

A Record of a Mortal's Journey to Immortality: Immortal Realm #Chapter 41: Heaven Controlling Vial - Read A Record of a Mortal's Journey to Immortality: Immortal Realm Chapter 41: Heaven Controlling Vial

Chapter 41: Heaven Controlling Vial

One night, several days later.

The entire sky was completely clear with not a single cloud in sight. The moon was hanging up in the heavens amid the stars, and there were occasionally shooting stars flashing past.

Inside the secret chamber of his cave abode, Han Li was seated at the center with his legs crossed and his eyes closed. Rays of starlight spilled down through the large hole in the ceiling, basking his entire body in faint silver radiance.

Beneath him, a complex array had been carved into the ground.

The array consisted of seven large star diagrams, each of which was around the size of a futon. The diagrams were all glowing brightly, and they connected together to form the shape of the Big Dipper.

The array was known as the Big Dipper Energy Gathering Array, and it wasn't actually recorded in the Big Dipper Origin Arts. Instead, it was something that Han Li had adapted from another star array based on his observation of the stars.

All of the stars in the sky appeared to be quite similar, but the powers that they bestowed were completely different. Some leaned more toward the Yin side of the spectrum, while others were more Yang inclined, and there were even some that fluctuated between the two. The Big Dipper Origin Arts drew upon the power of the Big Dipper's seven stars, which were constantly changing to provide a profound and irreplicable source of starpower.

This array had been created by Han Li in accordance with the special properties of the seven stars, and it was able to assist him in harnessing the starpower of the Big Dipper.

At this moment, he was seated on the first star of the Big Dipper constellation in the array.

All of a sudden, his eyes sprang open, and he swept a hand through the air to release an incantation seal.magic

The star array beneath him immediately began to revolve, and the seven stars began to glow brightly, with the first one glowing particularly bright. Specks of white light emerged out of thin air, filling the surrounding space to form countless constellation diagrams.

Situated within this sea of stars, Han Li's figure was made to appear rather blurry and indistinct.

He chanted an incantation while making a series of hand seals in accordance with the stipulations of the Big Dipper Origin Arts.

Around 15 minutes later, a burst of astonishingly powerful spiritual sense swept out of his glabella, circling around before forming an invisible vortex above his head.

He then switched to a different hand seal, and the spiritual sense vortex above him spread open, gradually taking on a form that resembled a nebula.

The Big Dipper Origin Arts also appeared in the nebula, and it was resonating with the star array down below.

Han Li raised his head, casting his gaze through the large hole in the ceiling, looking up at the seven stars that were glowing the brightest in the night sky. His gaze then fell upon the Dubhe star, the first star of the Big Dipper, and he began to chant a complex incantation.

The dazzling Dubhe star seemed to flash momentarily, following which boundless starpower came cascading down from it like a silver waterfall, passing through the large hole in the ceiling to encompass Han Li's entire body, enveloping him in surging starpower.

A serious look appeared on Han Li's face.

One's ability to draw upon the power of starlight was dependent on the power of their spiritual sense. His current spiritual sense was comparable to that of

an immortal, thereby establishing a strong foundation for practicing this cultivation art, but he still couldn't afford to grow complacent.

He continued to make a series of hand seals to operate the cultivation art, and the starpower around him instantly began to ripple before converging to form countless threads of light that resembled thin needles.

The threads of light were enveloped by his spiritual sense, and they revolved around him momentarily before falling like rain and plunging into his body.

Han Li shuddered violently as he drew a sharp breath, and his brows furrowed ever so slightly.

These threads of light all had substantial form, and they had pierced into his body like countless swords.

As a result, his entire body was riddled with holes that were bleeding profusely, quickly staining his robes red.

What was even more alarming was that these threads of light were racing erratically throughout his body, slicing at him from the inside like countless tiny blades.

If it weren't for his incredibly powerful physical constitution, he would've already been rolling on the ground in agony.

However, moments later, his brows gradually began to unfurrow. He could sense that the threads of starlight were slowly breaking down into the purest starpower that was seeping into all parts of his body, and that was naturally an extremely encouraging observation.

He took a deep breath, quickly suppressing the pain and elation that he was feeling so he could focus his attention entirely on operating the cultivation art.

More and more starpower fell from the heavens before piercing into his body, then began to work its way through his body in accordance with the cultivation art.

He was still carrying severe injuries that he was unable to recover from due to his inability to absorb the world's origin qi, but with this influx of pure starpower, his body immediately began to eagerly devour the starpower, and his injuries quickly began to heal.

The holes that had been pierced into his body by the threads of starlight also instantly healed, unable to cause any substantial damage to his body.

As the process continued, the agony of constantly being impaled by the threads of starlight was gradually forgotten, and he found himself completely immersed in his cultivation.

Seven days passed by in the blink of an eye.

At the center of the cave abode, Han Li was still seated on the diagram of the first star, and every single fiber of his muscles and tendons was giving off a radiance that resembled starlight, while the same starlight was also beginning to glow from his bones.

What was particularly worthy of note was that there was an extremely eye-catching speck of blue light situated at his lower abdomen.

The speck of blue light was constantly expanding and contracting as if it were breathing, and it was devouring most of the starpower that was drawn into Han Li's body.

At this point, Han Li's expression was completely calm and placid without any signs of pain.

All of a sudden, the starpower around him rippled, and the speck of blue light at his lower abdomen began to radiate dazzling light while churning incessantly.

Immediately thereafter, a profound starlight rune appeared within the blue light.

The rune only appeared for an instant before vanishing into his body in a flash.

Han Li opened his eyes, and an elated smile appeared on his face.

With his incredibly powerful physical body and spiritual sense, he was able to attain complete mastery of the first level of the Big Dipper Origin Arts in just a few days, thereby successfully manifesting his first profound aperture.

However, he still had no plans of coming out of seclusion, and he closed his eyes once again to consolidate his progress.

Several days later, on a clear and picturesque night, Han Li's eyes suddenly sprang open, and he raised a hand to cease the operation of the Big Dipper Energy Gathering Array. The starpower and the specks of white light around him instantly receded like the tide.

He hurriedly rose to his feet, then made his way over to a dark green vial that was sitting on the ground in front of him, then raised it up to his own eyes for closer inspection.

At this moment, the small vial was completely enshrouded in a layer of green light, and several strange golden runes had appeared on its surface, giving it a rustic appearance.

However, in the next instant, the burst of green light abruptly vanished into the dark green patterns on the vial, but the golden runes remained, bulging slightly out of the surface of the vial.

Han Li gently swayed the vial from side to side, and he could feel a drop of liquid swirling around within the vial.

A faint smile appeared on his face upon seeing this.

Over these past few days, he would always set the vial on the ground in front of him during his cultivation.

At a certain time, a layer of faint white light would always appear on the surface of the vial.

Upon closer inspection, one would discover that the layer of white light consisted of countless tiny specks of white light that were rapidly entering the vial as if they were living creatures until they were completely absorbed.

However, this phenomenon never lasted very long, and it would immediately vanish after a certain hour of the night.

Once every two days, after the vial had absorbed all of the white light, a layer of green light would appear, following which a drop of green liquid would appear in the vial.

Han Li withdrew his gaze as he gently stroked the leaf patterns on the small vial with his fingers. He was doing so with the utmost care and delicacy, as if he were stroking the cheek of a loved one.

As he felt the contours of the vial, he couldn't help but think back to a distant past.

He felt as if he had returned to the Seven Mysteries Sect and that small medicinal farm in the God Hand Valley, where he experimented with the green liquid in the small vial for the very first time. With that memory came the same sense of anxiety and anticipation that he had felt at the time. [1]

He knew that if he hadn't unintentionally discovered that the green liquid in the vial was able to accelerate the maturation of spirit medicines at the time, perhaps he would've never been able to set foot on the path of cultivation at all, and there was certainly no way that he could've risen up to become the number cultivator of the human race that was revered by the entire Spirit Realm.

If there were one thing that had accompanied him throughout his entire cultivation journey, then it was undoubtedly this Heaven Controlling Vial. [2]

During the 300 years in which he had been unconscious following his ascension to the Immortal Realm, he had lost Daoist Xie, the Gold Devouring Beetle Monarch, and many of his past allies and assets, but he had always been unconsciously protecting this vial, not allowing himself to part with it.

When it came to this vial, he felt a special type of attachment to it.

All of a sudden, Han Li raised an eyebrow, and he stopped stroking the vial as a peculiar look appeared on his face.

His brows furrowed slightly as he pulled out the stopper before looking into the vial, and a hint of surprise and elation surfaced in his eyes.

He then immediately replaced the stopper on the vial before rushing out of the secret chamber.

1. For more on the Seven Mysteries Sect and the God Hand Valley, please refer to RMJI Chapter 3: Seven Mysteries Sect and RMJI Chapter 5: Doctor Mo, respectively. 📖

2. For more information on the Heaven Controlling Vial, please refer to RMJI Chapter 2430: Heaven Controlling Vial. 📖

Chapter 42: Recovering Something That was Lost

In the pill refinement chamber of the cave abode, Han Li removed the stopper of the Heaven Controlling Vial once again, then set it down onto the ground next to the pill furnace. After that, he took a few steps backward, then raised a hand to release an incantation seal to activate the array beneath the furnace, embroiling the furnace in scorching flames.

Moments later, he took a deep breath, then extended a finger before beckoning toward the pill furnace.

A ball of crimson fire flew out from beneath the furnace, circling around in the air before forming a thin line of fire that resembled a small snake, which flew into the Heaven Controlling Vial at Han Li's behest.

Red light flashed within the vial, and immediately thereafter, it became illuminated with dazzling radiance. The leaf patterns on its surface began to glow with a dark red hue, and they were flashing as if they had sprung to life.

Han Li's eyes narrowed slightly as he stood still on the spot in a contemplative silence.

A short while later, the red light within the vial suddenly faded, and the vial returned to normal as if nothing had happened.

However, Han Li's gaze remained fixed on the vial, as if he were waiting for something.

Time slowly passed by, and around 15 minutes later, he raised a hand once again, drawing a slightly larger ball of fire out of the pill furnace before sending it flying into the small vial.

Once again, red light flashed momentarily within the vial before fading away.

However, this time, the red light seemed to have lingered for a slightly longer duration than last time.

A thoughtful look appeared on Han Li's face upon seeing this.

He continued to guide fire into the vial, and the intervals between each injection of fire were getting shorter and shorter.

Just as expected, the duration of the red light lingering in the vial was also growing longer and longer.

After an indeterminate period of time, Han Li injected another burst of fire into the vial, and this time, the red light within the vial flashed for a full 15 minutes without displaying any signs of fading.

Han Li's eyes lit up slightly upon seeing this.

Right at this moment, a clear cry rang out from within the vial, and traces of silver light appeared, devouring the red light at a rapid rate that was discernible even to the naked eye.

In the next instant, a burst of piercing silver light erupted out of the opening of the vial, flying all the way up to the top of the pill refinement chamber, where it crashed into the ceiling with a dull thump.

The burst of silver light tumbled down slightly as a result of the impact, and the silver radiance that it was releasing illuminated the entire pill refinement chamber.

Blue light flashed through Han Li's eyes as he looked up at the burst of silver light, and an elated look appeared on his face, but his brows then immediately furrowed slightly.

The burst of white light circled through the air a few times, then transformed into a small silver bird with a body that was entirely comprised of flames, which spread its wings and flew down directly toward Han Li.

Han Li raised a hand, and the silver fire raven drew to an elegant halt around half a foot above his palm, then began to fly around his index finger while chirping joyfully, seemingly elated to be reunited with its master.

This fiery bird was none other than the Essence Fire Raven, which had been born after Han Li's Flame of Essence had developed a hint of spiritual nature. [1]

Back when he was in the Human Realm, he had attained the Purple Apex Flame using the Celestial Blue Flame with the glacial qi released by the Six-winged Frost Centipede, then fused the Purple Apex Flame into the Greatyin True Flame. After arriving in the Spirit Realm, he had then used the Greatyin True Flame to devour a large number of other flames, finally giving rise to this Flame of Essence. [2]

Not only was this flame naturally capable of devouring all types of spirit flames, it was extremely effective when it came to taming fire-attribute spirit beasts, and it was one of the most important assets that had allowed him to reign supreme in the Spirit Realm.

Han Li heaved a faint sigh as he cast aside that train of thought, then raised his hand slightly, and the fire raven instantly folded its wings, landing obediently on his palm.

For some reason, he was unable to sense this flame since his awakening, and he had thought that the reason for this was that it had been lost to him, but as it turned out, the flame had been in a state of slumber in his Heaven Controlling Vial this entire time.

Back in the secret chamber, his spiritual sense had suddenly developed a faint connection with this flame, and that was why he had immediately rushed to the pill refinement chamber to try and use the flame of the furnace to awaken the fire raven. To his surprise, he was able to succeed on the first try.

However, there was a rather grim look in his eyes as he inspected the silver fire raven dancing over his palm.

In its current form, the fire raven wasn't even three inches tall, and its aura was significantly diminished compared with when it was at its peak.

This only served to further exacerbate the frustration that Han Li had been feeling.

It was clear that the current state of the fire raven had something to do with the circumstances that had led to his memory loss and the debilitation of his powers.

Han Li vowed to himself there and then that no matter who it was that had reduced him to this state, he was going to repay the favor with interest.

Moments later, he cast aside that train of thought, then released a burst of azure light out of his sleeve to draw the silver fire raven into his body.

The fire raven was most likely going to have to be nurtured in his body for quite some time before it could recover to any semblance of its former glory.

Around 15 minutes later, Han Li departed from his cave abode again, arriving at the northwestern corner of his spirit farm.

He swept his spiritual sense through the area to ensure that nothing was amiss, then raised his hand and released a series of small triangular flags with a flick of his wrist, marking out a circular area.

He then began to chant an incantation while making a hand seal, and the small flags instantly flashed with purple light, forming an indistinct light barrier that encompassed the entire area.

After that, he stepped into the area, and the purple radiance glowing from the light barrier vanished as it completely faded into the darkness of the night.

If anyone were to pass by near Han Li's cave abode at this time, they wouldn't be able to sense anything unless they were at least at the Deity Transformation Stage, but a cultivator of that caliber would immediately be detected by Han Li and dealt with accordingly.

Inside the light barrier, Han Li swept a hand through the air, and around two dozen beautiful wooden boxes appeared, hovering in front of him.

He raised his hand, and the lids of all of the wooden boxes flew up at his behest, allowing a medicinal aroma to waft through the air.

The wooden boxes contained several dozen white spirit medicines with complete root systems, and they flew out of their boxes before descending onto the ground and taking root in the soil.

These spirit medicines were a little similar in appearance to regular ginseng, but in reality, they were all Cloud Crane Herbs that were roughly around 100 years old.

During the daytime in these past few days, Han Li had made several visits to the Trade Valley, purchasing all of the Cloud Crane Herbs that he could find.

In order to avoid attracting attention, he made sure to conceal his cultivation base and don a different disguise for each visit.

After taking a glance at the Cloud Crane Herbs that had been planted into the ground, Han Li pulled out the Heaven Controlling Vial again.

He took a deep breath before removing the stopper of the vial, then tipped the vial over, aiming its opening at the Cloud Crane Herb directly below him.

The green liquid slowly flowed out of the mouth of the vial before dripping down onto the Cloud Crane Herb.

The liquid then slowly seeped into the roots of the Cloud Crane Herb, and a faint smile appeared on Han Li's face upon seeing this, following which he departed from under the light barrier.

1. For more information on the Essence Fire Raven and the Flame of Essence, please refer to RMJI Chapter 2434: Heavenly Devil Contract. 📖

2. For more information on the Celestial Blue Flame, the Six-winged Frost Centipede, the Purple Apex Flame, and the Greatyin True Flame, please refer to RMJI Chapter 1113: Dark Water and Profound Jade, RMJI Chapter 667: Six-Winged Frost Centipede, RMJI Chapter 731: Purple Apex Flames, and RMJI Chapter 1109: Capturing the Nascent Soul, respectively. 📖

Chapter 43: Vengeance Exacted

The seasons quickly passed by, and two years flew by in the blink of an eye.

To the northwest of the Prosperous Nation was the Bloodlight Mountain Range, which stretched for thousands of kilometers. The spiritual qi here wasn't very abundant, and the mountain range was filled with barren mountains, as well as deep, misty valleys.

Inside a certain massive dark red valley in the mountain range was a dense cluster of buildings, and some red-robed cultivators were occasionally flying through the air at low altitudes, while others were making their way in and out of the buildings with urgent expressions.

Inside a large hall deep in the valley, a blue-robed middle-aged man was pacing back and forth in an agitated manner, raising his head from time to time to cast his gaze toward a massive stone gate deep in the hall.

The stone gate was tightly shut, and crimson light was surging incessantly over its surface.

"Has Boss still not come out of seclusion?" A male voice rang out from outside the hall, following which a burly man with a heavily scarred face strode in.

"He should be coming out soon. How are things going on your end?" the blue-robed man asked in an urgent voice.magic

"Reinforcements from nine branches have already arrived, and the reinforcements from the other four branches should be on their way as well. Most of the inner court disciples who were carrying out duties outside of the sect have also been summoned back. Aren't we making too much of a big deal out of this?" the burly man asked with a hesitant expression.

"In the span of just 10 days, six branches have been razed to the ground, and even the branch masters have disappeared without a trace as if they've evaporated off the face of this realm! Do you think either of us would be able to replicate such a feat?" the blue-robed man sighed.

"How is that possible? I didn't realize that the situation was so severe. The problem is that with everyone gathered in one place, we've had to cease trade in all of our branches, resulting in heavy losses of profit. I'm worried that Boss will blame you for making decisions on your own and..." The burly man's voice suddenly trailed off here, and he shuddered as if a terrifying thought had occurred to him.

A fearful look also appeared on the blue-robed man's face, but he then shook his head as he replied, "I'm well aware of all of that, but if I had delayed any further, there was a good chance that our sect would've suffered losses too severe to recover from.

"Everyone always treats us with fear and respect, but in reality, all of them are praying for our Blood Sword Sect to fall. If we display any signs of weakness, even those demons wouldn't hesitate to swoop in and land the killing blow on us."

A vicious light flashed through the burly man's eyes as he said in an enraged voice, "They wouldn't dare! Everyone knows what Boss is capable of. Don't you remember what happened to the Yu Family?

"They used to be the most powerful family in the state, yet the head of their family made the mistake of standing up against our sect, and the entire family of over 1,300 people was slain by Boss in a single night! Not even the mortals among them were spared! Now that Boss has made a breakthrough to the mid-Deity Transformation Stage, he'll be sure to crush the perpetrator with ease!"

"I'm afraid things may not be so simple. Over a month ago, that group of Shadow Cat women that was being transported by Branch Master Shi was intercepted, and over 20 people, including Branch Master Shi, vanished during the incident. To this day, they still haven't been found, and it seems that there's a very good chance that their disappearance has something to do with what's been happening recently.

"Branch Master Shi was a mid-Nascent Soul cultivator, yet even his nascent soul wasn't able to escape. That should be a clear indication of what we're dealing with here," the blue-robed man said with a grim expression.

"I hadn't heard about that at all! In that case, it sounds like the perpetrator is no less powerful than Boss. Perhaps we'll have to turn to the Heavenly Ghost Sect for help," the burly man said with an alarmed expression.

Right at this moment, the crimson light on the surface of the stone gate faded, and it swung open to reveal a white-robed man.

The man appeared to be in his early thirties and was clean-shaven with a handsome appearance, giving him an air of gentle elegance.

The blue-robed man and the burly man hurriedly fell to their knees upon seeing this.

The white-robed man made his way over to the two men with a faint smile, then said, "No need for such formalities. Get up and tell me what you have to say."

The two men hurriedly offered their gratitude before rising to their feet.

"Boss, I..." The blue-robed man stepped forward to say something, but he was cut off by the white-robed man.

"I already received the message you sent to me a few days ago. Otherwise, I wouldn't have come out of seclusion early. I don't have much time, Feng Song, just tell me if there's been any progress on the situation."

"Three days ago, the Sui State branch was attacked as well, and there were almost no survivors. In light of this incident and what happened with Branch Master Shi, we have strong reason to believe that the perpetrator is at least at the Deity Transformation Stage.

"On top of that, judging from the observations made at the sites of the incidents, it appears that they're particularly adept in using fire-attribute cultivation arts or treasures," Feng Song replied as he dabbed at the cold sweat that had appeared on his forehead.

"Almost no survivors? So that means that there were survivors, right? I told you I don't have much time, Feng Song. I suggest you don't test my patience with these word games," the white-robed man said with a hint of a smile on his face.

Feng Song's heart jolted slightly upon hearing this, and he hurriedly said, "Please forgive me, Sect Master! There was one survivor from the Sui Stage branch, and he's waiting outside. I'll get him to come in right away."

The white-robed man offered no objections to this, so Feng Song immediately turned around before calling out to someone outside the hall. At this point, the clothes on his back were already completely drenched in cold sweat.

A young man with a thin build quickly made his way into the hall at Feng Song's behest, then fell to his knees before extending a respectful salute.

"No need for formalities. Stand up and tell about what happened at the time of the attack," the white-robed man prompted with a gentle smile.

The young man didn't dare to stand up, and he replied in a nervous, stuttering voice, "Th...Three days ago, our branch was attacked late at night. I...I was unable to see the perpetrator clearly. All I know is that they unleashed some type of fire-attribute ability that incinerated the entire branch to the ground, and... and there were no survivors. Not even Branch Master Yu managed to survive the attack."

"If there were no survivors, then how are you still alive?" the white-robed man asked.

"I was away carrying out some duties for the branch, and at the time of the incident, I still hadn't returned to the branch yet, so I was only able to witness the attack from afar, and that's how I survived," the young man replied with a hint of lingering fear in his eyes.

"Is there anything you're not telling me?" the white-robed man asked as his brows furrowed slightly.

The young man became rather anxious upon seeing this. "N... No, Sect Master..."

A faint smile appeared on the white-robed man's face, and he suddenly reached out with one hand before making a grabbing motion. The young man's body instantly stiffened as several streaks of black light appeared above him before burrowing their way into his head like a nest of vicious snakes.

The young man let loose an agonized howl as blood gushed out of all of his orifices, but he then quickly fell silent before collapsing to the ground.

"Looks like he was telling the truth," the white-robed man remarked as he lowered his hand, and a contemplative look appeared on his face.

Ever since the young man entered the hall, Feng Song and the burly man had been standing with their heads lowered the entire time, not daring to utter a single word.

Right at this moment, a resounding boom suddenly rang out, followed by a flurry of alarmed cries as the entire hall trembled violently.

A displeased look appeared on the white-robed man's face as he flew toward the entrance of the hall at an incredible speed, and Feng Song and the burly man hurriedly followed along.

At this moment, the entire sky above the dark red valley was enshrouded under a red light barrier. Above the light barrier were three giant black mountains, each of which was over 1,000 feet tall with black light revolving incessantly around them.

The massive mountains and the red light barrier seemed to have been caught in an impasse, with neither side able to get the better of the other.

Countless figures flew out of the buildings in the valley before looking up at the sky with alarmed expressions.

All of a sudden, yet another giant black mountain came crashing down from the sky, causing the red light barrier to ripple violently, and finally, it was unable to withstand the pressure, shattering with a resounding boom.

The four enormous black mountains descended from the heavens, encompassing close to half of the entire valley beneath their massive shadows.

Everyone immediately erupted into a panicked frenzy, fleeing in all directions, but the mountains were crashing down far too quickly to be evaded, and looks of despair appeared on the face of everyone standing beneath the mountains.

Right at this moment, the white-robed man appeared in the sky above the hall, then raised a hand to summon a large crimson flag.

The flag swelled drastically in size, releasing a vast expanse of crimson light as it positioned itself beneath the bases of the four mountains.

The mountains and the flag clashed with devastating force, and the crimson flag shuddered violently, but it was able to keep the four mountains at bay.

"Long live our sect master!"

The disciples of the Blood Sword Sect were ecstatic to see that they had been saved.

However, before they had a chance to celebrate, a dark shadow appeared in the sky, following which another giant mountain came crashing down.

Under the combined might of the five massive mountains, the giant crimson flag was torn apart. With nothing else standing in their way, the five mountains came crashing down at an astonishing speed.

The five enormous mountains encompassed virtually the entire valley, plunging the area into darkness.

The white-robed man's expression changed drastically upon seeing this, and he immediately flew out of the way without any hesitation, escaping right before the five mountains crashed down onto the ground.

Huge clouds of dust rose up from the impact of the five falling mountains, and the earth quaked violently while agonized howls rang out incessantly, only to be immediately drowned out by bursts of loud rumbling.

At this point, the white-robed man had already appeared above the valley, and he was looking directly up ahead with a furious expression.

There, a jade flying ark was hovering in mid-air, upon which stood an elderly daoist priest and a beautiful young woman.

They were none other than Daoist Master White Stone and Liu Le'er.

"Who are you?" the white-robed man asked as his eyes narrowed slightly.

"I'm the one who's going to put an end to your life!" Liu Le'er declared in a cold voice.

A thought seemed to have occurred to the white-robed man, and he mused, "Oh? You're a member of the Cloud Fox Race. Ah, I see, you must be that little demonic fox that managed to escape a few years ago.

"It's quite impressive that you've already reached the Core Formation Stage in just a few years. The pelts of the Cloud Fox Race are an extremely sought-after material for refining defensive treasures. I made an absolute killing selling the hides of your brethren."

"Jia Ren, I'm going to kill you!"

Tears began to well up in Liu Le'er's eyes as she made a rapid series of hand seals, and a burst of silver light flashed from her left arm, following which a silver fireball emerged. The fireball quickly transformed into a palm-sized silver fire raven, which flew directly toward the white-robed man.

While Jia Ren was speaking, he had already released his spiritual sense to sweep through the surrounding area in a radius of several hundred kilometers, but he didn't discover any cultivators at or above the Deity Transformation Stage.

He initially faltered slightly at the sight of the completely mundane-looking silver fire raven, following which a derisive sneer appeared on his face.

"To think that two measly Core Formation cultivators would dare to challenge me. What a joke!"

He opened his mouth to release a black ring, which instantly transformed into a fiery black monster that was close to 1,000 feet tall.

The creature's form resembled that of a lion, and it was giving off an extremely violent aura as it pounced toward the silver fire raven.

The disparity in the statures of the two creatures was so vast that it was almost comical.

However, as soon as the two clashed, the silver fire raven instantly vanished into the body of the fiery black monster before shooting out the other end.

The fiery black monster's body instantly stiffened, then exploded with a resounding boom.

Jia Ren's eyes widened with incredulity upon seeing this, but he immediately reacted, turning around to flee from the silver fire raven. At the same time, light flashed all over his body, and he was instantly encased in a suit of glowing crimson armor.

However, the silver fire raven was incredibly fast, catching up to him in an instant before piercing through his body, completely bypassing the suit of crimson armor.

Jia Ren didn't even get a chance to cry out before he erupted into flames, and even the treasures and magic tools that he was carrying were quickly incinerated into ashes along with his body.

The silver fire raven circled around in the sky, then opened its mouth to blast a wave of silver flames down onto the valley below.

As the wave of silver flames descended, it expanded rapidly, and by the time it descended upon the valley, it had already swelled to become a raging sea of silver fire.

With the five giant mountains in place, none of the people in the valley were able to escape in a short time.

Liu Le'er looked down at the sea of scorching flames, and her vision was already blurry with tears.

"Father, Mother, Big Brother, Big Sister... I've finally avenged you all and erased the Blood Sword Sect off the face of this realm," she murmured to herself.

"Congratulations, Fellow Daoist Liu," Daoist Master White Stone said as he cupped his fist in a salute.

"It's all thanks to the help that you've given me these past years, Fellow Daoist White Stone. Brother Rock told me that he'll remember everything that you've done," Liu Le'er replied as she wiped her tears away before extending a curtsey toward Daoist Master White Stone.

"I wouldn't dare to expect anything from Senior Han. I'm merely doing what I've been told to do," Daoist Master White Stone hurriedly replied.

Chapter 44: Origin Separation Law Chains

Meanwhile, on the Cloudrise Peak of the Spirit Flame Mountain Range.

The interior of a certain secret chamber in a secluded cave abode was completely illuminated by dazzling white radiance.

A huge human-shaped white cocoon was situated at the center of the secret chamber, and its surface was riddled with thin threads of white light, forming countless layers that were stacked up on top of one another.

All of a sudden, the array on the ground began to glow brightly, particularly the nebula diagram beneath the white cocoon, filling the entire secret chamber with even brighter radiance.

The threads of light on the surface of the white cocoon instantly began to squirm incessantly as if they had sprung to life, and immediately thereafter, countless white runes appeared on the cocoon before expanding at an incredible speed.

Moments later, the cocoon exploded with an earth-shattering boom, revealing a young man who was seated with his legs crossed and his eyes closed.

The young man's upper body was completely bare, but there was a cloud of white qi all around him, and it was none other than Han Li.

All of a sudden, he opened his eyes, which were flashing with blue light, and an astonishingly powerful aura erupted out of his body to dispel the white qi around him.

Five dazzling specks of blue light could be seen on his chest and abdomen, each of which contained a starlight rune that was revolving and shimmering incessantly.

The flesh, tendons, and bones under his skin were also glowing faintly, making it appear as if his body were holding countless stars.

A short while later, as the starlight runes gradually faded, the radiance emanating from his body also slowly disappeared.

Han Li exhaled deeply, and a hint of irrepressible excitement welled up in his heart.

After two years of grueling cultivation, he had finally successfully manifested a fifth profound aperture, mastering the fifth level of the Big Dipper Origin Arts.

The progress that he was making was hundreds of times faster than what the average cultivator could expect, but what excited him the most was that his physical injuries had finally been completely healed, and his spiritual sense had also been restored to around a third of what it had been at his peak.

As he assessed these changes in his body, he flipped a hand over to produce a light blue spirit herb that resembled a piece of ginseng, then placed it into his mouth and began chewing.

Even though his dantian was slowly being replenished with magic power, a wry smile appeared on his face.

With the help of the Heaven Controlling Vial, he had already accumulated quite a large collection of Cloud Crane Herbs that were 500 to 600 years old during the past two years.

In his current state, this was already enough, and anything beyond that would simply go to waste.

Not long ago, he had conducted an experiment, maturing a Cloud Crane Herb all the way to 10,000 years old before consuming it. However, as soon as the magic power yielded by the herb went beyond the Nascent Soul Stage threshold, the superfluous magic power simply dissipated without providing any benefit to the recovery of his cultivation base.

Han Li shook his head to rid himself of that train of thought, then closed his eyes to inspect his own internal condition. As a result, he discovered that the mist within his dantian had clearly become far thinner and more sparse.

This was a very encouraging sight, and he quickly tracked down his nascent soul using the golden light that it was giving off, then projected his spiritual sense toward it. The nascent soul was still in its original posture and remained in a state of slumber. magic

Han Li hesitated momentarily upon seeing this, then manifested a series of thin threads of spiritual sense in his dantian, which slowly approached the nascent soul at his behest.

As soon as the spiritual sense threads drew close to the nascent soul, they instantly accelerated, piercing directly toward it like a storm of steel needles.

Right at this moment, a resounding boom rang out as an arc of black light swept out of the nascent soul's body, keeping all of the spiritual sense threads at bay.

Han Li's body shuddered, and he gave a muffled groan as his dantian churned violently.

After some more hesitation, he gritted his teeth before turning to his Spirit Refinement Technique.

His spiritual sense instantly filled the entirety of his dantian, and the number of spiritual sense threads increased dramatically, forming a formidable wave that struck the arc of black light with devastating force.

The arc of black light only managed to withstand the assault momentarily before dissipating into a plume of black smoke.

The wave of spiritual sense threads instantly inundated the miniature golden figure, and Han Li's spiritual sense was finally able to enter his nascent soul.

However, the sight that he was greeted by was far from a pleasant one.

There were eight inky-black chains that were glowing faintly spreading throughout the inside of his nascent soul's body.

These chains ran through the entirety of the nascent soul, with some of them connected to the nascent soul's limbs, while others were linked directly to its head. All of the black chains had faint black mist permeating around them, giving them an extremely peculiar appearance.

What was even more astonishing to Han Li was that these black chains seemed to be imbued with some type of unknown power of laws.

Han Li's brows furrowed slightly, and he manipulated his spiritual sense to form a small ax, which was swung down upon one of the black chains.

A loud clang rang out as the sharp edge of the ax struck the chain, and it shuddered violently before being repelled and sent flying back by some type of inexplicable force. As it was sent flying back through the air, it disintegrated into specks of light that quickly vanished.

Han Li was struck by a slight rush of dizziness as a result, but after a brief rest, he decided to try again.

Under the manipulation of his spiritual sense, a large amount of his spiritual power was transformed into a cloud of smoke that drifted toward the black chain before adhering to it in an attempt to melt away the chain.

However, in the instant that the smoke came into contact with the chain, the latter immediately began to rustle rapidly, releasing wisps of black mist that quickly enveloped the smoke before devouring it.

Han Li was still unwilling to give up and continued with his experimentation.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the Immortal Realm.

On a vast desert with a dark and overcast sky, fierce wind was howling incessantly like the wailing of countless ghosts, sweeping up clouds of sand and dust that filled the entire air.

In the distance, several dozen sand tornadoes were positioned next to one another to form a yellow wall that stretched all the way up into the heavens. The wall of tornadoes was moving forward, and as it did so, it was becoming wider and wider.

However, once the wall of tornadoes reached a point that was roughly five kilometers away from the center of the desert, it abruptly disintegrated, sending sand flying in all directions as if it had crashed into an immovable mountain, even though it clearly hadn't encountered any obstacles.

At the center of the palace stood a majestic hall that was over 100 feet tall. The entire hall was of an earthy yellow color, and there were no

embellishments at all on the outside. It was as if it had risen up from the sand of the desert, and it was giving off a barren and archaic aura.

The interior of the hall was quite large, with several dozen thick square pillars distributed throughout. There were around a dozen braziers hanging on the walls, and they were giving off a faint green glow that gave the entire hall a dark and sinister appearance. With the dim light provided by these braziers, one could just barely make out a large black chair at the center of the hall.

What was rather strange was that despite the howling wind outside, no sound could be heard at all inside the hall.

On the large black chair sat a thin middle-aged man, who was in the process of raising one of his shriveled hands, causing the black chains around his arm to clank and rustle.

The man had a set of sunken cheeks and a dry and withered face. His mouth was slightly agape, revealing rows of white teeth. He was wearing a white cloak that left large sections of his purplish-green skin exposed, giving him the appearance of a discolored zombie.

Upon closer inspection, it could be seen that there was a series of thick black chains wrapped around his body beneath the cloak, and the chains extended in all directions, filling virtually the entire hall.

All of a sudden, the zombie-like man's tightly shut eyes abruptly sprang open, and a hint of surprise appeared on his wizened and discolored face.

"Come to me!" the zombie-like man commanded in an extremely hoarse voice, almost as if his throat were also filled with wind and sand.

The chains on the ground not far in front of him rustled momentarily, and an earthy yellow bulge slowly rose up from the ground, then transformed into an imposing man wearing a suit of archaic copper armor.

The man's face was dark green in color, almost as if there were a layer of copper rust growing over his skin, and he immediately fell to one knee. "How may I be of service, Patriarch?"

"In the past 1,000 years, have any of my disciples used the Origin Separation Law Chains that I've bestowed on them?" the zombie-like man asked.

"300 years ago, Master Fang Ban once used his chains to kill an enemy while serving on duty for the Immortal Palace. Aside from that, no one else has used their chains," the armored man immediately replied.

"I see," the zombie-like man mused, and after a brief pause, he instructed, "Send a message to Fang Ban. Tell him that the enemy that he killed with those chains 300 years ago is still alive, and they've reactivated the power of laws imbued within those chains."

"Yes, Patriarch," the armored man replied.

"Also, tell him to eradicate this enemy as soon as possible. Otherwise, I'm going to intervene in 100 years and recover the power of laws in those chains," the zombie-like man added in an expressionless manner as he slowly closed his eyes.

Chapter 45: That's Impossible

Inside his cave abode, Han Li slowly opened his eyes, withdrawing his spiritual sense from within his body, and there was a weary look on his face.

After taking a moment to compose himself, he flipped a hand over to produce a blue Cloud Crane Herb, which he placed into his mouth and began chewing as a contemplative look appeared on his face.

Moments later, he exhaled before suddenly breaking the silence.

"Fellow Daoist Mo Guang, I have some questions for you."

As soon as his voice trailed off, the shadow that was cast onto the ground in front of him warped and elongated, following which a black-robed man with skin as dark as ink rose up from the shadow.

The man cast his gaze toward Han Li in silence, and Han Li wasted no time, cutting straight to the chase.

"Do you know of any secret technique that can seal one's nascent soul using chains that contain some type of power of laws?"

"Does this have something to do with the seal on your nascent soul?"

After the past two years of recuperation, Mo Guang had also made some strides in his recovery, but he was still rather mechanical in his way of speech.

Han Li nodded in response, then gave Mo Guang a brief rundown of the state that his nascent soul was in.

Mo Guang was silent for a moment before replying, "Judging from my past experience, in your current situation, you'll most likely have to recover your former magic power cultivation base, then rely on some secret technique to break the seal on your nascent soul. Unfortunately, do the seal that's been placed on your nascent soul, it's impossible for you to cultivate and recover your cultivation base, so it seems to be a self-contradicting dilemma."

"I thought that would be the case. In fact, my situation is even worse than what you've just described. Even if I were to self-detonate my physical body and possess another body with my nascent soul, I still won't be able to free myself from this seal," Han Li said with tightly furrowed brows.

"I recall you recently paid a visit to this sect's scripture library. Did you discover anything useful there?" Mo Guang asked.

"I read through all of their scriptures, but there was nothing of use," Han Li sighed in a resigned manner.

Mo Guang fell silent again for a moment before replying, "In that case, I can only imagine that there are no secret techniques in this realm of a sufficiently high caliber to provide a solution to your problem. You'll most likely have to find a way to return to the Immortal Realm before you can pursue ways to remedy the issue."

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In a lush forest somewhere in the Immortal Realm.

The forest was countless ancient trees that were over 1,000 feet tall, some of which were vibrant and thriving, while others were withered and decrepit. There were also some that were of a purplish-red color, presenting a peculiar sight to behold.

Deep in the forest was an open area that was tens of thousands of feet in size. There weren't any tall trees in this area, only patches of shrubs, creating a stark contrast with the environment around it.

However, at the very center of this area was a strange ancient tree that extended all the way up into the clouds.

The tree was entirely of a dark azure color with a diameter in excess of 1,000 feet. The trunk of the tree was extremely straight with very few branches, and there wasn't a single leaf growing on the tree, giving it a bare, pillar-like appearance.

What was even more interesting was that at some point above the tree, there were seven or eight branches growing diagonally out of the trunk, and these branches were supporting a massive gray bird's nest, looking much like an upside-down tattered straw hat from afar.

An incredibly massive bird was laying in the nest, whimpering quietly, seemingly in a great deal of pain.

The bird's entire body was riddled with arrow-like feathers, and it had a disproportionately massive head, but a rather thin neck, and there was a huge pouch hanging near its chest, which was expanding and shrinking with each breath that it took. magic

All of a sudden, the bird fully extended its neck as it raised its head up high, casting a wary gaze toward a certain direction, and the rate at which the pouch in front of its chest was expanding and shrinking sped up dramatically.

The forest on the edge of the open area rustled violently in three different directions, and a humanoid figure leaped out from each direction before flying rapidly toward the giant nest.

The three figures were all wearing tight-fitting black robes, and they leaped out into the open in perfect synchronicity, with even the degree of their movements completely identical. What was even more remarkable was that the three men were also identical in appearance, with all three bearing the same handsome and youthful male face.

The three were rapidly closing in on the giant nest at an indescribable speed, leaving trails of afterimages in the wake. All of a sudden, all three of them blurred before vanishing on the spot.

The enormous bird was quite alarmed by this, and the pouch in front of its chest bulged slightly, following which it abruptly opened its beak toward the southeast to let loose a deafening cry.

Incredibly powerful soundwaves interspersed with countless azure blades of wind were sent sweeping toward the tall trees up ahead.

The countless blades of wind formed an arc-shaped wall amid the sound of thunderous rumbling, and all of the shrubs in the wake of the wall of wind were uprooted before being torn to shreds, while all of the tall trees in the wall's path were also felled before being reduced to sawdust.

The remnants of all of these plants were swept up by the wall of wind, becoming part of the wall as it continued to sweep through the dense forest without displaying any signs of slowing down.

In the southeast, the two black-robed figures that had just disappeared suddenly re-emerged out of thin air before rapidly descending toward the ground.

At the same time, azure light flashed from their bodies in unison, and they instantly became blurry and indistinct as they flashed through the air, constantly adjusting their speed in a calm and methodical manner to evade all of the oncoming blades of wind.

The giant bird's thunderous roar continued to ring out, and countless more blades of wind were sent sweeping in all directions alongside devastating soundwaves.

However, the two figures were able to traverse casually through the blades of wind as if they were taking a stroll in the park, continuing to approach the giant bird as if there were nothing in their path.

As the two figures drew closer and closer, the giant bird looked down at the nest beneath itself, then let loose a despairing wail.

The fleshy pouch on its chest began to rapidly expand, becoming as large as the rest of its body in mere moments, and it was still continuing to expand.

One of the black-robed young men was furious to see this.

"You think you can self-detonate? Not on my watch!"

As soon as his voice trailed off, the third black-robed young man, who had been concealed this entire time, suddenly appeared in the air above the giant bird without any warning.

He was wielding a long black blade, and with just a flick of his wrist, the blade instantly sliced through the bird's throat amid a flash of black light.

A powerful burst of wind erupted out of the wound, carrying a vast volume of blue blood that erupted over 100 feet upward like a gorey fountain.

By the time the fountain of blue blood ran dry, the pouch on the giant bird's chest had also shrunk back down to its original size. Its head was laying limply in the massive nest, and its feathers were covered in its blood.

Beneath it was a huge white egg that was tinged with traces of blue blood, and it was nestled against the giant bird's abdomen, looking very lonely and vulnerable.

The three black-robed figures jumped down from the giant bird's head in an expressionless manner, then made their way over to its two wings and its tail. After rummaging through the bird's thick plumage for a while, each of them plucked out a glowing feather.

Right at this moment, a flash of yellow light suddenly lit up from the waist of one of the black-robed figures, accompanied by a burst of urgent buzzing.

The other two immediately arrived by the black-robed young man's side, and the three figures blurred before quickly fusing as one.

Immediately thereafter, the black-robed young man pulled out a round communication plate from his waist, then injected his spiritual sense into it, upon which his brows suddenly furrowed tightly as he exclaimed, "That's impossible!"

A vicious look appeared in his eyes as he spoke, and he quickly stowed the giant egg away before speeding off into the distance as a gust of fierce wind.

Chapter 46: Two Solutions

Inside his secret chamber, Han Li watched as Mo Guang gradually vanished back into his shadow, and a wry smile appeared on his face. He no longer wanted to think about the seal that was imposed on his nascent soul.

He raised his head to look up at the starry night sky through the huge hole in the ceiling, and a short while later, he rose to his feet before making his way over to Mizar star, the sixth star of the Big Dipper Energy Gathering Array. Once there, he sat down with his legs crossed again, then made a hand seal to cast several incantation seals in succession to activate the entire array.

After taking a moment to prepare himself, Han Li closed his eyes and fell completely still.

Close to an hour later, right as he began to cultivate the sixth level of the Big Dipper Origin Arts, an unexpected turn of events unfolded.

For some reason, the starpower that he was able to draw from the night sky was several times more potent than before, and within the span of just a few seconds, six massive pillars of starlight had taken shape.

If one were to inspect the scene from afar, they would see six pillars of light descending straight from the night sky, giving off immense starpower fluctuations.

Han Li was quite surprised to see this.

He had triggered similar phenomena while cultivating the fifth level of the Big Dipper Origin Arts, but they hadn't been anywhere near as spectacular. There were quite a few cultivation arts in the Spirit Domain Realm that relied on harnessing the power of starlight, so such a phenomenon wasn't all that remarkable. However, given how much of a spectacle he was putting on here, it was going to be very difficult to avoid drawing attention.

He shook his head, not paying the matter much heed as he continued to focus on cultivation.

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In the air above a certain cave abode stood a burly man, who was looking at the six enormous pillars of light with a surprised and solemn expression.

In the next instant, black light appeared over his entire body, and he flew through the air as a blurry shadow before quickly landing near Han Li's cave abode in a stealthy manner.

The closer he drew to the cave abode, the more he was able to sense the unfathomably immense starpower contained within those pillars of light, which was spreading through the air in powerful waves.

After a brief hesitation, he decided to take a risk and draw even closer for a more thorough examination.

Right at this moment, a voice suddenly rang out beside him without any warning. "Hold on, Luo Jun."

In the next instant, a scholarly-robed figure appeared in front of him in a flash, and it was none other than Nangong Changshan, the master of the Cloudrise Peak.

Luo Jun faltered slightly upon seeing this, following which the black light around him faded, and he immediately cupped his fist in a salute. "Peak Master, I..."

Nangong Changshan raised a hand to cut him off. "There's no need to say anything. Come with me."magic

Before Luo Jun had a chance to reply, Nangong Changshan sped away toward the pinnacle of the Cloudrise Peak as a streak of white light.

Luo Jun seemed to want to say something, but at this point, Nangong Changshan was already far away, so he could only follow along.

A short while later, Luo Jun descended in front of the hall at the pinnacle of the Cloudrise Peak.

Nangong Changshan was already making his way into the hall with his hands clasped behind his back, and Luo Jun hurriedly approached him.

"Peak Master, given the phenomenon that Han Li has triggered, he's definitely not practicing any ordinary cultivation art. On top of that, his origins have always been suspicious. If we don't investigate this matter properly, what are we going to do if the sect decides to hold us accountable?"

"The supreme elder personally sent me a message not to investigate this matter," Nangong Changshan replied as he continued to make his way into the hall.

A stunned look appeared on Luo Jun's face upon hearing this. "The supreme elder? Why..."

Nangong Changshan suddenly stopped in his tracks, then turned around as he said, "The supreme elder must have his reasons. All we need to do is follow his orders."

"Alright, in that case, it seems we have no choice," Luo Jun replied with a nod.

"Issue an order to all of the disciples of our peak. Tell them that no one is to approach Han Li's cave abode, and disrupting during his cultivation is strictly prohibited!" Nangong Changshan instructed.

"Yes, Peak Master!" Luo Jun immediately departed to carry out the orders assigned to him.

"Who exactly are you, Han Li? The supreme elder is always in seclusion and rarely ever makes an appearance for anything, yet..." Nangong Changshan murmured to himself as he fell into deep thought.

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The phenomenon triggered above Han Li's cave abode didn't last very long. Close to three hours later, the six giant pillars of starlight disintegrated into nothingness.

Despite the spectacular nature of the phenomenon, not a single person from the sect approached Han Li's cave abode to investigate. It was as if no one had even noticed what was happening.

Inside his cave abode, Han Li was still seated with his legs crossed, and his eyes were already open, but he remained completely still, seemingly a little concerned about something.

The cultivation of the sixth level of the Big Dipper Origin Arts was far more difficult than he imagined. Not only was the process far more complex than it was for the fifth level, most importantly, the amount of starpower required also increased dramatically.

With his current spiritual sense, he was able to satisfy the starpower requirements, but the more spiritual sense he used, the more magic power he would have to expend.

Prior to this, the Cloud Crane Herbs that he had grown were sufficient to support his cultivation, but at this point, even if he were to constantly use the Heaven Controlling Vial to accelerate the maturation of the Cloud Crane Herbs, there was still no guarantee that he would have a sufficient supply to support his cultivation.

At this rate, if he wanted to master the sixth level of the cultivation art, it would take at least a decade.

With that in mind, Han Li's brows furrowed tightly with concern.

He had to return to the Immortal Realm as soon as possible, and he couldn't afford to wait 10 years.

Objectively speaking, mastering the sixth level of the Big Dipper Origin Arts in just 10 years was already completely unheard of. If Patriarch Cold Flame were to hear about this, his jaw would've most likely dropped straight to the ground.

Han Li stroked his chin in contemplation, and a short while later, a thought seemed to have suddenly occurred to him.

He closed his eyes as he sifted through the scriptures of the Cold Flame Sect stored in his mind.

Moments later, his eyes sprang open as a faint smile appeared on his face.

As expected of one of the three dominant powerhouses of the Spirit Domain Realm, the scriptures of the Cold Flame Sect really did contain two potential solutions, the first of which was directly tied to the Origin Realm Temple.

There were many cultivation arts in the Origin Realm Temple that relied on harnessing the power of starlight, and it was said that the founding patriarch excelled in such cultivation arts.

Inside the temple was a Star Gathering Platform, which had been constructed using countless precious materials, and the platform had an ancient star array engraved upon it.

The array had been personally set up by the immortal founder of the Origin Realm Temple, and it was far more potent than the Big Dipper Energy Gathering Array that Han Li had created.

The array was vastly renowned across the entire Spirit Domain Realm, and it was said that with the assistance of the array, one would be able to easily draw four to five times the power of starlight they would've normally been capable of.

However, this platform was an extremely cherished resource of the Origin Realm Temple, and only the brightest disciple and elders could access it. As for people outside of the sect, it was prohibited for them to even catch a glimpse of the platform.

The second potential solution was to use a treasure known as the Starmoon Mirror, the refinement method for which was recorded in one of the jade slips from the inner library.

The Starmoon Mirror wasn't a powerful offensive treasure. Instead, it was an auxiliary treasure that could attract a vast amount of starpower with an injection of only a tiny amount of magic power.

The refinement method for the mirror was found by chance in a secret area by a Body Integration Stage elder of the Cold Flame Sect.

However, there weren't many star-based cultivation arts in the Cold Flame Sect, and a huge amount of precious materials were required to refine the treasure, so even though this was an extremely precious jade slip, no one had actually used it to refine any Starmoon Mirrors.

Most importantly, the main material used for refining this treasure was the Yin Dawn Stone, which was not only an extremely rare material, but also something that the Heavenly Ghost Sect held in the utmost regard.

It was said that when cultivating the Great Heavenly Ghost Arts, the premium cultivation art of the Heavenly Ghost Sect, a large amount of Yin Dawn Stones had to be expended in the cultivation of the final few levels.

As a result, the few known Yin Dawn Stone mines in the Spirit Domain Realm were all under the Heavenly Ghost Sect's control.

Hence, access to the Star Gathering Platform and refining Starmoon Mirrors were both rather difficult options to pursue.

After a moment of contemplation, Han Li rose to his feet before leaving his cave abode.

Chapter 47: Probing

It was already very late at night as Han Li emerged from his cave abode, and he took a moment to ascertain the correct direction before flying away as a streak of light.

However, he had only flown for a short while when an enormous white palm suddenly appeared above him without any warning, then came crashing down upon him.

At the same time, countless white fire lotus flowers appeared in the air around him before revolving on the spot, releasing countless flower petals that instantly encircled an area with a radius of over 1,000 feet, making it impossible for Han Li to avoid the descending giant palm.

A glacial aura swept through the area, causing the air temperature to plummet drastically, and a layer of frost had appeared on the nearby ground.

Han Li faltered slightly upon seeing this, then threw a punch to release a burst of enormous power.

A string of dull thumps rang out, and almost all of the white fire lotus flowers disintegrated like apparitions, dissipating into countless specks of light.

The spiritual light on the surface of the giant white palm was also trembling violently in the face of the immense power unleashed by Han Li's punch, and the surrounding space began to warp as a burst of rumbling rang out.

The owner of the giant palm seemed to have been caught off guard by this, and the palm was withdrawn in a slightly panicked manner before vanishing into thin air.

Immediately thereafter, spatial fluctuations erupted not far away, and a humanoid figure appeared. The figure's entire body was enshrouded under a layer of white light, making it impossible to make out their physical appearance. They were holding a translucent blue jade ruler in their hand, and there were profound patterns etched all over the surface of the ruler.

As soon as the figure appeared, they immediately tossed the ruler in their hand high up into the sky.

The ruler circled around in the air before swelling to over 1,000 feet in length, and all of the patterns on its surface began to radiate dazzling blue light.

The white figure raised a hand, and the massive ruler immediately came crashing down toward Han Li with incredible might.

In response, Han Li reached out with one hand before making a grabbing motion.

Even though no direct contact was made, an enormous burst of force was still sent surging toward the massive ruler, stopping it cold in its tracks and causing the spiritual light on its surface to quiver violently.

Right at this moment, the light radiating from the patterns on the giant ruler brightened significantly, forming a monstrous projection of a creature with a cow's head and a dragon's body.

The projection opened its mouth to let loose a thunderous roar, and the blue ruler began to descend again.

Han Li's eyes narrowed slightly as he activated his Big Dipper Origin Arts. Five specks of blue light immediately appeared on his chest and abdomen, forming a clear Big Dipper constellation. However, the first five stars in the constellation were bright and dazzling, while the other two stars were dull and devoid of luster.

He then abruptly clenched the fingers of his outstretched hand together, causing the nearby space to warp and churn violently.

The monstrous projection released by the giant ruler let loose an anguished howl before disintegrating with a dull thump.

"Stop, Fellow Daoist Han! It's me, Sima Jingming!" the white figure hurriedly said upon seeing this.

The white light around him faded as he spoke, revealing a purple-robed man with a head of white hair.

A hint of surprise flashed through Han Li's eyes, and he stopped right before he was about to clench his hand into a fist.

Sima Jingming quickly made a series of hand seals, and the blue ruler shrank down to its original size before returning to his grasp in a flash.

Only then did he heave a sigh of relief.

Through the spirit treasure in his hand, he was able to clearly sense just how fearsome that grab from Han Li was. If he had hesitated even a moment longer, the ruler would've at least been severely damaged, if not completely destroyed.

He hadn't gone all-out in his attack, but judging from how casual and nonchalant Han Li looked, it was clear that he had held back as well.

"What is the meaning of this, Fellow Daoist Sima?" Han Li asked in an expressionless manner as he clasped his hands behind his back.

"Please don't misunderstand, Fellow Daoist Han. I have no intention of disrespecting you, I simply wanted to test your power. After all, your agreement with our patriarch is extremely important to our sect, and I have to see exactly what our sect is getting in exchange for all of the resources that you've taken," Sima Jingming said with a smile as he stowed his jade ruler away.
magic

"So what do you think now?" Han Li asked with a hint of a smile on his face.

"You are far more powerful than I expected, Brother Han. In addition to that, it's truly astounding that you were able to cultivate the Big Dipper Origin Arts to this extent in such a short time. There have been some in our sect who have attempted to pursue this cultivation art in the past, but none of them were able to make any substantial progress," Sima Jingming praised in a heartfelt manner.

"You're far too kind, Fellow Daoist Sima," Han Li replied with a smile.

"Regarding the scriptures that I took from the inner library, I can make replacement copies of all of them once I return from my errand."

"Thank you for the kind offer, but there's no need for that, Fellow Daoist Han. Our sect has backup copies of all of the lost scriptures. All I ask is that you don't forget your promise to our patriarch," Sima Jingming said as he cupped his fist in a salute toward Han Li from afar.

"Rest assured, I won't go back on my word," Han Li replied in a calm manner.

"That's very reassuring to hear. It looks like you still have some matters to attend to, so I won't hold you up any longer, Brother Han," Sima Jingming said as he cupped his fist in a salute.

Han Li didn't say anything further as azure spiritual light appeared over his body, and he flew away into the distance, vanishing out of sight in the blink of an eye.

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In the Northern Glacial Immortal Region of the Immortal Realm.

There was a mountain that was over 10,000 feet tall, enshrouded in a dense mist that was filled with spiritual qi. On the pinnacle of the mountain stood a resplendent golden palace that was shimmering under the rising sun.

At this moment, there was an elderly man with a long beard, seated on a sandalwood chair in the palace. The man was wearing a purple and golden daoist robe, and a lotus flower crown on his head. He was holding a jade teacup, out of which he took a small sip, then raised his head to cast his gaze toward the person standing before him.

The person in question was a black-robed young man who appeared to be around 20 to 30 years of age, and he extended a respectful bow toward the elderly man as he said, "Immortal Master Tong Xu, my name is Fang Ban, and I've come here today with the hope that you can track down someone for me."

"I have no interest in who you are. Do you know the rules of this place?" the elderly man asked in an indifferent voice as he gently set his teacup down onto the table beside him.

The black-robed young man immediately took a half-step forward as he declared, "I present to you a 10,000-year-old Voidsea Purple Yang Flower, two top-grade Golden Dragon Eye Stones, and a vial of Yin Yang Reversal Elixir. Will that be sufficient, Immortal Master?"

Two intricate purple boxes and a white jade vial appeared in the air before him as he spoke. The lids of the boxes and the stopper of the vial had all been removed to reveal the contents inside.

The elderly man's eyes lit up slightly upon seeing this, and he gave a slight nod of approval. "Looks like you've come to me with some sincerity. Who is it that you're looking for?"

"I'm looking for a formidable foe that I fought against 300 years ago. I thought that he had already perished during our battle, but recently, I learned that he's still alive. However, I don't know where he is right now, and I was hoping that you would help me find him," the black-robed young man replied as his brows furrowed slightly.

"Do you have anything related to his bloodline, or any clippings of his hair or nails or anything like that?" the elderly man asked.

The black-robed young man hesitated momentarily, then flipped a hand over to produce a white porcelain vial, which he offered to the elderly man as he said, "The person I'm searching for has a very special bloodline, and I was able to secure a drop of his blood essence during our battle. Would this be sufficient, Immortal Master?"

The elderly man accepted the vial before swirling its contents around, and to his surprise, the vial was unexpectedly heavy. He then removed the stopper of the vial before taking a slight whiff, upon which a hint of surprise appeared on his face.

"How strange! Who exactly is this person? His bloodline contains the powers of many types of true spirits," Immortal Master Tong Xu exclaimed.

"Truth be told, he was originally from a lower realm and ascended to the Immortal Realm. He possessed many strange abilities and was an extremely troublesome opponent. I was only able to defeat him by some strokes of fortune," the black-robed young man replied after a brief hesitation.

"I see. Come with me."

Immortal Master Tong Xu was silent for a moment before rising to his feet, then made his way toward the rear hall of the palace with his hands clasped behind his back.

The black-robed young man followed him as they passed by a beautiful golden screen, then passed through the rear hall to arrive in a secret chamber.

The secret chamber was extremely spacious with three circles of patterns engraved on the ground, clearly forming some type of extremely complex array. There were no tables and chairs in the room, and the only thing in the chamber was a large copper urn at the very center.

The urn was roughly three feet tall, and its surface was also riddled with strange patterns that connected seamlessly with the patterns on the ground.

The black-robed young man followed Immortal Master Tong Xu to the urn, then looked down to find that it was filled with black liquid, with a reflection of the two visible on the surface of the liquid.

Immortal Master Tong Xu removed the stopper of the vial in his hand, then tipped all of the blood essence inside into the urn.

A drop of golden blood flowed out of the vial, then fell into the urn with a small splash, sending ripples cascading across the surface of the liquid in the urn.

Immediately thereafter, the inky black color of the liquid in the urn began to recede in all directions, and in the blink of an eye, it had become extremely clear and transparent.

Through the liquid, it could be seen that there were circles of patterns engraved onto the bottom of the urn as well.

Immortal Master Tong Xu began to chant a complex incantation, then suddenly uttered the word "open".

At the same time, he poked his index finger against his own glabella, then pointed at the large copper urn.

A faint buzzing sound rang out, and the urn shuddered as soon Immortal Master Tong Xu's finger came into contact with its rim, following which a burst of bright azure light began to radiate from the patterns on the urn.

After that, the light quickly spread along the patterns, and soon, the entire array on the ground had lit up.

Before Fang Ban had a chance to react, he found himself enshrouded within a vast expanse of azure light.

He discovered that he was standing above a large body of water, and he inspected his surroundings to discover a lush mountain range.

"I'm... inside the urn!" Fang Ban murmured to himself as an enlightened look appeared on his face.

Chapter 48: Abduction

"Don't get distracted! You only have five seconds!"

Immortal Master Tong Xu's voice suddenly rang out from above like rumbling thunder, and Fang Ban hurriedly did as he was told, focusing his attention on his surroundings, but there was nothing to be seen aside from the scenery around him.

All of a sudden, he seemed to have sensed something, and he abruptly lowered his head, upon which he discovered a golden line of blood extending down into the body of water beneath his feet.

Upon closer inspection, Fang Ban discovered that there was an indistinct azure figure beneath the surface of the water. At times, the figure appeared close, while at other times, it appeared to be quite distant, and Fang Ban was doing everything in his power to see the figure clearly, but it was a futile task.

Right as he was about to crouch down and plunge his head into the water for a closer look, the trail of blood beneath his feet suddenly blurred before vanishing.

Fang Ban faltered slightly upon seeing this, but before he had a chance to think about anything, his surroundings suddenly became warped and abstract again.

By the time he returned to his senses, he discovered that he was still standing by the large copper urn, and he was hunched over slightly with his hands resting on the rim of the urn.

He looked down to find that the liquid within the urn was still as dark as ever, and it was as if everything that he had just seen had been nothing more than a dream.

"What did you see?" Immortal Master Tong Xu asked.

"Apologies for my incompetence, but I wasn't able to see anything clearly. The figure that I saw was quite indistinct, and I wasn't able to make out any concrete features," Fang Ban replied in a truthful manner.

Immortal Master Tong Xu pondered these findings momentarily, then explained, "In that case, it's very likely that the person you're searching for isn't currently in the Northern Glacial Immortal Region. Instead, they must be

in a certain secret area in the immortal region or perhaps a lower realm directly under this immortal region."

"Immortal Master, would it be possible for you to ascertain which secret area or which lower realm he's in?" Fang Ban asked with a hopeful expression.

"That's preposterous! Do you realize how vast the Immortal Realm is? You've provided me with no coordinates, and you expect me to track down someone with just a drop of blood essence?" Immortal Master Tong Xu harrumphed coldly in a displeased manner.

Fang Ban hurriedly cupped his fist in an apologetic salute upon seeing this. "Please forgive me for my insolence, Immortal Master."

A short while later, Fang Ban departed from the mountain, and he stood in mid-air with his hand clasped behind his back and a cold and sinister look on his face.

"You can run away to any corner of any realm, but I'm still going to find you to tear you to shreds!"

He pulled out a communication plate from his waist as he spoke, then whispered a message into it. After that, he pointed a finger at his own glabella before drawing his finger away from his forehead, and a light screen surfaced over his palm.

The light screen depicted a tall and broad azure-robed young man with a set of ordinary facial features.

With a wave of his hand, the light screen also vanished into the communication plate.

.....

Several days later.

Inside a misty valley in the northwestern region of the Prosperous Nation, the sounds of explosions and clashing treasures were ringing out incessantly.

All of a sudden, a resounding boom rang out as the mist exploded violently, immediately following which a streak of green light flew out from within.

The streak of green light contained a young woman with three glowing azure jade badges revolving around her body, and beneath her feet was a green jade spear.

The young woman was none other than Liu Le'er, and she didn't make it very far out of the valley before five more streaks of light shot out of the dense mist, flying after her in hot pursuit.

All of her pursuers were giving off Nascent Soul Stage auras, and even though Liu Le'er was spurring on the flying spear beneath her feet with all her might, she was still slower than her pursuers.

After about 15 minutes, the distance between her and her pursuers had been closed down to no more than 300 feet.

All of a sudden, Liu Le'er made a hand seal and stopped cold in her tracks, then turned to her pursuers with a cold expression. "Who are you and why do you insist on pursuing me?"

The streak of black light that was leading the way among her pursuers faded to reveal a burly man with a thick beard, and he glanced at the flying spear beneath her feet with undisguised greed in his eyes as he chuckled, "Don't ask unnecessary questions. Surrender now and we'll spare you from any physical torment."

The other four streaks of light split up into two groups of two, flying to either side of Liu Le'er to trap her in a tight encirclement.

The streaks of light then faded to reveal a red-faced elderly man, a purple-robed young woman, and two black-robed young men who were completely identical in appearance, appearing to be identical twins.

"What makes you think you can get away with this? Do you think the disciples of our Cold Flame Sect are easy to pick on?" Liu Le'er asked as she swept a cold gaze over her assailants.

"You sure talk big for a mere Core Formation cultivator. Let's see if you're still going to be so cocky after this!" the red-faced elderly man chuckled as he abruptly swept a sleeve through the air, and a crimson ring shot out of his hand before sweeping toward Liu Le'er as countless crimson projections.

Aside from the burly man, the other three pursuers also each pulled out a treasure, then unleashed a series of magic power attacks of different colors that hurtled directly toward Liu Le'er from three different directions.

A grim look appeared on Liu Le'er's face, but she was prepared for this, and she swept her hand through the air as she chanted an incantation, and the three azure jade badges around her instantly swelled to several times their original size, manifesting layers upon layers of badge projections that shielded her from all directions.

Four bursts of dazzling light erupted, and the azure badge projections flashed erratically as a string of shattering sounds rang out.

The light radiating from the badge projections had dimmed significantly, but they were able to keep the attacks from the four Nascent Soul cultivators at bay, much to the surprise of all five of Liu Le'er's pursuers.

"This is not a place we should linger in, so we have to end this battle as quickly as possible. Take care not to kill her," the burly man instructed, then raised a hand to release the object in his hand, which transformed into a giant black brick that was over 100 feet in size before also entering the fray.

With all five Nascent Soul cultivators joining forces, assault became even more ferocious, and the spiritual light radiating from the azure badge projections quickly dimmed.

However, right in the instant before the badge projections were about to be shattered, Liu Le'er raised a hand in an unhurried manner to summon a white silken handkerchief that was glowing with spiritual light, and it seemed to be a treasure that wasn't inferior to the azure jade badges.

The handkerchief circled around above Liu Le'er's head, releasing layers of white radiance that rippled through the air around her, encompassing her entire body and giving her an indistinct appearance.

The five Nascent Soul cultivators were quite alarmed to see this, clearly not expecting a Core Formation cultivator to be carrying so many high-grade treasures.

However, it was clear that this wasn't their first time working together, and even though there was no verbal communication between them, all of them immediately injected more magic power into their respective treasures.

A burst of rumbling rang out as the white light around Liu Le'er began to tremble violently, but it was still able to hold itself intact.

Inside the white light, Liu Le'er hurriedly swallowed a pill, then made a rapid series of hand seals with a tense look on her face.

This was the first time that she had faced several enemies of a far more advanced cultivation base than herself on her own. She was only able to kill Jia Ren of the Blood Sword Sect with the Essence Fire Raven that Han Li had sealed into her body through special means, and if she hadn't taken a pill in advance to temporarily elevate her magic power so that she could tap into more of the fire raven's power, there was no way that she would've been able to kill Jia Ren with just a single attack.

She was able to last to this point against her pursuers by relying on the treasures and pills that Han Li had bestowed upon her prior to her departure, but her situation was growing grimmer and grimmer by the second.

I can't allow anything to happen to me! I promised Brother Rock that I was going to keep myself safe!

With that in mind, Liu Le'er bit down onto her own lower lip, and a decisive look appeared on her face as she quickly made a hand seal.

A profound silver array on her left arm instantly lit up, and a silver fire raven that was slightly smaller than the one that had taken Jia Ren's life shot out of her arm, spreading its wings as it flew out of the white light in a flash.

"Argh, what the hell is this thing?"

"No..."

In the blink of an eye, both of the black-robed young men were completely engulfed in silver flames amid cries of panic and horror.

The sequence of events had taken place so abruptly that the other three Nascent Soul cultivators didn't even have a chance to react before the two black-robed young men were incinerated into nothingness. Not even their nascent souls had managed to escape.

In the next instant, the red-faced elderly man was also completely devoured by the silver flames. The protective spiritual light around him was completely

ineffective, and he didn't even get a chance to cry out before he was also erased from existence.

The burly man and the purple-robed young woman were horrified to see this, and they immediately turned to flee in different directions.

The burly man's cultivation base was slightly superior to that of the purple-robed young woman, so he was naturally also a little faster.

However, the silver fire raven didn't give them any chance to escape, flying after them like a bolt of silver lightning and covering a distance of several thousand feet in the blink of an eye. It pierced directly through the purple-robed young woman's chest from behind, then plummeted straight down as a scorching ball of fire.

"Master, save..."

Moments later, a blood-curdling howl rang out before abruptly cutting off, and the burly man was also incinerated into nothingness by the silver flames.

The silver fireball then reverted back into its fire raven form before flying back to Liu Le'er, vanishing into her left arm in a flash.

Liu Le'er was quite relieved to see this, but her face had turned as pale as a sheet, and she was barely able to remain on her feet.

She hurriedly took another pill, and only then did some color return to her cheeks.

Right at this moment, spatial fluctuations suddenly erupted above her, immediately following which a black devilish claw appeared out of thin air before swooping down at an alarming speed.

Before the claw had even fallen upon Liu Le'er, the space around her began to ripple violently, and she was struck by a crushing burst of spiritual pressure.

The protective white light around her was already rather unstable, and it instantly collapsed under the immense spiritual pressure.

Liu Le'er was greatly alarmed by this, and she hurriedly drew upon her magic power to flee the scene, but in the next instant, the space constricted around her, and she couldn't even lift a single finger, let alone make any hand seals.

She could only look on helplessly as rays of black light were released from the palm of the devilish claw, forming a huge black net that quickly bound her entire body.

The black devilish claw then vanished into thin air in a flash, immediately following which a black-robed elderly man appeared in mid-air not far away.

Chapter 49: Extortion

"How did a little demon fox like you acquire such an incredible flame? Oh, I see, that Han brat gave the flame to you, right? No wonder he's so troublesome to deal with. This is quite the unexpected blessing. Looks like the heavens are smiling down upon me!" the black-robed elderly man cackled as he stared intently at the silver seal on Liu Le'er's left arm.

At this moment, Liu Le'er was completely bound and immobilized by the black net, and after hearing what the elderly man had just said, a thought suddenly occurred to her as she exclaimed, "You're Qi Xuan of the Heavenly Ghost Sect!"

Qi Xuan's smile faded upon hearing this, and a sinister look appeared on his face. "That's right. If you know who I am, then I'm sure you also know why I've captured you."

"You're trying to use me to lure in Brother Rock!"

A furious expression appeared on Liu Le'er's face, and a resolute look flashed through her eyes.

Immediately thereafter, her pupils lit up with green radiance, and specks of green light also appeared on her glabella before flashing erratically.

The elderly man extended a finger upon seeing this, releasing a burst of black light that entered Liu Le'er's glabella in a flash.

The specks of green light on her glabella were instantly snuffed out, and she fell unconscious before she could do anything else.

"It's still not time for you to die yet. Once I capture that Han brat, I'll take both of you to Hao'er's grave and burn you into ashes with my ghostly fire!" Qi Xuan harrumphed coldly in a resentful manner.

His gaze then returned to Liu Le'er's left arm, and after a brief moment of contemplation, he flipped a hand over to produce a red vial, which was riddled with various types of complex runes.

He tossed the vial up into the air so that it was hovering directly in front of him, then chanted an incantation before flicking his fingers through the air, seemingly preparing some type of secret technique.

A short while later, he abruptly pointed a finger at the vial, and all of the runes on its surface instantly lit up, while a burst of fiery red light flew out from within the vial.

Dozens of translucent threads flew out of the red light, then vanished into the silver seal in Liu Le'er's left arm in a flash before pulling outward.

The silver seal immediately began to glow brightly, and specks of silver flames appeared on its surface as the seal was dragged out by the threads of light.

Qi Xuan was ecstatic to see this, and he quickly made a series of hand seals.

The light pouring out of the vial instantly became much denser, and more and more translucent threads of light appeared before vanishing into the silver seal.

Liu Le'er shuddered slightly as her left arm began to spasm, and she gave a muffled groan.

More and more silver flames were dragged out of the seal to form a silver fire raven, but its aura was extremely feeble, and it appeared to be on the verge of falling asleep.

Right at this moment, a burst of azure light flashed from deep within the seal, and it was attempting to drag the fire raven back into the seal.

A derisive sneer appeared on Qi Xuan's face upon seeing this, and he opened his mouth to release a ball of blood essence, which fused into the red vial.

The vial instantly began to glow with dazzling red light, and all of the translucent threads of red light intertwined to form a pair of translucent chains that locked themselves around the silver fire raven's neck.

Silver light flashed from the fire raven, and it suddenly snapped wide awake.

It seemed to have been enraged by the chains around its neck, and it let loose a furious cry as it spread its wings while releasing a pillar of silver flames out of its beak.

The translucent chains instantly evaporated into nothingness upon contact with the silver flames, and the pillar of fire pierced directly through the red vial before hurtling directly toward Qi Xuan.

The pillar of fire was traveling at an incredible speed, reaching Qi Xuan in the blink of an eye.

Qi Xuan was greatly alarmed by this turn of events, and he hurriedly summoned a small green shield while rushing back in retreat, leaving a trail of afterimages in his wake. In the blink of an eye, he was already several hundred feet away, but his left arm had been reduced to ashes as it had come into contact with trace amounts of the silver flame.

If the speck of silver fire that had come into contact with his body had been even slightly larger, he would've at least been severely injured, if not killed.

He took a deep breath, then flipped a hand over to produce a crimson pill that he promptly swallowed. The muscles on the shoulder of his missing arm began to squirm violently, and new flesh began to grow at a rate that was discernible even to the naked eye.

After just a few seconds, his left arm had been regrown.

Only then did Qi Xuan cast his gaze toward Liu Le'er with a hint of lingering fear in his eyes.

At this point, the red vial and the green shield had already been completely devoured by the silver flames, while the silver fire raven had vanished back into the seal on Liu Le'er's arm amid a flash of azure light.

Even though he had just suffered a close call, the incredible display of power put on by the silver fire raven only made him even more determined to tame it for himself.

.....

In a lush, low-lying mountain range, a series of intricately constructed pavilions and palaces were littered over the landscape amid clouds of mist that were filled with spiritual qi.

High up in the sky above a certain valley, seven or eight figures were flying through the air before landing at the entrance of the valley.

The group was led by a white-robed young man who appeared to be 16 to 17 years of age, and there was a look of arrogant confidence on his handsome face.

As soon as he landed on the ground, he immediately turned to the rest of the group. "We enter the valley right away, and this time, we can't let it escape no matter what."

"Yes!" everyone replied in unison before immediately rushing into the valley.

However, there was a gray-robed elderly woman in the group who didn't spring into action like everyone else. Instead, she made her way over to the young man's side, supporting herself with a strange-looking silver cane.

"You should go as well, Granny Sun. This Purple Cloud Sable is extremely cunning. I doubt they'll be able to capture it without your help," the young man said as he turned to the elderly woman.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Young Master. I was instructed by the temple master to protect you at all times, and I can't stray from my post," the elderly woman replied with a shake of her head.

"You'll only be going into the valley ahead of me to capture the Purple Cloud Sable. How is that straying from your post?" the young man argued as his brows furrowed slightly.

"The Temple Master instructed me to remain by your side at all times. If anything were to happen to you, I could die 1,000 times without even coming close to atoning for my crime." The elderly woman was still unwilling to oblige.

A displeased look appeared on the young man's face. "This Gourd Valley falls under the jurisdiction of our Origin Realm Temple, and it's also virtually right next to our temple! Who would dare to stir up trouble here? Do they have a death wish?"

"That may be true, but..."

Before the elderly woman had a chance to finish, the young man cut her off in an exasperated manner. "Cut the chit-chat! If the Purple Cloud Sable escapes because of this delay, I'm going to report you to the temple master!"

A hesitant look appeared on the elderly woman's face upon hearing this, but she still held her ground.

"Hurry up!"

The young man immediately flew into a rage upon seeing this.

The elderly woman could only grit her teeth and oblige, flying into the valley as a streak of light.

The young man looked on at the elderly woman's departing figure, and he was still feeling rather angry that his authority had been challenged.

He began to make his way into the valley, but after taking only two steps, he sensed something behind him, and he reflexively turned around.

As a result, he was greeted by the sight of two mesmerizing specks of blue light, and his consciousness immediately began to fade. magic

Han Li slowly emerged out of thin air behind him with a purple talisman in his hand, and there was blue light flashing within his pupils.

He calmly stowed the High Zenith Invisibility Talisman away, and a faint smile appeared on his face as he made his way over to the young man.

The young man was standing completely still on the spot with a dazed expression and vacant eyes.

"Where is the Star Gathering Platform of the Origin Realm Temple?" Han Li asked.

"On the pinnacle of the Nine Palace Peak," the young man replied in a mechanical voice.

"Oh? Why is it not on the main peak, the Heaven Worship Peak?" Han Li asked with a perplexed expression.

"The Nine Palace Peak is the tallest peak, and the field of view on its pinnacle is broader than on all other peaks. This makes it the most effective location for drawing upon the power of starlight, and that's why our temple's founder established the array there," the young man replied without any hesitation.

"What are the cultivation bases of the people stationed at the Star Gathering Platform?" Han Li asked.

The young man continued to answer Han Li's questions in an expressionless manner, revealing all of the details about the Star Gathering Platform on the Nine Palace Peak.

The Nine Palace Peak was second in status only to the Heaven Worship Peak in the Origin Realm Temple, and there were always many temple elders and disciples cultivating on the mountain.

However, the pinnacle of the mountain where the Star Gathering Platform was situated was a restricted area of the temple, and access to the area was granted only to some inner court elders and a very select group of disciples.

According to the young man, the Star Gathering Platform was encompassed under a powerful restriction, and there was an indeterminate number of elders stationed there, but one thing that was for sure was that there was at least one Body Integration Stage elder there.

Han Li took a moment to process this information, then gently tapped a finger against the young man's glabella before vanishing on the spot in a wraith-like manner.

Only then did a hint of life return to the young man's eyes, and he still recalled that he had sensed something behind him. He hurriedly turned around, to investigate, only to find that there was nothing there.

He shook his head with a confused expression, then turned and continued into the valley.

Meanwhile, Han Li emerged from behind an ancient tree, and he was just about to depart when a burst of light appeared on his waist, following which a yellow talisman flew out on its own without being summoned.

Han Li's brows furrowed slightly upon seeing this talisman.

All of a sudden, the talisman burst into flames on its own, and a blurry image appeared within the fire before gradually becoming clearer.

The image depicted a young woman slumped over a stone table. Her face was completely devoid of color, and her eyes were tightly shut in a state of unconsciousness.

Her slender wrist was currently locked within the grasp of a thin and wizened hand.

The owner of the hand was a thin black-robed elderly man who was looking directly at Han Li with a dark expression.

Han Li took a glance at the elderly man, then at the robe that he was wearing, and his eyes narrowed slightly as he concluded, "You must be Qi Xuan."

"That's right! Two years ago, you killed my grandnephew, Hao'er, then assassinated my close friend, Lu Ya. After that, you've been hiding in the Cold Flame Sect this entire time like a cowardly turtle! I must say, it's been quite the hassle tracking you down. Now that this little demon fox has fallen into my hands, are you going to save her or not?" the elderly man cackled with a sinister expression.

Han Li's expression remained unchanged as he asked, "What do you want?"

"Come to the Wraith Peak in the Yin Necropolis Valley of our Heavenly Ghost Sect in a month. You must come on your own, and if I don't see you there by the time a month is up, don't blame me for putting an end to her life," Qi Xuan said in a cold voice.

He tightened his grip around Liu Le'er's wrist as he spoke, and even in her unconscious state, she couldn't help but furrow her brows in pain as her face grew even paler.

A dark look appeared on Han Li's face upon seeing this.

With one final burst of sinister cackling, the flames in front of Han Li vanished, leaving behind only a ball of ash that was quickly carried away by the wind.

Chapter 50: Breaking Out of the Pagoda

Half a month later, in the Yin Necropolis Mountain Range.

There was a layer of dark clouds in the sky above a tall and steep mountain, and even though it was currently noon, not much sunlight was able to filter down from the sky. It seemed that a storm was afoot.

The mountain was riddled with trees, but these trees weren't of the normal bright green variety. Instead, these trees were of a much darker green color, making the entire mountain appear as if it had come straight out of an ink painting.

Right at this moment, a rift was suddenly opened up in the dark clouds in the sky, and a streak of light shot out, revealing a tall and broad azure-robed young man.

It was none other than Han Li, and he hovered in mid-air as he briefly inspected his surroundings, then closed his eyes to release his spiritual sense over the entire mountain.

Moments later, his eyes sprang open, and a peculiar look appeared on his face. He then continued to fly through the air before descending toward a misty forest.

After landing on the ground, he made his way forward and skirted around an ancient tree, upon which he caught sight of a petite figure in the mist, laying diagonally against a dead tree in a completely still manner.

"Le'er," he called out as his brows furrowed slightly.

The petite figure stirred slightly upon hearing his voice, and her eyelashes fluttered, following which her eyes slowly opened.

In the instant that she caught sight of Han Li, an elated look appeared on her pale face, and despite her condition, she still put on a feeble smile. She then opened her mouth to say something, but a restriction seemed to have been placed upon her mouth, making her unable to utter any intelligible words.

"It's alright, I'm here now," Han Li consoled as he slowly made his way toward her.

A thought seemed to have suddenly occurred to Liu Le'er upon seeing this, and a horrified look appeared in her eyes as she frantically shook her head at Han Li.

However, Han Li paid no heed to this and continued to advance toward her. In her desperation, she tried to struggle into an upright position, but a burst of loud crackling suddenly rang out around her.

A series of chains that were flashing with arcs of black electricity appeared over her body, binding her from head to toe. As soon as she made even the slightest move, the chains would release bursts of black electricity to torment her.

Han Li's expression remained unchanged at the sight of the agonized look on Liu Le'er's face, but a hint of cold killing intent flashed through his eyes as he continued to advance.

Right as he took another step forward, an unexpected turn of events abruptly unfolded.

The white mist in the forest suddenly turned as dark as ink, and it began to churn violently. Immediately thereafter, a gust of fierce wind swept into the forest, and all of the black mist instantly transformed into a giant vortex.

The surrounding temperatures plummeted drastically, and ghastly howling rang out in all directions.

Han Li was situated at the center of the vortex, and everything suddenly turned dark around him, while a burst of suction force erupted from the vortex, trying to drag him downward.

He gave a cold harrumph as he continued to approach Liu Le'er, seemingly completely unaffected by the vortex.

Right at this moment, a burst of loud rumbling rang out from underground, and the ground on either side of him quaked violently before shattering with explosive force.

A pair of giant ghostly hands that were riddled with sharp spikes erupted out of the ground before grabbing tightly onto Han Li's legs.

Almost at the exact same moment, the black mist above his head scattered in all directions, and a burst of immense pressure came crashing down upon him from above.

An earth-shattering boom rang out as a dark purple octagonal pagoda descended from the heavens like an immovable mountain, trapping Han Li within.

The pagoda was around 500 to 600 feet tall with purple spirit patterns all over its surface, and it was giving off an indescribably sinister aura.

All of this had taken place in the blink of an eye, and it seemed that Han Li had fallen into the trap before he even had a chance to react.

A string of panicked, muffled sounds instantly rang out from Liu Le'er's mouth upon seeing this, and she began to struggle violently.

However, the more she struggled, the tighter the chains on her body constricted around her, and the arcs of black electricity surging along the lengths of those chains were inflicting such severe agony upon her that cold sweat was pouring down her forehead.

The ghostly mist around the pagoda surged, and four figures emerged around the pagoda in a flash.

One of the four figures was none other than Qi Xuan, and directly across from him was a well-built yellow-robed man, while the remaining two figures consisted of a thin middle-aged man in a silver robe and a red-robed middle-aged woman.

All four of them were Deity Transformation cultivators, and they were all making the same hand seal, which they only withdrew once they had reached the pagoda.

"It's all thanks to this Purple Nether Pagoda of yours that we were able to capture that Han brat in one fell swoop, Elder Tian," Qi Xuan said with a smile as he cupped his fist in a salute toward the yellow-robed man.

A pleased look appeared on the yellow-robed man's face, and he glanced at the pagoda as he replied, "You're far too kind, Elder Qi. Speaking of which, you had to pay quite a heavy price for me to borrow this powerful treasure from my master, yet you're using it to target a mere Nascent Soul cultivator? Don't you think this is overkill?"

"I did this as a safety precaution. After all, Elder Lu Ya perished by his hands, and for that, I received quite a severe punishment from the Enforcement Hall," Qi Xuan sighed with a shake of his head.

"In any case, now that we've helped you capture him, don't forget about the things that you promised us, Brother Qi," the red-robed woman said with a faint smile.

"Of course. Rest assured..."

Before Qi Xuan had a chance to finish his sentence, the giant pagoda suddenly shuddered violently along with the earth around it. As a result, he was distracted from what he was saying, and his voice trailed off mid-sentence.

"What's going on here?" the red-robed woman asked with a surprised look in her eyes.

The silver-robed man standing across from her chuckled in a nonchalant manner as he replied, "There's no need to be alarmed. My Rot Brute Ghost is in there with that Han brat. It seems like he's trying to resist and break out, but I'm afraid things won't end so well for him."

"I didn't think that your Rot Brute Ghost would already be powerful enough to shake the Purple Nether Tower," the red-robed woman said in a relieved voice as she patted her own voluptuous chest.

As soon as her voice trailed off, another rumbling boom rang out from within the purple pagoda, and this one was even louder than the last one.

The earth quaked violently beneath the feet of the four Deity Transformation cultivators, and they were struggling to keep their balance.

At the same time, a series of deep rifts had appeared on the ground, and the rifts were only continuing to expand like a system of cobwebs.

The red-robed woman's expression changed slightly upon seeing this, and she turned to the silver-robed man as she asked, "Is this your Rot Brute Ghost's doing as well, Brother Luo?"

The silver-robed man was just about to open his mouth to say something when he involuntarily threw up a mouthful of blood.

"Impossible! My Rot Brute Ghost has been killed..." the silver-robed man exclaimed with a stunned expression as he wiped the blood from the corners of his lips.

Qi Xuan and the red-robed women were shocked to hear this.

"It seems that Elder Qi was correct. This Han brat really does possess an incredibly formidable physical body. Having said that, there's no need to be alarmed. This Purple Nether Pagoda is a Divine Spirit Treasure. Even a Spatial Tempering cultivator would struggle to break free from it, how could a mere Nascent Soul cultivator possibly do anything?" the yellow-robed man said in a confident manner.

"That may be true, but this treasure is something that can only be used by Body Integration cultivators. With our combined powers, we're just barely able to use it, but it's still significantly less effective than it otherwise would be. If you ask me, we should go all-out right now and use the pagoda to kill him as soon as possible," Qi Xuan suggested with tightly furrowed brows, clearly still rather concerned.

"I concur with Brother Qi's proposal. We should kill that Han brat as soon as possible to avoid any unforeseen circumstances. Once his physical body is destroyed, his nascent soul will be completely at our mercy," the silver-robed man chimed in with a vicious expression.

With the decision made, the four Deity Transformation cultivators adopted the same hand seal once again as they began to chant an incantation.

All of the purple patterns on the giant pagoda immediately lit up, and countless profound runes emerged in a flash. Wisps of dense purple qi began to emanate from the pagoda, causing the surrounding air temperature to plummet even further, so much so that large patches of frost were beginning to appear in the nearby area.

At the same time, the entire pagoda seemed to have become heavier, and it embedded itself deep into the ground.

However, before the four Deity Transformation cultivators had a chance to do anything else, the giant pagoda shuddered violently once again, and the spirit patterns on its surface began to flash erratically.

The yellow-robed man's expression changed drastically upon seeing this, and in the next instant, a series of massive cracks appeared on the surface of the pagoda, running down its entire length from top to bottom.

Immediately thereafter, the giant pagoda exploded violently right before the astonished eyes of the four Deity Transformation cultivators, and a huge cloud of purple mist rose up into the air.

A burst of incredibly powerful shockwaves spread through the surrounding area, and even though the four Deity Transformation cultivators were doing their best to hold their ground, they still couldn't help but be forced back. Meanwhile, Liu Le'er was also picked up by the shockwaves and sent flying back through the air.

The shattered remains of the pagoda clattered down onto the ground, and as the dust slowly settled, a fearsome giant ghost was revealed. The ghostly creature was around 50 to 60 feet in size, and it was laying flat on its back with a huge hole punched through its chest, out of which putrid black blood was flowing incessantly.

Han Li stood atop the head of the giant ghost, and he took a glance at Liu Le'er to ensure that she was unharmed, then directed a cold gaze toward the four Deity Transformation cultivators around him.

The four Deity Transformation cultivators were astonished, and the prospect of a Nascent Soul cultivator destroying the Purple Nether Pagoda from the inside was downright preposterous to them, but it seemed that there was no other possible explanation for this situation.

In the next instant, Han Li threw a pair of punches through the air, the first of which was directed toward the silver-robed man, while the second one was aimed at the red-robed woman.

Both of them felt a burst of enormous force surging toward them, and by the time they reacted to the attack, it was already too late to take evasive measures.

The silver-robed man hurriedly raised his hands, and his sleeves flared up as wide as they would go as two plumes of dense black qi came surging out.

Within the black qi were five bloodstained ghostly heads, and they opened their gruesome mouths up wide as they sped toward the oncoming shockwave.

Immediately after the five ghostly heads came a crimson ghostly seal that was riddled with Yin runes, and the seal rapidly swelled to the size of a house before positioning itself in front of the silver-robed man.

Meanwhile, the red-robed woman wore a horrified expression as she flicked her wrists in a blind panic, releasing 13 bone flying bone swords that hurtled directly forward amid a burst of ghastly howling.

She then curled the fingers of one hand into a claw before digging her nails viciously into her other forearm, tearing several horrific gashes onto her own body. Countless red blood insects that were each around the size of a grain of rice came crawling out of those gashes, instantly forming a crimson shield in front of her.