

Starting as a Son-in-law to Establish an immortal Family #Chapter 1291: 445: A Change in the Secret Realm, Ghost Cultivator!_3 - Read Starting as a Son-in-law to Establish an immortal Family Chapter 1291: 445: A Change in the Secret Realm, Ghost Cultivator!_3

Chapter 1291: Chapter 445: A Change in the Secret Realm, Ghost Cultivator!_3

The fierce wind howled, and an eerie, elusive sound echoed throughout heaven and earth, wailing mournfully.

There were men, women, the elderly, the young; the voices were hoarse, piercing, somber, howling, sharp, and chilling to the core.

At the same time, countless ghosts drifted out from the pitch-black aura, their faces twisted and terrifying, exuding boundless resentment!

“Not good!”

“What is happening!?”

“How could there be so many ghosts suppressed beneath the Tianyuan Secret Realm!?”

“No, these are no longer ghosts—they’re Ghost Cultivators!”

Venerable Lingfeng and Chu Qingyi, along with the others, turned pale upon witnessing the scene.

They had long realized that the Wordless Monument was no ordinary object and deemed it the core of the secret realm.

Thus, their plan was to exhaust all its opportunities and inheritances before attempting to break open the monument.

But they hadn’t expected the external battle beyond the secret realm to directly impact the monument, causing it to shatter and collapse.

And beneath this monument was sealed such an enormous terror!

“Ghosts!”

“Why are there so many ghosts!?”

Everyone present turned pale upon seeing the spectacle.

Outside the secret realm, demons and righteous forces were clashing, making it extremely dangerous for them to leave.

Yet, if they stayed, facing so many ghosts, they feared they wouldn't survive either.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!—"

Ghosts charged toward the crowd's location.

Venerable Huxiao reacted swiftly, slapping his Spiritual Pet Bag to summon a massive, menacing White Tiger with twin wings sprouting from its back.

"Roar——"

The White Tiger let out a thunderous roar at the ghosts, the sound like rolling thunder creating infinite arcs of lightning. Instantly, ghost after ghost disintegrated, turning into gray mist carried away by the wind.

"It seems this White Tiger has improved significantly compared to before."

Lu Changsheng had previously witnessed the power of Venerable Huxiao and this Third Rank White Tiger.

Now, he noticed faint purple streams adorning the wings of the tiger.

He realized the White Tiger had made substantial progress after absorbing the Thunderstorm Crystal from the Wind Thunder Houn.

Immediately, Lu Changsheng continued to keenly observe Nangong Mili and the previously suspicious cultivator.

He had initially believed that most Core Formation cultivators from other countries had entered the Tianyuan Secret Realm seeking opportunities.

But now, seeing Nangong Mili, this suspicious cultivator, and the appearance of Nascent Soul True Lords outside, he doubted this was purely about chance.

Lu Changsheng suspected that a certain country or faction intended to invade Jiang Country by weakening its strength and morale through such means.

"I'll go check the situation out!"

Venerable Huxiao said in his deep voice, riding his White Tiger and flying toward the collapsed monument to investigate.

“Kill! Kill! Kill!—”

“Roar!”

As he moved, more and more ghosts emerged, attacking Venerable Huxiao.

But these ghosts were at most at the Foundation Establishment level, completely unfit to be opponents for Venerable Huxiao.

“Hehehe—”

Just then, a sinister, cold laugh sounded from the void.

A dark shadow suddenly appeared behind Venerable Huxiao, a jade-green ghostly claw reaching for his head.

“Roar!”

Venerable Huxiao spun around abruptly, bellowing like a Tiger King at the shadowy ghost. A platinum-colored chain appeared in his hand and swung fiercely at the ghostly figure.

“Boom!”

Before the ghost, a web of green flames seemed to ignite, blocking the assault of the chain, producing sounds like boiling water.

“A Core Formation Ghost Cultivator!”

Venerable Lingfeng, Chu Qingyi, and the others saw this and all grew grim.

The appearance of one Core Formation Ghost Cultivator hinted at the possibility of a second, or even a third...

If that happened, the Tianyuan Secret Realm might slip out of their control entirely.

“So this is a Ghost Cultivator...”

Lu Changsheng gazed at the ghost battling Venerable Huxiao and narrowed his eyes.

This was his first time witnessing what was called a Ghost Cultivator.

From what he knew, Ghost Cultivators generally came in two forms.

One form emerged when a cultivator died, and their soul was fortuitously preserved, giving birth to an undead spirit.

The other form involved cultivators transforming themselves into Ghost Cultivators through cultivation techniques.

But regardless of which form, Ghost Cultivators were almost entirely unlike their former selves, amounting to an entirely new existence.

“Things are looking rather dire now...”

Lu Changsheng saw the endless gray energy engulfing the realm, saturating the space as though turning the entire secret realm into a ghostly abyss.

Given how things stood, no one could tell how many Core Formation Ghost Cultivators might emerge from beneath the monument.

There was even the possibility of a Nascent Soul Ghost Cultivator appearing, something that Lu Changsheng wouldn't find surprising under such circumstances.

At this moment, everyone present realized something terribly amiss, their faces tense and anxious, their eyes directed toward Venerable Lingfeng.

“Everyone, attack with me! Suppress these ghosts!”

Venerable Lingfeng shouted decisively.

With so many ghosts emerging in the Tianyuan Secret Realm, they had to be stopped at all costs.

If this situation spiraled out of control and spread to the outside, it would ruin everything!

Chapter 1292: Chapter 446: 6: Milí, long time no see, miss you so much!

“Starfall Chessboard!”

As soon as he spoke, the chessboard in Venerable Lingfeng's hand soared into the sky, spinning above the firmament like a celestial curtain, its surface littered with falling black and white pieces.

“Buzz buzz buzz——”

Black and white pieces landed, forming a profound and mysterious formation, even stirring the forces of heaven and earth within the Secret Realm.

Lu Changsheng recognized that this Lingfeng was a formation cultivator, capable of deploying formations with ease using Magical Treasures.

Beside him, Chu Qingyi—her appearance cold and exquisitely beautiful—held her Magical Sword, emanating a peerless Sword Intent, and charged toward the Nascent Soul Ghost Cultivator grappling with Venerable Huxiao.

The Ghost Cultivator, already no match for Venerable Huxiao, fell into a disastrous retreat in the face of Chu Qingyi's assault, shrieking in agony.

Meanwhile, the last Nascent Soul Immortal of the Luoxia Sect rallied disciples of the Four Great Immortal Sects into a battle formation, consolidating terrifying bursts of magical attacks that blasted at the ghosts.

Any ghost attempting to surge forth from beneath the stone tablet was obliterated, reduced to ashes in the face of such magical power.

"So this is the might of the Immortal Sects?"

"Nascent Soul Immortals... truly terrifying!"

Cultivators from other factions and Clan Cultivators looked upon the unfolding scene with stunned expressions.

Though many of them were Foundation Establishment Cultivators,

aside from Lu Changsheng and a select few, most had never witnessed a true Nascent Soul battle.

Only through this fight did they glimpse the power of Nascent Soul Immortals,

and starkly feel the insurmountable divide between Foundation Establishment and Nascent Soul.

No matter how peerless a genius one might be, it was difficult to bridge the chasm between Great Realms!

"It seems this battle formation has great potential..."

Lu Changsheng observed the techniques of the Four Great Immortal Sect disciples, murmuring inwardly.

He discerned that their battle formation lacked both finesse and synergy.

It was cobbled together using some kind of Secret Technique and Magic Artifacts as mediums.

Were his own offspring to cultivate the "Five Elements Union Sutra" and form a Five Elements Battle Formation, its power would far outstrip this demonstration.

As the ghosts were suppressed, the spine-chilling, piercing wails gradually diminished.

Yet Nascent Soul Ghost Cultivators still emerged, charging toward Chu Qingyi and the others.

However, these Ghost Cultivators posed no real threat to Chu Qingyi and the others.

“So terrifying. If not for the presence of the four Nascent Soul Immortals, these Ghost Cultivators alone would destroy an entire Nascent Soul force!”

Someone spoke in a low voice, filled with lingering fear.

No one had anticipated that what was meant to be an opportunity for fortune would turn into such a dire situation.

“Boom boom boom——”

“Boom boom boom——”

Alongside the resounding cacophony of battle, the entire Secret Realm began to quake violently. The Sky Dome became shrouded in a gray-black haze, as if enveloped by the aura of decay and ruin.

“This is bad—the Secret Realm is collapsing!?”

At this moment, Lu Changsheng noticed strands of ominous black cracks appearing across the sky, emanating a horrifying aura, and instantly realized that something was amiss.

Under normal circumstances, even when a Secret Realm began breaking apart, the process would take a long period.

At least several years, decades, or even centuries.

Yet this Secret Realm was rapidly rotting and disintegrating.

Not just Lu Changsheng, but Lingfeng, Chu Qingyi, and the others had noticed the change as well.

“Move! Everyone head to the exit immediately!”

Lingfeng’s expression fluctuated between light and dark. Without hesitation, he shouted decisively.

A collapsing Secret Realm might transport them out.

But it might also drag them into the Great Void.

For ordinary cultivators, entering the Great Void was certain death!

Even Nascent Soul Immortals would face near-certain doom against the shadowy chaos within the Great Void.

“Jie jie jie——”

Suddenly, a low, eerie chuckle echoed out, causing all cultivators present to feel their hairs stand on end, their scalps tingling, and their Qi-Blood surging uncontrollably.

In an instant, the temperature in the surrounding air seemed to plummet, becoming bone-chillingly cold—as if they had plunged into an icy abyss.

“This isn’t good!”

“Be careful!”

Lingfeng, Chu Qingyi, and the others turned pale, their instincts screaming danger as alarm bells rang in their minds.

“Buzz——”

A blurry figure walked out of the shadows.

He wore a White Jade Crown and a tattered, antiquated white Qilin Flowing Clouds Robe.

On his hands, face, and neck—any exposed parts of his skin—scarlet, grotesque hair could be seen sprouting in patches.

“What is this?”

“Is this—an Yin Corpse?”

Every cultivator present stared at the figure in horror, a palpable dread snaking through their hearts like they were teetering at the edge of an abyss, their backs pierced by icy needles, walking carefully across thin ice.

This entity emanated an aura of unparalleled terror.

Even Lu Changsheng felt his spine tingle and hair bristle, realizing that this figure was completely beyond comprehension, invincible!

“Jie jie jie——”

The figure's hollow, lifeless eyes gazed toward Chu Qingyi and Venerable Huxiao, unleashing two sinister beams of blood-red light, accompanied by his hauntingly deep and ominous laughter.

The sound was suffocatingly oppressive and eerie, unsettling hearts and stirring Qi-Blood wildly, almost causing many to faint on the spot.

But before the laughter ceased, the figure materialized behind Venerable Huxiao without warning. His red-haired hand thrust out viciously.

"What—!"

Venerable Huxiao's eyes widened as he felt the strike imbued with Space Force, trapping his body as if ensnared in quicksand, leaving him unable to escape. He had no choice but to mobilize his Mana to form a Magic Barrier for defense.

"Boom!"

The towering and imposing Venerable Huxiao's expression shifted drastically as his Spiritual Power Magic Barrier shattered under the attack. His entire body was sent hurtling backward, crashing into the ground, forming a pit several meters wide, with dust and sand erupting into the air.

At that moment, Chu Qingyi raised her Magical Sword, and a burst of radiant Spiritual Light exploded, her Sword Intent sharp as frost, fiercely slashing at the figure's shoulder.

"Clang!"

A resounding clash like metal striking metal echoed.

The impact of Chu Qingyi's awe-inspiring strike against the red-haired figure's body seemed to leave no mark.

Only his ancient and dilapidated Qilin Flowing Clouds Robe showed faint tears, exposing the densely red-haired flesh beneath.

Chapter 1293: Chapter 446: 6: Milí, Long Time No See, Really Miss You!_2

"This..."

Chu Qingyi's cold and aloof expression suddenly changed.

She was well aware of the power behind her sword strike.

Even a Third-Order Body Refining Cultivator wouldn't dare take it head-on with their physical body.

Yet the opponent was completely unscathed.

"Quickly leave the secret realm!"

Lingfeng Immortal's face was incredibly grim as he shouted loudly, both hands forming a gesture incantation.

Seen atop the sky dome's Starfall Chessboard, countless black and white pieces fell, seemingly aiming to seal and intercept the red-haired figure.

The other clan cultivators and disciples of the Four Great Immortal Sects dared not hesitate or dilly-dally at this moment. Understanding that such a level of combat was far beyond their strength, they could only flee in desperation!

Lu Changsheng saw this, and without the slightest hesitation, joined the large crowd in their retreat.

"Interesting, truly interesting."

At this moment, a young man suddenly chuckled lightly, "I didn't expect this Tianyuan Secret Realm to produce such changes. It seems this situation must have caught the Four Great Immortal Sects of Jiang Country off guard in their plans to take control, wouldn't you agree?"

"In that case, I don't mind tossing another fire into the chaos!"

After speaking, the youth's momentum surged violently, his physique glowing with dark light, radiating a powerful and astonishing magical aura.

Holding a small black arrow in his hand, he shot it abruptly towards Lingfeng Immortal, who was preparing a formation, creating a sharp and ear-piercing whistle.

Nearby, the Luoxia Sect Immortal responded promptly, throwing a small seal-like magical treasure to defend against the attack aimed at Lingfeng Immortal.

"Demon Cultivator!"

The surrounding cultivators were immediately horrified, their faces drastically changing.

Many clan cultivators instantly activated talismans and magic artifacts, frantically fleeing toward other directions and the secret realm's entrance.

"The hunt begins!"

At that moment, a scrawny old man suddenly let out a sinister laugh, his momentum rising sky-high, transforming into a towering and fearsome burly man standing over two meters tall.

“Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh——”

Nascent Soul-level magical power erupted astonishingly as a layer of pitch-black radiance shimmered around his figure.

Within the black light, there seemed to be a dreadful demon lying dormant, faintly visible, spreading and enveloping everything around.

This was none other than the Law Domain of a Nascent Soul Cultivator!

“Ah——”

The cultivators trapped within the Law Domain were immediately rendered powerless, letting out only a single, blood-curdling scream.

Faintly visible amidst the domain’s darkness were grim demons ripping humans into two halves, with blood splattering everywhere.

The other cultivators witnessing this sight became ashen-faced as they saw their fellow Foundation Establishment Cultivators, who had been traveling with them just moments earlier, falling victim to such a cruel death.

But at that moment, not a single person dared to stay and confront the Nascent Soul Demon Cultivator.

They hurriedly executed secret techniques, flying with all haste toward the secret realm’s entrance.

The gap between Foundation Establishment and Nascent Soul cultivators was as wide as an uncrossable chasm!

Although joining forces might offer an opportunity, no one wanted to be the first to step forward and take the initiative to lead the charge.

Moreover, at this moment, the focus was solely on escaping; they need not outrun a Nascent Soul Immortal, just other cultivators.

“You demonic scoundrels, courting death!”

Lingfeng Immortal’s expression was ghastly as he witnessed the scene.

The plan of the Four Great Immortal Sects was to use the Tianyuan Secret Realm to trap enemies in the Heaven-and-Earth Net, annihilating rival nation cultivators.

They had even observed forces secretly intensifying the situation, trying to take advantage of the opportunity to lure bigger prey.

Who would have thought the Tianyuan Secret Realm would suffer such unexpected changes, causing the situation to spiral out of their control?

If the clan cultivators and sect disciples incurred severe losses, the entire Jiang Country Cultivation Realm would face great injury, leaving them ill-equipped to handle future wars within the cultivation world!

“Boom!”

The red-haired figure broke free from the constraints of the formation, its massive, flaming hand smashing onto the chessboard formation, causing Lingfeng Immortal’s blood and qi to surge. His face turned pale.

“Demonic path seeks death! Tiger Divine Transformation!”

Venerable Huxiao, who had just been struck into a deep pit by the red-haired figure, leaped upward once again.

His face was pale, blood seeping from the corners of his mouth—clearly, he hadn’t fared well from the earlier attack.

But given the present situation, he knew he had to stabilize the battlefield.

With a thunderous roar, his massive and towering body grew even larger, and a spectral white tiger coiled around him. Above the sky dome, the Third-Rank White Tiger roared mightily, merging with him.

“Shit, looks like the Four Great Immortal Sects really messed up.”

“It’s true; often walking by the river, there’s no way your shoes stay dry.”

Lu Changsheng watched this unfold and immediately realized the Four Great Immortal Sects had overstepped.

If it were merely two Demon Path Nascent Souls, the problem wouldn’t be too severe.

But that red-haired figure? Even the combined efforts of Lingfeng Immortal, Venerable Huxiao, Chu Qingyi, and the Luoxia Sect’s Nascent Soul might not be enough to counter it.

“And besides, there might be other demonic path Nascent Souls mixed in here!”

Lu Changsheng strongly suspected that among the crowd of cultivators, aside from Nangong Mili, there were other Demon Path Nascent Souls hiding.

These Nascent Souls, however, might genuinely be here for the secret realm, unconnected to the earlier pair.

“Swoosh!”

At this moment, a handsome young man suddenly attacked Lu Changsheng.

A torrent of magical power, like a spirit snake, coiled toward him.

“Hmm!?”

Lu Changsheng’s eyes narrowed slightly as his purple flying shuttle shot into the air. He cast a talisman in his hand, neutralizing the magic power, and feigned ignorance, asking, “Daoist, may I know how I’ve offended you?”

“Hmph!”

The young man merely snorted coldly, continuing his assault on Lu Changsheng.

His attack was initially a probe, but as his aura intensified, Nascent Soul-level magical power surged outward in an overwhelming wave.

“Shit, another Nascent Soul Immortal!”

“Damn it, why are there so many Nascent Souls!”

“Run, hurry!”

“Wait, isn’t that Lu Changsheng from Bihu Mountain? Did he offend this Nascent Soul Immortal?”

The surrounding cultivators saw this and turned pale, scrambling to get away to avoid being dragged into the conflict.

Among those retreating, a few cultivators from the Qingyun Region who knew of Lu Changsheng stared with disbelief and surprise.

Someone like Jin Zan, seeing the situation, felt a rush of excitement and hope, silently wishing for Lu Changsheng to be killed by the Nascent Soul Immortal.

“Since you want to play, then I’ll humor you.”

Lu Changsheng saw through the young man’s disguise as Nangong Mili, laughing faintly in his heart.

He retrieved and activated a Third-Rank Escape Talisman from his storage ring, transforming into a streak of light that shot away in another direction.

“Hmph, trying to flee!”

Nangong Mili snorted lightly and rushed after Lu Changsheng, her figure also becoming a streak of light headed in his direction.

Using the Misty Sky Bead to keep her true identity concealed, she didn't unleash her full strength, opting to remain at the Initial Stage of Core Formation in cultivation and magical power.

But even so, her power was more than sufficient to deal with Lu Changsheng. However, she remained cautious despite her superiority.

During her year in Jiang Country, she'd been keeping tabs on Lu Changsheng's information, knowing full well he was far from ordinary!

"What!? Is that a Third-Rank Talisman!?"

Someone witnessed Lu Changsheng's action and cried out in surprise.

Third-Rank Talismans were known to be rare and precious, and Lu Changsheng's use of one in a dire situation seemed extremely lavish to those observing.

"Even though this Mountain Lord Lu is a Third-Rank Talisman Master, escaping the pursuit of a Nascent Soul Immortal is no simple feat."

"A Third-Rank Talisman Master could hold their own against a False Core Immortal to some extent, but against a Nascent Soul Immortal? It's definitely a dead-end!"

"This Mountain Lord Lu is quite something; to think he'd manage to provoke a Nascent Soul Immortal."

Not daring to linger further, the watching crowd frantically rushed toward the secret realm's exit.

Moments later.

Lu Changsheng arrived at the edge of the secret realm, halting his movement. His green robe fluttered in the wind as he stood with his hands behind his back.

Looking at Nangong Mili approaching, a faint smile played on his lips as he said, "Mili, we haven't met for years, but I've missed you greatly."

"Hmm!?"

Nangong Mili froze in her tracks, shocked that Lu Changsheng had recognized her.

The Misty Sky Bead was renowned for its incredible disguise capabilities, even most Nascent Souls couldn't pierce through its effect.

She said nothing, her vigilance rising as she cast a purple magical hand from afar, which surged with mist-like energy and came crashing toward Lu Changsheng.

At this moment, the Nine Treasures Ruyi Bone glimmered on Lu Changsheng's chest, releasing Core Formation Stage magical power.

Within the depths of his Qi Ocean Core, the Golden Core Dao Foundation resting in the Elixir Lake slowly ascended, forming an invisible aura around his body that rendered the purple magical hand powerless.

"How is this possible!?"

Nangong Mili's expression turned to one of disbelief, her heart churning with monumental shock as she struggled to comprehend the development.

She vividly remembered Lu Changsheng only being at the Initial Stage of Foundation Establishment back then, barely managing to advance to the Mid-Stage using her Profound Yin Jade Liquid!

How many years had passed, and somehow he'd broken through to the Core Formation Stage!?

"Mili, do you hate me so much?"

"They say one day as husband and wife is worth a hundred days of gratitude. We shared years as a married couple; surely, we can sit down and talk things over calmly."

"How have you been all these years since? After our separation, did you encounter any dangers during your return to Jin Kingdom?"

Lu Changsheng, with his handsome features and gentle voice, spoke with an elegant and composed demeanor.

Chapter 1294: Chapter 447: Suppressing Nangong Mili!

Nangong Mili faced Lu Changsheng's warm and gentle gaze.

Seeing his uncommonly handsome features, like a Banished Immortal descending to the mortal world, dressed in a flowing azure robe, elegant and poised, with a voice full of concern, her heart unexpectedly trembled, surfacing a trace of softness.

Memories of that year surfaced in her mind—grievously injured and still unhealed, carrying her daughter Nangong Yaoyao, and traveling across the

perilous Myriad Beasts Mountain Range with her disciple, Meng Xiaochan, to return to the Jin Kingdom.

Even as a Nascent Soul Immortal, the journey was fraught with endless dangers.

However, it was thanks to Lu Changsheng's Misty Sky Bead.

Without this Misty Sky Bead, she and Meng Xiaochan might not have made it back safely.

She recalled how, back then, when she was about to leave, Lu Changsheng, to help her heal, voluntarily departed and even gifted her the Misty Sky Bead, such an Exotic Treasure. Complicated emotions inexplicably surged within Nangong Mili's heart.

Though he had humiliated and mistreated her in countless ways, he had shown her some kindness nonetheless...

"Hmm!?"

The next moment, Nangong Mili's heart suddenly halted, realizing something was amiss.

What is going on!

This scoundrel not only planted a Gu on her and Xiao Chan but also humiliated and mistreated her extensively!

How could such matters be forgiven so easily!

Moreover, if he truly cared about her, would he have waited until now?

Xiao Chan had been under the influence of the Lockheart Gu for years; had he ever shown a shred of concern for her?

"Scoundrel, prepare to die!"

Nangong Mili's phoenix eyes turned icy cold, and she shouted in a chilling voice.

With her words, a purple jade flute appeared in her hand, poised at her lips.

Since Lu Changsheng had recognized her and with no one else around, she no longer concealed her strength. Unleashing her Mid Nascent Soul Stage cultivation and magical power, she aimed to suppress Lu Changsheng completely.

"Woo-woo-woo—"

At that moment, as she struck with all her might, the disguise from the Misty Sky Bead was automatically undone, revealing a woman in her thirties with extraordinarily alluring and enchanting beauty. Her skin was flawless and snow-white, dressed in a luxurious purple gauze gown.

Her figure was seductively lithe, with graceful curves, long legs, and a devilishly stunning physique, her beauty breathtaking to behold.

As for her face, words like “nation-toppling” or “exquisite” fell short of encapsulating its splendor; it bore no flaws, as if sculpted with divine craftsmanship, mesmerizing beyond measure.

Especially her enchanting and misty phoenix eyes, which exuded an intoxicating allure capable of captivating souls.

Even Lu Changsheng, despite his broad life experiences, felt a flash of astonishment in his eyes upon seeing Nangong Mili’s visage.

Aside from Yun Wanshang, Bai Ling, and Bing’er, the other wives and concubines at his residence could hardly rival Nangong Mili in beauty.

Yet, when it came to such extraordinary appearances, charm and demeanor held greater importance.

Nangong Mili, with every gesture and smile, radiated a sultry allure, brimming with seduction and unmatched grace.

In an instant, a colossal Purple Sky Spider phantom, spanning several meters, emerged and lunged toward Lu Changsheng.

“Buzz!”

Lu Changsheng gently patted his Qi Ocean Core, and the Formless Treasure Wheel appeared abruptly, spinning in his mind, emanating a faint golden glow that made him seem extraordinary.

As the Formless Treasure Wheel clashed with the spider’s phantom, standing evenly against it, the Nine Treasures Ruyi Bone in Lu Changsheng’s chest surged with power.

“Boom!”

Instantly, a stunning burst of radiant light erupted forth, as if celestial energy flowed, with the sun, moon, and stars encircling him, elevating Lu Changsheng’s bearing to new heights, as though he were a True Immortal walking amidst the mortal world.

“Mili, is your heart truly this ruthless? Do you hate me so much?”

“If you kill me, how will you explain it when the child asks about her real father in the future?”

“If she learns that her father was killed by her own mother, what will she think?”

Lu Changsheng’s voice was warm and unhurried, speaking gently.

With the Formless Treasure Wheel and Protective Divine Light shielding him, Nangong Mili’s attacks posed no threat to him.

Frankly, while Nangong Mili was at the Mid Nascent Soul Stage, her combat strength could only be considered average.

“What does it have to do with you!”

Nangong Mili’s phoenix eyes flickered with icy anger as she heard Lu Changsheng mention their daughter, her heart trembling slightly.

She sneered inwardly, realizing that this scoundrel must have known about her pregnancy all along.

Years ago, his sudden change in attitude toward her had to be because he’d discovered she was carrying his child!

“Hmph, before the child, you mistreated me relentlessly; now that there’s a child, you suddenly act tender and affectionate!”

Nangong Mili felt a burst of irritation within her heart.

Yet, at that moment, it was Lu Changsheng’s strength that shocked her even more.

She hadn’t expected him to not only break into Core Formation but also cultivate such Divine Skills that rendered him unaffected by her ‘Heavenly Spider’s Soul-Calling Melody.’

Indeed, while her Life-bound Heavenly Spider had perished, drastically reducing her skill’s potency...

Lu Changsheng’s composed demeanor was simply...

“How can it have nothing to do with me? This is our child.”

Lu Changsheng’s figure was tall and graceful, his body emanating a divine glow, his expression earnest and affectionate as he continued, “How has Yaoyao been all these years?”

Nangong Mili’s heart trembled fiercely, a hint of panic flashing within her.

She had always kept her daughter Yaoyao well-protected, never letting her leave her side. Only after reaching Foundation Establishment did Yaoyao insist on going to the marketplace, and Nangong Mili had reluctantly allowed it. How could Lu Changsheng possibly know about Yaoyao's existence?

"How do you know about Yaoyao!?"

Nangong Mili's demeanor became cold and enchanting, like a thorned poppy, her voice icy as she demanded.

She had only intended to capture Lu Changsheng and settle the grievances between them.

But now, hearing him bring up her daughter Nangong Yaoyao, a deeper chill grew in her heart.

"I have a Divine Skill. The day Yaoyao was born, I felt it in my heart and saw you name her."

Lu Changsheng's eyes were full of guilt as he said, "It's a beautiful name. Mili, thank you for all you've endured over the years."

This guilt was not feigned.

Back then, upon realizing that Nangong Mili was pregnant, he harbored strong ulterior motives, hoping she would give birth to his child.

Yet, all these years, he had never truly cared about the mother or daughter.

"She's my daughter; she has nothing to do with you!"

Nangong Mili's phoenix eyes flashed with icy cruelty as she retorted sharply.

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In her early years, she was free from concerns.

But ever since her daughter, Nangong Yaoyao, was born, she finally understood the meaning of attachment, the bond of bloodlines.

Therefore, she would never allow anyone to hurt her daughter.

Originally, she hesitated about whether to use the Love Gu on Lu Changsheng.

Now, seeing Lu Changsheng trying to fight her for their daughter, her heart made a firm decision: she absolutely wouldn't let him influence or take away her daughter!

"This is our daughter. Do you really want her to grow up without a father?"

Lu Changsheng's divine light flowed over his body, transcendent and ethereal, and he continued speaking.

"Wu wu wu—"

Nangong Mili said nothing, her face icy, fully focused on playing the 'Sky Spider Melody,' causing the phantom of the Purple Sky Spider to grow more solid and immense.

She then slapped her Spiritual Pet Bag, summoning a purple sky spider into existence.

However, this spider was only at the middle stage of the Second Rank, with limited combat effectiveness. It still couldn't breach Lu Changsheng's Formless Treasure Wheel and Protective Divine Light.

"Mili, this secret realm has already begun collapsing. If you continue to stall, it will be dangerous for you to leave later. Whatever you need to address, we can talk about it after we leave."

Lu Changsheng noticed that the subject of their daughter was a deep taboo for Nangong Mili, so he calmly attempted to soothe her.

Such feelings seemed reasonable.

The other party had voluntarily chosen to give birth to Nangong Yaoyao years ago, clearly showing how much she cared for this daughter.

Now, decades later, her child's father showing up—it was natural for her to react strongly.

Nonetheless, Nangong Mili remained silent, continuing to attack Lu Changsheng, sending out Spirit Snakes and Gu Insects one after the other.

But Lu Changsheng could only shake his head.

Inwardly, he thought Nangong Mili, this Devil Path True Person, truly had mediocre combat strength.

Even with her mid-stage Core Formation cultivation level, the spiritual beasts and Gu insects at her disposal were only at the Second Rank.

"Whoosh!"

At that moment, Nangong Mili suddenly summoned an item resembling a purple jade butterfly hairpin.

The hairpin appeared like a dream-like butterfly spreading its wings, beautiful and enchanting, then collided with Lu Changsheng's Protective Divine Light, causing slight damage.

“Sizzle—”

A red Gu insect flew toward Lu Changsheng, radiating a crimson glow and breaking through his Protective Divine Light.

“Hmm!?”

Lu Changsheng’s heart subtly trembled, and the Peach Blossom Gu in his brow’s Sea of Consciousness suddenly roared excitedly.

It seemed to signal to Lu Changsheng that if this Gu insect came closer, it could suppress it entirely.

“This is... a Love Gu!”

Back in the day, Lu Changsheng had prepared for the possibility of Nangong Mili trying to use tricks of this nature. Hence, he had spent some time studying them.

But now, with his current strength, having awakened the Taiyi Divine Soul and wielding the Formless Treasure Wheel, this Gu insect would find it incredibly difficult to get close to him.

“Whoosh!”

Lu Changsheng’s palm surged with Yin Yang energies as he suddenly grasped forward, suppressing the Gu insect and holding it in his hand.

Then, with deep, serene eyes and a tranquil expression, he regarded Nangong Mili’s exquisite and alluring face, speaking: “Mili, it’s time to stop this nonsense.”

“Given the circumstances, I don’t have the luxury of indulging you further.”

Lu Changsheng held the Love Gu, his voice cold and indifferent.

He felt a sense of guilt toward Nangong Mili and her daughter, willing to tolerate her unruly behavior and allow her some emotional release.

But his tolerance had its limits; he couldn’t perpetually indulge her folly.

“Folly!?”

Upon realizing her strength couldn’t suppress Lu Changsheng, Nangong Mili was already somewhat irritated.

Now, hearing these condescending and callous words from Lu Changsheng, a mix of anger and humiliation surged in her heart.

She had fought him with all her might, yet in his eyes, it amounted to nothing more than... folly.

Yet, for some inexplicable reason, as she observed Lu Changsheng's imposing and commanding demeanor, an indescribable feeling stirred deep within her.

"Such Love Gu—don't use it again in the future. You might end up hurting yourself."

Lu Changsheng said coldly, tossing the Love Gu back to Nangong Mili.

Now that the Peach Blossom Gu had advanced to the Third Rank, it no longer required the Love Gu to bite him. It could directly overpower and take control instead.

Yet Nangong Mili was already the mother of his child, so he disdained using such tactics just to make her submit to him.

After all, the true essence and charm of Nangong Mili lay in her untamed spirit.

If she were forced to submit through the effect of a Love Gu—would that still be the real Nangong Mili?

"You..."

Nangong Mili caught the Love Gu, her coldly captivating yet seductive features displaying anger, frustration, and a trace of complex emotions.

Moments ago, the Love Gu had conveyed a message, revealing that within Lu Changsheng's body lay an immensely powerful Gu insect's aura.

If it bit him, it could trigger the insect's backlash.

As a Core Formation cultivator from the Five Poisons Cult, she naturally understood what this meant.

Realizing her disciple Meng Xiaochan might have encountered such backlash years ago, thus falling victim to the Lockheart Gu.

Yet Lu Changsheng clearly wielded the means to suppress her, and still, he chose to let her go...

Nangong Mili gazed at the flawlessly graceful, transcendent Lu Changsheng before her. She thought of how, in earlier years, he had been merely a Foundation Establishment cultivator—someone she once dismissed without a second thought. And now, within just a few decades, he had risen to such incredible heights, filling her with frustration and unyielding bitterness...

"Enough. Let's head back. Whatever needs to be addressed, we'll do so after we leave."

Lu Changsheng glanced at the cracks spreading across the Sky Dome, softly addressing Nangong Mili, his tone slightly gentler.

Nangong Mili's face flickered with indecision before she abruptly turned into a Divine Rainbow and shot out.

She knew full well she was not a match for Lu Changsheng and couldn't suppress him.

But to submit to Lu Changsheng right now—she absolutely refused!

“Hmm!?”

Lu Changsheng's brows furrowed slightly, his eyes revealing traces of cold irritation.

This woman truly refused to listen to reason.

If that's the case...

“Yin Yang Qi Grasp!”

The Formless Treasure Wheel behind Lu Changsheng's head shone brilliantly, spinning furiously. His Nine Treasures Ruyi Bone surged with power, causing his cultivation base aura to soar, and his mana roared as forceful as a raging river.

In an instant, an exquisitely profound energy of Yin Yang Qi erupted like a dragon unleashed, sweeping toward Nangong Mili.

Chapter 1296: Chapter 447: Suppressing Nangong Mili!_3

“Not good!”

Nangong Mili turned her head to look back, her heart jolting in shock. She hadn't expected Lu Changsheng to have such Divine Skills.

One must know, cultivating a single Divine Skill often takes years, sometimes even decades.

No matter how extraordinary Lu Changsheng's talent might be, it shouldn't be possible for him to possess two Divine Skills of this caliber, right!?

“Buzz!”

The Yin Yang Qi condensed into a clearly defined Yin Yang Hand, its five fingers slightly curled, directly grasping Nangong Mili.

Nangong Mili immediately felt a force as massive as mountains that locked her in place. The vigorous Mana restricted her movements, even slowing her own, making it nearly impossible to break free.

“How is this possible...”

Her expression turned aghast, her heart surging with waves of shock and alarm.

Lu Changsheng’s rapid breakthrough from Foundation Establishment Mid-Stage to Core Formation in mere decades had already astonished her beyond measure.

Moments ago, her inability to suppress Lu Changsheng could still be attributed to his meticulous cultivation in defensive Divine Skills, bolstered by Supreme Defense Treasures.

But now, this Divine Skill, with such vast and overwhelming Mana, had surpassed even her Mid Nascent Soul Stage cultivation.

Even though she wasn’t skilled in direct combat techniques, being effortlessly subdued and captured was downright implausible!

“What on earth is happening with him!?”

Nangong Mili’s heart reeled in terror.

Lu Changsheng’s current state had thoroughly shattered her understanding.

Not only had he broken through Core Formation so quickly, but he also wielded such immense Mana and astonishing Divine Skills.

Even possessing a Supreme Taoist Body shouldn’t explain such extraordinary feats!

“Whoosh!”

The Yin Yang Handprint swiftly returned to hover before Lu Changsheng.

“Mili, as your husband, I was simply trying to have a proper conversation with you. Why won’t you listen?”

Lu Changsheng looked at Nangong Mili, whose breathtaking beauty was tinged with bewildered suspicion, his expression calm and indifferent.

As he spoke, he gently raised his hand, lifting her delicate, jade-like chin. His fingers felt the smooth, supple texture beneath them.

Nangong Mili’s dazzling, enchanting face froze slightly. Amidst her shock and dazed emotions, she found Lu Changsheng’s touch warm and pleasant, making her body feel slightly weak and giving rise to a subtle sense of closeness in her heart.

She forcefully suppressed this sentiment, her expression vexed and her phoenix-like eyes icy cold as she angrily scolded in a low voice, "Who said you are my husband? Stop calling me that!"

Though reduced to Lu Changsheng's captive, for some reason, she didn't feel fear in her heart nor any strong urge to escape.

Otherwise, she still had three Life-saving Gu Insects in her possession, giving her a fair chance of breaking free and fleeing.

"Heh."

Lu Changsheng found Nangong Mili's defiant and furious demeanor somewhat amusing.

His thumb slid from her exquisite chin to her soft and alluring rosy lips, gently grazing them. Their supple and smooth texture stirred a desire to taste them.

Following through on this impulse, he leaned closer, lowering his head to claim those radiant and luscious petals as his own.

A moment later, Nangong Mili's cheeks turned crimson, her expression as cold as ice. Through gritted teeth, she spat out, "Lu Changsheng, you... bastard!"

"You're only realizing that now?"

Lu Changsheng replied coolly, noting that the resistance in her voice didn't seem as strong as before.

If it were earlier, facing the Yin Yang Capture Hand, she wouldn't have entirely abandoned her struggle.

It appeared this woman was more responsive to hard tactics rather than soft words.

Upon reflection, it made sense. Born into the Demon Path, Nangong Mili naturally lived by the principle of the weak submitting to the strong.

Under these circumstances, conquering her wouldn't be achieved through solely gentleness; it required strength and decisive measures...

"Since you refuse to obediently listen to your husband, then you can remain here quietly for now."

Under Nangong Mili's frosty gaze, Lu Changsheng reached out and pinched her enchanting yet icy-cold face.

Given the precarious situation in the Secret Realm—with potential battles between the righteous and the demonic forces, overseen by Nascent Soul True Lords—Nangong Mili had become a significant liability.

Rather than letting her roam freely, he decided to confine her within the Formless Treasure Wheel for greater security.

With that said.

“Sealing Divine Light!”

From Lu Changsheng’s chest, the Nine Treasures Ruyi Bone emitted a ray of nine-colored Divine Light, sealing Nangong Mili’s cultivation and Mana.

A moment later, the Formless Treasure Wheel behind his head whirled into motion, radiating dazzling brilliance as if ablaze. Its aura surged like a force capable of suppressing mountains and rivers, embodying a sense of weighty majesty over all domains.

“Swoosh—”

The Formless Domain swiftly encompassed Nangong Mili, pulling her inside.

Considering that the Formless Domain was empty, Lu Changsheng channeled his Mana through the Treasure Wheel to conjure scenery teeming with birds and fragrant blossoms within.

“Once we exit, your husband will naturally release you.”

Lu Changsheng spoke in a calm tone before retracting the Formless Treasure Wheel.

Then, the Mana aura around him receded like the ebbing tide.

“Phew.”

A moment passed, and Lu Changsheng exhaled deeply, releasing a stream of turbid energy.

Though the exchange with Nangong Mili appeared effortless, composed, and serene throughout...

Maintaining such a façade required substantial effort; his Mana had undoubtedly depleted significantly.

Fortunately, with the Tianyuan Supreme King Lotus supporting him as a Second Dantian, the drain barely posed an issue.

Otherwise, in his regular Mana condition, given the complexities of the Tianyuan Secret Realm, Lu Changsheng wouldn’t dare to act so rashly.

“Swoosh!”

Without delay, Lu Changsheng applied an Illusion Form Talisman on himself, proceeding cautiously toward the exit of the Secret Realm.

Chapter 1297: Chapter 448: I am Tianyuan True Monarch, hurry up!

“Tianyuan Supreme King Lotus, Sun Moon Samsara Technique, the younger generation is truly formidable...”

Just as Lu Changsheng was cautiously making his way toward the exit of the secret realm, a voice, ancient and full of the vicissitudes of time, echoed in his ears.

“Who!?”

Lu Changsheng’s heart froze abruptly. He turned sharply, scanning all directions, unsure of where the voice originated.

But he was certain someone had just transmitted their voice to him.

“Young man, do not be alarmed... I am Tianyuan True Monarch... come to me... inheritance...”

The ancient voice continued to resonate, seemingly crossing countless temporal eras, intermittently reaching Lu Changsheng’s mind.

“What? Tianyuan True Monarch!?”

Lu Changsheng was stunned.

He’d previously heard Xiao Xiyue give a brief explanation of the Tianyuan Secret Realm.

He knew this secret realm was tied to the legendary Great Cultivator Tianyuan True Monarch from eight thousand years ago.

The very name Tianyuan Secret Realm was derived from Tianyuan True Monarch by the Four Great Immortal Sects.

Now, this voice claimed to be Tianyuan True Monarch and proclaimed that he had a chance of obtaining an inheritance!?

“Something’s off!”

Lu Changsheng remained highly alert, completely skeptical of these words.

Eight thousand years... Forget Nascent Soul True Lords, even Deity of Transformation beings would’ve turned to dust by now.

And now you say you’re Tianyuan True Monarch?

I might as well claim I'm Emperor Qin Shihuang!

An inheritance might be enticing, but given how bizarre this secret realm was, Lu Changsheng dared not take risks for such things.

Especially since the recent anomaly in the secret realm had unleashed countless vengeful spirits and ghost cultivators. Lu Changsheng suspected this voice might be one of those ghost cultivators trying to lure him.

He ignored the voice immediately and cautiously continued toward the exit.

"You possess the Tianyuan Supreme King Lotus, and practicing the Sun Moon Samsara Technique ties us by fate... Your talent is rarer than anything I've ever seen... You can inherit my legacy..."

The ancient voice persisted, intermittent and fleeting, even giving off an incredibly frail impression.

"This voice seems to... originate from the direction of the Celestial Monument."

Lu Changsheng noticed the voice had become slightly clearer, directing his gaze toward the Celestial Monument, furrowing his brows.

If the voice indeed came from the Celestial Monument, that was an even greater reason not to go.

For that place was extraordinarily sinister.

Should he encounter another of those red-haired figures like earlier, he might barely escape using the Life-Substituting Talisman.

"Boom boom boom——"

Just as Lu Changsheng was nearing the secret realm's exit, he noticed three figures in the sky—Chu Qingyi, Venerable Huxiao, and True Person Lingfeng—continuing their joint efforts to intercept the red-haired figure.

Their exertions were clear, as all three were giving their all.

Not only had Venerable Huxiao performed the Unification Technique to drastically enhance his combat power, but Chu Qingyi and True Person Lingfeng had also deployed some kind of secret technique, their magic aura surging and shockingly powerful.

Yet despite this, the trio remained no match for the red-haired figure.

Under the relentless attacks of the red-haired figure, they were forced into retreat after retreat, only able to defend.

“Boom boom boom!”

The flowing cloud robe of the red-haired figure—patterned like a Qilin—was in tatters, revealing its flesh covered with red hair, horrifying and eerie.

It seemed the figure knew neither techniques nor magical powers, relying only on the raw strength of a physical body that had returned to its primal state.

But every gesture and motion radiated a divine power as deep and impenetrable as an abyss, leaving True Person Lingfeng—who relied on formation suppression—pale-faced.

The red-haired figure suddenly shifted, appearing beside Venerable Huxiao in an instant, raising its hand and sweeping forth with Yin Wind and ghost energy.

“Boom!”

The massive frame of Venerable Huxiao, akin to a small mountain, cracked noisily under the overpowering gale. Above him hovered a shadow of a giant White Tiger, roaring and howling with astonishing ferocity.

But moments later, the White Tiger shadow was mostly torn apart, and Venerable Huxiao’s body flew like a cannonball before crashing to the ground, forming a giant crater.

“Hiss...”

Even Lu Changsheng felt his eyelid twitch at the sight.

If not for Venerable Huxiao’s exceptionally resilient physical body and his use of such a beast-human unification secret technique, an ordinary Core Formation cultivator would not have survived that strike.

Without intervening, Lu Changsheng cautiously moved toward the secret realm’s exit.

At the exit, he noticed Core Formation cultivators from the Luoxia Sect leading disciples of the Four Great Immortal Sects in defense, forming an intimidating formation.

As for the two Demonic Path True Persons spotted earlier, they were nowhere to be seen.

Most likely, the pair wouldn’t dare confront the Four Great Immortal Sects head-on at this point.

Yet, just as this thought crossed Lu Changsheng's mind, he noticed a distant black arrow and a blood-red dagger suddenly strike toward True Person Lingfeng.

"Clang!"

Chu Qingyi, with an exquisitely sculpted and commanding visage draped in a white sword robe, slashed forward fiercely. Waves of sword light surged out, intercepting both the black arrow and blood-red dagger.

Her beautiful eyes filled with murderous intent as she glared toward the direction of the Demonic Path Nascent Soul cultivators, her voice icy. "You demonic thieves are utterly disgraceful!"

"Since you wish to send us to our deaths, then you... must be prepared to pay the price!"

Chu Qingyi's voice was cold and tinged with fury.

The group was already struggling against the red-haired figure, barely holding their position.

And under such dire circumstances, the two Demonic Path cultivators not only slaughtered numerous cultivators from Jiang Country but continually interfered with them, aiming to ensure their demise.

Chu Qingyi's heart burned with a deep and intense killing intent.

"These two bastards truly aren't afraid of ruining their schemes."

Lu Changsheng frowned slightly as he witnessed the scene, sensing Chu Qingyi's profound anger and bloodlust through her words.

It was understandable; the situation was truly suffocating for the Four Great Immortal Sects.

If not for the presence of the red-haired figure, the two Demonic Path Nascent Soul cultivators would likely have been suppressed long ago.

"Hmm!?"

At that moment, Lu Changsheng noticed Chu Qingyi's azure magical sword emitting blinding brilliance, while a golden light, resembling a radiant sun, soared skyward from her body, piercing the clouds.

"Boom boom boom——"

Suddenly, amidst the gray haze suffusing the sky dome, thunder surged. A ferocious, domineering energy visibly spread outward, enveloping this entire realm.

Chapter 1298: Chapter 448: I am Tianyuan True Monarch, hurry up!_2

Then, one after another, golden lightning pillars descended, sealing off everything in all directions.

Even Lu Changsheng felt a sense of danger in that instant.

He realized it was some kind of life-risking divine ability, similar to his own “Yin Yang Great Mingling Millstone”.

“Haha, finally feeling desperate.”

“Trying to kill us is pure wishful thinking!”

The two hidden demonic path Nascent Souls were not panicked, mocking and laughing coldly.

They were very cautious, each possessing some kind of hidden magical treasures or divine abilities, making it difficult for others to pinpoint their exact location.

“Majestic heavenly might, drawn forth by the sword!”

Chu Qingyi’s robe fluttered, her expression indifferent, cold, and haughty, her high ponytail waving like an icy crystal phoenix. She raised the azure magical sword in her hand high.

Suddenly, the sky dome swirled with residual clouds, endless thunder was drawn into her magical sword, bursting with resplendent divine light, slashing in a certain direction.

“Not good!”

In an instant, a black shadow appeared, letting out a piercing scream.

This sword not only cut the physical body but also the soul!

The moment he made a move, Chu Qingyi locked onto his aura.

“Boom boom boom——”

Endless thunderous sword light descended from the sky, forming a sea of thunder, raging and roaring, as if divine punishment.

This demonic path Nascent Soul went all out, black spiritual light surged, and he offered a black banner magical treasure, coiling around him, resisting the terrifying thunder punishment.

“Yin Luo, save me!”

He shouted loudly, calling for help from the other companion.

But the other demonic path Nascent Soul saw that Chu Qingyi still had a sword prepared, not daring to show himself, concealing his aura.

“Ah ah ah——”

This demonic path Nascent Soul howled in agony, the magical treasure battered by thunderous sword light, his body charred and torn.

“Damn it!”

Chu Qingyi’s face turned pale, billowing aura surged, failing to capture the other person’s aura.

But the sword in her hand had to be released at this moment, so she continued to slash towards the demonic path Nascent Soul, intending to sever him directly.

At the same time, the Nascent Soul Immortal from Luoxia Sect also led the disciples of the Four Great Immortal Sects forming a battle formation to take action, launching fearsome techniques.

“Boom boom boom!”

Sword light surged, wild winds swept, thunder roared, mana exploded chaotically, the power was terrifying.

“Fairy Qingyi, be careful!”

At this moment, the pale-face Ling Feng Immortal shouted at Chu Qingyi.

A red-haired figure suddenly broke through a layer of array spirit divine light, instantly appearing behind Chu Qingyi, swinging a hand full of terrifying red hair.

At this time, Chu Qingyi, with almost depleted mana, couldn’t respond in time.

“Puff!”

Chu Qingyi’s tall and graceful body emitted a sound of bones cracking, then she spat out blood, her whole body flying backward like a broken kite.

“Kill!”

At this time, the previously hidden demonic path Nascent Soul saw this situation, suddenly launched his blood-colored flying dagger towards Chu Qingyi.

He could tell that Chu Qingyi was now half-crippled, utterly defenseless.

“Damn it.”

Lu Changsheng, seeing this scene, clenched an Illusion Form Talisman, fully activated the Fate-Defying Robe, and dashed out gritting his teeth.

Originally, he was unwilling to intervene in situations like this.

But now the situation was urgent, after all, Chu Qingyi was Xiao Xiyue's senior sister, Yun Wanshang's disciple.

If Yun Wanshang and Xiao Xiyue knew in the future that Chu Qingyi died in front of him, and he obviously had the power to save but didn't, he feared it would be a knot in his heart, even he couldn't face the two women.

"Boom!"

The Formless Treasure Wheel appeared, spinning behind Lu Changsheng, making his entire body seem shrouded in a layer of chaos qi, face indistinguishable.

"Whoosh——"

Lu Changsheng used a forceful and domineering mana to catch Chu Qingyi, and from his sleeve shot out a white gold magical sword, clashing and colliding with the blood-colored flying dagger, shattering everything.

"What, another Nascent Soul Immortal!?"

Ling Feng Immortal, Venerable Huxiao, and the recently ready-to-assist Luoxia Sect Immortal in the field were all stunned.

They didn't expect there would be another Nascent Soul Immortal in the secret realm.

However, this Nascent Soul Immortal seemed not to be a demonic path cultivator, but a... righteous sword cultivator.

"Fairy Qingyi!?"

Seeing Chu Qingyi's situation before him, Lu Changsheng's heart sank.

Her palace-dress white skirt was tattered and torn, her exquisitely beautiful face pale as paper, devoid of blood.

This wasn't the critical issue.

The crucial point was that Chu Qingyi's entire meridians and bones were nearly shattered, and there was a bizarre aura eroding her life force.

Although Chu Qingyi was in a severely injured, critical state, her body's rejection of males made her instinctively want to struggle, but she couldn't move.

However, she felt a familiar mana aura from Lu Changsheng, her beautiful eyes slightly opened, weakly saying, “Who are you...”

“Whizz!”

At this moment, the blood-colored flying dagger came killing towards Lu Changsheng again.

“Courting death!”

Lu Changsheng’s eyes turned cold, a series of flying swords appeared in his hand.

These flying swords were similar in form to the previous white gold flying sword, only differing in color, with a star-like sheen flowing on them, sharp and brilliant.

“Seven Luminaries Sword Formation!”

Lu Changsheng formed a gesture incantation with one hand, the seven flying swords bursting with resplendent sword light in gold, black, white, green, red, yellow, and blue, swirling around him.

The technique he used now was not the Yin Yang Creation Scripture, but the Seven Luminaries Great Freedom Sword Scripture.

As for these seven flying swords, they were not the Seven Luminaries Star Sword.

But rather nine small treasure arrows he obtained from White Peak Immortal in the past.

Through the Formless Treasure Wheel, these nine small arrows were made to appear in flying sword form, used for temporary battle.

“Clang!”

The blood-colored flying dagger collided with the sword array divine light, causing a violent sound, mana ripples, but unable to advance an inch.

Just as Lu Changsheng prepared to counterattack against this demonic path cultivator.

Chapter 1299: Chapter 448: I am Tianyuan True Monarch, hurry up!_3
“Hehehe—”

The red-haired figure suddenly laid eyes on Lu Changsheng. Its hollow, soulless gaze shot out twin beams of blood-red light, accompanied by a low, eerie laugh.

Even with his Taiyi Divine Soul and Third Rank Middle Stage Body Refinement, Lu Changsheng felt a chill run down his spine, his Qi-blood boiling and surging uncontrollably.

“Cough, cough, cough—”

Clutched in Lu Changsheng’s arms, Chu Qingyi shuddered at the sound of the ghastly laughter. Her internal organs trembled, and she coughed up blood violently, teetering on the edge of unconsciousness.

“Daoist, beware!”

Although Spirit Peak True Person didn’t recognize Lu Changsheng, the current dire situation made it clear that Lu Changsheng wasn’t an evildoer. Hoping to join forces, she called out to ward off the red-haired figure.

“Boom!”

The red-haired figure arrived before Lu Changsheng in an instant. He felt as though the heavens and earth were sealed, trapping him in a suffocating quagmire, rendering him immobile.

“Could this really be a Nascent Soul Ghost Cultivator!?”

Shock coursed through Lu Changsheng’s heart.

To his knowledge, only a Nascent Soul True Lord possessed the ability to suppress the void and lock down the heavens with a mere wave of the hand.

“Seven Luminaries Star Sword Formation!”

Without a moment to think further, he unleashed multiple spells in succession. The “Seven Luminaries Star Sword” began vibrating furiously, instantly splitting into sixty-four identical magical swords. Sword light burst forth, weaving and spinning madly, as if summoning the Seven Luminaries Stars from the cosmos.

“Boom!”

But before Lu Changsheng’s sword formation could fully take shape, the massive red-haired hand swatted it away like a fragile glass sculpture. The sword light shattered instantly, and the hand reached straight for him.

With Chu Qingyi secured in one arm, Lu Changsheng clenched his fist with the other. Divine radiance flowed across his knuckles as he struck back with full force.

“Bang—”

That one punch felt like hitting an ancient divine mountain forged from Immortal Gold. It didn't budge an inch, leaving Lu Changsheng's fist and arm numb with pain. His whole body was flung sideways through the air.

"What is this monstrosity!?"

Terror clawed at Lu Changsheng's heart as he realized that unless he activated every trump card he had, there was no way he could match this red-haired figure.

"Come here... Come to me, or else... It will kill you both... I can't hold on much longer..."

At that moment, the weathered voice Lu Changsheng had heard earlier echoed once again in his mind.

"Hehehe—"

The red-haired figure had previously attacked whoever was nearest—like when Venerable Huxiao was swatted away, and the figure then turned to target Chu Qingyi.

When Chu Qingyi was out of reach, it attacked Spirit Peak True Person instead.

But now, it seemed oddly fixated on Lu Changsheng. Seeing him sent flying, it pursued relentlessly.

"Hmm!?"

From the distance, Spirit Peak True Person, Venerable Huxiao, and the Luoxia Sect cultivators watched the scene, surprise flashing across their faces.

However, there was no time to dwell on questions. They promptly launched attacks to suppress the red-haired figure and ease Lu Changsheng's plight.

"Boom, boom, boom—"

Countless mana attacks struck the red-haired figure, but they only managed to slow its steps momentarily, ultimately failing to inflict any real damage.

"Damn it."

Lu Changsheng cursed under his breath at the sight. Glancing down at Chu Qingyi in his arms—her weak aura and faint breath announcing an impending demise—his expression darkened and shifted unpredictably.

He didn't have too much to worry about himself; escaping was still within reach.

But with Chu Qingyi in her current state, she wouldn't last much longer.

"Come to me, and I can help you save her..."

The weathered voice rang out in his mind once more. This time, it carried an urgency, a panicked desperation absent before.

Weighing the voice's words, Lu Changsheng cast a glance at the red-haired figure ahead. A storm of thoughts churned within him.

Mindful of his Life-Substitute Talisman and other contingency measures, he gritted his teeth and made a split-second decision. Clutching Chu Qingyi tightly, he bolted at full speed toward the direction of the Heavenly Monument.

"Daoist!?"

Spirit Peak True Person and the others froze, stunned by Lu Changsheng's sudden retreat with Chu Qingyi toward the depths of the secret realm. Their expressions bore a mix of bewilderment and apprehension.

"Roar!"

The red-haired figure bellowed as Lu Changsheng dashed past, surging forward with a killing intent that made the surrounding space feel as though it was collapsing.

"Boom!"

The Nine Treasures Ruyi Bone on Lu Changsheng's chest flared with radiant brilliance, unleashing a massive, surging force that partially broke the oppressive binding. Transforming into a streak of sword light, Lu Changsheng vanished instantly from the scene.

Before long...

Lu Changsheng arrived at the site where the Heavenly Monument had previously collapsed.

Beneath him loomed a deep pit, with interwoven array patterns emanating soft, mystic auras.

A translucent, azure-blue lotus, entwined in profound energies, shimmered faintly into view.

"That's... Tianyuan Treasure Emperor Lotus!?"

Lu Changsheng's brows furrowed slightly at the sight of the familiar yet enigmatic lotus. He immediately recognized it as the Fourth Rank Tianyuan Treasure Emperor Lotus!

To think that beneath the Heavenly Monument, such a treasure existed!

“Senior!?”

Rather than seizing the Tianyuan Treasure Emperor Lotus, Lu Changsheng called out aloud.

He had already sensed that the one who sent him the telepathic messages was right here.

“Buzz!”

The azure-blue Tianyuan Treasure Emperor Lotus swayed gently, its patterns flowing as radiant light surged around it. Rays of divine brilliance intertwined, embodying an ethereal presence of dao and reason.

Ripples of spatial energy collected and swirled to form a small vortex, as though connecting to another world.

Lu Changsheng’s sharp eyes glimmered with golden light, attempting to peer beyond the vortex into what lay beyond.

“So, when the Tianyuan Supreme Lotus grows into the Tianyuan Treasure Emperor Lotus, it evolves from a Void Treasure into a Cave Heaven Treasure?”

Lu Changsheng’s gaze deepened, catching glimpses of what appeared to be a cave heaven spanning several square miles beyond the vortex.

Without hesitation, he released a puppet to venture into the vortex first.

After confirming the absence of immediate danger, Lu Changsheng, with Chu Qingyi in tow, leaped into the vortex within the Tianyuan Treasure Emperor Lotus.

Chapter 1300: Chapter 449: I Fell in Love with the Fairy at First Sight!

As soon as Lu Changsheng entered the Tianyuan Supreme King Lotus, an intense wave of Spiritual Energy surged toward him, almost thick enough to liquefy, refreshing his mind and spirit.

However, apart from the abundant Spiritual Energy, this Cave Heaven realm didn’t appear exceptionally unique—grey and hazy skies reminiscent of the Mount Sumeru Cave Heaven.

A grand temple stood erect ahead.

Constructed entirely of golden iron and white jade, it emanated a crystalline brilliance—ancient yet imposing.

But the pervasive silence inspired a profound sense of desolation.

Holding Chu Qingyi in his arms, Lu Changsheng casually surveyed the surroundings of the Cave Heaven. His expression remained serene, as he coolly said, "Senior, since you summoned me, why not show yourself?"

As his words echoed, the dense Spiritual Energy mist before him began to stir, and a faint, nearly imperceptible figure gradually materialized.

"Hmm!?"

Lu Changsheng's gaze sharpened upon seeing the figure, his heart skipping a beat, his vigilance heightened.

The figure's appearance bore a striking resemblance to the red-haired figure seen outside—a jade crown atop its head, adorned in a flowing white robe embroidered with qilin motifs.

Yet, unlike the menacing red hair, this person exuded a gentle aura, with refined features like those of a scholar swordsman lamenting the hardships of life.

"Remarkable youth, truly awe-inspiring. I never thought I'd encounter someone like you in my lifetime," the remnant soul spoke, its melancholy eyes fixed on Lu Changsheng, a deep sense of nostalgia resonating in its tone.

Even as merely a fragment of a soul, it could not fully discern Lu Changsheng.

Nonetheless, through the subtle resonance of the Tianyuan Treasure Lotus, it had observed parts of Lu Changsheng's essence during his battle with Nangong Mili.

"I wonder why Senior summoned me here?"

Without lowering his guard, Lu Changsheng addressed the remnant soul in a measured tone.

Despite mentions of inheritance and opportunities, he did not believe in such fortuitous gifts falling from the heavens.

He was certain the soul had an ulterior motive for calling him.

"Rest assured, I bear no malice."

"Furthermore, after countless years, my Primordial Spirit's Origin Source has already withered and depleted. What remains now is but a fragment of my persistence tethered to the Tianyuan Supreme King Lotus; I possess no capability for body-snatching."

The remnant soul, noticing Lu Changsheng's strong wary stance, calmly explained.

“Senior overstates,” Lu Changsheng replied dryly.

Though the soul’s words might be genuine, Lu Changsheng did not lower his guard.

Compared to the dread-inducing Hong Lian of years past, this soul was far more ethereal, but the pressure it exerted was not weaker—in fact, it surpassed Hong Lian.

Facing such an existence, caution was indispensable!

Seeing that Lu Changsheng remained wary, the remnant soul appeared unperturbed, continuing, “You were summoned here, firstly because of fate.”

“My Primordial Spirit’s essence is exhausted, and the ability to communicate with you depends on the Tianyuan Supreme King Lotus within your body. Additionally, you’ve cultivated the Sun Moon Samsara Technique, proving that fate connects us. Thus, I hope you will inherit my teachings.”

The remnant soul elaborated.

“Senior, I already possess a profound inheritance, making it impossible for me to take on another,” Lu Changsheng responded.

“However, I can seek suitable successors on your behalf to ensure your legacy does not fall into obscurity.”

Glancing at the pale, lifeless face of Chu Qingyi in his embrace, whose breathing was chaotic and faint, Lu Changsheng added solemnly.

As he spoke, his Qi Ocean Core and Great Dao Golden Core radiated dazzling hues, sending forth an astonishing surge of Yin Yang Magic Power.

“Boom! Boom! Boom—”

This magical aura enveloped Lu Changsheng, forming a Yin Yang Taoist Chart that seemed to depict the harmony of heavens and earth, accompanied by faint echoes of the Great Dao.

“This...”

The remnant soul, gazing at the Yin Yang Taoist Chart above Lu Changsheng’s head, revealed a rare expression of shock amid its tranquil demeanor.

Even as merely a fragment of a soul, it could sense the profound and boundless mysteries of the Great Dao flowing through this Taoist Chart.

“Remarkable youth, truly awe-inspiring. To think you possess such a cultivation inheritance, I have overstepped my boundaries...”

The remnant soul's face softened into a contemplative expression.

Though its own cultivation legacy was extraordinary, it recognized that someone like Lu Changsheng would disdain its teachings.

"If that is the case, then as you've suggested, kindly assist me in finding a successor."

The remnant soul finally said.

Its hand lightly raised, and a pristine Jade Slip appeared out of thin air, floating before Lu Changsheng.

"This contains all of my cultivation techniques and teachings. If it interests you, you are welcome to study and cultivate them as well."

To the remnant soul, Lu Changsheng—having cultivated the Yin Yang Creation Scripture, a top-tier cultivation technique—would not covet its legacy.

Furthermore, its teachings were intricate and abstruse, beyond the comprehension of average cultivators, so it didn't mind if Lu Changsheng learned them.

"No need to worry, Senior," Lu Changsheng reassured, golden light shimmering in his eyes as he cautiously accepted the Jade Slip.

He hadn't expected the soul to hand over its inheritance so straightforwardly. Carefully, he inspected the Jade Slip.

"Tianyuan Scripture," "Tianyuan Sword Art," "Nirvana Golden Body"...

The slip detailed numerous techniques, with the Tianyuan Scripture evidently being the compilation of his core teachings.

Beyond foundational practices, there were many spells, secret arts, and cultivation insights.

While the Tianyuan Sword Art shared part of its name with the Tianyuan Scripture, it was not a paired technique—clearly an independent creation of the Tianyuan True Monarch.

Before Lu Changsheng could delve deeper, the remnant soul gazed at him and resumed speaking, "Calling you here, the second reason is to make a request."

Its typically calm voice now carried slight tremors, steeped in profound melancholy and timeworn anguish.

"A request!?"

Lu Changsheng frowned upon hearing this.

If an existence of such caliber uttered the word 'request,' it inevitably indicated a matter of significance.

Yet, glancing again at the woeful Chu Qingyi cradled in his arms, Lu Changsheng composed himself and seriously answered, "Please speak, Senior. If it's within my power, I will attempt my utmost to fulfill it—but I cannot promise success."