

Cultivating with Top Enlightenment

#Chapter 1: Full-Level Comprehension - Read Cultivating with Top Enlightenment Chapter 1: Full-Level Comprehension

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Full-Level Comprehension

Great Yan Dynasty.

Qing State.

Snow Plum Manor.

Petals of plum blossom, like snow, fall one by one, mixed with blood, appearing even more desolate. Shouts of battle completely break the peaceful beauty of the manor's past.

"Kill!"

"Today in Snow Plum Manor, leave not even a chicken or dog!"

"Not a single ant is to be spared!"

The cold, merciless cries pierce through the chilly wind, evoking a bone-chilling feeling.

It is in such an environment that Ning Qi's consciousness revived.

"Have I... crossed over?"

It's no wonder he thinks this way, clearly just a second ago he was on a hospital bed waiting for the countdown to death, yet in the next moment, he went from being an adult to an infant, seemingly caught up in an assassination incident.

Indeed.

Ning Qi was absolutely certain, he had become a newborn baby, wrapped in swaddling clothes, the warmth somewhat alleviating the discomfort brought by his tiny body. Still, it was much better than his previous life.

In his past life, he contracted a rare form of ALS at a young age, spending his final years bedridden, ultimately dying in darkness and loneliness.

"At least I'm still alive... although the situation is not good."

Perhaps due to the crossover, Ning Qi easily understood the meanings embedded in the voices.

Ning Qi heard those voices filled with murderous intent penetrating through, causing the body of the woman holding him as she ran to tremble slightly, making him nervous too. If possible, who would want to greet death again just after being reborn?

He struggled to open his eyes, but his eyelids were still sticky with dried fluids.

From his perspective, he couldn't see the woman's true face, but just the sight of her snow-white chin filled him with a warmth of tenderness, and Ning Qi seemed to feel a bond between him and the woman, like a resonance of blood.

"Is she my mother in this life?"

Ning Qi had just risen to this thought.

The young woman swiftly dashed into a study, then pressed something in a specific pattern on a mechanism, revealing a secret compartment.

The woman bent down, gently placing Ning Qi inside the secret compartment.

In the faint light, Ning Qi finally saw the outline of the woman's face.

She possessed a comfortable delicacy, her brows filled with gentleness, a new mother whose maternal radiance was enough to make one's heart tremble.

The woman's weak, sorrowful voice rang out:

"Qi'Er, you must live on. Mother has to accompany your father to confront the enemy. If you are protected by an Immortal or Gods, do not blame us, your parents."

Ning Qi felt warm lips imprint on his forehead, a few teardrops gently falling on his face, the woman's eyes full of tangible reluctance.

Then, the woman resolutely turned away, the sound of the mechanism echoed, and darkness enveloped Ning Qi once more.

A wave of sorrow surged in Ning Qi's heart.

Though he had just crossed over, the resonance felt in his blood was undeniably genuine – this was his biological mother. Even in brief interaction, he could fully feel her protective intention.

But now, the situation looked grim.

From his mother's weak tone, it was clear: she was forced to face the enemy just after giving birth, the situation dire, the enemies unknown but seizing this moment like venomous snakes striking, they would not easily relent.

Having just crossed over to such peril, Ning Qi's nerves were already tense.

He did not want to die like this.

He began to listen carefully.

The thick walls of the secret compartment muffled most sounds, but he could still hear the sounds of slaughter drawing closer, the clash of metal, and various explosive sounds incessant.

Ning Qi discerned two pieces of information.

First, the martial prowess of this world was undoubtedly high.

Second, the Snow Plum Manor of his birth was about to fall.

His heart sank continuously.

"What to do? If these enemies slaughter everyone in the manor, can I evade their search?"

Despite currently being safe in the secret compartment, what if the enemies detect his presence through some sort of Perception or breathing technique?

In a world of high martial skill, Ning Qi could not afford complacency.

He began to reduce his movements as much as possible within the swaddling clothes, keeping his breathing to a minimum.

Yet the sense of unease still lingered about him.

Especially as the shouts of battle grew quieter, the dense footsteps, door smashing, and cries for mercy increased, the uneasiness intensified, he had a strong premonition he would be discovered, be found.

He knew, Snow Plum Manor was doomed.

His father and mother likely faced grim odds too.

But Ning Qi had no time for sadness, the heavy sense of crisis left him no room for other thoughts.

"Search! Search thoroughly!"

"Do not overlook any corner, not a single life is to be spared!"

"Especially find Ning Ye and Jiang Xuemei's child, they must be wiped out, root and branch!!"

The deep voice, filled with malice, made Ning Qi's heart beat intensely.

He desperately tried to minimize his movement, but his body's instinctive reactions were beyond control.

"What to do? What to do?"

Ning Qi's mind spun wildly, thinking of countermeasures.

He was now just an infant without any ability to resist, not even able to move, escape was impossible, the only option was to avoid being discovered by the enemies, otherwise, he faced certain death.

At this moment.

The world suddenly quieted down.

It was as if light and time had lost their meaning.

Ning Qi felt his mind enter a marvelous state in an instant, as if he could be omnipotent and control everything.

But this feeling was just fleeting, and then the world became noisy again.

Then.

A flash of spiritual light passed through his mind.

It also allowed Ning Qi to instantly understand what had happened; he had traveled across, reliving a life, seemingly activating something incredible. He now only felt his thoughts leaping extremely sharply, with comprehension extraordinarily enhanced!

The spiritual light illuminated past and present lifetimes, letting him know that this was indeed his hundredth life, and the previous ninety-nine lives were all suffering. Even the beginning of this hundredth life was also suffering.

"A hundred lives of suffering, even heaven can't stand it and wants to give me a golden finger?"

Ning Qi was stunned.

Then came the surprise.

He did not forget the current crisis and immediately began to comprehend.

As the spiritual light gradually dissipated, it also made him understand that his current comprehension was the strongest that could be sustained at the current life intensity; no one can surpass it.

"That means, under the same life intensity, my comprehension reaches the limit that can be sustained, which is unparalleled, and not only that, if my life intensity leaps in the future, the comprehension will always remain in the strongest full load state!"

"This is full-level comprehension, always at full level no matter when!"

Ning Qi was filled with joy.

This might be his dawn!

He could feel his mind at this moment being unprecedentedly active, with any casual thought spawning thousands of ideas, miracles beyond mortal understanding.

"Full-level comprehension is amazing, but it doesn't make me become an unparalleled expert instantly; the urgent task is still to get out of the predicament first!"

Previously, Ning Qi couldn't control his breathing and heartbeat, but now it's different. He can completely perceive his physical condition and find the patterns.

The commotion outside was becoming more and more intense.

Ning Qi's thoughts were rapidly racing.

"In the previous life, I have heard of breathing without using mouth and nose, like being in the fetal womb, which is fetal breathing."

"I have just been born, my body has not been fully polluted by the outside world, occasionally I can enter into fetal breathing state, but I couldn't capture it previously. But now it is different, I can not only capture it, but also find the patterns and control them..."

"The faint warm breath flowing in my body, could it be the innate Qi that infants have? How wonderful. If it flows in specific patterns, converging all innate Qi within me without dispersing, this warmth will be greatly enhanced, able to protect my infant body!"

"..."

With thoughts moving rapidly, Ning Qi quickly captured that marvelous state and even further integrated it with the innate Qi.

At a speed visible to the naked eye, his originally disordered heartbeat and breathing sound began to become uniform and faint, until it completely disappeared!

If Ning Qi were to close his eyes at this moment, others might think it's a dead infant.

Ning Qi's eyes were filled with surprise.

"Let's call this breathing skill Innate Fetal Breathing Skill."

This is not some ultimate martial path skill but simply an Inner Breathing Technique, rooted in the special state of an infant, yet incredibly miraculous with innate Qi augmentation.

Ning Qi began to fully operate the Innate Fetal Breathing Skill he had just created.

At this moment.

As the warm breath flowed within Ning Qi, even with his mouth and nose tightly shut, he felt no discomfort. Every pore on his body slightly opened and closed to replace breathing, even the intense hunger that grew stronger with time was largely dissipated.

It is incredibly miraculous indeed.

And the anxiety entwining Ning Qi also finally waned significantly.

Ning Qi entered the state of Innate Fetal Breathing, with perception extraordinarily keen, able to hear the outside situation clearly.

Chaotic and dense footsteps sounded continuously, entering the study room where he was located more than once, accompanied by sounds of sabers and swords swinging, and various roaring sounds, seemingly destroying everything around violently.

He guessed it might be Blade Qi or Sword Qi, which terrified him.

Fortunately, Snow Plum Manor was large enough. The study room where Ning Qi was located was inconspicuous and had not been given focused attention without revealing traces.

Instead, some hidden servants were caught and killed on the spot.

On the rooftop of Snow Plum Manor.

A burly man in black clothes frowned, clutching his shoulder with his left hand, where there was a grim sword wound, while occasionally swinging Sword Qi with his right, splitting houses in two, with formidable might. Occasionally some survivors were discovered, but this was undoubtedly too inefficient.

Moreover, he most wanted to find Ning Ye's son without any trace whatsoever.

His inner irritability grew.

The black-clad men from all directions gathered, respectfully saying:

"Lord Feng, all the places that should be searched have been searched, not a bit of movement has been found, your subordinates also carefully sensed every corner but found no baby cries or heartbeats; could it be..."

Before he finished speaking.

Lord Feng interrupted with a wave, coldly saying:

"Absolutely impossible!"

"Jiang Xuemei has just given birth, the couple has already died at my hands, this child cannot have been sent away so quickly!"

With a fierce gaze, he warily scanned around, venting by swinging large areas of Sword Qi, quickly leaping around the manor, yet still unable to sense the slightest sign of a baby.

Finally, Lord Feng sinisterly smiled.

"Really can hide!"

"Set fire for me! Reduce Snow Plum Manor to ashes!"

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 Taoist Longshan

Under the curtain of night.

The flames soared into the sky, the raging tongues of fire devouring both the Snow Plum and the building together.

One by one, the black-clad figures coldly watched the gradually terrifying sea of fire in front of them, merciless and cruel. Occasionally, one or two people who managed to escape the net could not withstand the high temperatures and ran out from the sea of fire, only to have their heads chopped off with a single sword.

Lord Feng's lips slowly curled into a smile.

He wanted to see Snow Plum Manor turned into ashes with his own eyes.

The fire grew even fiercer.

In the distance, a black-clad figure came running in panic.

"Lord Feng, Taoist Longshan of the True Martial Sect is on his way. Should we retreat now?"

Lord Feng furrowed his brow, his eyes flashing with deep apprehension.

"Wasn't that Longshan old fox supposed to come tomorrow? Why has he come early?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Useless!"

Lord Feng snorted coldly and finally ordered,

"Retreat!"

Taoist Longshan was a prodigy, rumored to have inherited the True Martial legacy, making a grand entrance in the Great Yan dynasty and earning a huge reputation. He later rebuilt the True Martial Sect and was renowned among the Taoist sects across the world.

It was said that he was close to entering the Celestial Being Realm, and neither he nor his subordinates had any confidence in outnumbering him.

He looked deeply at the manor now turned into a sea of fire.

Under such fierce flames, an ordinary martial artist couldn't possibly survive, let alone a newborn baby, who probably had already fainted and would turn to charcoal in its sleep.

With a cold smile, the group of black-clad figures departed with the gusting wind.

...

In the hidden compartment.

Ning Qi felt the surrounding temperature slowly rising, both shocked and furious.

He hadn't expected these people to be so vicious, massacring the entire manor and then turning it to ashes.

His eyes were filled with a cold, chilling intent.

But now was not the time to think about these things; the urgent task was how to survive.

The Innate Fetal Breathing Skill continued to run, slowing down the encroaching high temperatures by quite a bit. However, as the fire intensified and started to engulf the hidden compartment, Ning Qi was on a dead-end road!

He was just born, unable to move, and hadn't even eaten. If not for the Innate Fetal Breathing Skill he created, he would probably have died by now.

But even so,

the current situation still seemed hopeless.

"What should I do?"

Ning Qi's mind continued to race. Amidst the roaring flames, he faintly heard that the group of black-clad figures had already left.

"Taoist Longshan? True Martial Sect? Is this Taoist a friend of my parents or another righteous person?"

Thoughts surged in Ning Qi's mind.

He knew that his hope of survival might rest on this Taoist Longshan.

He curled up as much as possible in the swaddling cloth. The material was very special, making him feel a bit more comfortable. He needed to hold on until Taoist Longshan arrived and, more importantly, he needed to make sure Taoist Longshan discovered his existence.

"Sound!"

"I must have a loud enough sound, lest it's drowned out by the crackling of the fire."

Although that Taoist Longshan was a top master, as long as he released the Innate Fetal Breathing state, he would probably notice his presence, but Ning Qi knew he needed to fight for attention himself.

"How can my voice be louder?"

"Blend it with my breath, let the sound spit out along with the breath...An infant's cry is sharp enough; if the vocal cord's frequency can be more reasonable..."

"..."

Ideas continued to flash through Ning Qi's mind.

He attempted to open and close his mouth, the innate qi within his body being mobilized, and he had a strong premonition that once he made a sound, it would definitely be loud enough.

This was a vocal technique; Ning Qi thought it could be called the Sound Wave Vibration Technique.

A gleam flashed across Ning Qi's eyes.

If he knew martial arts now, he might even be able to create a Sound Wave Martial Art, like the Lion's Roar in the martial arts novels of his previous life!

This was the power of maxed-out comprehension.

Everything was ready.

He began to hope.

"Taoist Longshan, you must hurry and come!"

If Taoist Longshan arrived late, he would probably become a scorched corpse.

He could now feel the increasingly surging heat, and the sounds of buildings collapsing in the flames rang out from time to time. If not for the special material of the hidden compartment, he would probably have been crushed to death.

...

The night grew deeper.

But this part of Snow Plum Manor was bright red, like daylight; the sea of fire dyed half the sky red.

When Taoist Longshan arrived here, seeing this scene, a surge of anger rose in his eyes.

"What a vile thief!"

He had come by invitation, but he had not expected to witness such a massacre, the cruelty of the perpetrator's methods being simply outrageous.

Taoist Longshan let out an angry roar, and within his palms, the Gang Qi surged continuously, like thin rain, pressing down upon the sea of flames.

Patches of fire extinguished, but soon even more vigorous flames rose up.

This made his expression even uglier.

If the fire had just started, he would have been confident in extinguishing it, but now it was already a foregone conclusion. Even if he exerted all his strength, he might only be able to save a pile of ruins.

Gang Qi protected his body, allowing him to walk in the flames unscathed, shouting out continuously:

"Manor Master Ning!"

"Heroine Jiang!"

"Taoist Longshan has arrived!"

He knew that the Ning Ye couple were likely doomed, but still harbored a glimmer of hope and fantasy in his heart.

He kept calling out.

But there was no response for a long time.

The Taoist Longshan felt extremely regretful, thinking that if he had arrived half a day earlier, perhaps he could have prevented this tragedy.

Suddenly.

He paused, seemingly hearing the cry of an infant.

He instinctively thought he had misheard, after all, how could there still be a baby in such a sea of fire?

But soon, his expression changed.

Because that cry grew louder, piercing through the flames, it was definitely not an auditory illusion.

"There's still a survivor!"

Taoist Longshan became excited.

He used the force to leap into the air, shooting towards the corner where the sound came from, and then condensed Gang Qi in his palm, instantly extinguishing the flames there.

He slowly approached, his eyes full of astonishment.

The sound of crying was indeed coming from the hidden compartment in front of him.

The Gang Qi in his palm was like a knife, slowly slicing open the hidden compartment, revealing a figure wrapped in swaddling clothes before his eyes.

Looking at the baby in front of him.

The astonishment in Taoist Longshan's eyes grew even more because, after he opened the hidden compartment, the baby stopped crying and quietly looked at him, as if the crying was specifically to lure him over.

Moreover.

He had just sensed the temperature inside the hidden compartment, which was slightly better than outside, but for a newborn baby to survive until now was absolutely a miracle!

Even so, the baby's face was beginning to redden.

"This child truly has a strong life!"

Taoist Longshan gently picked up Ning Qi, discovering a jade pendant inscribed with the word 'Qi' and a book of the Night Plum Swordsmanship in the swaddling clothes.

"The Night Plum Swordsmanship is the pinnacle creation of Manor Master Ning and Heroine Jiang, it seems you are indeed their offspring."

Taoist Longshan sighed.

"Perhaps this is destiny, perhaps it's their spirits watching over you, allowing you to miraculously survive this disaster."

"From now on, you shall be called Ning Qi."

With those words.

Taoist Longshan was surprised to find that the baby in front of him seemed to smile happily.

"You little fellow, full of extraordinary spirituality, naturally able to discern good from evil, you will surely be exceptional in the future."

Ning Qi was also observing the middle-aged Taoist in front of him, dressed in a gray Taoist robe, with a goatee, and gentle eyes, making it easy for one to have good impressions at a glance.

Upon hearing Taoist Longshan's call earlier, Ning Qi decisively used the Sound Wave Vibration Technique to cry out, and now was finally out of danger.

His mind relaxed instantly.

Having just crossed over and encountering such a situation, especially as a newborn baby, upon hearing Taoist Longshan say that his name remained Ning Qi, he smiled slightly and couldn't help but fall into a deep sleep.

Taoist Longshan was startled.

He quickly checked Ning Qi's pulse, feeling relieved upon discovering it was merely due to overexertion needing nourishment, but then immediately became astonished.

For in his perception, the child's innate Qi within was quite abundant.

"No wonder he could withstand the sea of fire until now, thinking back, that crying seemed to carry some kind of technique?"

"Could there really be one who is born knowledgeable?"

Taoist Longshan looked at Ning Qi with increasing amazement.

Without a doubt, this was an uncut gem.

Inherent endowment was solid, exceptionally spiritual, and extraordinarily intelligent.

"Manor Master Ning, the offspring you and your wife left behind is so intelligent; you can rest in peace. Don't worry, I will take him as my disciple, raise him well, and teach him. As for the perpetrators of your murder, I will investigate thoroughly!"

Looking at the Snow Plum Manor engulfed by flames before him, Taoist Longshan silently made a resolution in his heart.

...

The next day.

Taoist Longshan holding Ning Qi stood in front of a clothing mound.

This was the tomb he erected for Ning Qi's parents; the fire was so fierce last night that besides Ning Qi, there were no other survivors in the entire manor, not even a bone could be found.

Having eaten some food borrowed by Taoist Longshan, Ning Qi was now awake.

He looked at the clothing mound in front of him, complexity in his eyes.

Having just crossed over and becoming an orphan, but the maternal love of Jiang Xuemei the day before was still vividly etched in his mind, they sacrificed themselves to preserve Ning Qi, such grace cannot be forgotten.

"One day, I will avenge you."

Ning Qi silently vowed.

He recalled the 'Master Feng' and those murderers from yesterday, a cold killing intent surged in his heart.

This person not only killed his biological parents but nearly led to his demise in the sea of fire too.

This vengeance must be exacted!

With full-level comprehension, all he needs is a stable environment to grow, to rapidly progress, avenging will not be a difficult task, and that day will not be far off.

And now.

A stable growth environment was already provided.

Seeing Taoist Longshan sigh, a myriad of thoughts emerged in his mind, finally turning into a loving smile, he looked down at Ning Qi:

"Little guy, from now on you will be Taoist Longshan's ninth disciple!"

"Come with me back to the mountain!"

Now with Ning Qi, it's not the time to investigate the killers; only after settling Ning Qi can he slowly pursue the investigation. A force capable of massacring the Snow Plum Manor overnight is certainly formidable, given the Ning Ye couple were not weaklings either.

Looking at the smile on Ning Qi's lips, Taoist Longshan felt a bit better.

Holding Ning Qi, he gracefully drifted away.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Eight Years is Too Long

True Martial Mountain.

It pierces the sky like a sharp sword, steep and beautiful. Originally called Divine Sword Mountain, it was renamed after Taoist Longshan won it in a bet against the master of Divine Sword Mountain, rebuilding the True Martial Sect here.

Gradually, this mountain became known as True Martial Mountain.

In the Great Yan's territory of the Thirteen States, True Martial Mountain is located at the border of Qing State and Yun State. Taoist Longshan carried Ning Qi and frequently had to stop to find food for him, so their speed was not fast.

At the foot of the mountain.

Taoist Longshan breathed a sigh of relief, feeling secure now that he was on his own territory.

All along the way, he had been worried about being ambushed, but now he believed the mastermind behind the scenes thought Ning Qi perished in the flames, unaware that one had survived Snow Plum Manor.

This solidified his decision not to reveal Ning Qi's identity too soon, to avoid bringing danger to him.

Ning Qi curiously examined True Martial Mountain before him.

During his time with Taoist Longshan, he had witnessed some local customs, and from these glimpses, he gained some understanding of the world he had traversed into.

This world resembled the ancient feudal society of his previous life, ruled by a dynasty named the Great Yan. But unlike ancient times, in this world, powerful beings known as martial artists flourished.

Martial Artist.

Pursuers of the Martial Path, whose strength and longevity far exceeded ordinary people.

The lower tier could shatter stone tablets and tear apart tigers and leopards effortlessly, while the higher tier could slice rivers and control water with their sword energy spanning a hundred meters.

And his master, Taoist Longshan, belonged to the latter group, renowned across the land.

This made Ning Qi both amazed and somewhat comforted. Although he started as an orphan, things were going smoothly, as he had at least found a good master.

At this moment.

A group of well-built strong men approached; there were youths and even a female practitioner. Upon seeing Taoist Longshan, they were all excited and greeted him respectfully:

"Greetings, Master!"

Taoist Longshan nodded slightly.

These were the eight disciples he had previously accepted, each highly talented, in whom he had placed high hopes, hoping one day they might rejuvenate the True Martial Sect.

"Wentian, how is everything in the sect lately?"

Taoist Longshan gazed at the honest-looking young man in front, his eldest disciple, Luo Wentian.

Luo Wentian respectfully replied:

"Master, all the disciples are following the usual curriculum, and my junior brothers and sisters are diligently practicing."

The entire True Martial Sect.

Consists of hundreds of disciples.

They are divided into Outer Sect Disciples, Inner Sect Disciples, and the eight True Disciples like Luo Wentian.

Taoist Longshan smiled with relief:

"Diligence is good, but remember to balance work and rest."

"We shall heed Master's teachings. Was everything smooth at Snow Plum Manor?"

The disciples' eyes were filled with curiosity, not about Taoist Longshan's whereabouts, but about the baby in his arms. Most notably, the only female disciple, Ye Qinghe, and the youngest male disciple, Qin Yun, started making faces at Ning Qi, attempting to amuse him.

However, Ning Qi merely rolled his eyes and ignored them.

He's not really an ignorant infant.

This made both even more intrigued, their faces breaking into smiles.

Taoist Longshan didn't dwell on suspense; he didn't mention what happened at Snow Plum Manor, but simply smiled and said:

"This baby is named Ning Qi. From now on, he is your ninth junior brother."

Upon hearing this.

Their eyes were filled with astonishment.

Since their master established the sect, he rarely directly accepted True Disciples. Luo Wentian and the other seven disciples all emerged step by step from the Outer Sect and were eventually included as True Disciples by Taoist Longshan.

Except for Qin Yun, admitted ten years ago, who was an exception. He became a True Disciple immediately due to his extraordinary talent, referred to by Taoist Longshan as having the aptitude of a Celestial Being, with a slight prospect of reaching the Martial Saint Realm.

But unexpectedly, after ten years, their master took another disciple, who turned out to be a mere infant.

Moreover, they knew the ninth disciple held significant meaning for the True Martial Sect.

Could this infant also have extraordinary talent?

Everyone congratulated:

"Congratulations to Master on finding a gifted disciple!"

Taoist Longshan merely smiled.

Qin Yun eagerly took Ning Qi from Ye Qinghe's arms. He playfully poked Ning Qi's cheeks, showing obvious fondness. He had always been the youngest, but now there was finally someone younger.

Qin Yun's voice was jubilant; his spirit soared:

"After ten years, Master has accepted another disciple. Our True Martial Nine Sons are finally complete!"

"Give our junior brother eighteen years, and in the future, our True Martial Nine Sons will awe Great Yan, restoring the True Martial Sect to its former glory!"

Everyone laughed heartily.

In their eyes, there was hope.

Taoist Longshan felt the same.

The True Martial Nine Sons.

Were a concept he developed after acquiring the True Martial inheritance, closely related to the teachings he received.

The True Martial inheritance stated that if the True Martial Nine Sons became Nine Great Celestial Beings, they could rival a Martial Saint.

Therefore.

In the past, the True Martial Sect might not have had a Martial Saint in every generation, but they never feared one.

It was considered a pinnacle.

Later, for unknown reasons, it disappeared from the annals of history.

For years, he hadn't accepted a final disciple, but fate brought Ning Qi to him, as if destiny willed it.

"True Martial Nine Sons, huh?"

Listening to the genuine laughter, Ning Qi couldn't help but smile, infected by their joy.

His senior brothers and sister seemed to be all very nice.

He felt a tinge of anticipation for his impending life at True Martial Mountain.

...

In fact.

Ning Qi's senior brothers and sisters were indeed good to him.

Perhaps because Ning Qi was the youngest and the final disciple, his senior brothers and sisters doted on him, especially Third Sister Ye Qinghe and Eighth Brother Qin Yun, who frequently played with him.

Ning Qi gradually went from resistance to acceptance.

In what seemed no time at all, six months had passed.

He had fully integrated into the True Martial Sect.

During this half year.

Ning Qi also displayed extraordinary abilities, possibly due to the dense Innate Qi within him, his growth and development progressed much faster than typical children.

With maximum comprehension, he learned everything at an incredibly fast pace.

Reading and writing were the most basic of tasks.

At merely half a year old, he could already walk steadily on his own and communicate articulately with others. This astonished everyone, who hailed Ning Qi as a prodigy, eagerly awaiting his progress in martial arts as his root bone developed.

However, this was just what he showed on the surface; in reality, Ning Qi was far more advanced than they imagined.

Since his body had not matured, he couldn't yet delve into martial arts.

After learning the world's writing system, Ning Qi immersed himself in the assorted teachings of the True Martial Sect.

Astronomy, feng shui, divination, medicine...

Anything he could learn, he attempted.

In a sense, he was laying the foundation for future martial arts pursuits.

With maximum comprehension, Ning Qi never worried about overextending himself. Merely through self-learning, he had reached a profound level in many areas.

Taoist Longshan and others assumed Ning Qi was exploring out of childhood curiosity, unaware of the level he had achieved.

For example, in medicine.

Ning Qi could already be considered a divine physician.

Building on the medical texts, he created his own unified Ning's Medical Book, as well as remarkable acupuncture techniques such as the Hanging Needle Technique, Golden Needle Crossing Acupoints, and Ghost Gate Thirteen Needles. These were only

restrained by his lack of martial arts experience; otherwise, he would advance even further.

Nonetheless.

Ning Qi has plenty of ideas, just waiting to explore further into martial arts to implement additional skills.

Since his body was not yet developed, he had to wait to explore martial arts.

But ever since he could walk steadily on his own, Ning Qi has pondered one question.

That is.

How to accelerate his growth so his root bone would develop faster, enabling early engagement with martial arts.

It's a common saying among his senior brothers that most people's root bones don't fully develop until age eight, with only a rare few having extraordinary constitutions that enable earlier development.

He thought, waiting until eight years old seemed too long.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Seeking Immortality

Although Ning Qi was not an impatient person, the thought that he would have to wait another seven and a half years before he could touch upon the Martial Path still felt too long.

After all.

He possessed full-level comprehension, and once he set foot on the Martial Path, he would surely progress rapidly.

Ning Qi had not forgotten the clan's annihilation half a year ago.

He didn't want to be like Huang Shang, who, after achieving Great Success in his Divine Skill, found all his enemies already dead.

During these days.

He had begun to ponder how to accelerate the formation of his Root Bone. The dense Innate Qi within him seemed to have a good effect, but he had yet to fully exploit it. Everyone in the True Martial Sect knew that Ning Qi was a prodigy. They feared he might be led astray if he came into contact with the Martial Path too early, so they wouldn't let him read any martial arts texts.

What Ning Qi knew was pieced together from miscellaneous studies, likely with some errors.

"Perhaps I should ask Master."

Ning Qi made up his mind.

He was afraid of misunderstanding and wanted to know the true essence of the so-called Root Bone so that he could create a Secret Technique to accelerate its formation and utilize the Innate Qi he had kept within him.

He moved with small limbs swinging, looking quite adorable. Coupled with his cherubic features, he was all the more endearing.

Along the way.

True Martial Sect's Outer and Inner Sect disciples all greeted him with respect, calling him Ninth Senior Brother.

This was the rule; True Disciples were held in high regard.

Ning Qi clasped his hands behind his back, nodding with an air of maturity:

"Greetings, Junior Brothers and Sisters."

The disciples all secretly chuckled, yet felt a bit astonished. This Ninth Senior Brother was indeed extraordinary—only six months old, yet already so wise, walking with such steady steps, truly unique.

Though the way he swung his little arms and legs was quite amusing.

Ning Qi walked on.

Suddenly, a pair of strong arms lifted him up.

"Jiu, running around everywhere again!"

Hearing the laughter, Ning Qi didn't need to turn around to know who it was—it was his Fifth Senior Brother, Jiang Baishan. Ning Qi struggled to get down:

"Fifth Senior Brother, put me down, I can walk by myself!"

The handsome young man laughed heartily, full of doting affection in his eyes.

"Take it easy, take it easy, don't fall, I'll put you down."

"Fifth Senior Brother, are you going to see Master?"

"Indeed, I've been on the mountain for so long, I need to go down for some training, lest people look down on our True Martial Sect."

Jiang Baishan's eyes showed anticipation.

Before Qin Yun joined, he was the most gifted, and now his skills nearly matched Senior Brother Luo Wentian's.

"Fifth Senior Brother, you're amazing, what realm are you at now?"

"Of course, your Fifth Senior Brother is amazing. Only twenty-five and... pfft, Little Ning Qi, trying to pry it out of me; I won't tell you! You little rascal, you'll naturally find out when you're older."

"If you won't tell me, I'll just ask Master!"

This scene played out quite often—Senior Brothers and Sisters never told him about their martial realms, to Ning Qi's mild annoyance. He shrugged it off, swinging his arms and running into the Bright Martial Pavilion.

Jiang Baishan couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

He shook his head and followed closely after.

Inside the pavilion.

Taoist Longshan was meditating with his eyes closed, only gradually opening them after a while.

"Disciple greets Master!"

Ning Qi and Jiang Baishan saluted respectfully.

Taoist Longshan looked at his two disciples with a cheerful smile, especially at Ning Qi, the affection in his eyes unmistakable. This disciple was truly lovable, picking up everything quickly; he was eagerly awaiting the day Ning Qi would embark on the Martial Path.

Perhaps the future of True Martial Sect lay with this disciple.

"Master, I wish to go down the mountain to practice and uphold our True Martial prestige," Jiang Baishan stated his purpose.

Taoist Longshan looked pleased:

"Going down the mountain to practice is commendable, upholding prestige is secondary; gaining knowledge is primary. You must ensure your own safety, as the Demon Path seems to be resurfacing in recent years; be mindful not to get entangled."

Feeling his Master's concern, Jiang Baishan was touched.

"Master's teachings, this disciple will remember."

Taoist Longshan nodded slowly, then kindly turned to Ning Qi with a smile:

"Jiu, what brings you to me today? Has your Third Senior Sister been teasing you again, and you've come to tattle?"

Jiang Baishan also laughed.

Ye Qinghe loved to tease Ning Qi the most.

But Ning Qi shook his head, his little face scrunched up, and he leaned in mysteriously:

"Disciple discovered something odd, feeling a tingling and itching sensation deep within every night. Master, could there be a monster on our True Martial Mountain?"

Taoist Longshan chuckled and scolded:

"Nonsense."

Yet, listening to Ning Qi's words, he became contemplative. He placed his hand on Ning Qi's shoulder, and Ning Qi could sense a mysterious power flowing within. Taoist Longshan's face displayed a hint of surprise.

"This is... the Root Bone accelerating in formation, how could it be so early?"

Ning Qi's face lit up with joy:

"Master, do you mean I can start training in martial arts like Eighth Senior Brother?"

Jiang Baishan also looked at Taoist Longshan in surprise, but Taoist Longshan merely laughed and tapped Ning Qi's head:

"You little trickster, trying to cleverly find out from me."

With his little disciple's intelligence, how could he not notice such changes? Mentioning monsters was just a ploy to coax him into revealing this matter.

Ning Qi chuckled and asked the question he'd been wanting to know:

"Master, what exactly is the Root Bone?"

Taoist Longshan pondered slightly, then said:

"Very well, I'll explain it to you today, lest you remain anxious and restless. Since your Root Bone is already accelerating its formation, you must continue with both medicinal and dietary support."

Ning Qi sat up properly.

"The so-called Root Bone is not the muscles or bones; it is not a tangible thing. It is the human body's foundation, a treasure within. As a child is born, the seed is planted, requiring time to nurture; it grows immersed in the Power of Heaven and Earth, fostered by mysterious forces, and will continue to grow."

"Countless predecessors have studied and concluded that the Root Bone in most children forms at the age of eight. A few with abundant Innate Qi might form earlier, like your Eighth Senior Brother, who embarked on the Martial Path at seven."

"As for you, it might be even sooner."

Taoist Longshan stroked his beard with a smile, recalling when he found Ning Qi half a year ago in a hidden compartment amidst the fiery blaze. That Innate Qi was indeed dense, yet he hadn't expected it to accelerate growth by only half a year of age.

Generally speaking, those who start training early tend to achieve remarkable feats, with a greater possibility of reaching profound martial stages, though it's not guaranteed.

He naturally didn't know that Ning Qi had already begun consciously mobilizing his own Innate Qi into his body.

Ning Qi had an epiphany.

He had always thought that Root Bone referred to the muscles and bones of the body, needing to develop to a certain extent to bear the Martial Path.

Now it seemed this was just the surface.

The concept of Root Bone was so profound, it involved the body's foundation and the Power of Heaven and Earth.

He'd been somewhat lucky before, making some accidental right steps from the superficial to the core.

Fortunately, he corrected his direction in time; that's the benefit of having a master. Even with full-level comprehension, timely guidance can help avoid detours in the early stages of life.

"Disciple thanks Master for clarifying!" Ning Qi said respectfully.

He felt joyous, his confusion resolved; he had found a direction. Given time, creating a Secret Technique to accelerate the formation of Root Bone wouldn't be difficult.

Six years old?

He still thought it too long.

Taoist Longshan laughed:

"Since we've talked about Root Bone today, whatever other questions you have, ask them all, lest your tricky little mind dwell on them every day."

Ning Qi's eyes lit up, and he asked something he had always wanted to know:

"May I ask, Master, can the Martial Path lead to immortality?"

The desire in his eyes was brilliantly radiant.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 Innate Bone Nourishing Skill

In his previous life, Ning Qi suffered from gradual paralysis and died in despair.

In this life, he was caught in a perilous situation at birth and learned that he had already endured a hundred lifetimes of suffering, which made him obsessed with living.

He loathed death.

He wanted to live, to achieve immortality.

As Ning Qi finished speaking, Taoist Longshan was slightly stunned, and Jiang Baishan was even more surprised.

Taoist Longshan frowned slightly, initially intending to scold Ning Qi for his lofty ambitions, but when he saw the astonishing desire in the eyes of the half-year-old child, he fell silent, swallowing back the rebuke that had reached his lips.

Jiang Baishan said:

"Jiu, how can there be a method for immortality in this world..."

But before he could finish, Taoist Longshan interrupted him with a wave of his hand.

His expression was incredibly solemn, staring intently at Ning Qi.

And Ning Qi did not retreat in the slightest; this was his goal and it would not change.

After a long while.

Taoist Longshan gazed at Ning Qi and slowly began to speak:

"The beginning of the Martial Path involves refining skin, refining flesh, refining tendons, refining bones, refining organs, refining marrow, refining blood, and refining spirit. These are the Body Tempering Eight Realms. If one succeeds in achieving perfection without any deficiency, one's qi and blood will not dissipate, and one will be free from all maladies. At this stage, one's lifespan reaches the mortal limit of two Jiazi."

Ning Qi's eyes were bright, but he was unmoved.

Two Jiazi is too little.

"Achieving Body Tempering Perfection and gaining insight into Inner Strength, one enters the Inner Essence Realm. With Inner Essence, every move carries great force, and one's lifespan can reach two hundred years!"

Ning Qi still remained unmoved.

Two hundred years is not enough.

Taoist Longshan withdrew his gaze, turning towards the myriad green mountains outside the Bright Martial Pavilion.

"Inner Strength Ninefold achieves Gang Formation, which is the Gang Essence Realm. The Gang Essence bursts forth, its power unparalleled, and one's lifespan extends to four hundred years!"

"Gang Essence passes through three realms of White Mist, Jade Liquid, and Primordial Core. Divine Intent increases, resonating with Heaven and Earth, reaching the Realm of Celestial Being Unity, where splitting rivers and mountains is but a trivial matter. This is the Celestial Human Realm, with a lifespan of eight hundred years!"

At this point.

Taoist Longshan's words carried a faint, almost imperceptible yearning.

He was half a step away from the Celestial Human Realm, but that half step was as difficult as climbing to the heavens. Under the heavens, all were ants; fortunately, with

his unparalleled talent, it would only take a few years to reach it, or else he would not have gained the True Martial inheritance back then.

Eight hundred years!

Legend tells of a long-lived person named Peng Zu in the past, who lived for eight hundred years. With such a lengthy lifespan, one could witness the changes of dozens of generations of mortals. To mortals, what difference is there between them and an immortal?

Ning Qi gained a deeper understanding of the wonders of this world.

He felt a slight anticipation, but still slowly shook his head.

Eight hundred years is long, but compared to immortality, it's just as fleeting as closing one's eyes for a nap.

"Master, is there anyone with a longer lifespan than the Celestial Human Realm?"

Jiang Baishan was holding his breath, listening to the conversation between master and disciple. He felt his ninth junior brother was indeed different; the Celestial Human Realm was already the pinnacle strength in the world, enough to make countless people pursue it their entire lives, yet he was still not satisfied?

The surprise in his eyes intensified.

Perhaps this is not a child's wild talk. A person's achievements are inseparably linked to their ambition. At least he had never thought of such a question; thinking of it like this, he even developed a sense of respect for his junior brother.

Taoist Longshan answered without directly responding:

"How do you find these blue mountains?"

Ning Qi followed his gaze, seeing the majestic expanse of the mountains, which made one feel insignificantly small, instinctively sighing:

"Born of nature, unchanging over ten thousand years."

Taoist Longshan spoke earnestly:

"Though unchanged for ten thousand years, it does not mean they cannot be changed. Even the mountains do not last forever, let alone humans. How can one achieve immortality?"

"The essence of a person's life is not in how long they live, but in what they achieve."

Having great ambitions is good, but he worried about his disciple having unrealistic thoughts and losing his way.

Ning Qi remained silent for a moment, hearing the admonition from Taoist Longshan.

Though the average person would not dare to have extraordinary thoughts, he possessed complete comprehension; immortality was not a mere fantasy.

Ning Qi respectfully kowtowed, solemnly saying:

"Please guide me, Master!"

Taoist Longshan helped Ning Qi up and sighed lightly:

"Foolish child."

Having such intelligence at such a young age cannot be viewed with ordinary eyes.

His voice extended like a distant echo:

"Above the Celestial Human, there is the Martial Saint. When a Martial Saint arises, the world is without opponents. As for lifespan, it is said a Martial Saint can live for thousands of years, but no one has ever seen one. Some say they might have broken the limits of the world and reached other realms."

"As for beyond the Martial Saint, I do not know. Perhaps a higher peak in the Martial Path can lead to eternal immortality. Everything is unknown; only those who achieve the Martial Saint would know."

"If you aspire for longevity, attaining the highest peak of the Martial Path may grant you a different perspective."

Taoist Longshan decided to guide him; this might not be a bad thing.

He smiled at Ning Qi standing before him.

Ning Qi's eyes were bright.

A Martial Saint invincible in the world, living for thousands of years?

Though it differed greatly from his expectations, it wasn't bad; once he becomes a Martial Saint in the future, he will naturally have more time to pursue the true method for immortality.

One must take things step by step.

Instant success is unrealistic.

"Set a small goal first, to become a Martial Saint!"

Ning Qi committed himself to this determination.

If at that time it is confirmed that the Martial Path cannot achieve longevity, then he will change paths.

By then, with an enhanced essence of life, his comprehension will be stronger, and standing on a high point with rich experience, opening a new path will be simpler than currently searching blindly for a method of longevity.

After hearing the lengthy talk from Taoist Longshan, Ning Qi felt his goal became much clearer, once again expressing gratitude:

"Thank you, Master, for resolving my confusion."

Seeing Ning Qi's radiant Essence, Qi, and Spirit, Jiang Baishan feared he might face setbacks in the future and couldn't help but remind:

"Jiu, perhaps there really is no method for immortality in this world?"

Ning Qi smiled faintly.

He respectfully bowed to Taoist Longshan and Jiang Baishan, then left, swinging his arms.

Only his voice echoed in the pavilion.

"If there's no road to immortality, I will blaze one myself."

Inside the Bright Martial Pavilion.

Spirit Concentration Incense ascended in spirals, a silent atmosphere.

Taoist Longshan and his disciple exchanged a glance, each seeing the astonishment in the other's eyes.

This child is extraordinary.

...

Since that conversation with Taoist Longshan, several True Disciples of the True Martial Sect were surprised to find that their precocious ninth junior brother stopped pestering them about the Martial Path, and instead pondered something on his own.

"Jiu, the things you asked for are here, remember to take them on time."

Luo Wentian called out to Ning Qi inside his courtyard, then shook his head as he left.

Ning Qi was very independent; except for tasks limited by his small body that required assistance, he completed everything himself.

After learning that Ning Qi's Root Bone had begun to accelerate in formation, Taoist Longshan started supplementing him with medicine, mostly foundational strengthening herbs.

Ning Qi seized this opportunity to acquire some other medicinal materials.

As for their purpose, naturally, it was for his plans.

At the moment in the room.

Ning Qi consumed the medicinal porridge he had prepared, then sat cross-legged on the bed as if a little adult, closing his eyes tightly.

Within his body.

The Innate Qi circulated in a specific pattern, dissipating slightly with each cycle, as if spreading throughout his limbs and bones. Then Ning Qi felt an intense itching sensation arise deeper within, much more severe than before!

Ning Qi was not startled but delighted.

"Success!"

He discerned the essence of the Root Bone, using Innate Qi as the foundation, supplemented by the Ning's Medical Book he created himself, finally gaining complete insight into the Bone Nourishing Technique.

"This skill shall be named Innate Bone Nourishing Skill!"

This was Ning Qi's achievement over this period.

After conversing with Taoist Longshan, he realized the Root Bone was an intangible thing and continually experimented with actively activating Innate Qi to accelerate Root Bone growth, certainly faster than passively accelerating like before.

And now, success was finally his!

"With Innate Bone Nourishing Skill, I can actively nourish the Root Bone, its growth accelerating several times!"

Filled with anticipation, Ning Qi's eyes shined brightly.