally crush you out of existence.”

His long-time rival regarded him warily.

“But if you have that giant bat get the hell out of Mount Astronomia, I might consider controlling myself,” Lu Yun added. “And eliminate all of the curses you’ve planted in the world of immortals. I can’t be bothered to root them out one by one myself.”

“...fine.” A vein throbbed in the Curse King’s forehead; he was clearly striving mightily to control his temper.

“Let’s go.” Lu Yun waved open a large door and walked through it—the Gates of the Abyss.

When Tianqi built the hell of human dao, he’d used his own talents to build a door for it. As the god of Mount Tai—the Great Peak of the Five Hells—he was the earliest master of hell.

Although his door was applicable only to human dao hell, Lu Yun was able to access any hell through it since he cultivated the six paths of hell dao. No one was able to enter the Abyssal Hell because its entrance had been blocked by some kind of boundary—only Lu Yun could enter through the Gates of the Abyss.

Haidong Lin and the Curse King were close on his heels after they saw Lu Yun walk through a mysterious doorway.

“You can’t touch me!” shouted the Curse King the second he entered the Abyssal Hell. “If my primary body dies, so will my replicas. No one will be left to uproot the curses in the world of immortals and the Ghost Bat King will not depart from Mount Astronomia!”

He vanished even as his words lingered in the air.

“We’re letting him go just like that?” Haidong Lin grumbled.

“What else can we do, can you beat him?” Lu Yun curled his lip. “That’s his primary body, on par with the Ghost Bat King. Didn’t you see him ignore the Time Guard?”

“I already reached my limits when I borrowed the Abyssal Hell’s strength. If I do so again, I’ll probably explode and die.”

“So I see!” the Curse King’s voice rang out. “Kekekeke, since I’ve already made my way inside, you’re useless to me. You can die now!”

He loomed out of the gloom and thrust a palm strike at Lu Yun.

“Hahaha!! You fell for it, Curse King!” Lu Yun roared with laughter. “Would you have come back if I didn’t say that? Eat this!”

The withered wood in his hand roared to life with boundless hellfire.

“Who’s the insidious and deceitful one, who has all the crafty plots huh?!” the Curse King screamed and turned around. His body exploded into a cloud of glyphs.

“Hmph, that’s right, keep running!” Lu Yun harrumphed as he retracted the withered wood and hellfire.

Haidong Lin gaped wordlessly.

“Pfft, I was lying. I’m actually at the end of my rope. If he’d stayed a bit longer, I’d explode and die,” Lu Yun called out.

This time, the premises remained quiet and nothing happened. The Curse King seemed to have left for good.

“I’m actually on the brink of death!” Lu Yun shouted.

Haidong Lin: .....

### **Chapter 1696: Sea Lord Mayfly**

Lu Yun plopped on the ground and waved at Haidong Lin. “Come help me up, I’m having trouble standing.”

Haidong Lin walked over with a rueful chuckle; a strange noise suddenly sounded in the air.

Ker~ pft!

Something wet shot out from an unknown direction and smacked both of them in the face.

“What was that?” Lu Yun rubbed his cheek.

“It’s a little sweet and a little fragrant... is it... honey?” Haidong Lin looked around blankly.

The void of the Abyssal Hell was colored a black-gray that was similar to its hellfire. The area around them was unusually deep; the duo could only make out the gray dirt beneath their feet and the dark depths of the space around them.

There was nothing else.

Honey?

Haidong Lin touched his cheek again, the trace of water was gone.

Lu Yun was still sitting on the ground and surreptitiously called upon hell dao, absorbing some of the Abyssal Hell's energy. He stood up when some color returned to his face.

"Where is the true world of order?" Haidong Lin recomposed himself.

"Not in the innermost depths of this hell," Lu Yun shook his head. "The core essence of this Abyssal Hell is a layout and some changes have occurred in it. Although it maintains the complete form of an Abyssal Hell, it's changed on a fundamental basis."

The Abyssal Hell contained bodies. When something died, their bodies were conducted to the Abyssal Hell and held there. In other words, there would be no zombies roaming around the planes of existence if all was right with this hell. Every single dead body would be safely stored away. The Abyssal Hell seemed to exist to prevent the appearance of entities like zombies, and to keep them inside.

But now, zombies could be found in all the realms and were even a life form in the fourth realm. At the same time, they were much more violent and ruthless than regular life forms. This was a clear indication that something had happened to the nature of the Abyssal Hell and dead bodies were no longer in its safekeeping.

Of one thing Lu Yun was certain of, and that was the hell they were in was the very first Abyssal Hell that the god of Mount Tai had once controlled!

"If the Abyssal Hell has changed, what of the other hells? Why did the god of Mount Tai die, and why were the five Karmic Trees destroyed? What is the relationship between the Karmic Tree and the divine tree?" Lu Yun murmured to himself.

Haidong Lin didn't have anything to offer. The divine tree had been a perpetual existence since time immemorial. Its roots were planted in the void before the age of the original Hongmeng came to be.

"I'd once thought that the five Karmic Trees and hell existed so someone could revive the tree god. It looks like that's not the case," Lu Yun shook his head again. This particular Abyssal Hell was older than the original Hongmeng; its origins could be traced to an era prior to the start of the loops.

That had been the limits of his knowledge, once upon a time. But as his cultivation advanced and his breadth of vision developed, staggering changes occurred in his comprehension.

"Someone's changed the layout of this particular Abyssal Hell so that it's turned into one of nurturing a world," Lu Yun sighed as he ran his eyes over their surroundings. "There should be an extremely terrifying entity buried here as well, turning the hell into a tomb. Only a tomb can give rise to something new."

“The extremity of death is life.”

Haidong Lin didn't fully understand Lu Yun's words. The latter was thinking of the great tomb beneath Myriad Formation Summit in Dusk Province of the world of immortals—it'd contained a resurrection layout.

The death qi required to nurture a world was greater than one to resurrect a living being. Ordinary tombs and tomb owners could not satisfy that condition. Therefore, the Abyssal Hell was the most optimal choice. It contained innumerable bodies of dead beings to begin with and possessed the densest accumulation of death qi out of the five hells. With it modified into a layout of burial and an entity great beyond imagination buried here, its death qi was unparalleled.

The tomb owner's death qi combined with the tomb of the Abyssal Hell could certainly give rise to a world of sequence. This world wouldn't be an objective one—it was a subjective one made possible by living beings.

“You... figured that much out from a single glance?” Haidong Lin's jaw dropped as he listened to Lu Yun's murmuring.

“I cultivate the six paths of hell dao and am skilled in the Dragonquake Scripture. Given those two conditions, it's impossible for this kind of layout to escape my eyes.” Lu Yun nodded. “This tomb follows the layout of a yin tomb. A yin tomb... yang tomb... We're currently in the yin tomb, so we see the original form of the Abyssal Hell. We're not the only ones here, but the original and Sea Emperors should be in the yang tomb.

“The world of sequence should be where the two tombs intersect, but how do we make it to the yang tomb?”

Since Haidong Lin understood neither feng shui nor the Dragonquake Scripture, he couldn't grasp the difference between the two tombs.

“Actually, there's no need to go to the yang tomb, we can just go to the world of sequence.” Gray abyssal hellfire flared to life on Lu Yun's body and crept over to include Haidong Lin.

For anyone else, the yin tomb would be a true place of death. A place where even the emperor of the original Hongmeng didn't dare tread was as safe as blinking to Lu Yun. The original Abyssal Hell was contained here and he was afraid of none of it.

On the contrary, the yang tomb seemed to be more dangerous. Lu Yun didn't fear the dead, it was the living that posed more of a threat. There were likely more than just fourth realm denizens in the yang tomb; it was very possible that entities outside the loop of reincarnation were present. The entrance to the Abyssal Hell had been covered by a massive boundary to prevent fourth realm beings from entering—not even the Curse King could enter.

The two vanished in a streak of light.

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“ROAR!!” The gray earth split open as a large hand covered with green fur reached out, swiping at the void.

Shocked, Haidong Lin hastily adjusted his orientation and punched back at it. A mushroom cloud rose from the ground when the two forces met and a zombie covered with green fur crawled up from below. It spewed corpse water from its mouth and its scarlet eyes stared balefully at the duo covered by hellfire.

Lu Yun jumped with surprise as well, he hadn't expected a zombie to suddenly jump out.

"Sea Lord Mayfly!" Haidong Lin cried out with sorrow when he took a good look. This was one of his fellow lords under the Sea Emperor's banner!

### **Chapter 1697: Traces of the Corpse Refiners**

A hint of lucidity seemed to flash through the zombie's eyes when it heard Haidong Lin's voice, but raging violence swiftly drowned it out. It went berserk and brought forth the hand of a beast to slash at the man.

Haidong Lin jerked backward with shock. He'd correctly identified the zombie as mutated from Sea Lord Mayfly, but the two of them weren't friends. Though they both served the Sea Emperor, they bore distinct hostility for each other. It wouldn't be hyperbole to call them rivals, and the zombie continuing to attack after hearing him was proof of that.

Evading the latest swipe, Haidong Lin brought out his metal bident to meet tit for tat. He raised Myriad Sea and brought it crashing down on the enemy.

"Sea Lord Mayfly, since you've died and become a zombie, I will do right by the people and destroy this unholy evil of yours!" Haidong Lin's weapon seemed to be bolstered by a hundred million tons of seawater and released immense force with every gesture and movement. He sent the green-furred flying with a single blow.

"ROAR!!" snarled the zombie as it turned around in the air, then came pouncing back with shrieks and snarls.

Haidong Lin's eyes widened as an enormous vortex manifested over his head—the power of Ruina.

Having resided in Myriadsea World for countless eons, he'd become familiar with Ruina, studied it, and even incorporated it into his Myriad Sea combat art. A humongous vortex formed by a hundred million tons of seawater filled the void; Haidong Lin used his bident as a club and smashed it into the zombie's head.

**BOOM!**

The zombie shattered with a muffled thud; rotten flesh and yellowish-gray corpse water sprayed in all directions.

"That easy?" Haidong Lin looked on incredulously. "Sea Lord Mayfly is just a touch weaker than me, he should be even stronger as a zombie. My Ruina Myriad Sea shouldn't have been able to kill him..."

"That's because something's refined his corpse." Lu Yun bent down and picked up a piece of rotten flesh to study it. "At least seventy percent of his strength had been refined away. If he'd been in peak condition, there would've been nothing for us to do but run."

Haidong Lin wasn't very receptive to the explanation, but he didn't argue with the young man.

"...Corpse Refiners!" A sudden thought struck Lu Yun. Only the Corpse Refiners possessed these kinds of methods. The sect had been conquered on the world of immortals and their corpse refining dao become part of the immortal dao, but there were also rumors of Corpse Refiners in the fourth realm.

They were a horrifying sect from the unknown expanses that could refine and control zombies. Lu Yun hadn't delved into the secondary worlds after traveling to the unknown, so he didn't pay much attention to them. But now they'd come across traces of the Corpse Refiners in the Abyssal Hell!

"Did you say the Corpse Refiners?" Haidong Lin's face snapped with shock. "They're one of the three great unholies of the secondary realms! It would make sense if it is them, they do have the ability to refine that much of the zombie's strength."

"The three great unholies?" Lu Yun blinked.

"That's right. At our cultivation levels, we don't dare easily commit to karmic relationships. We understand there is no such thing as good or evil. The three great unholies are an exception. They collude with creatures of the darkness to prey upon the rest of us. They're one of the few common enemies of all beings of order in the secondary worlds!" Haidong Lin's face darkened. "The Corpse Refiners is one of them, and the strongest of them!"

"Who are the other two?" Lu Yun asked with surprise.

When it came to good and evil, it was simply a matter of perspective and morals. To creatures of order, those of the darkness were evil because they killed and ate those of order, attempting to turn the lands of light into dark. But to the endarkened, the same could be said for their enemies.

That was perspective.

Morality was the fundamental reason why intelligent life was called what it was. Whether it was denizens of order or darkness, either side adhered to their own principles and ethics, ones that determined their behavior and rules. To violate them was to be evil.

The stronger one's cultivation level was, the closer one drew to the core essence of dao. Certain restrictions appeared at that time—karma, for instance. Thus, the strong were separated only by different positions on various matters. They would never violate morality to give rise to karmic repercussions.

But there were always exceptions, and the three unholies were one of them.

"The other two..." Haidong Lin scowled. "The second is Myriad Ghost Order and the third is the Celestial Dark. They used to be sects of the secondary worlds, but they've helped the endarkened swallowed countless major worlds. I thought they'd been razed out of existence, but it turns out they fled here instead!"

"I even suspect that Sea Lord Mayfly didn't become a zombie after death, but that he was refined alive!"

Haidong Lin had clearly captured the moment of lucidity in the green-furred zombie's eyes. It'd been filled with desire and pleading; it begged Haidong Lin to kill him and free him from his eternal anguish.

“We leave, now!” Lu Yun barked and utilized abyssal hellfire to conceal their life force, then whisked them away.

“What is it?” Haidong Lin had been dragged away mid thought, so he was rather confused.

“The Abyssal Hell is where all the corpses of the dead used to be kept. Now that the layout’s changed into one of nurturing a world of sequence, it’s also perfect for raising zombies!” An extremely ugly expression was present on Lu Yun’s face. “Since the Corpse Refiners are here, they’ll turn this place into a massive zombie farm! If a herd of them attacked us, there wouldn’t even be bone dust left of us. We might even become zombies too!”

He would never forget the two great treasures the sect possessed in the world of immortals: the Bag of Corpse Refinement and their great Formation of Corpse Refinement. Both could turn the living straight into zombies.

Not only would the sect commit such an unthinkable deed, they could boost themselves with the zombie’s strength. Lu Yun highly suspected that they’d been standing in one such formation.

Color drained from Haidong Lin’s face.

“No, we need to eliminate the Corpse Refiners!” He set his jaw and screeched to a halt. “I can’t sleep easy with that massive threat on the loose!”

“Can you fight them?” Lu Yun sneered. “This is the Abyssal Hell. I might not be a match for them even if I borrow the hell’s power!”

“What if you count me in?” came the Curse King’s irritated voice before his bedraggled form stumbled out of the void.

### **Chapter 1698.1: Zombie Farm**

The Curse King had definitely seen better days. Right now, he was the definition of thoroughly routed. Tattered inky robes flapped in the wind, exposing large swathes of skin so pale they were almost translucent. Long locks that’d once gracefully cascaded down his back like a waterfall now resembled a bird’s nest.

“What are you looking at? I’ll dig out your eyeballs if you keep staring at me like that!” The Curse King glared viciously when he noticed that Haidong Lin’s eyes were set on him. The Curse King’s aura was muddled—he’d plainly experienced a daunting battle and barely escaped by the skin of his teeth.

“What did you run into?” Lu Yun jumped with shock when he saw the state that his enemy was in.

“What else could I have run into? A zombie formation by Corpse Refiner trash!” the Curse King forced out through grit teeth. “Lu Yun, the Corpse Refiners are very dangerous. I highly recommend that you dig them up by the roots and burn them all! Do you really think that the Corpse Refiners in the world of immortals have been cowed by the immortal dao? They’re just biding their time until they can take it!”

“You’re not in cahoots with them?” Lu Yun’s eyes widened with surprise. Eliminating the Curse King somehow no longer seemed to be the priority; the Corpse Refiners were apparently much worse.

Lu Yun had seen the Curse King in all thirty-three loops and seen firsthand how the man had schemed against him, strewing curses and plots throughout the world of immortals and Hongmeng. In that critical battle, he'd lured Mo Yi out to kill her, but the Dao King died for her thirty-three times.

No matter how one viewed it, the Curse King was Lu Yun's archenemy, but what if that was in doubt? Was his real archenemy a faction that he hadn't bothered to take note of in the thirty-three loops?

The Corpse Refiners!

"Pfft, heh!" the Curse King snorted at Lu Yun's question. "Me, ally with old fart Jiang Chen? He'll eat me the second I'm distracted!"

"Didn't you experience thirty-three cycles and see many things? Did you not see the final withering of the immortal dao?" His pitch-black eyes narrowed slightly.

Lu Yun frowned and sank into deep thought. He'd never actually caught a clear glimpse of the demise of immortal dao. If it wasn't for that cycle's version of him sitting alone in the void, his future self wouldn't have paid attention to the changes in immortal dao. Rather, he'd been distracted by unending despair from that cycle's version of him and hadn't had energy to spare for anything else.

"I'll tell you what happens—the immortal dao never dies. It continuously reincarnates in the Discarded Land. Whether it reincarnates into a complete version or fragmented version, the Corpse Refiners always devour it in the end!"

"You mean Jiang Chen?" Lu Yun looked at the Curse King. "The ancestor of the Corpse Refiners in the world of immortals?"

"Naturally," the Curse King nodded. "He is their forefather, a zombie that escaped from the Abyssal Hell with his own dao. He built the dao of corpse refining, and if my guess is right, he's also here and wants to refine the world of sequence into one of corpse refining dao."

"This Abyssal Hell isn't just your home ground, it's also Jiang Chen's. It is not a foregone conclusion who will win if the two of you meet in battle here!"

Haidong Lin looked steadily at Lu Yun, not saying anything. He'd finally realized that he really seemed to be of no help after entering the abyss.

"Alright, I'll ally with you for now," Lu Yun said solemnly. "But I want to see what you really look like. You've used disguises from the start, I don't even know if you're a man or a woman!"

The Curse King rolled his eyes and glared at Lu Yun.

"And!" Haidong Lin interjected. "Were you the one who sprayed our faces with honey just now? What kind of honey was it? Why is there honey here?"

Jolted out of his glare, the Curse King stared wordlessly at the two weirdos in front of him.

"It doesn't actually matter if you help me or not, I've already reached an agreement with the Time Guard. She'll help me in moments of need," Lu Yun suddenly mentioned the guard being held captive in the Disordered Hell.

“Time Guard? Her?” Contempt blossomed across the Curse King’s face. “She’s just an obstinate, willful, spoiled little brat. What good can she do, and you’re looking to her for help? Would you have been able to capture her if she’s that capable?”

Lu Yun paused sheepishly; he’d thrown out a random thought just to test the Curse King. There was no agreement whatsoever between him and the guard. He hadn’t even had time to project a mental replica to talk to her yet. His full attention was needed in a place like this Abyssal Hell.

“You know her?” He seized on the Curse King’s tone; the man seemed to be well acquainted with the Time Guard.

“Hmph,” the Curse King snorted in lieu of a response. He returned to his previous appearance of a young man with long black hair, skin as white and translucent as paper, and so handsome that it was uncanny. If it hadn’t been for the obviously male characteristics on his body, anyone might mistake him for a woman.

By now, outward gender appearances was the last thing that Lu Yun would believe. He’d been tricked by Qing Yu for so long and treated her as a brother before she suddenly turned into a woman and his dao partner.

“Alright... I’ll ally with you against the Corpse Refiners,” Lu Yun nodded again. “But I don’t trust you.”

“And you think I trust you?” sneered the Curse King. “Come with me.”

He vanished where he stood, heading for where he’d met the zombies and come off worse in the exchange.

“Aren’t you worried that he’s leading us into a trap?” Haidong Lin transmitted. “He obviously comes from the same place as the Corpse Refiners...”

“Come what may, we’ll handle things as they come up. It’d actually be perfect if they’re on the same side, I’ll take them out in one fell swoop!” Lu Yun bared his teeth savagely.

Up ahead, the Curse King seemed to sense the change in Lu Yun’s expression and looked back to direct a glare his way. Neither of the two trusted the other—they were both waiting for openings to appear so they could kill their archenemy!

Meanwhile, Lu Yun finally found an opportunity to send a sliver of his mind into the Disordered Hell and project a replica. The Time Guard had taken off her mask and sprawled lazily on a black boulder, seemingly asleep.

“The Curse King says you’re a spoiled little princess, but you can fall asleep on a rock?” Lu Yun looked at her, startled.

Appearing roughly sixteen years old, her stunning visage lit this hell with its beauty alone. If it wasn’t for the mask gripped tightly in her hands, Lu Yun would never connect this unparalleled beauty with the ruthless Time Guard.

“Yaaaaawn,” the girl yawned when she heard Lu Yun and opened her eyes to look calmly at him. “We run the risk of dying at every second in this Discarded Land. Since I’m in a safer environment, I should make use of the chance to sleep.”

She rubbed her cheek with resignation.

“This makes things easier if you’re afraid of death.” A smile flitted across Lu Yun’s face to hear her thoughtless response. So that was why she’d voluntarily entered the Disordered Hell! She was afraid of death, and it was relatively safer in here.

“I’ll protect you if you tell me everything I want to know,” he grinned.

“You and what army?” the girl curled her lip. “You can’t even protect yourself, so how can you protect me? Do you really think that no one’s noticed an aberration has appeared in the Land of Reincarnation?”

“You remain untouched only because you’re still an ant and can’t get up to any trouble. If you access sequence, someone will come and take you out!”

Though the girl seemed to be conveying a threat, it seemed more like a warning. For some reason, a bizarre notion bloomed in Lu Yun’s mind. The girl was on his side!

One of our own?

Startled, he looked at the girl with fresh eyes.

She sniffed and looked meaningfully back at him, confirming Lu Yun’s suspicion. She wasn’t here because she’d lost, she’d planned everything and it’d all been an act!

“Mo Yi’s senior sister?” he asked out of the blue.

Caught off guard by the sudden change in topic, the girl quickly understood what Lu Yun meant.

“She’s an idiot, a complete and utter idiot. She’s not really Mo Yi’s senior sister either, she just happened to make Mo Yi’s acquaintance. The sight of her irritated me, so I sealed her strength away and threw her into the war that fractured the original Hongmeng. I don’t know and don’t care if she survived it,” the girl continued after a moment of thought. “Though she’s an idiot, she’s got a good eye for talent. She randomly became Mo Yi’s senior sister when Mo Yi was in trouble, then took a good disciple when she visited the world of immortals. Mm, it’s the smart, quick-witted, and talented little nun that I’m talking about. And another one—the only one skilled in destiny in this cycle!”

Ah Zhi! Yu Hengluo!

Ah Zhi’s primary self—Yu Hengluo—had returned to the fourth realm and now held down the fort at Mount Astronomia. As for the little nun, she’d been cultivating in the world of immortals when she abruptly vanished one day. Lu Yun had thought that her master had taken her away, but it now seemed that the silly little nun was someone extraordinary.

Just as the Time Guard was about to go on, Lu Yun’s replica suddenly vanished.

“There’s something else I need to tell him, right?” the girl blinked. “Oh, Chen Xiao and Qing Buyi are also here. They’re much stronger than me...”

“Forget it, those crazies will definitely come once they know Lu Yun is here.” The guard took out a mirror and admired herself in it. The image reflected out of it was... the little nun.

## **Chapter 1698.2: Zombie Farm**

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A horde of zombies was charging them from all directions. It took only the blink of an eye for them to surround Lu Yun, Haidong Lin, and the Curse King. Lu Yun wanted to wring the Curse King's neck with his own hands—the man was definitely sharing the same bed with the Corpse Refiners!

However, the Curse King was at a complete loss.

“Why, what, how?! What is the horde doing here?? I chose another way!” he shrieked.

“This is the Corpse Refiners' zombie farm!” Lu Yun roared. “Don't you know to calculate what path you should take?!”

“I don't know formula dao! What am I supposed to be calculating?!” the Curse King glared. “Shut up and kill those zombies!”

Each of the zombies was on par with a first level sequence expert. That was nothing to the Curse King and Haidong Lin, but the problem was that there were too many of the undead. The grayish-black of the void had turned bright red from all of the zombies' scarlet eyes.

Haidong Lin got straight to work and materialized his bident with a wave. He unleashed his strongest attack—Ruina Myriad Sea—as there could be no lapse in vigilance in a place like this. If they didn't respond with full strength, they would be devoured in a split second.

Neither did the Curse King start any funny business. Numerous black talismans flew out from his hands and wobbled the zombies to pieces. The zombies were no threat, but the duo's speed in killing them fell far behind the tide's rate of replacement.

Innumerable zombies surged forward at every breath to fill the holes left by fallen zombies. Left, right, center, front, back, up, and down... zombies snarled and pounced from all directions.

“Think of something!” the Curse King shrieked. His energy would be completely depleted at this rate and they'd be bitten to death if nothing changed.

“Stand guard for me!” Lu Yun sat down on the ground instead of participating in the fight. There was no point in slaughtering zombies. This was the Abyssal Hell, a place where the corpses of all living beings were buried. How many zombies were there?

It'd be a horrific sum even if the Corpse Refiners had only scratched the surface. Thus, Lu Yun needed to tackle the root of the issue.

Although they were in the Abyssal Hell, its layout had been reorganized into that of a zombie farm. The layout formed a world, a world within a world that fed off the Abyssal Hell like a cancerous tumor.

“Thank goodness that the sect is using a special method to raise zombies and that their primary bodies are all in the yang tomb. If not, we'd be in real trouble!” Lu Yun took a deep breath and focused on formula dao. “What the fuck? There's a tomb for the living here, they want to refine a corpse king!”

Terror flitted across his face as he learned through formula dao that the tomb for the living was placed at the central chamber of the Abyssal Hell. The layout here had been modified into one for an enormous tomb; the tomb held an unfathomably important personage.

The personage was naturally buried in the central chamber, and the central chamber didn't necessarily mean the core of the hell. The core should be the fragments of the Karmic Tree and Mount Tai.

However, the Abyssal Hell's core had been turned into a tomb for the living and such tombs were where corpse kings were raised. Once a corpse king matured, it would immediately come under the Corpse Refiners' control and everyone here would die.

Compared to a tomb for the living, the zombie farm was hardly important.

"What did you say?!" The Curse King and Haidong Lin paled with dismay.

"There's an incredibly important person buried in the tomb and the Corpse Refiners are trying to turn them into a corpse king!" Lu Yun ground his teeth. "Forget the zombie farm, follow me to break that tomb!"

"We need to make it out alive first!" Haidong Lin roared. "I can't hold on! They're all first level sequence, but there's too many of them! We can't kill them all!"

He was at the end of his rope and the Curse King didn't look much better. It also felt like he'd been dragged into a bog and couldn't get out.

"All of you need... to... piss... off!"

Boom!

A huge door appeared as gray abyssal hellfire turned into waves of force, blasting out in every direction. The Gates of the Abyss had arrived with the aura of the Abyssal Hell.

The zombies were spooked by hellfire and quickly retreated.

"Let's go!" Lu Yun leapt into the gates, closely followed by Haidong Lin. The Curse King hesitated briefly before following them in.

Another part of the Abyssal Hell could be found on the other side, but the Gates' appearance in the zombie farm would arouse attention from the Corpse Refiners. Unfortunately, the situation had been too critical for Lu Yun to care.

"Did you say that the Corpse Refiners want to refine the tomb owner?!" the Curse King asked rather viciously when he settled back down.

The death qi of this personage and the tomb qi from the reorganized Abyssal Hell was the basis of energy for the world of order. Once these two sources of strength were destroyed, the incomplete world of sequence would vanish upon the wind.

The Curse King had thought that the Corpse Refiners were trying to claim the growing world of sequence, but they also had designs on the mysterious heavyweight's body!

"They'll certainly have sensed that I used the Gates of the Abyss in the zombie farm. Though they can't travel here from the yang tomb, they can do so through their battle zombies, so we must be quick!" Lu Yun opened the gates again and jumped through. This time, the Curse King didn't hesitate and was hot on the young man's heels.

“Is this... the tomb of the living?” Haidong Lin and the Curse King exchanged glances when they saw what was on the other side.

A collapsed mountain, a massive blackened and charred tree, and a headless corpse painted a gruesome sight. A tablet dripping with bloody characters was erected in front of the corpse—Great Peak of the Five Hells.

“This is the heart of the Abyssal Hell, where the god of Mount Tai used to live.” Lu Yun opened the Spectral Eyes on the corpse to observe its death information. “But this corpse doesn’t belong to the god. It’s an intruder that the god killed.”

He approached the burnt Karmic Tree; the abyssal hellfire on it had extinguished, but the hell’s layout still existed.

“Don’t move!” the Curse King said reluctantly. “More than one hell is needed to manifest the world of sequence, there’s four in total! Apart from the Abyssal Hell, the other three are in different spots and the world of sequence is where they intersect.”

He was finally revealing some secrets.

#### **Chapter 1699: Tricked the Corpse Refiners**

“Do you know what I mean?” the Curse King’s voice trembled.

“Are you saying... that there’s more than one great personage buried here, that there’s four?” Lu Yun’s eyes widened. “That the Corpse Refiners might create four zombie kings?!”

“Yes!” the man nodded. “But I don’t know if they’re only scheming after this one or all four tomb owners.”

“Probably just one,” Lu Yun thought for a moment. “The world of sequence is too important. If they refine all four heavyweights, they’ll be attacked by everyone else with designs on the world. Refining only one won’t impact the greater picture.

“But even so, they must be stopped. It looks like they’re refining the tomb owner so they can seize the world of sequence.”

The Corpse Refiners might also continue their villainy after they claimed the world and turn the other three into zombie kings. Lu Yun didn’t know what the outside world was like or what status the sect possessed, but he could guess that the four tomb owners who could manifest a world of sequence were certainly of earth-shattering importance.

There were many things he didn’t dare come to a conclusion about since he’d never been to the outside world. But currently, he felt no desire to visit. There were many things in the Land of Reincarnation that needed to be resolved, and there was no guarantee that the outside world was better than his current situation.

“Do you know the identities of the four tomb owners?” Haidong Lin asked.

“No,” the Curse King shook his head. “But I know that they have a close relationship, so there should be some connection between the four tombs.”

“Forget about that for now,” Lu Yun said to them. He walked up to the wreckage of the Karmic Tree and put it away. Although it was dead, it still represented great nourishment. The withered wood was the corpse of the divine tree and the Karmic Tree was one of its branches. They shared the same origin.

Most importantly, the withered wood had become a treasure of the Tome of Life and Death after the book had refined it. Lu Yun turned around and looked at the mountain-shaped rubble.

“Don’t move, Lu Yun!” The Curse King stopped him and pointed at the tombstone erected in front of the mountain. “Look, what do the mountain and tombstone together look like?”

“A burial mound!” Haidong Lin frowned in response before Lu Yun could answer. “It looks like someone’s burial mound... but why set up a burial mound here?”

“Anyone who can use Mount Tai as their burial mound will be far from ordinary, but there’s no resentment exuding from it. They must have been voluntarily buried inside!” the Curse King identified.

Bitterness and resentment were sure to develop when important personages were dumped under a pile of dirt. The burial mound would grow bigger from their reaction, but the collapsed mountain in front of them had remained the same size. In fact, it was even a little smaller due to the fact that it’d collapsed.

Lu Yun opened the Spectral Eye and swept it over the mound, his expression hitching with surprise.

“It seems... that someone’s tricked the Corpse Refiners,” he said after a long moment.

“Tricked the Corpse Refiners? What do you mean?” A baffled Haidong Lin asked while the Curse King mused over the scene.

“No wonder formula destiny told me that the problem could be solved if we came here first. I see, so I see. Someone moved the tomb owner to here and buried them in this nondescript burial mound. The tomb of the living is empty.” A smile floated onto Lu Yun’s face. “The Corpse Refiners can’t enter the yin tomb, so they don’t know what’s happened and think that the tomb owner is buried in the tomb of the living.

“But whoever set up the burial mound isn’t very well trained. He didn’t do the job properly and conceal it. If the Corpse Refiners ever make it into the yin tomb, they’ll immediately realize they’ve been tricked.”

“You’re right,” the Curse King nodded. “They’ve probably already sensed something’s off, so they should be looking for a way in.”

Although he’d never visited this place before, with his understanding of the sect, they wouldn’t be so easily hoodwinked. Additionally, it wasn’t completely impossible to enter the yin tomb. The three of them were inside as living proof. Add to that the one who’d set up the burial mound... it was certainly possible that the Corpse Refiners would find their way in too.

Lu Yun called upon the Dragonquake Scripture without another word, moving earthen veins around to set up a layout. The Abyssal Hell itself was a massive layout, so there were naturally earthen veins present. Ordinary folks would never detect or be able to use them, but Lu Yun could with the Dragonquake Scripture.

He set up a mirror layout to connect the burial mound to the tomb of the living. He would reflect the tomb owner into the tomb of the living to give the illusion that they were still buried within the tomb.

The owner's name appeared in his Spectral Eye, but he couldn't say it no matter how he tried. It promptly vanished from his mind when he thought about it.

In other words, he couldn't say or remember the name.

Lu Yun had no idea who'd been so bold as to bury such a character in a pile of dirt. At the same time, if the person had tried to create a tomb here, his incompetence would've caused the two tombs to clash with each other and result in both being destroyed by the Abyssal Tomb.

Despite the less than favorable situation, it didn't affect him modifying the tomb and burial mound. A mirror layout wasn't difficult; only a few breaths was needed for its construction. As for how to accurately project the image, he called upon the layout of the Ancestry Bridge.

Ancestry Bridge was one that subsequent generations could use to accurately find the tombs of their ancestors, but the layout could also be used on the ancestor themselves, with a bit of modification, to project their image to another location.

The process seemed complicated, but it took Lu Yun only a hundred breaths due to his pinpoint accurate calculations and the terrifying might of the Dragonquake Scripture.

The Curse King gaped at Lu Yun, abruptly realizing that he didn't understand his enemy at all.

"This kind of person shouldn't be buried in a burial mound... Mm, let me change the mound's layout." Glyphs extended from his foot when he stepped forward and changed the burial mound into a tomb. He then perfectly hid it within the Abyssal Tomb.

"No one will find it unless their mastery of the dao of burial is greater than mine. But if it is, then there's nothing I can do about things." A smile floated onto his face.

### **Chapter 1700: Chu Xingran**

"That's it?" Haidong Lin rubbed his eyes fiercely. It'd been less than three hundred breaths from the moment Lu Yun raised his hand to the moment he completed his work.

In the span of just three hundred breaths, the husk of a Karmic Tree that Lu Yun had put away stood on the premises once again. The enormous burial mound in front of Mount Tai vanished, simply leaving the collapsed mountain behind. All traces of the trio's presence were gone.

The Curse King looked on grimly. Lu Yun would never reveal his full capabilities in front of his enemy. What the young man was demonstrating already, however, was matched by very few.

"It's done," Lu Yun nodded. "All we need to do now is avoid the tomb of the living. When I set up the mirror layout, I found that the tomb's been surrounded by zombies. If the three of us try to do anything to it, we won't even be a snack for them."

Wiping the expression off his face, the Curse King nodded silently.

“What we should be doing instead is to break the layout of the zombie farm, or else the entire yin tomb will become their farm and the Corpse Refiners’ backyard.” Lu Yun glanced at the Curse King. “I hope you can determine what is more at stake here. If you take advantage of any opening to attack me, I will strike right back. The only ones to benefit then will be the Corpse Refiners.”

“I know, I’ve been keeping all that in mind,” the Curse King nodded expressionlessly.

“Then let’s go.” The trio vanished after Lu Yun opened the Gates of the Abyss.

A faint white dot blinked into view the moment they left. It observed the tomb in front of Mount Tai and nodded with satisfaction.

“This one’s much more comfortable than the burial mound that those two blockheads dug. The little guy has a good heart to him, heh.” A tiny streak of light flashed through the air and the dot bobbed with contentment before it, too, disappeared.

.....

Lu Yun’s expression swiftly changed when he walked out of the Gates of the Abyss. He quickly sat down to calm the immortal force rampaging through his body.

“What’s going on? My strength is climbing rapidly, but my cultivation level hasn’t changed!” He was peak Nihil World Sovereign and could see the existence of sequence. Theoretically, his strength wouldn’t grow any further unless he accessed sequence.

Therefore, the impossible was happening within him.

His cultivation level and realm didn’t change, but his strength and immortal force were growing at an explosive rate. They were also strengthening his physical body so that it developed at the same time.

Haidong Lin and the Curse King noted Lu Yun’s peculiarities. They quickly took up positions in front of and behind him, keeping the young man protected between them. They were in a zombie farm and hordes of undead could appear at any time. If anything happened to Lu Yun, they would just be asking to die.

Rumble—

Indeed, the Great Formation of Corpse Refinement activated as soon as they arrived in the vicinity. Zombies surged from all directions and pounced on them.

The forces within the formation were pure, so there was nothing else present apart from zombies. All intruders would activate the formation, alarm the zombie hordes, and draw their offensive.

It was impossible to evade this chain reaction.

“Don’t worry about me, I’m fine.” Lu Yun opened his eyes; hellfire blazed in them. He slowly stood up and turned around, bowing to the heart of the Abyssal Hell. “My deepest thanks for the senior’s gift.”

His companions had questions for him, but the zombies were already upon them.

Whoosh!

Gray abyssal hellfire ignited over Lu Yun and he blasted out with the hell dao combat art—Abyssal Punch. It sent the zombie in front of him flying away and created a tunnel of empty void in front of him. All zombies caught in its path were incinerated.

“You...” the Curse King’s eyes widened.

“I wasn’t lying when I said I’d reached the limits of my body. I really would’ve fallen to pieces if I’d borrowed the Abyssal Hell’s power again,” Lu Yun chuckled. “But just now, the senior resting in the burial mound raised my immortal force and tempered my body. I’m much stronger than before and can borrow the hell’s power once more.”

A complicated expression crossed the Curse King’s face, but his brow quickly smoothed out. If he really had killed Lu Yun earlier, then he would’ve been in a difficult spot with everything that occurred later. If the little bastard wasn’t present to handle the Corpse Refiners, then the sect would ultimately be the greatest victor.

Compared to Lu Yun, the Corpse Refiners were the true threat.

Lu Yun ignored the Curse King and stooped to punch the ground.

Bam—

Bam—

Bam—

After three tremendous collisions, three towering mountains blazing with abyssal hellfire burrowed out of the dirt. Hellfire set the mud and rocks alight, turning them into gray magma and the area into a living hell.

The zombies were instantly consumed when they fell into the magma and vanished from sight. This was the true state of the Abyssal Hell. Its hellfire took the form of magma, making the ground an ocean of magma that suppressed and refined the boundless zombies.

Abyssal hellfire was the true bane of the zombies.

It was a pity that Lu Yun couldn’t deploy abyssal hellfire’s full strength without borrowing the hell’s power. When he released hellfire by itself, all it did was scare the zombies into retreating. The weakest among them were first level sequence experts.

Lava erupted from the mountains and magma raged through the area, flooding the zombie farm. Lu Yun was wreathed in blazing hellfire and hovered in the air, looking at a pair of eyes that’d suddenly projected into the void.

The Corpse Refiners had come.

The eyes slowly sharpened into tangible form and a complete head extended from it, then a red-furred body. It was a massive zombie, but ripples of intelligence could be sensed from it.

“What the sect master feared has finally come to fruition—someone has returned with abyssal hellfire. Are you the heir to the god of Mount Tai?” the red-furred zombie spoke coolly. He also floated in the air

and a grayish-yellow fabric bag was in his hand. It was the other major weapon of the Corpse Refiners—the Bag of Corpse Refinement.

Lu Yun shrugged wordlessly, but the zombie then saw the Curse King. “Chu Xingran, of course you’re behind this.”

“Chu Xingran?” Lu Yun and Haidong Lin looked at the Curse King with surprise. Was that his real name?

The Curse King likewise stared back at the zombie, then grinned. “So it’s you... Since you’ve come, you can stay.” He turned to Lu Yun. “Capture him! He’s Jiang Chen’s third disciple. If you take him alive, you’ll resolve all of your problems here!”

He rushed forward.