

I. Family 1431

Chapter 1431: Vajra Sharira, Grudges Settled! _2

Back then, after obtaining the "Brahman Demon True Saint Technique," cultivation required Heavenly Demon Blood, Demonic Dao Origin, and Buddhist Relic, so he slightly learned about the Buddhist Relic.

He knew that in Jiang Country, Yue Country, and this area of Jin Kingdom, there was simply no Buddhist Sect presence.

Unexpectedly, this Yiming Ghost Sect actually had the Buddhist Vajra Sharira.

It can only be said that a sect with thousands of years of heritage and accumulation truly has an extraordinary foundation.

Among the Sect Treasure Vault were many rare Heavenly and Earthly Treasures hardly seen by the outside world.

"What grade?"

Lu Changsheng inquired.

In fact, on seeing this Netherworld King Technique, he was somewhat confident in solving the Lu Quanzhen issue.

Currently, Lu Quanzhen's body was too weak.

But as long as he continuously healed him with the Healing Divine Light and Lu Miaoge's "Taiyi True Water," Lu Quanzhen's body could be gradually nurtured.

Once Lu Quanzhen's body improved sufficiently to slightly suppress the Netherworld Blood Evil, he could attempt to cultivate this "Netherworld King Technique."

However, upon hearing about the Vajra Sharira, Lu Changsheng was also interested in seeing it.

"Third Rank Vajra Sharira, used a few times, with some energy consumed, but enough to suppress the Blood Evil in your son's body."

The Yinming Ghost King said thus, then signaled someone to fetch this Vajra Sharira.

"Take a look at this cultivation method."

Lu Changsheng handed the "Netherworld King Technique" in his hand to Lu Quanzhen for him to see himself.

"Netherworld King Technique..."

Lu Quanzhen recognized that this was a body refinement method, turning the Blood Evil for his own use.

The only problem was that his current condition made it hard to cultivate.

Or else, after cultivation, his body might undergo other changes.

"Father..."

Lu Quanzhen immediately expressed his concern.

"Hmm."

Lu Changsheng nodded in acknowledgment.

"Daoist, please see."

A moment later, the Yinming Ghost King held a brocade box in his hand.

Upon opening it, inside was a thumb-sized, milky white bead emitting a faint golden glow.

"Is this the Vajra Sharira?"

Lu Changsheng's eyes lit up, shooting out two beams of golden light, looking at this Vajra Sharira.

He could see that this Vajra Sharira somewhat resembled the Nascent Soul of cultivators and the inner core of demon beasts.

However, as the Yinming Ghost King said, this relic had been used several times, with its energy somewhat depleted.

"In that case, as long as that old dog agrees to one more condition of mine, this matter will rest here."

Lu Changsheng nodded, looking at the Ghost Demon True Master beside the Yinming Ghost King, his eyes gleaming fiercely.

The Ghost Demon True Master, upon being gazed at by Lu Changsheng, immediately felt a chill, as if facing a formidable enemy, and instinctively retreated a step.

Danger!

With a simple look, he could feel a terrifying danger as if his life was soon to end.

"Damn, with a father like this kid has, who knew not to mention it earlier!"

The Ghost Demon True Master cursed silently in his heart.

"What condition?"

The Yinming Ghost King, clad in a black brocade robe, exuded authority without anger, his Core Formation Late Stage mana surged, and his aura was not weak.

"Very simple, this old dog likes to bully the weak; this seat will not bully him. Just let him withstand three moves from me."

Lu Changsheng spoke with a calm and indifferent demeanor.

He also knew, hoping for Yiming Ghost Sect to hand over the Ghost Demon True Master was impossible.

Unless he completely overpowered Yiming Ghost Sect, no faction would make such a decision.

At these words, the scene immediately erupted.

All cultivators glanced at the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng under Lu Changsheng, then at the Black Hole Funnel above him, grinding the universe and the sun and the moon, and finally at the Ghost Demon True Master, their faces twitching.

Even knowing the Ghost Demon True Master as a Nascent Soul Cultivator, cultivating the Blood Path Cultivation Technique with tenacious life force, they didn't think he could withstand three moves from Lu Changsheng.

"This is impossible!"

The Ghost Demon True Master shouted loudly.

Not to mention that he was already injured.

Even in peak condition, he dared not face three moves from Lu Changsheng head-on.

His Great Elder, being a Core Formation Late Stage existence, looked miserable and embarrassed at the moment.

Going up to take three moves was tantamount to a death sentence!

"I have already made concessions on this matter; Daoist, do not go too far."

Yinming Ghost King said in a deep voice.

Though he felt the Ghost Demon True Master was somewhat disgraceful, it was impossible to have him take three moves now.

After all, the obvious could see that under three moves, even if the Ghost Demon True Master didn't die, he would be reduced to a cripple.

"Too far!? My son's foundation is half-wasted, life span greatly reduced, even if the Netherworld Blood Evil is resolved, his Dao Foundation remains damaged, making future Core Formation difficult, and you call this excessive!"

Lu Changsheng's muscles burned with purple-red flames, as fierce as a hundred-zhang Flood Dragon coiled.

Above his head, the Yin Yang Mixed Hole Great Millstone spun furiously, bursting with endless black and white divine light, inverting the universe, disturbing Yin and Yang, shattering the void, and twisting all things.

Beside him, Chu Qingyi and Lu Quanzhen were shocked, feeling that under the great mill, the world withered.

"Roar, roar, roar—"

Yiming Ghost Sect's Mountain Protection Array prohibitions flowed, the Ghost King roared and howled as if a mountain, waving the Hell's Long Robe in his hand, countless nether vortexes appeared.

The clash of two intangible Qi mechanisms swept the heavens and the earth in all directions, pressing the slowly moaning sky as if the world were lamenting.

"Daoist Yangming, I said, the Ghost Demon True Master will compensate for this matter, you may voice any compensation requirements."

With fists clenched under his sleeves, the Yinming Ghost King suppressed his inner anger, wore a dignified expression, and spoke in a deep voice.

"Father, the matter of the Ghost Demon True Master, I will personally resolve in the future, please spare his life for now."

At this moment, Lu Quanzhen also stepped forward to advise.

He could see that today, Father's desire to kill the Ghost Demon True Master was unattainable.

Unless his power completely suppressed them, no faction would concede and sacrifice their Sect Elder.

If the intimidation was too heavy, even if Father was unafraid, it might invite unnecessary trouble.