

Necropolis Immortal

Chapter 8: Another Wanfeng

“Wanfeng, are you alright?” Lu Yun quickly reached out to give her a hand when he saw her wobbling back and forth.

“Milord, why haven’t you left yet?” Wanfeng wanted to burst into tears when she saw there was no end to the flies. The flies couldn’t do anything to her, but her master was dead without a doubt if even one of them were to fly at him.

“We’re leaving together!” A black donkey hoof firmly in hand, Lu Yun stared fixedly at the thousand-year-old rice dumpling.

A charred mess, the zombie appeared to have been mangled by fire. There was no making out what it really looked like. However, Lu Yun could still feel its cold gaze hone in on him and the hoof.

Apparently, this millennia-old rice dumpling had developed a bit of intelligence and could sense what would counter it.

“Let’s go!” Lu Yun grabbed Wanfeng and sprinted for the exit. A horde of corpse flies went on the offensive, ten times more than the number in the first attack.

“Ss!” Wanfeng whistled lightly and summoned a bit of internal energy, blasting another enormous tornado out of her body and sending it churning toward the flies. Her control over her combat art was a bit more skillful after a few battles.

“Rough!” The millennia-old rice dumpling roared and slowly moved forward.

Color immediately drained out of Wanfeng's face, as if she’d been hit by lightning. A trickle of blood appeared once more at the corner of her lips. That roar had gravely injured her again.

But at the same time, she seemed to see the faintest flash of nine black dragons outside of Lu Yun’s body.

Lu Yun hopped into the passageway behind the true exit, dragging Wanfeng along behind him.

“It’s a dead end!” He shook and screeched to a halt.

Several oil lanterns burning with green flames were mounted on both sides of the passage. Thanks to their light, he could see that the passage ended in a wall!

He put his back into pushing the wall, but it didn't budge. No, this really is a dead end!

Buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz!!

The army of corpse flies were upon them, trailed by the heavy footfalls of the zombie behind. Despair flooded Wanfeng's eyes.

"No, wait!" Lu Yun forced himself to calm down and rapidly go through the situation.

"Right, a mechanism. There must be some sort of mechanism here!"

His mind seized on the idea. "Wanfeng, hold off those corpse flies. Throw this thing at the zombie if it comes!" He handed the black donkey hoof to the girl.

"Alright!" She quickly agreed when she saw Lu Yun's expression. Spirit weapon glowing once again, she sent intersecting rays of splendid sword light to block the flies.

However, she'd been severely injured twice now, so the light wasn't as sharp as before. Though she could just manage to hold off the flies, she wouldn't be able to keep it up for long.

"The mechanism, where's the mechanism?" Lu Yun ran his hands across the wall.

"Milord, what's a mechanism?" Repulsing a crowd of flies, Wanfeng happened to hear her master's words over her panting.

"Hmm?" Lu Yun blinked, then fiercely smacked his forehead. Hello, this was a world of immortals, not Earth!

As a veteran tomb raider, he easily adapted to anything, as strange and eccentric things often occurred at any time. "Duh there's no mechanism, it's a formation. It's a feng shui layout!" He widened his eyes to take in all of the details of the wall.

It was so smooth it shone faintly, but there were also minute patterns carved into it.

"Superb workmanship, absolutely stunning craftsmanship! They turned feng shui instructions into a pattern and carved it into this wall!" Shock and admiration flashed across Lu Yun's eyes.

The feng shui of Earth and formations of the immortal world were two sides of the same coin. He might not know formations, but he was a dab hand at feng shui. Once he dismantled the feng shui of a place, its corresponding formations would likewise be unravelled.

However, turning the theory of a layout into a diagram and carving it into another surface was something he'd never seen before.

“Mm, this little bit of know-how isn’t going to stump me here. All feng shui of the world is irrevocably tied to one potential, two principles, three essentials, four divisions, five elements, six directions, seven stars, eight trigrams, nine sectors, and ten orientations.

“All changes deviate not from this truth! Wanfeng, the sword!” he suddenly called out to the girl, prompting a subconscious reaction.

Flinging the sword to Lu Yun, she crossed her hands and deployed another combat art, repelling the corpse flies. When the figure of the thousand-year-old zombie appeared at the head of the passage, she nervously clutched at the black donkey hoof in her hand and refused to give an inch.

It was the only weapon she had left.

Lu Yun caught the sword backhanded. “Oof, so heavy!” His arm sank down and he almost crashed to the ground. Hefting the sword with all the strength in his body, he decisively sliced down at one of the lines on the wall.

Hum!

A soft hum seemed to reverberate through the air as a tiny spark of green flashed by. At the same time, a weight that had been pressing down on Lu Yun’s heart spontaneously vanished.

“Milord, may we meet again in the next life!” Wanfeng keened with despair and charged the zombie.

“Wanfeng, what the hell are you doing?? Just throw that thing in your hand!” Slicing open that line had wrung nearly every last bit of strength from Lu Yun’s body. The sight of his maid running headlong at the zombie made him squawk with panic.

“Eh?” Her master’s words registering, the girl ground to a halt and chucked the hoof at their attacker.

Bang!

The hoof exploded in midair, scattering glowing, round grains of glutinous rice at the zombie.

“Ah, a hoof that hasn’t been baked really isn’t up to the task.” Lu Yun laughed wryly to see his creation destroyed before reaching its target. Yes, he’d been in too much of a hurry. It wouldn’t have hurt to wait a few days and enter only after all preparations had been made.

“Rough!!!” The zombie emitted a tremendous roar when it saw the rice strewn its way. The frightening soundwave lifted Wanfeng’s body and launched her at Lu Yun.

“Man, I'm dead again,” sighed the young man.

Hum!

At this precise moment, the image of nine dragons bearing a coffin suddenly appeared in front of him. The maid felt like an enormous piece of cotton when she smashed into Lu Yun. She was warm and soft and didn't hurt him at all.

This girl's young, but she has a great body. This was the only thought on Lu Yun's mind. The massive force also sent him flying; both of them brutally collided with the wall.

A small ripple undulated across the barrier, swallowing both of their bodies. Afterward, the line that Lu Yun had sliced open slowly healed.

The shower of glutinous rice slowed the zombie for a moment, but didn't result in too much effect. It came to the wall, lifted both arms, and savagely brought them down on the partition.

The wall didn't even shake.

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The luminance of a night pearl lit up a stone chamber. The layout of the chamber was simple. An enormous cauldron stood in the center, paired with a human-shaped sculpture standing next to it. The cauldron faced a closed stone door. There was nothing else present apart from these two items.

After a long period of rest, a bedraggled Lu Yun scrambled up with the night pearl in hand.

“Are you alright, Wanfeng?” he asked, a few hard coughs later.

“This servant is fine.” Blood seeped out from the corner of Wanfeng's mouth. It was easy to see how serious her injuries must be, given her wan complexion. She sat cross-legged on the floor, quickly recovering from the earlier fight.

“Milord, my consciousness has returned!” she announced with delight.

“Wanfeng, I've already told you, don't call me 'milord',” corrected Lu Yun solemnly. “Just use 'sir'.”

The maid bit her lip and responded with obvious effort, “Yes, sir.”

A smile flickered across Lu Yun's face. “It's very safe here, go ahead and rest up.”

“Understood.”

A while later, the girl stood up with a bit more color in her face.

“Hmm? This stone sculpture looks like a real person.” She walked up to the sculpture and lightly rubbed it. It was so cold that it felt like it was made of ice. An involuntary shiver ran through the maid.

“This seems to be an annex to hold the possessions of the tomb owner.” Lu Yun made a full sweep of observations while Wanfeng was recovering. There was nothing else apart from the sculpture and the large cauldron in the middle. The burial goods ought to be that cauldron, then.

“That’s the cauldron of a pill master!” Wanfeng suddenly exclaimed with delighted recognition. “Was the owner of the tomb a pill master?”

“A pill master? The kind that can refine the Aurum Openia Pill?”

“I’m not sure either. The Aurum Openia Pill is a magical pill that disappeared long ago. It’s said that there were few pill masters who could refine it even before it was lost.” Wanfeng shook her head. “But this pill cauldron should be a spirit weapon. It’s definitely valuable!”

Her eyes shone with such intensity that they almost exuded visible beams of light.

Lu Yun glanced at the pill cauldron. A uniform bronze color, it looked about four meters tall. It had to weigh at least several thousand kilograms.

“Wanfeng, are you able to move it?” he asked with a rueful smile.

The girl shook her head blankly. “I can try refining it, but I’ll need a few days.”

“Then forget it, I’ll probably have starved to death by then. Let’s go check out some other places. Since the owner was a pill master, this tomb ought to have some magical pills and mystical medicines.” Night pearl in hand, Lu Yun made for the large stone door.

Trade-offs had to be made in a tomb. Unforeseen events would occur if one was fixated on something they couldn’t have.

Whoosh! A black figure suddenly shot past.

Bam! Something seemed to strike the glowing pearl in Lu Yun’s hand and it abruptly shattered. Darkness descended upon the formerly well-lit stone chamber.

“Mi—sir!” Wanfeng leapt forward and arrived at Lu Yun’s side.

“What was that just now?” Brow furrowed slightly, he warily leaned into his maid.

"I don't know," replied Wanfeng.

Lu Yun felt all of the hair on his body stand erect. "Who was that?"

Wanfeng's terrified voice sounded by his side. "Why did that sound just like me?"

She could hear the voice, but in her consciousness, there was no one else here apart from Lu Yun and herself! Yet an eerie voice had sounded from the air!

"Wanfeng, summon a flame." Lu Yun forced himself to calm down.

Snap! Wanfeng snapped her fingers.

Snap! Someone else snapped their fingers on the other side.

Two tiny green flames rose in the darkness at the same time. Through the dim light, he could see the other person. It was another Wanfeng!

"Sir, the person by your side is a fake. I'm the real one." An uncanny smile clung to the face of the other Wanfeng.

1. I hope. Y'all. Enjoyed. This. Cause MAN did it kick my ass lol. Each of these numbers encompasses a world of meaning.

One: The primordial state before the origins of the universe and birth of man.

Two: Yin and Yang. Often also refers to pairs like heaven and earth, masculine and feminine, spring and autumn, black and yellow, and even and odd.

Three: The overall category for the fundamental building blocks of the universe: earth, heaven, and humanity.

Four: Four divisions of the twenty eight constellations into groups of seven mansions. Often referred to as the Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, and Black Tortoise.

Five: The five elements of water, fire, wood, earth, and metal.

Six: North, South, East, West, Above (Heaven), and Below (Earth)

Seven: The stars of the Big Dipper. Each star is significant in ancient Chinese culture.

Eight: Also known as the bagua, the eight symbols used in Taoist cosmology to represent the fundamental principles of reality, seen as a range of eight interrelated concepts.

Nine: The skies are divided into nine sectors, and tracking the movements of the celestial bodies within helps people predict upcoming weather and other conditions

Ten: North, South, East, West, Above (Heaven), Below (Earth), Life, Death, Past, Future.