

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense

#Chapter 101 – 1200

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Chapter 101: Selling Female Cultivator's Inner Armor

“Hehehe, highest bidder takes it, no need to snatch or make a fuss.”

Brother Fist's face was beaming with a smile. After waiting for so long, he finally opened for business. It was great to have a crowd; more people meant more experts to recognize good items, and consequently, more rich masters around.

The items in his hands were truly desirable, albeit limited in quantity. After a round of trading, Brother Fist was totally at ease as all his treasures were exchanged for Spirit Stones.

“Thanks a lot, Brother Ye,” Brother Fist said cheerily.

Li Xiaobai's face turned dark; this guy's earnings had started with medium-grade Spirit Stones and were even more than his own.

Riding on others' popularity sure was his forte!

Right then, Li Xiaobai paid no more attention to Brother Fist. With a flick of his wrist, a mountain of resources appeared before him again. All of these were Spirit Grasses and Spiritual Medicines, tricked from others in the Divine Beast Mountain Range weeks ago; there probably wouldn't be anyone who could recognize them.

Brother Fist was flabbergasted, “Brother Ye, you must have robbed some Sect; you're way too rich.”

The other cultivators also nodded in agreement. The variety of Spiritual Medicines was rich indeed. The brother in front of them must have quietly transferred someone's treasury into his Space Ring, a real ruthless guy!

“Brother, with goods like these, you could totally auction them at the Treasure Pavilion and make even more,” Brother Fist suggested. In his view, small street stalls in the Sect were for dealing in special items, and such a large quantity of resources should be auctioned by a professional organization.

“The water that I carry should not flow into others’ fields. Liangchen just wants to do something for the fellow Sect brothers,” Li Xiaobai responded indifferently.

With that comment, Brother Fist was rendered speechless, and the surrounding cultivators’ impression of him improved tremendously. Indeed, selling so many resources at cost to them was incredibly conscientious—it was practically a welfare moment. No one would dislike such a boss!

“Enough talk, Boss Ye, give me a hundred stalks of Spirit Grass!”

“I want a hundred too, wrap them up...”

“From now on, whenever Boss Ye has good stuff, whether I can afford it or not, I’ll definitely be the first to support you!”

“That’s right, wherever Boss Ye sets up his stall, I’ll definitely be there!”

The cultivators swiftly pulled out their Spirit Stones and began purchasing Spirit Grass and Spiritual Medicines. Nobody would consider having too many Spiritual Medicines as they could be made into Elixirs, with their value potentially increasing more than tenfold.

Hence, just like Spirit Stones, the more Spiritual Medicines, the better.

After the transactions, another hefty sum of Spirit Stones was nervously counted, with the income in medium-grade Spirit Stones breaking a thousand.

Brother Fist felt somewhat unbalanced. He wanted to leave so as not to be upset by what he couldn’t see, but he was also reluctant to miss out on such a trade, a rare sight on ordinary days.

“Brother Ye, what else do you have that’s good? Bring it all out. None of us here are short on cash. As long as the stuff is good, we can afford any price,” said a cultivator from the growing crowd, as the road became impassable. Many cultivators in the distance thought there was a treasure being offered and couldn’t help but come over out of curiosity.

Li Xiaobai was checking the items in his Space Ring. Of course, he knew better; the really good stuff wouldn’t be sold at a street stall, but rather at a reputable institution through an auction.

The things he was selling now, though numerous, were all of relatively low grade.

Spiritual Artifacts and Spiritual Medicines were almost sold out, but there was still a special type of good left in the ring, and he wondered if anyone would buy it.

He carefully glanced at the surrounding cultivators and with a twist of his wrist, he took out a pale blue soft armor that retained a faint fragrance on its surface.

“This piece of soft armor belonged to a female cultivator of the Tianwu Sect. Although it is worn inside, its defensive power is not less than that of a high-grade Spiritual Artifact. If anyone practices water attribute Cultivation Techniques, the defensive power it unleashes can compete with a Magic Treasure,” Li Xiaobai explained.

Upon these words, all surrounding cultivators, both men and women, blushed. Many female cultivators snorted quietly, cursing Li Xiaobai in their hearts for being shameless.

However, they all wanted this close-fitting soft armor, not just the female cultivators, but also quite a few male cultivators showed interest.

The inner armor of the female disciples of Tianwu Sect had too much appeal, be it for its practicality, its aesthetics, or its... well,

Ahem, in any case, it was an item that everyone wanted.

“Brother, this inner armor is not bad, it takes into account both hardness and defensive power, and even comfort is considered, I want to buy one for my old mother,”

said a male cultivator who didn’t want to reveal his name, causing a range of dismissive glances from the other cultivators.

If you’re sleazy, just be sleazy, no need for so many excuses, we’re all adults here, we all understand.

“Shameless person!”

“Vulgar creature!”

The female cultivators collectively rolled their eyes, “Brother Ye, these stinky men obviously have ulterior motives, you can’t sell them the inner armor, I have many sisters here, how much inner armor do you have, I’ll take it all!”

“Hehe, actually not that much.”

Li Xiaobai chuckled softly, flipped his wrist, and the floor was covered with inner armors, not just for female cultivators, but also many close-fitting garments for male cultivators, all of which were Spiritual Artifacts.

The onlookers were flabbergasted, “Big bro, lay your cards on the table, which sect did you pillage?”

“The inner armor for female cultivators, ten medium-grade Spirit Stones each, and for the male cultivators, fifteen medium-grade Spirit Stones each, are you still going to take them all?”

“Um... I’ll buy ten pieces for female cultivators...”

The aforementioned female cultivator blushed red as she looked at the inner armor strewn all over the ground.

The male brethren were swallowing their saliva furiously, damn, today was quite the day, where did Brother Ruthless pop up from, even the trading of items includes a bonus round, what a power move!

“Brother Ye, give me one piece.”

“Not bad, we cultivators, we are never swayed by such mundane items, what we are looking at is its value.”

“Well said, the pure remain pure, we’re definitely not buying it because it was worn by female cultivators, the craftsmanship and fabric of this inner armor is very exquisite, and within, there are faint engravings of inscriptions, very impressive indeed.”

“Right, we cultivators, when looking at things, must see their essence, their inner quality, deep into their soul, only then can we truly appreciate the charm that emanates from them.”

“Give me two pieces...”

The cultivators kept their gaze steady, composed as upright gentlemen.

Li Xiaobai didn’t expose them but collected Spirit Stones and went through with the trades, watching the increasing number of Spirit Stones in his hand, he couldn’t help but lament that this stuff was easier to sell than Spiritual Artifacts or Spiritual Medicine, and no matter where, there was always a market.

If there were a chance in the future, he could get some famous people’s inner armor.

In the Space Ring, there remained a set of Inner Armor of Yun Mengqing from Xiao Cheng Sect, and Inner Armor of an enemy from Holy Demon Sect, all of which he had conned from the Divine Beast Mountain Range.

In the future, he could find a good location for an auction, the celebrity effect would surely fetch a good price.

Li Xiaobai was ecstatic, but just then, a voice like a drake's came through, "The inner armor is not bad, I'll take them all."

Chapter 102: This Operation Seems Familiar

The speaker was a big fat man, whom Li Xiaobai did not recognize, but based on the man's figure and the sound of his voice, he felt very familiar, as though he had seen him somewhere before.

"Fatty, what do you need so many female cultivators' Inner Armors for?"

"Yeah, you sleazy fatso, with that lecherous face, you're clearly up to no good, now scram!"

"Exactly, exactly..."

The fat man's words aroused public indignation, these Inner Armors belonged to everyone; how could they let him monopolize them?

"Heh heh, you think I, the fatso, only want to defile these Inner Armors?"

"What shortsightedness, in your vulgar eyes these Inner Armors may be trinkets, but in the eyes of the fatso, they are a path to wealth!"

"Think about it, buying these Inner Armors and then selling them back to their original owners at a high price, wouldn't that be grand?"

The crowd initially scoffed at the fat man's words, but upon hearing this, everyone was stunned, yes, selling them back to the original owners at a high price would be a huge profit!

Finding the original owners wouldn't be difficult, just hang these Inner Armors up at Treasure Pavilion to be auctioned off, and sooner or later, the original owners would find out. With the auction going to the highest bidder, it was not impossible to sell for an exorbitant price.

In just an instant, the many cultivators had come to their senses, this fat man was right!

"Heh heh, so you see, I am taking all of these Inner Armors, Spirit Stones are not an issue. I am willing to buy at double the price, so no one else should compete."

The fat man said cheerfully, starting to take out Spirit Stones.

"Wait, I'll offer triple the price, just give me ten pieces!"

“I’ll also offer triple the price...”

“I can offer four times the price for twenty pieces...”

“You’re engaging in malicious competition, Boss, I’ll offer five times the price, I don’t need the rest, I just want that pink bellyband!”

“...”

Seeing the fat man nonchalantly taking out Spirit Stones, the cultivators also became flustered. A road to wealth right in front of their eyes must not fall into the hands of others, it was their opportunity, and it should be shared by all present.

Li Xiaobai watched the scene before him, finding it somewhat familiar.

Subtly increasing the value of goods, then starting a bidding war with an exclusive offer, causing the surrounding crowd to compete fiercely, and in the end, selling at a high price.

This strategy seemed very familiar, it seems he had used it himself before.

Turning to the fat man, he saw him frowning miserably, clearly unhappy about the competing bids.

Dammit, this couldn’t be his sixth senior brother, Liu Jinshui, could it?

“May I ask for your esteemed name, senior brother?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“No need for formalities, my surname is Liu, first name Jinshui,” the fat cultivator said cheerfully.

Li Xiaobai’s mind settled. He had finally found his organization. He hadn’t expected that his sixth senior brother would come to the Holy Demon Sect in disguise, just like himself.

But he had disguised himself even more thoroughly, even changing his name.

“I am Ye Liangchen. Since senior brother wants it so much, I’ll give you one for free,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Ah well, it’s still best to let the highest bidder win. Although the fatso isn’t exactly flush with cash, I do have the capital to compete,” the sixth senior brother insisted, his complexion turning tomato red as he weighed the Spirit Stone bag in his hand, ready to up the bid.

The other cultivators became even more frenzied, forcefully pushing Spirit Stones several times the initial offer into Li Xiaobai's hands before taking the Inner Armors.

Li Xiaobai was inwardly ecstatic, these cultivators were truly talented, taking every word of the sixth brother as the gospel. However, the brother's acting skills were indeed on point. If he weren't familiar with this ruse, he might not have recognized him straight away.

"One at a time; don't panic, don't rush; the highest bidder gets it!"

Li Xiaobai shouted, began collecting Spirit Stones, and watched as hand over fist, quality Spirit Stones rolled into his account. Brother Fist by his side had his eyes turn red, his fists clenched tightly, forcibly repressing the impulse to seize them by force.

In his eyes, Li Xiaobai was as good as a walking human-shaped treasury.

The quantity of Inner Armor rapidly dwindled as male and female cultivators alike frantically competed to purchase.

The stock was quickly depleted, and with Liu Jinshui, the sixth senior brother's maneuvers, the price quintupled or sextupled. It had never occurred to anyone that the best-selling, most popular items weren't the Heaven and Earth Treasures but such commonplace life essentials.

This way of making money was indeed beyond comprehension...

As the crowd gradually dispersed, Li Xiaobai's three batches of stock were all sold out, earning him a massive amount of Spirit Stones.

"Boss Ye, when's the next time you'll set up stall?"

"Yeah, give us a reliable date, brother. I'll definitely come to support you!"

"Hehehe..."

"Well, I'll be opening a shop within the sect soon. When that happens, I welcome everyone to come and support."

Li Xiaobai nodded slightly and said that it seemed he had some returning customers.

"A shop?"

"Could it be that kind of buying and selling..."

The cultivators seemed to understand.

“Ahem, the secrets of heaven must not be revealed...” Li Xiaobai, speechless, thought these people were hopeless.

The crowd left, and the stall quieted down.

Brother Fist spoke up, “Brother Ye, I live atop Holy Demon Peak. Do visit when you have time.”

“Certainly, Liangchen’s shop will open in the next few days, and I’ll still be counting on Brother Fist to support it.”

Li Xiaobai spoke with a beaming smile, thinking that despite Brother Fist’s appearance of Muscle Flaccidity, based on his earlier display of wares, he must have some skills.

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After tidying up his things, Li Xiaobai went back to live at the foot of the mountain where the menial disciples dwelled.

A figure silently appeared behind him.

“Little junior brother, long time no see. I’ve missed you,” said Liu Jinshui with a chuckle.

“Senior brother, you haven’t changed at all. Your acting is as brilliant as always. What’s with the face?” Li Xiaobai was just as excited.

“Hehe, that’s second senior sister’s handiwork. We, who wander the world, value the art of blending truth with deception, and we can never let others grasp our full story,” explained Liu Jinshui.

“Are the other senior brothers and sisters all well?”

“Better than ever. That day we teleported thousands of miles several times over. That straw-cloaked man couldn’t find us at all,” said Liu Jinshui.

“Yeah, I still have fresh memories of that day’s events...”

When reminded of the battle at the Divine Beast Mountain Range, Li Xiaobai’s expression darkened. That day, he foolishly charged forward wanting to help, but before he knew it, his senior brothers and sisters had teleported away in an instant, leaving him quite in the lurch.

“Hehe, it’s all in the past. Junior brother, we’ve heard all about what happened to you. Who would have thought Feng Qingyang could be so petty as to make you live with the menial disciples on the mountain? Just endure for a little longer. We will secure our footing in the sect’s competition in three days. After that, within the Holy Demon Sect,

no one will dare to oppress us again!” Liu Jinshui said with a fierce look. These past few days the initiated disciples had suffered from much exclusion, but for the greater good, they had all held back.

“Senior brother, there’s no need for that, I’m doing just fine on the mountain. On my way into the sect this time, I gathered quite a few followers...”

Chapter 103: Trouble Comes Knocking

Li Xiaobai recounted his experience in Ancient Moon City, and Liu Jinshui understood clearly.

“Junior Brother, you must become a formal disciple of the Holy Demon Sect in the disciple competition three days from now.”

“A Secret Realm in the Northern Region is about to open soon, and the Holy Demon Sect will select elite disciples to explore it. This is an opportunity for us that must not be missed.”

“To my knowledge, many geniuses from Central Province have specifically come to participate in the competition at the Holy Demon Sect to secure this chance, aspiring to obtain an entry slot from the Sect.”

Liu Jinshui said gravely.

Li Xiaobai had heard about the Secret Realm before from Xia Jian.

Thinking of Qin Lan, who was said to also come from Central Province, he couldn’t help but ask, “Doesn’t Central Province have its own slots for entering the Secret Realm? Why would these geniuses come to the Holy Demon Sect?”

“It’s because there are too many talents in Central Province, and it’s not their turn; naturally, they would think of other methods, and naturally, their eyes have turned to the Holy Demon Sect.”

“The competition this time is likely to be extremely fierce. The geniuses from Central Province are not on the same level as those from the Northern Region; even our Eldest Senior Sister is feeling pressure. You must not be complacent or underestimate the competition,” Liu Jinshui warned.

“Junior Brother understands. I will certainly give my all in this competition!”

Li Xiaobai was well aware, not expecting the disciple training to have so many twists and turns. Still, he was not worried; with the defense of the Indestructible Golden Body,

unless he encountered an abnormal powerhouse like the straw-cloaked man, nothing would pose a problem.

After saying goodbye to his Sixth Senior Brother, Li Xiaobai returned to the peak of the mountain.

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Noisy clamors pierced through the air.

“Enough with the nonsense. A mere training disciple, not even comparable to a menial worker, what right do you have to act tough!”

“Hand over the Spiritual Artifact obediently; don’t make things difficult for yourself!”

What’s going on?

Li Xiaobai frowned and quickly stepped forward. The area was blocked off by menial disciples, and it was at the center where a few lavishly dressed individuals stood, obviously the ones causing trouble.

Among these people, Li Xiaobai spotted Xia Jian from the Xia Family and Wang Ruoxian, the Immortal from the Wang Family that he had seen before.

It turned out that the backers of these two within the Holy Demon Sect were the disciples currently leading the trouble-making, not particularly impressive by the look of them.

These few were clad in gold and silver, clearly indulging in worldly possessions, forsaking their cultivation.

Li Ya was now prostrate on the ground, coughing up blood, clearly having sustained internal injuries.

“Xia Jian, Wang Ruoxian, we were supposed to be old family friends. I didn’t expect you to show such true colors. I should have seen your true faces sooner!”

“Young Master Li, we already advised you not to go against Senior Brother Xu, you can’t afford to offend him. If you hand over the Spirit Stones, Senior Brother Xu will keep you safe,” said Wang Ruoxian indifferently.

“Exactly, Senior Brother Xu’s actions are well-intentioned; we hope you can understand,” Xia Jian also nodded and spoke calmly.

“Pfft!”

Li Ya was overcome with anger and spat out another mouthful of clotted blood.

The other party was too imposing, and for a moment no one dared to step forward; all the surrounding cultivators were angry but dared not speak out.

Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing burst out, frenziedly attacking a young man who was leading the group.

“Woof, pretentious scum, Lord Ergouzi is here to punish you!”

“Cackle, daring to strike my junior, today I shall teach you how to behave!”

A chicken and a dog fought wildly, a diamond embedded in the young man’s shoe was bitten off, anger appearing on his face, “You damn dog, how dare you bite me, do you know who I am?”

He forced his foot down, kicking Ergouzi into the air.

Li Xiaobai was furious, damn it, just as someone pledged loyalty to him to become his junior, he was injured by someone else. If word of this spread, how could he continue to mix in this world?

He suddenly roared, “What the hell are you doing, even daring to hit Liangchen’s dog? If you don’t give Liangchen an explanation today, all of you losers are going to die right here!”

The crowd was startled by the sudden bellow.

Turning their heads, they saw a young man in coarse linen clothing, angry and pushing his way in.

In an instant, both Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian’s complexions changed; they hadn’t expected to encounter each other here and quietly retreated a few steps, preparing to flee if the opportunity arose.

“Lord Ruthless, you’ve finally arrived!”

“These people are too bullying, forcibly demanding protection money and threatening us. Lord Ruthless, you have to stand up for us!”

“That’s right, they’re demanding two hundred lower grade spirit stones just to open their mouths!”

The surrounding cultivators, seeing Li Xiaobai, immediately found their backbone and began to lament to him.

Li Xiaobai quickly understood after hearing the gist; this was a common practice within large sects. The larger the sect, the more mixed the inner disciples would be.

Higher-level disciples would squeeze lower-level disciples, forcibly taking spirit stones and claiming it was for protection.

Inner Sect disciples would charge Outer Sect disciples a protection fee, and Outer Sect disciples, in order to make their money back, would charge menial disciples protection fees. As the lowest rung, menial disciples had no choice but to swallow their grievances.

Furthermore, the high ranks within the sect usually turned a blind eye to this, as it served to make these greenhouse flowers aware of the cruelty of the cultivation path and to stir up their competitive spirit.

Only by increasing their cultivation levels and shedding their low-tier cultivator status could they avoid being bullied.

At that moment, Yuan Fang was trembling with fear, hiding to one side, not even daring to breathe loudly. He felt he had it really tough.

On one side was the thorn in the side of the Outer Sect disciples, and on the other was the overlord of their turf—neither side was to be offended.

“Who are you to talk to me in such a manner?” Senior Brother Xu frowned and asked.

“Ye Liangchen is my name. If you’re wise, hand over your Space Ring as an apology, and we can let this matter slide,” Li Xiaobai said indifferently.

“You’re with them?”

Six Senior Brother Xu’s gaze sharpened with intensity. He’d been around for so many years, yet this was the first time he’d encountered someone so arrogant.

“Liangchen doesn’t like to waste words. If you think you’re strong enough to mess with Liangchen, I don’t mind entertaining you,” Li Xiaobai said, hands behind his back, impassively.

A powerful aura filled the space, and Senior Brother Xu became so angry that his face turned ashen. Had it not been forbidden by the sect to fight privately, he would have already struck.

“Do you know who I am? Menial disciples like you should act like menial disciples. Pay your spirit stones obediently. If you try to cause trouble, believe it or not, I can make all of you pack up and get out!” Young Master Xu said fiercely.

“Liangchen doesn’t need to know who you are. You just need to remember my name, Ye Liangchen.”

“From today on, menial disciples will no longer pay spirit stones, and you all won’t need to come back here again.”

“I’m from around here, and I have a hundred ways to make you unable to stay, while you can do nothing about it,” Li Xiaobai said calmly.

His dismissive demeanor, coupled with his boundlessly arrogant words, sent the blood of the witnessing cultivators boiling.

True to his name, Brother Ruthless! So satisfying!

Chapter 104: Inner Sect Disciple Xu Kun

“You’re seeking death!”

Young Master Xu could not contain the fury in his heart and burst out in rage. When had he ever been subjected to such humiliation? His cultivation technique involuntarily activated, and the formidable pressure swept over everything.

It made it difficult for everyone to breathe.

[Attribute Points +10...]

Li Xiaobai’s face showed disdain as he pointed at the two people hiding behind Young Master Xu and said, “So weak, yet pretending to be tough. You two, tell him loudly, who is seeking death?”

Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian’s expressions turned ugly. They remembered the scene when Li Xiaobai had overwhelmingly crushed an evil cultivator at the Nascent Soul Stage, and they couldn’t help but shudder.

“Senior Brother Xu, this person has an extremely powerful magic treasure, incredibly potent. You must be careful!”

“Oh, an incredibly potent magic treasure?” As soon as Senior Brother Xu heard this, his eyes lit up, and he looked at Li Xiaobai, “Sever one of your arms, hand over your treasure, and I’ll spare your life. Although private fights are forbidden within the sect, the death of a mere probationary disciple will likely not be pursued.”

“Liangchen dislikes pointless chatter. If you think you are capable of playing with Liangchen, then Liangchen wouldn’t mind having some fun with you!”

Li Xiaobai beckoned with a hook of his finger, and his animosity immediately reached its peak.

Senior Brother Xu ignored the advice from Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian, and with a palm strike from mid-air, spiritual energy fluctuated and dispersed, a fierce gale blew, and rushed towards Li Xiaobai.

Li Xiaobai still had his hands behind his back, showing no intention to defend himself, and allowed Senior Brother Xu's strike to hit him squarely in the chest.

Dust flew around the arena, and Senior Brother Xu's hands turned into a giant imprint of black and purple on Li Xiaobai's chest, his face full of confidence.

"These days, every Tom, Dick, and Harry dares to be arrogant in front of me."

Senior Brother Xu withdrew his hand, his expression one of casual mockery as he assumed his attack had been all but impossible to defend against. In his view, Li Xiaobai was nothing but a braggart who talked big. Having taken his strike, by now, he must be dead through and through.

Li Xiaobai's face bore an odd expression as he stared at the system panel in front of him.

[Attribute Points +100...]

This was too weak, it felt even weaker than Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian.

"Are you finished?" asked Li Xiaobai.

"You... You're not dead!" Senior Brother Xu's face changed dramatically, and Li Xiaobai stood unharmed before him, showing no sign of injury.

"Not only did Liangchen not die from Senior Brother Xu's attack, but Liangchen also wants to laugh," said Li Xiaobai.

The other cultivator was just an average one at the Golden Core Stage. For cultivators at that level, he no longer paid them any attention.

"Divine Handprint!"

Senior Brother Xu's heart sank with shock, his expression turned ruthless, and he exerted more force, a golden palm broke through and struck at Li Xiaobai. This time he used his full strength, and all the cultivators present felt the power of this palm. A major sect's cultivation technique was indeed terrifying.

Li Xiaobai slightly extended his hand and grasped the incoming golden palm.

Reflect activated, and with a “snap,” everyone clearly saw Senior Brother Xu’s hand twist at an unbelievable angle, from the fingers to the wrist, each inch fracturing.

“Ah!” A wail like that of a slaughtering pig rang out, and Senior Brother Xu fell to the ground, rolling in agony.

Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian hurriedly came forward to offer Elixirs to stabilize his injuries.

“You’re dead, how dare you hurt me, you will have no place in Holy Demon Sect!”

“My elder brother is Inner Sect Disciple Xu Kun, he will not let you off!” Senior Brother Xu’s face twisted.

“Senior Brother Xu, go heal your wounds first. Brother Xu Kun will decide what to do about this matter,” they said.

Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian helped Senior Brother Xu up, both of their eyes flashing with disdain. Senior Brother Xu’s cultivation level was mediocre; the only reason they fawned over him was that his elder brother, Xu Kun, was a standout amongst the Inner Sect Disciples and was rumored to have the potential to be chosen as a True Disciple.

As for this Senior Brother Xu, he was nothing but a good-for-nothing who relied on others for his power.

The crowd parted ways, sending off the three people with eyes full of satisfaction. Senior Brother Xu’s monthly extortion of their resources had become the norm, and that he received a lesson from Brother Ruthless today was indeed a cause for celebration.

“Thank you for your help, big boss!”

“Brother Ruthless is so domineering. If it weren’t for you, even though we’d joined the Holy Demon Sect, we’d probably be at others’ mercy.”

“Indeed, who would have thought that even a great sect like the Holy Demon Sect would have such scum!”

The cultivators chatted amongst themselves as Li Xiaobai passed a bottle of Healing Pills to Li Ya.

“Brother Ye, this act may not be appropriate. The brother of that Senior Brother Xu is a genuine Inner Sect Disciple with a cultivation level of a Half-Step Nascent Soul Realm, equivalent to that of a True Disciple. He is not someone we can afford to provoke!”

Yuan Fang approached, his face full of worry. They were just menial disciples, their cultivation levels mostly stuck in the Qi Cultivation Stage and the Foundation Establishment Stage, unable to compete with such an adversary.

If that Xu Kun wished to avenge his younger brother, they would not be able to handle the repercussions.

“You needn’t worry. Such oppression of menial disciples, Liangchen will surely settle it for you!”

Li Xiaobai spoke, noting that all the menial disciples wore a look of worry and fear. The failure to hand over the Spirit Stone to the Outer Sect Disciples only made them more anxious.

These lower-ranking disciples had already developed a slave mentality. No matter what one said, they wouldn’t listen. The only way to change their perspective was to take action.

“That’s right, you don’t have to worry. Brother Ruthless is very strong. He took all of us flying alone that day and can surely handle this!”

“Indeed, Boss Ye’s cultivation level is very high. Even those in the Nascent Soul Stage are no match for him.”

The surrounding cultivators were dissatisfied with the menial disciples’ fearful reaction. Clearly, they had helped them out of a bind, yet they still looked terrified. This was a clear sign of disrespect towards Li Xiaobai.

“Then we’ll have to trouble Brother Ye.”

With things having reached this point, Yuan Fang had no choice but to put his hopes on Li Xiaobai. They truly were unable to bear the wrath of Xu Kun.

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At the same time, within a cavern in the Holy Demon Peak, a man and a woman were having a pleasant conversation, seemingly having come to some sort of agreement.

Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian brought in the injured Xu Kun.

“Big brother, you must stand up for me!” Young Master Xu wept bitterly.

“What happened? Who dared to harm you like this?”

Xu Kun's expression darkened suddenly as he hastened forward to check on him. When he saw that his younger brother's hand was brutally twisted, he instantly became furious.

"Brother Xu, calm your anger. Qin Lan here has a bottle of Black Jade Reconnecting Ointment, capable of mending flesh and bones, and healing Young Master Xu's injuries will not be an issue," the female cultivator said, producing a bottle of elixir for Senior Brother Xu to consume.

The wails within the cavern lessened significantly, and Xu Kun breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you, Immortal Qin, for your assistance. Truly, coming from the Central Province, your methods are exceptional."

"You flatter me, Brother Xu," Qin Lan said with a covered laugh.

"Tell me, who is responsible for my brother's miserable state?" Xu Kun demanded.

Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian tensed up and promptly recounted the incident in full detail.

"Ye Liangchen..."

Xu Kun pondered, having no recollection of this person: "You two have done well in bringing my brother back. This is a favor, and I will support you in the upcoming competition."

The two faces lit up with joy: "Thank you, Senior Brother Xu!"

Chapter 105: Reuniting with Yin Susu

"Tell me, what is Ye Liangchen's strength like?" Xu Kun asked calmly.

Unlike his foolish younger brother, he knew that this test for apprentice cultivators had attracted a great number of talented youths and the disciples of major powers. All aimed to join the Holy Demon Sect through these trials in order to secure a spot in the upcoming entrance to the Secret Realm.

In plain terms, these prodigies raised with a golden spoon wished only to secure a spot to enter the Secret Realm; that was why they deigned to come to the Holy Demon Sect.

If Ye Liangchen were one of them, then he would have to plan carefully, since there are some people in this world who should not be provoked.

“His strength is formidable, he took my palm strike without any defense and was unscathed. However, he’s definitely not a match for you, big brother. As long as you make a move, you can kill him immediately!”

“Big brother, you must stand up for me!”

As he spoke, the tears streamed down Senior Brother Xu’s face once again.

“Do you know of Ye Liangchen’s background?”

“He has no background. He lives with the menial disciples and blends in with the apprentice cultivators. He’s clearly a bumpkin!”

Qin Lan glanced at him, a hint of disdain in her eyes. The gap between the Xu siblings was too great; the brother was strong, but the younger one was a weakling.

“Senior Brother Xu, we are aware of Ye Liangchen’s origins,” Wang Ruoxian seized the opportunity to speak.

“Speak.”

“He came from Ancient Moon City and seems to have provoked an Evil Cultivator outside. I personally witnessed a Nascent Soul Stage Evil Cultivator attempting to capture him, and he killed the cultivator with a strange artifact.”

Qin Lan’s heart stirred, “Is that artifact a mount with an odd appearance?”

“Exactly!”

“Immortal Qin has seen it too?” asked Xu Kun.

“Xu brother, Qin Lan has met him once. He was with me during the entry test. As far as I know, he is on good terms with Yu Sanbian, and he has a powerful mount. It is with this mount that he smoothly made it into the Holy Demon Sect.”

“What does Immortal Qin think of his strength?”

“Without that mount, he could be easily defeated with a wave of my hand,” Qin Lan said.

“Xu would like to ask for Immortal Qin’s help...”

“Qin Lan understands...”

...

On the mountain peak, Li Xiaobai spent the night and went over his system panel, preparing to descend the mountain once more.

[Host: Li Xiaobai.]

[...]

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body Seventh Layer (6000/70000) upgradeable.]

[Attribute Points: 0.]

[Mall: Opened.]

[Pudong Rooster death count: 0.]

The system added a new line about Ji Wuqing, which was the system-generated mount, able to record the number of times it died; the more it died, the stronger it became.

Normally, anyone who knew they could resurrect infinitely and grow stronger with each death would not hesitate to die at least once.

However, it seemed the Pudong Rooster had no such awareness.

Li Xiaobai had talked to it once, and no matter what, the creature refused to die. It even believed that possessing the Undying Phoenix Bloodline was enough to rival the mighty figures of the world, holding a mysterious confidence.

But Li Xiaobai had never hoped to dominate the world with just a chicken, anyway.

After checking the panel briefly, he set out fully equipped.

To quickly establish a foothold in a region, mere cultivation level wasn't enough. Just like yesterday, if you beat up the younger brother, the elder brother would come after you, and trouble would keep knocking on your door.

Only by bringing benefits to numerous cultivators, creating value, making his name known, and having more supporters, could one live a carefree and comfortable life.

This was a tactic he learned within Ancient Moon City.

This time, Li Xiaobai wanted to open a small shop. The goods in the market from Huazi were cheap to produce and very suitable for business. Moreover, after the previous ordeal, he had already acquired quite a few regular customers.

At the foot of the mountain, it was just as bustling with hurried passersby.

“Cave dwelling for sale...”

“Street stalls for lease...”

“Shops for transfer...”

The trading area was as lively as ever. Li Xiaobai found a cultivator who was ready to sell his shop, and to his surprise, it was an acquaintance.

It was none other than Yin Susu, the true disciple of the Holy Demon Sect whom he had encountered in the Divine Beast Mountain Range. She was at the Half-step Nascent Soul Stage, accompanied by that rather weak little girl. At the moment, several cultivators were surrounding them, seemingly in the middle of a dispute.

“Sister Yin, there is no need for this. My Senior Brother Yue means well by offering to buy your shop.”

“Exactly, Sister Yin, this shop means nothing to Senior Brother Yue. Since you can’t sell it anyway, you might as well accept his kind gesture.”

“Su Su, so many people line up to win Senior Brother Yue’s favor. It would be better for you to accept.”

“Right, with us here today, besides Senior Brother Yue, I’m afraid no one will dare to buy your shop.”

The cultivators were trying to persuade her earnestly.

“Please return, gentlemen. I cannot accept Senior Brother Yue’s kindness. I just want to cultivate and have no interest in matters of men and women,” Yin Susu said indifferently.

“Yeah, you people are so annoying. What’s so great about Yue Fan that he dares to covet my senior sister Su Su? You better scram, or I’m calling someone!” The little girl was blustering angrily as well.

The standoff continued, and Li Xiaobai seized the opportunity to squeeze in.

“I’ll buy the shop. What’s the price?”

The group was taken aback, not expecting anyone so bold as to interfere with Senior Brother Yue’s interests.

Yin Susu was also surprised. The crowd nearby was keeping their distance, yet this person just barged in. Couldn’t he read the atmosphere?

The little girl, however, was unperturbed and immediately quoted a price, "One hundred medium-grade Spirit Stones."

"No problem, I'll take it."

Li Xiaobai quickly threw out a bag of medium-grade Spirit Stones, swiftly took the shop token from Yin Susu's hand, and left. He was afraid of being recognized by her. That little girl was quite peculiar and might discover something if given the chance.

"Wait, who are you?" The cultivators finally reacted, one of them slapping Li Xiaobai's shoulder and demanding in a stern voice.

"My name is Ye Liangchen. May I help you?"

"Whichever hand touched the token, chop it off yourself," the leading cultivator said arrogantly.

"Both hands touched it, can't chop them off myself," Li Xiaobai replied.

The little girl couldn't help but burst out laughing; she found the person in front of her to be quite amusing, and she also felt an inexplicable sense of kinship with him, as if she had seen him somewhere before. Yin Susu also couldn't help but smile at his humor.

"Do you think you're funny?"

"Junior brother, some people are not for you to mock," the leading cultivator said with a harsh look in his eyes as his fingers clawed fiercely towards Li Xiaobai's wrist.

The rest of the cultivators watched Li Xiaobai with interest. It was their first time seeing someone seek death so blatantly; undoubtedly, blood had to be shed today.

Chapter 106: The Good Stuff Shop

Li Xiaobai felt helpless inside. It seemed he had a particular temperament that attracted the hostility of cultivators; troubles were piling up one after another.

If it had been in the past, he would definitely be overjoyed, but now the disciples he encountered were no longer enough to provide a high number of Attribute Points.

Compared to wasting time in low-level battles, it was better to open a shop early to earn Spirit Stones.

As his thoughts drifted, his wrist was already seized by the leading cultivator.

[Attribute Points +100...]

Reflect activated. The leading cultivator felt as though he'd grasped a steel pipe. Despite exerting force, the pipe remained undamaged, instead, the base of his own palm split from the shock.

His face color drained with horror. What kind of cultivation level was this!

"You... who exactly are you?"

The leading cultivator asked, and the others also became solemn. Things were not simple; the man before them was no ordinary powerhouse.

"I am Ye Liangchen."

"In this world, the only one who can harm Liangchen is Liangchen himself."

Li Xiaobai spoke indifferently.

"May I ask which peak's sect Brother Ye belongs to? Have you considered the consequences of opposing Senior Brother Yue?"

"Liangchen merely wishes to open a shop for honest trade. What does that have to do with you? If there's an issue, let that dog's son Senior Brother Yue come to see me." Li Xiaobai did not want to bother with them and turned to leave.

"Looking for death!"

Their expressions changed drastically. Disregarding their sect's prohibitions, with a swift draw of their longswords, they lunged at Li Xiaobai with sword Qi cleaving through the air.

"Stop!" Yin Susu shouted, extending a delicate hand and forcefully snapping their longswords.

"We were conducting a normal transaction, yet you disturb us so. Should I call for Elder Sun from the Punishment Hall?"

"Exactly, you just showed disdain for the sect's teachings. I'll have the Enforcement Hall take you in later!" The little girl raged as well.

"Good, Ye Liangchen, we'll remember today's incident. Prepare yourself for Senior Brother Yue's wrath," the cultivators spat threateningly before leaving in anger.

Yin Susu came forward, saying apologetically, “Young Master Ye, I am very sorry for causing you trouble.”

“Brother Ye, your cultivation level is impressive. I’ve long wanted to teach those guys a lesson!” the little girl said, bouncing around cheerfully.

“It’s fine, but may I ask who is this Senior Brother Yue? Is he that influential?” Li Xiaobai inquired.

“Yue Fan is one of the True Disciples. You really don’t know him? You must be new here!”

The little girl’s eyes widened in astonishment. No wonder he was fearless; he clearly didn’t recognize Senior Brother Yue.

She also looked at Li Xiaobai with some confusion, feeling more and more that she had seen him somewhere before but couldn’t for the life of her remember where.

“Well, now I am acquainted. Liangchen is in a rush to open a shop, so I’ll take my leave first.”

Li Xiaobai wanted to keep his distance from the two women, worried that if he stayed longer, someone would recognize him.

After bowing with a clasped fist, he quickly left.

Chu Xiaoxiao furrowed her brows, asking, “Su Su, don’t you think that guy looked familiar? I’m sure I’ve seen him somewhere before.”

Yin Susu didn’t notice anything special. “Maybe you saw him when you sneaked out before. Because of us, he’s provoked Senior Brother Yue and is likely to be targeted. Let’s go find Brother Xiang to help.”

“Right, right, right, my master said when there’s trouble, go to Xiang Tiandi. We should ask him to deal harshly with Yue Fan!”

...

The shop was located near the training ground where there was a large flow of people. Every day, disciples would pass by the shop on their way to practice or compete on the fighting platform.

Li Xiaobai hurried into the shop, which had already been cleaned up.

Looking at the rows of shelves, this place was originally meant for selling spiritual medicines and cultivation techniques. However, the sect didn’t lack these low-end

items, and even better high-grade goods could be bought and sold in the trading shops, making the business rather bleak, as one can imagine.

He exchanged for a signboard from the mall and carved the words “Quality Goods Shop” on it, hanging it beside the shop, signifying the official start of business.

He took out a bunch of Huazi and stuffed all the shelves full to the brim, which would be the capital for his wealth and prosperity for a considerable period to come.

Huazi had a low cost for doing business, was quick to take effect, and was more reliable than Tangneng First-class.

He exchanged for a few bags of air purifier.

[Air Purifier: Purifies the air. Upon smelling it, it can slightly enhance enlightenment for a short time.]

Advertisement: Purify the soul, purify corruption, purify the air, purify oneself.

This stuff could enhance people’s enlightenment, a sharp weapon for attracting customers in a short period.

He tossed out the bags of air purifier, and as a gentle breeze blew, the powder dispersed and spread rapidly with the air.

Soon, the nearby cultivators felt an extraordinary sensation. Several cultivators who were resting on the ground immediately stood up, their eyes shining with excitement.

“I’ve had a sudden enlightenment!”

“Me too, my Ink Splash Saber Technique is complete!”

“The final step, I’m one step closer to the Great Perfection Realm of the Golden Core Stage!”

“This doesn’t seem right; how could all of us have a sudden enlightenment at the same time? What a coincidence!”

The cultivators were puzzled, looking around. They saw more and more cultivators in the crowd showing a look of amazement, and bursts of strong fluctuations erupted as many broke through on the spot.

Something was off; this definitely wasn’t a natural enlightenment. What had happened?

“It’s that shop!”

“We smelled the powder drifting out from that shop, and then we broke through!”

“Isn’t that Sister Yin Susu’s shop? It only sold some basic herbs on regular days; how could it be so magical now?”

“I heard Sister Yin Susu has transferred the shop to someone else. The one inside must be the new owner now. Look, even the shop’s name has changed.”

“Quality Goods Shop...”

The cultivators consciously approached the Quality Goods Shop and saw that the owner had indeed changed upon closer inspection.

This owner was wearing a pair of dark glasses and had an unknown item in his mouth, puffing clouds of smoke, a rather unique and noticeable look.

Most importantly, after inadvertently inhaling a few breaths of the mist the owner had exhaled, they suddenly felt their Spiritual Platforms clear up remarkably and their viscera refreshed significantly, an even more miraculous feeling than the sudden enlightenment earlier.

Hiss!

What treasure is this? Terrifying indeed!

Behind him, the shelves were stacked with packets of an item they didn’t recognize.

Could this be the treasure that enables one to achieve enlightenment, and it’s even mass-produced?

“Boss, what’s your name, and what does this newly opened shop sell?” a cultivator asked.

“I am Ye Liangchen, and the items sold here are called Huazi.”

“What is Huazi?”

“This thing right here. Take a puff, and not only is it refreshing, but it also allows one to enter a state of clarity for a short time, aiding in understanding cultivation techniques and moves. Want to give it a try?”

“How do you sell it?”

“One for ten medium-grade Spirit Stones, and there’s a discount for a pack, only one high-grade Spirit Stone, fair to young and old...”

Chapter 107: Brothers, Smoke Huazi

Cultivators frowned, this item was a bit expensive.

“Boss, a top-grade Spirit Stone is enough for a month of cultivation, isn’t buying a pack of this a bit too expensive?”

“But top-grade Spirit Stones won’t enhance your comprehension, my Huazi not only does that, but when faced with corrosive powers of the Flesh Mountain that erode the mind, taking a puff can also fend off some of its effects,” Li Xiaobai said cheerfully.

“I’ll try one first!”

A cultivator threw out ten mid-grade Spirit Stones, wanting to have a taste for himself.

Li Xiaobai took the Spirit Stones and handed over a Huazi.

The surrounding cultivators watched eagerly, wanting to see the reaction of the one who smoked the Huazi.

The cultivator took the Huazi and, under Li Xiaobai’s guidance, put it into his mouth, a small flame appeared on his fingers, lighting the Huazi and took a deep drag.

The Huazi rapidly shrank at a speed visible to the naked eye, and at the same time, the cultivator shivered comfortably with a series of exhales and inhaled smoke.

The material inside the Huazi was a true enlightenment material, and with one puff, all the viscera were cleansed, the sea of consciousness became clear and bright, and the entire Primordial Spirit purified significantly.

Seeing such an exaggerated reaction from the cultivator, the crowd around couldn’t contain their curiosity and purchased their own Huazi from Li Xiaobai, beginning to blow clouds of smoke on the spot.

After one puff, everyone’s eyes brightened, their sea of consciousness cleared, their Primordial Spirits purified, deepening their understanding of cultivation, and many

In a short while, at the entrance of the Good Goods Store, thick fragrant smoke wafted around, attracting passing disciples who couldn’t help but be drawn over, wanting to investigate.

Approaching and inhaling a couple of puffs of smoke, they shuddered and their faces lit up with ecstatic expressions.

“What is this?”

“It actually helped me break through!”

“Fellow senior brothers and sisters, what is in your mouths?”

Latecoming cultivators were so anxious they scratched their heads and ears; the effect of secondhand Huazi wasn't very ideal, lasting only a very short time. Many were close to a breakthrough, but the sensation of a clear and bright Spiritual Platform suddenly ceased.

However, no one paid attention to them, as Huazi was a fine item. The fewer people that knew about it, the more they could buy for themselves, the more they could advance their strength beyond others.

“Boss, thirty packs of Huazi, take the Spirit Stones.”

“Fifty packs of Huazi, Spirit Stones are not a problem.”

“Give me a hundred packs, I want to breakthrough right here!”

1

The cultivators were very excited; such a treasure being available in bulk, a Heaven and Earth Treasure that could assist in comprehension, not to mention a top-grade Spirit Stone—even if it were a hundred top-grade Spirit Stones, they would be willing to buy for its enormous benefits.

2

“Hehe, don't hurry, there's enough for everyone. I have plenty of stock,” Li Xiaobai laughed, the supply of Huazi in the store was inexhaustible, a treasure indeed for these cultivators.

Watching the multitude of cultivators with faces full of joy and satisfaction, the batches of cultivators arriving later couldn't hold back any longer.

“What in the world is this treasure that can improve comprehension!”

“No, I have to buy one too, boss, give me a pack, no, make it ten packs!”

“I want some too...”

Stimulated by the earlier cultivators, those who came later didn't bother with a trial and started to buy in large quantities right away.

The Good Goods Store could be said to have struck it big from the get-go; just two hours into business, it was booming. Continuing this momentum, it wouldn't take many days for the entire Sect to learn of the miraculous nature of Huazi.

"Brother Ye has opened his store so soon, I'll take ten packs of Huazi."

Before anyone knew it, Yu Sanbian had made his way through the crowd and tossed a bag of Spirit Stones.

"Yes, thank you Brother Yu for your patronage."

Li Xiaobai remained silent; whenever there was an advantage to be had, this guy would immediately come around, but the moment there were no benefits, he would turn and leave. This person was truly realistic.

"In the competition two days from now, go for it, Brother Yu."

"Such a level of competition doesn't even catch my eye," Yu Sanbian said as he lit a Huazi and spoke indifferently.

"Brother Yu is so domineering..."

Li Xiaobai didn't really want to pay attention to this show-off anymore. The man was better at pretending than he was, oozing with arrogance in every motion.

"Is Boss Ye a promoted disciple?"

The cultivators, interested upon hearing their conversation, asked.

"Yes, Liangchen arrived at the sect just yesterday," Li Xiaobai said with a smile.

"Then Boss should be careful. This year's promoted disciples are different than in previous years. Many geniuses from other regions have snatched the promoted disciple Tokens and entered the Holy Demon Sect with the intention of winning ranks in this competition and becoming disciples of the Holy Demon Sect."

"Yeah, they're all after the secret realm in the Northern Region. These people are disgusting; unable to become the phoenix head, they come here to fight for the tail."

"I've heard that a few geniuses from Central Province have come, and I heard that the Golden Spear Overlord, who surpassed all heroes three years ago, has also arrived!"

“People from the Western Desert have come too; just two days ago, my senior brother was talking with them, with cultivation levels profound and unfathomable.”

The crowd was abuzz with discussion, full of anticipation for the competition of the promoted disciples. After all, geniuses from various regions were gathering to compete, and it was indeed a grand event.

Being able to witness the battles between these paragons was a rare opportunity. Perhaps they could even gain some insight from it.

Hearing the discussion of the crowd, Li Xiaobai understood in his heart. Just like his Sixth Senior Brother had said, this time many powerful figures had come, some even putting pressure on the eldest senior sister, with the possibility that not all of them were below the Nascent Soul Stage.

However, his own Undying Golden Body was already at the seventh transformation. Passing this test smoothly should not be a problem.

...

Meanwhile, at Picking Star Peak, where True Disciple Yue Fan resided.

At that moment, Yue Fan was practicing calligraphy, his brush strokes vigorous and fluid as if he were completely focused. A few cultivators were relating the day's happenings to him.

“Are you saying that this cultivator named Ye Liangchen ignored your warnings, bought Su Su's shop right in front of you, and then injured you?”

“Yes, that Ye Liangchen's actions and demeanor were extremely arrogant, completely disregarding Senior Brother Yue!” the cultivator reported back.

“What background does this Ye Liangchen have?”

“He should be a promoted disciple, temporarily residing on the Disciple's mountain head.”

With a “crack,” the brush in Yue Fan's hand turned instantly to powder, veins bulging at his temple.

“Trash, chased back by a mere promoted disciple, you've lost face for Picking Star Peak!”

“Senior Brother Yue, please calm your anger. Sister Yin took his side at the time. We didn't want to create unnecessary complications, so we thought to consult Senior Brother Yue first,” the cultivators said, clearly terrified.

“Keep an eye on this person, and see how he performs in the arena.”

“Also, once you go out, administer your own punishment, one hundred lashes each.”

“Yes!”

The cultivators withdrew.

Yue Fan took a deep breath, took out a new brush, and slowly wrote out the name Ye Liangchen on the paper.

“Ye Liangchen, even Su Su is protecting you. I have to see for myself what makes you so special!”

Chapter 108: The Contest Begins

The shop gradually became deserted as the evening wore on.

The first round of cultivators had hoarded a month’s worth of Huazi and temporarily had no need to purchase more. However, the news would soon spread, and more people would come to buy.

Perhaps even the Sect Elders would come to make purchases in large quantities.

Li Xiaobai was getting ready to close the shop when several figures appeared, flashing inside.

The leader was none other than Sixth Senior Brother Liu Jinshui, “Junior Brother, we came to see you!”

“Junior Brother’s Disguise Technique is truly exquisite; even I couldn’t recognize you, and your whole demeanor has changed. It’s just that your face is too handsome, which easily draws attention,” Second Senior Sister Ye Wushuang said.

“Indeed, Junior Brother, when roaming the world, the least necessary thing is a handsome face. Look at your Senior Brother, I specifically made my handsome face incredibly plain to keep a low profile. In this regard, you still need to learn a lot.”

Fourth Senior Brother Yang Chen also nodded in agreement.

“We were able to break through thanks to Junior Brother’s Dragon Serpent Fruits. After consuming one, the effects were immediate.”

“Yes, my foundation has also become much more solid, in no way inferior to disciples of the great sects.”

Talking about the Dragon Serpent Fruit, everyone’s faces were filled with smiles, selectively ignoring the memories of tricking Li Xiaobai.

“Junior Brother, we should set up a bathhouse to soak in; the original water has gone stale,” a female cultivator with an unfamiliar appearance said, her voice suggesting that she was the Eldest Senior Sister.

All six had disguised themselves and looked completely different, very low-profile, to the point that they’d be unrecognizable in a crowd.

“Senior Brothers and Sisters, draw a Huazi!”

Li Xiaobai chuckled, promptly offering each of them a Huazi. Clouds of smoke filled the room, and relaxed expressions emerged on their faces.

“Junior Brother, you actually have such good stuff!”

“Exactly, you should have brought it out earlier. This is way more effective than a bath, though it lasts far too short,” another said.

“Senior Brothers and Sisters, did you come over specially tonight to discuss something?” asked Li Xiaobai.

“Indeed, we almost forgot the main issue. In two days, it’s time for the competition. This platform is different from the others; there will be a number of Nascent Soul Stage cultivators. Junior Brother must be fully prepared,” Su Yunbing said.

“Sixth Senior Brother has already reminded me about it,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Hmm, what we want to discuss is another matter. You must be aware, the Secret Realm is about to open. You must break into the top one hundred to become a disciple of the Holy Demon Sect, only then will you have the opportunity to compete for a spot to enter the Secret Realm.”

“I understand, Senior Brother,” Li Xiaobai nodded seriously. Entering the Secret Realm was crucial for him to enhance his defensive power; without fortuitous encounters, increasing strength would be too slow.

“This Secret Realm is left by the Confucianism Master Beichen Feng, and the treasures within it are sure to be innumerable. It will be a chance for us, brothers, to firmly swindle the other cultivators, teaching those arrogant fools a lesson!”

Liu Jinshui's eyes glinted fiercely, radiating killing intent, suggesting he had been greatly aggrieved recently.

"That's right, that's enough talk for now. Junior Brother, we'll see you at the grand competition," he added.

After giving a few instructions, the group departed, their figures blurring and disappearing from sight in an instant.

...

The next morning, Li Xiaobai returned to his mountain peak.

No one else came to cause trouble, and the menial disciples continued to look frightened and apprehensive.

Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing roamed the mountain incessantly. Having consumed the Good-Evil Pills, one was set on doing good deeds all over, while the other was filled with thoughts of causing mischief, turning the mountain into a scene of chaos.

Yuan Fang came to report on some matters concerning the mountain, mostly trivial issues. He clearly regarded himself as the boss.

Li Xiaobai was helpless. That day, he did not leave the mountain and all was peaceful.

He took out the remaining Demonic Beast materials from his Space Ring. Inside the ring, there was still a sizable number of Demonic Beast inner cores. Even though they were all at the Golden Core Stage, their sheer number could add a significant amount of Attribute Points.

Swallowing them one by one, his Attribute Points began to climb rapidly.

[Attribute Point +200...]

[Attribute Points +600...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points: 12000.]

Put all points in defense.

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body Seventh Turn (17000/70000) Can advance.]

The distance to the next level was still quite far.

...

Time flew by, and the day of the competition arrived.

Numerous cultivators gathered and hurried to the arena; no one dared to slack off for today's contest.

Li Xiaobai led many cultivators down the mountain. Their team, mighty and vast, advanced toward the sect's central arena, forming a unique scene.

Atop the high platform, a few Sect Elders, including the Great Elder, assembled, waiting quietly for the disciples to arrive.

"I wonder what the Sect Leader is thinking, exchanging more than a third of the cultivators in the advanced disciples."

"Yes, the opening of the Secret Realm is an opportunity for our Northern Region. Yet these scions of great powers also wish to join in, showing utter disrespect."

"The Sect Leader probably wants to do those old fellows a favor..."

"He knows how to conduct himself; Feng Qingyang, don't you know any insider information?"

"Cough cough, I naturally have no clue about the Sect Leader's thoughts. Perhaps the Sect Leader wants to use these Sect Disciples to temper our Holy Demon Sect's disciples. Let our disciples see what true scions are like so they'll have more motivation in their future cultivation."

Feng Qingyang felt somewhat embarrassed, for he certainly knew the Sect Leader's purpose, but of course, he wouldn't say it here; after all, not every Elder was of one mind with the Sect Leader.

Recently, an Outer Sect Elder seemed to have close ties with an Evil Cultivator.

"Heh, all nonsense. Which family's disciples do you fancy? Want to open a bet?"

"One high-grade Magic Treasure, I bet on the victory of Miss Qin from the Qin Family."

"Heh, I'm betting on a few baldies from the Western Region..."

"Elder Feng, who do you fancy?"

"Heh heh, well, there's a young genius I have my eye on named Ye Liangchen."

Feng Qingyang remembered the conversation he had with the Supreme Elders a few days ago and couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation.

These ancient Qi Cultivators, achieving sainthood with their flesh, I really want to see how far this kid can go.

As he was lost in thought, a troop of about two hundred cultivators with a menacing aura marched into the arena.

The surrounding cultivators stepped aside in shock, their hearts filled with astonishment. Who was this big shot who came in a group, and such a large one at that!

Cultivators whispered and turned their heads to look.

"Which family's scion is this; do you recognize them?"

"Don't recognize them; there must be around two hundred of them, right!"

"Yeah, two hundred people; surely, they can't all be geniuses, can they?"

"That's too terrifying!"

The cultivators following Li Xiaobai strutted proudly. Following Brother Ruthless, they had regained their confidence. Regardless of the outcome of the competition, at least at that moment, they were feared and respected.

This feeling of having a backbone was truly wonderful!

On the high platform, Feng Qingyang stood up and lightly swept his gaze over everyone.

"Since everyone has arrived, let's begin..."

"`

Feng Qingyang landed gracefully and stood on the arena.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the importance of this test need not be overstated by me. The top hundred will become Outer Sect disciples, and the top ten will become Inner Sect disciples."

"What I have to say is, due to the large number of participants, the rules of the competition will differ slightly from usual."

“There are three grand arenas here. Indeed, each arena can accommodate a thousand people. You will be divided into groups of a thousand, ascend to the arena, and the last hundred standing on each arena will automatically advance. Is that clear enough?”

Feng Qingyang announced the rules with an indifferent expression, causing an uproar among the crowd. No one had expected the Holy Demon Sect to be so chaotic; a thousand-person melee battle wasn't as simple as having strength to advance.

Li Xiaobai furrowed his brows, realizing the cruelty of the rules. Undoubtedly, many would be targeted right from the start.

Fortunately, he arrived late and most of these cultivators did not recognize him. With his defensive capabilities, as long as he lay low, advancing should not be a problem.

“Boss Ye, it seems we must part ways,” Li Ya said, knowing their chances of advancing were slim under such ruthless rules.

“Yes, Brother Ruthless, you can definitely make it into the top ten!” the cultivators cheered.

“Hehe, I'll take that as a good omen,” Li Xiaobai chuckled.

“Boy, all the trash on this arena is nothing. If Lord Ergouzi were to make a move, they would be gone in the snap of a finger,” Ergouzi said, standing up with claws on his back and speaking indifferently.

“That's right, kid, don't disgrace our master's face!” Ji Wuqing preened his feathers and stated leisurely.

Li Xiaobai: “...”

...

He had made it onto the arena.

His group happened to include several senior brothers and sisters, and he let out a sigh of relief, knowing he wouldn't have to fight alone.

In the crowd, he also spotted Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian, a few familiar faces congregating on this particular arena.

Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian, having also noticed Li Xiaobai, seemed intimidated and unconsciously stepped back.

Watching Li Xiaobai's form, a hint of a smile crossed Wang Ruoxian's lips, as if she had a plan in mind. Li Xiaobai startled, wondering if she intended to target him.

As expected, just as Feng Qingyang declared the start of the competition, Wang Ruoxian floated up into the void.

“Fellow daoists, on our arena there is a young prodigy who is a murderous maniac. If we do not eliminate him, none of us are safe. I suggest we join forces to take him down first, and then compete fairly afterwards. How about it?”

In the void, Wang Ruoxian pointed at Li Xiaobai and spoke to the crowd.

“Yes, yes, yes! I have personally witnessed this man slaughter cultivators, stealing their Inner Sect Disciple tokens, and even whipping the corpses. He tortured them beyond recognition. Let’s all band together and take him down first!”

Xia Jian echoed urgently, as if afraid the others wouldn’t believe him, detailing Li Xiaobai’s actions.

The surrounding cultivators became furious upon hearing this, their eyes ablaze with anger at the thought of such cruelty.

But they were also wary, with the indication that this person was rather formidable. They might not be his match, and for a moment, nobody spoke up.

Li Xiaobai’s expression darkened; these two were blatantly smearing him, targeting him right as the match began, which was quite troublesome.

“These two are together, with nefarious intentions. Don’t listen to them.”

“We cultivators should not believe or spread rumors, and we absolutely cannot defame a good person!”

Li Xiaobai tried to explain.

“But we also cannot let a bad person go unpunished!”

The speaker was Fifth Senior Brother Ling Feng, who always had a knack for flamboyant remarks. However, directing the accusation at Li Xiaobai seemed off – weren’t they on the same side? Li Xiaobai suddenly felt a dread rising within him as he thought back to the incident that had occurred in the Deepborn Mountains.

Considering past events, it was clear his seniors had no qualms about betraying him. Could it be...

“

“Heh heh, I agree, we cultivators cherish righteousness that pierces the clouds, and I can’t stand murderers the most. No matter what, this person must die today!”

“That’s right, we can lose the group battle, but this person must die. I, Liu Jinshui, am the first to dissent!”

“I, Su Yunbing, am willing to execute this man. Who else is willing to join me?”

“To protect the life and safety of the vast number of cultivators, I, Ye Wushuang, am willing to contribute my part!”

“I, Yang Chen, love watching experts fight the most. Today, only one of us can live between the two of us!”

“I, Lin Yin, hate the most in my life...”

Other cultivators hadn’t made any big moves yet, but several senior brothers and sisters suddenly erupted, continuously shouting, wanting to execute Li Xiaobai by the righteousness.

Someone took the lead to bolster the momentum. The atmosphere was gradually stirred up, and the other cultivators were also impassioned, wanting to eliminate Li Xiaobai first.

“Damn it, the more I look at this person, the less I like him. Brothers, let’s take him down first!”

“Take that guy down. I’ve long heard rumors of some genius infiltrating to compete with us. Today we must teach him a painful lesson!”

“We have so many people. Are we still afraid of him alone?”

“Exactly...”

The crowd grew more and more excited, showing signs of losing control.

Li Xiaobai was cursing in his heart, sending his regards to the ancestors of his senior brothers and sisters.

I’ve never seen such treacherous people, instigating a thousand people to gang up on their own junior brother. What sort of thinking is that?

And those two, Wang Ruoxian and Xia Jian, I must find an opportunity to get rid of them!

“Kid, one against a thousand, and that’s today. Take them down!” Ergouzi was extremely excited from below the stage.

It wasn't just him; the other cultivators were also attracted and gathered around. Compared to the chaotic battles on the other stages, this stage's high targeting was obviously more interesting.

Moreover, it was a thousand people targeting one, just thinking about it was exciting.

However, there were still many cultivators who recognized Li Xiaobai. The Quality Goods Store had been incredibly popular in the sect these past two days, and many cultivators had seen Li Xiaobai.

"Isn't the person on stage Boss Ye from the Quality Goods Store?"

"Yeah, he looks so much like him, it must be him!"

"I didn't expect Boss Ye to be the target of such hostility; I hope he isn't beaten to death."

"Brother, what's the background of this Boss Ye? Is he famous?" a cultivator asked, puzzled.

"You don't even know Boss Ye, brother, do you smoke Huazi?"

"What's Huazi?"

"It seems we can't be friends then, goodbye..."

The subtleties in the thoughts of the crowd below were unheard by Li Xiaobai, who was facing the pressure of a thousand people and feeling immense stress, his heart pounding fiercely.

It was at this moment that several beams of escaping light shot into the sky. Six senior brothers and sisters, with an imposing momentum, suddenly roared, "Kill!"

"Kill!"

Nearly a thousand cultivators boiled over in an instant, ignited by the aura of the few people in the void. They activated their Cultivation Techniques and charged towards Li Xiaobai's location, completely unaware of anything amiss.

In the void, the six people coldly chuckled, their gaze shifting to focus on Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian who were on the sidelines, watching.

Chapter 110: Duped Again

“Fellow senior brothers and sisters, we should unite against our common enemy and first eliminate that person from the competition,”

Wang Ruoxian forced a smile, the imposing aura of the people before her far exceeded her own. They were truly the young prodigies of their age, and she was ready; if a fight broke out, she planned to dive straight into the crowd.

As long as she could hold out until only a hundred competitors remained, she would count it as her victory.

On the side, Xia Jian shared the same thought as he subtly retreated backward.

“Naive. Do you really think that a hundred people will be left standing on this stage in the end?” Su Yunbing asked with a mocking smile.

A bad premonition arose in them. Could it be that the opposition was planning to clear the stage?

...

On the high platform, several elders looked down at the arena below with strange expressions on their faces.

“This arena is quite interesting. It’s been a long time since we’ve seen a grand scene with nearly a thousand people targeting one person,” one remarked.

“I wonder who this targeted disciple is and whether he can hold out for long,” another mused.

“Being targeted means he must have something special about him. He might just be a dark horse!”

“This youngster is not bad...”

The elders were already in heated discussion even before the fight had begun. Feng Qingyang stroked his beard and revealed a hint of a smile. This kid had not disappointed him; wherever he went, he stirred up trouble.

However, what no one noticed was that an elder in a corner, watching the stage below, had a trace of cold light flickering in his eyes. A few days ago, he received news that the one who had killed the evil cultivator Protector Liu was among these disciples.

This person had disguised himself and was very likely the cultivator who had robbed the esteemed one’s belongings that day.

He needed to observe closely to find this person!

On the arena, a multitude of cultivators instantly appeared in front of Li Xiaobai, launching various moves and bombarding him with attacks.

“Celestial Blade Technique!”

“Slaughter Fist!”

“Blood Demon Hand!”

A violent fluctuation tore through the void as people swarmed him, with at least dozens launching their first wave of attacks simultaneously.

Their moves and cultivation techniques struck Li Xiaobai, tearing his clothes to shreds. The arena immediately became covered in a web of cracks and sank inwards.

[Attribute Points +200...]

[Attribute Points +100...]

[Attribute Points +50...]

Fortunately, the cultivation level of most of these attackers remained at the Golden Core Stage and didn't cause too much trouble for him. After adjusting slightly, Li Xiaobai covered his head with his hands and let the cultivators pound on him as they pleased.

Watching the system panel's numbers jump wildly, his eyes sparkled with excitement.

Good, just a bit more. A few more attacks and he could level up with his points.

The multitude of cultivators didn't notice anything amiss, and seeing Li Xiaobai slowly crouch down with his hands over his head, they just thought he was unable to fight back and was trying to protect himself. Their attacks grew even more ferocious.

Cultivation techniques, spiritual artifacts, magic treasures—everything they had was thrown at him relentlessly.

In truth, most of them weren't quite clear why they were targeting Li Xiaobai so vehemently. After a few people had set the rhythm, they simply joined the crowd and charged along.

But as the fight dragged on, they realized that no matter how they attacked, they couldn't seem to affect the man in front of them. Frustration rose within them, prompting even more vigorous and frenzied attacks.

“Dammit, this guy’s tough as an ox!”

“What did he eat to grow up? How could his body be so resilient?”

“Stop talking and save your energy to wear him down!”

“Forget it, even if I get eliminated today, I’m going to take this guy down first. He’s too damn infuriating!”

“It’s just…”

The cultivators launched a frenzied assault, with Li Xiaobai standing still, clutching his head, silently enduring the attacks from everyone.

Although it was said that nearly a thousand cultivators were attacking, only about a hundred were actually close enough to strike. The rest couldn’t squeeze in from behind; occasionally one or two long-range attacks hit him, but it was still of no significant use.

The Attribute Points did not soar as he had imagined they might.

Low-level scenarios, indeed, were not that powerful. He felt a little disappointed in his heart.

In the void, six silhouettes encircled Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian, determined to eliminate them first.

These two clearly did not get along with Li Xiaobai. Right from the start, they attracted massive hostility toward their little junior brother. They deserved to be dealt with, no question about it!

“You two won’t leave the arena today without missing limbs. Prepare yourselves,” Yang Chen said with a smile.

“Big sister, half-crippled or completely crippled?” Liu Jinshui squinted his eyes, a dangerous glint flashing through them.

“Completely, but leave them breathing,” Su Yunbing said indifferently.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we should always leave room for maneuver, so that we can meet amicably in the future. I am on good terms with Elder Yuan Fang from the Outer Sect. I implore you to show us some leniency,” Xia Jian said.

“Yes, and I am good friends with Inner Sect Disciple Xu Kun. For his sake, could you possibly let us off the hook?” Wang Ruoxian quickly chimed in.

“Yuan Fang?”

“Xu Kun?”

“What are those, never heard of them. They hold no sway here. Save your breath, dismember their hands and feet for me!”

Su Yunbing’s aura was chilling as she waved her hand, and they all swarmed forward.

“Alright, alright, alright, I’ll remember you guys. Nobody has dared to treat my people this way before. You’re the first,” Xia Jian said.

“I’ll keep in mind today’s grudge,” he added solemnly.

A talisman appeared in Xia Jian’s hand, and with a pinch of his fingers, it burst into flames, “Smooth Travel Talisman!”

The talisman burned to ashes that scattered in the wind, but there was no change in their form; they still stood in the same place, faces full of bewilderment.

What’s happening? The Smooth Travel Talisman was supposed to take them a thousand miles in an instant, so why isn’t it working now?

“You dare to show off your amateur talisman skills in front of us?”

“Dharma Form Manifestation!”

Su Yunbing’s expression was detached as a colossal red shadow rose from behind her, reaching skyward, its formidable presence sweeping across the arena and lighting up the eyes of the vast figure with a terrifying glow.

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Even the cultivators on the two nearby platforms stopped what they were doing and gawked at the giant phantom in the sky.

“Spirit Manifestation, you’re a Nascent Soul Stage powerhouse!”

Wang Ruoxian shrieked, never expecting to have attracted the attention of a real master. Using the Primordial Spirit to lock space is a standard tactic to prevent lower-level cultivators from escaping.

Their adversary was using sheer cultivation level to suppress them; there was no chance for them to escape.

It must have been their previous targeting of Li Xiaobai that caught the attention of several bigwigs, who, in order to avoid being targeted themselves, decided to eliminate the two of them.

Xia Jian's complexion turned ashen. Now that he was deprived of the talisman's ability, they couldn't even descend from the platform if they wanted to, and they were likely to be reduced to living sticks.

"Various masters, I was blind to your stature. I am the disciple of the Blood Demon of Zhenyuan Country. If you spare me, my master will surely thank you," Xia Jian pleaded.

"I am a disciple from Yun Mengze of Xiao Cheng Sect, and my master adores me. Name any terms you want; just spare me, and you can have anything!" Wang Ruoxian was terrified.

"Anything you want?" Lin Yin asked with a hint of interest.

"Yes, yes, anything at all!"

Both of them nodded eagerly like pecking chickens, thinking they saw a glimmer of hope—only for the next sentence to chill them to the bone.

"Then I'll take your left hand..."

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 111 - 111 Clearing the Field - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 111 - 111 Clearing the Field

Chapter 111: Clearing the Field

"If senior brother wants the left hand, then junior brother will take the right hand," Yang Chen sneered.

"Fatty likes feet. Take off this woman's feet and give them to me," Liu Jinshui chuckled.

"Then I have no choice but to take this young master's hands and feet," Ye Wushuang said with a light laugh, her hand covering her face.

The group talked casually, distributing the two lambs to be slaughtered with crystal clarity.

Both had already turned pale, understanding that they couldn't escape their fate today.

"Elder, I admit defeat!"

“They want to kill me, I admit defeat!”

“Elder, stop them quickly!”

Heart-wrenching cries of agony spread across the entire platform. The two of them were shouting energetically, but the anticipated dismemberment did not occur.

The crowd below watched the performance of the two above with odd expressions on their faces.

When the two opened their eyes, the six people in front of them were looking at them with half-smiles, “We were just talking, we didn’t really mean to do it. Alright, it’s over, go on and do whatever you were doing.”

After speaking, the six people flashed away, returning to a corner of the platform. They had only intended to scare the opponents.

They dared to bully junior brother; it wouldn’t be so easy to let them off the stage. They had to be tortured properly.

Li Xiaobai was in a complex mood, unsure whether to be touched or to continue cursing.

If you had time to take up for me, you should have come to save me! What the hell were you pretending to be up there!

Moreover, they even incited the crowd to continue attacking him, which was truly baffling.

In the void, Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian exchanged glances, said nothing more, and immediately jumped down from the platform, their faces alternating between green and red. Their performance was too embarrassing; they had neither the face nor the courage to stay any longer.

By now, Li Xiaobai had accumulated quite a substantial amount of Attribute Points.

[Attribute Points: 40000.]

All on defense.

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body seventh rotation (57000/70000) ready to advance.]

The attacks of the many cultivators had already stopped. The actions of several people in the sky had shocked them, and Su Yunbing’s huge Nascent Soul had drawn their attention.

“It’s your turn now, let’s have a one-shot home run,” Su Yunbing said lightly, lighting a cigarette.

The cultivators below suddenly had a bad feeling.

“What does she want to do?”

“Didn’t she say she would take that guy out first? Why do I feel like she’s going to attack us?”

“Yeah, we haven’t offended her!”

Seeing Su Yunbing’s gaze in the sky focusing on them, many cultivators started to panic, with the opponent’s Nascent Soul still standing there.

That towering red phantom exuded an overwhelming presence. Merely making eye contact could cause a painful sting in the eyes, a pressure emanating from her Nascent Soul.

Li Xiaobai looked up, and in the sky, the giant red phantom lifted its arm slightly, and a golden hammer appeared in its hand.

The hammer glowed with a golden light, and the overly large head was engraved with mysterious totems that materialized. Vague beastly roars could be heard, terrifying to the extreme.

“The Primordial Spirit has even condensed a Life-bound Spirit Treasure!”

“This is not just entering the Nascent Soul Stage!”

“This person’s Primordial Spirit power is exceptionally strong, probably surpassing that of the outer elders!”

“Where does this genius hail from, Central Province, or perhaps the Western Desert?”

“These six people seem to be together, I’ve never seen them before!”

The many cultivators below debated excitedly, shouting as they watched the manifestation of a hammer in the red Primordial Spirit’s hands.

Youths on the other two stages turned their heads, such age and strength, across the entire Immortal Spirit Continent, could indeed be called genius. However, no one managed to recognize who these individuals were.

Elders on the stage all stood up in unison, the first round had unexpectedly drawn out a master competitor.

Looking at the other party's demeanor, it was a hundred percent clear they intended to clear the stage directly. This hammer's fall would likely leave the cultivators below either dead or injured.

"This girl's Primordial Spirit is actually visualized as her own self; her ambitions must be far beyond our imagination!"

"That's right, ordinary Primordial Spirits are visualized from Divine Demons. To use oneself as a Primordial Spirit and still able to unleash such power, this girl must possess an invincible heart, firmly believing that she will stand shoulder to shoulder with gods and buddhas in the future."

"Such a grand spirit, truly a talent!"

"However, with this hammer coming down, I fear these cultivators below won't fare well..."

"So what? The contest has already begun, did you want to intervene? Just wait to save people later."

"Yuan Fang, what's with you? Why the daze? This is to select talents for your outer sect disciples, why so careless?"

Feng Qingyang frowned as he looked at an Elder in the corner.

"This... I was lost in thought, my apologies."

Yuan Fang quickly stood up, focusing on the situation on the stage below, while his thoughts were actually on another matter.

It was said that that day the revered figure was toyed with by seven juniors, among whom the leading female cultivator also wielded a huge hammer and her cultivation level had already reached the Nascent Soul Stage, highly similar to the one on the stage now.

If this girl was indeed that female from that day, then these few individuals with her should be the troublemakers from back then.

Yuan Fang felt that he was getting closer to the truth, not only a little excited.

However, he failed to notice, Feng Qingyang beside him glanced at him with a detached look.

There was an internal betrayer in the sect, he was told this by the Sect Leader, although not who it was. Feng Qingyang's task was to flush out this person.

He had noticed Yuan Fang's behavior was off; ever since coming back from the Divine Beast Mountain Range, the latter seemed to be hiding something, and his movements had become ever more secretive.

But now was not the right time; he would act directly after ascertaining the other's motives.

...

On the platform, everyone watched in horror as the massive red shadow in the sky slowly lifted the hammer.

Not until then did Li Xiaobai finally understand why his senior brothers and sisters wanted to make enemies for him.

They wanted to do it all in one fell swoop, directly clear the stage. Since the crowd's positioning was too scattered and troublesome, they used him as bait to attract all the cultivators to one corner of the stage, facilitating their action.

How could there be such people?

Couldn't you guys have simply handled it cleanly? Just because you didn't want the hassle, you even trapped your own junior brother. The trust between people in this world is almost worn away.

But there wasn't much time left for Li Xiaobai to ponder, in the void the gigantic red shadow raised the hammer high above its head, clearly preparing to clear the stage with a single blow.

"One Hammer to Settle the Score!"

Su Yunbing's lips parted slightly as she spoke softly, the totem branding glowed, golden light erupted, and the enormous hammer, wrapped in supreme authority, slammed into one corner of the stage with unstoppable force.

"I..."

Looking at the hammer continuously smashing down above his head, Li Xiaobai wanted to cry but had no tears, he crouched on the spot with his hands covering his head, don't hit me, I have the Reflect passive...

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Chapter 112: Only Seven People Left

“Run for it...”

“Get down there, that woman is trying to wipe us out in one go!”

“Damn it, why do these big shots always have to pick on us grassroots cultivators?”

The cultivators gathered in the corner of the arena hesitated not a moment longer and leaped down from the stage; in an instant, figures flickered everywhere, plummeting down like a hail of dumplings.

Below the arena, the onlooking crowd scattered like the tide, desperate to get out of the way.

Most of them had not reached the Nascent Soul Stage; if they were caught in the hammer’s wake, they would likely lose their lives.

In the void, the golden hammer crashed down with a thunderous roar, solidly striking the corner of the stage.

The might of the Primordial Sky-devouring Beast spread out, its formidable energy sweeping across the field in waves, causing the nearby cultivators to feel the spiritual artifacts within them thrown into chaos and their blood churn with such intensity that a sweet taste rose to their throats, and they spat out mouthfuls of blood.

The pale golden ripples of spiritual power spread, making the cultivators feel as if the world were spinning and darkness was descending before their eyes.

The power of a Nascent Soul big shot was truly terrifying!

Below, Li Xiaobai stared at the system panel in front of him.

[Attribute Points +5000...]

[Defensive power: Indestructible Golden Body Seventh Turn (62000/70000) ready for progression.]

As expected, the attacks from a Nascent Soul Cultivator sure packed a punch, easily racking up thousands of attribute points.

In the sky, Su Yunbing’s expression showed surprise; after her hammer struck, a strong force rebounded back at her, causing a slight vibration in her Primordial Spirit. Although she was not injured, the strength of the force was not to be underestimated.

Looking down at the now empty arena, Su Yunbing frowned.

This little junior brother of hers was not simple at all, his defensive power was astonishing.

“Stop, the competition on this stage has ended. Do not attack further!”

Several elders arrived together, striking the void several times to neutralize the overwhelming pressure from the golden hammer.

Feng Qingyang appeared on the ground in a flash, his face full of anger, “Who told you to do this!”

Leaving a hundred surviving disciples on each stage to continue the competition was a method devised by the elders to quickly identify talents.

Out of a thousand people, the strongest hundred would be selected and then face off in one-on-one fights, which would significantly increase efficiency and make it more exciting for them to watch.

But now, they had made a clean sweep with a pole, leaving the stage stark bare except for these seven, how were they supposed to continue the competition?

“That’s right, Great Elder, these big shots targeted us from the start, and we were eliminated before we could even show our true strength. I don’t accept this!”

“Yes, I don’t accept it either. We stand no chance against Nascent Soul cultivators!”

“She shouldn’t have used her cultivation level to hinder our determination to serve the Holy Demon Sect!”

“I demand another chance to compete!”

Seeing the Great Elder step in, the cultivators below once again became agitated.

However, they had forgotten that just a moment ago they were also attacking Li Xiaobai.

“Nonsense, weren’t you also ganging up on Liangchen just now?” Li Xiaobai said indifferently.

“Her hammer didn’t specifically avoid Liangchen, and it’s clear that you jumped off the stage on your own!”

The cultivators were left speechless, as it had indeed been their fear that made them jump off the arena.

Anyone who saw a Nascent Soul wielding a giant hammer threatening to smash down on them would be scared out of their wits.

“All right, rules are rules, even though they were wrong in a thousand ways, you have already left the arena and lost the qualification to continue the competition. Just be a spectator for now, and remember, if you perform exceptionally well in the future, there is still a chance to become a disciple of our sect!”

Feng Qingyang said.

“Thank you, Great Elder.” The cultivators had no choice but to accept their fate, their hearts filled with silent resentment but not daring to show it, feeling utterly wronged.

After Feng Qingyang gave a few brief instructions, two nearby arenas suddenly erupted with thunderous noises.

Sovereign might burst forth as several huge Primordial Spirit Phantoms rose from the ground, equally towering, confronting Su Yunbing’s red Nascent Soul from afar.

Su Yunbing felt challenged, her Nascent Soul swung the giant hammer, pointing at the several Primordial Spirit Phantoms from a distance, her overbearing aura released, ready to ignite a tense atmosphere.

The spectators below were shockingly alarmed, swiftly controlling their flights to take a stance, as Nascent Soul experts were going all out in the first round—the aftershock of this battle was not something they could withstand.

Indeed, they were the elite youths gathered from various regions, young and yet powerful enough to reach the Nascent Soul Stage.

They were also young; why were they so exceptional?

“You...”

Feng Qingyang was shocked, guessing what these fellows were up to.

No sooner had he finished lecturing one side than the other began to clear the field, blatantly ignoring his words.

“Elders, stop them, we can’t let them continue this recklessness!”

Feng Qingyang controlled his flight, instantly appearing in front of a massive Primordial Spirit Phantom, raising his hand to force it back into the body of the elite youth.

The Primordial Spirit Phantom faded, and Feng Qingyang’s hand passed right through it, without even a hint of touch.

“Void Clan, Aolai Country of the Eastern Sea, you’re a million miles away in the Eastern Sea, yet you’ve come to stir up trouble!” Feng Qingyang’s expression changed, originally thinking only the closer disciples from Central Province and the Western Desert would come and make a move, not expecting a bigger catch.

“Disciple was just traveling around and happened to be in the Northern Region, so I came.” said the elite youth indifferently, his Nascent Soul shimmered and quickly retreated back into his body, giving Feng Qingyang some face.

“You want to lay hands on my sister, did you ask us?”

Yang Chen stepped forward, a Primordial Spirit Phantom emerging from his body, holding a Double Sided Halberd, making no effort to conceal his hostility.

The other youths followed suit, various Primordial Spirits rising from the ground, each conjuring their Visualized Item and wielding various weapons. Their wild auras seemed ready to flip the entire training field, staring angrily at the cream of the crop on the other arenas.

The Primordial Spirit Phantoms in the arena became more solid, and the intangible might collided in the void. Many of the cultivators felt a sudden pressure on their chests, wisely choosing to leap off the arena.

No choice, a battle between the big bosses, even a mere glance could cause severe injury to them. The preservation of their lives was, after all, the priority.

The multitude of cultivators huddled far away in refuge were dumbstruck and trembling.

Grandma’s, so it turns out that all the people on the stage were Nascent Soul big bosses; their loss was not unwarranted!

The onlooking crowd from the sect was even more excited, having been in the sect for so long, such a grand scene was a first. Even among the True Disciples within the sect, only one had stepped into the threshold of the Nascent Soul Stage, with several others at the Half-Step Nascent Soul cultivation level.

To witness over ten Nascent Soul Cultivators join forces was a sight, perhaps, seen once in several decades.

Big moves, not even money could buy this experience!

Chapter 113: The Probing Between the Proud Sons of Heaven

“I didn’t expect that in the Northern Region, I would encounter so many proud talents. Even in Central Province, such opportunities are rare. Today is indeed worthwhile,” said a prodigy holding a golden long spear, his eyes brimming with a desire to fight.

“Indeed, they are all experts. Not only do their cultivation levels compare to ours, but their foundations are just as solid, and very deep-rooted,” said a young cultivator dressed in white Daoist robes. He came from Aolai Country in the Eastern Sea, traveling far and wide before coming here by chance.

“This humble monk has truly broadened his horizons today,” two monks said, smiling with their hands pressed together in salute.

“Broadening horizons is the right idea. Our purpose in coming here today is to utterly crush these so-called young prodigies!” Su Yunbing was still as arrogant as ever.

“What’s the big deal about being in the Nascent Soul Stage? She’s just an ordinary woman. I, the Golden Spear Overlord, am the first to object!”

The speaker was a genius from Central Province, clad in golden armor, exuding an extravagant aura. Regardless of his strength, the outfit alone was worth a fortune.

Watching the five Primordial Spirit Phantoms that emerged once again behind them, Feng Qingyang and the group of elders felt a headache brewing.

“Stop all of you, let’s do everything according to the rules!”

“You’re showing off your Primordial Spirits in front of us?”

“Do you think you’re being funny?”

Feng Qingyang’s eyes were ablaze with fury as a large Primordial Spirit emerged from behind him, towering like a cloud and surpassing all the present Primordial Spirits in stature combined.

In the face of this Demonic Divine Spirit, the phantoms of the proud talents looked as immature as infants.

The crowd looked seriously at the Primordial Spirit behind Feng Qingyang; this was no mere phantom, but truly solid, something visible and tangible.

This was the Primordial Spirit of a Divinity Transformation Stage master, truly extraordinary.

The crowd retracted their Primordial Spirits, taking the opportunity to observe the Primordial Spirit of a powerful being as a gain in itself.

On the platform, the pressure suddenly eased, and the tense atmosphere ready to explode vanished. However, by the same token, there were not many left who could remain on the platform.

The previous clash of momentum had directly caused the cultivators with lower cultivation levels to leap off the platform.

Those who felt their strength was too weak dared not linger in front of so many Nascent Soul Stage big shots.

These people seemed so terrifying, and surely would have been beaten to death if they had started fighting.

Li Xiaobai stared at the huge Primordial Spirit in the sky, lost in thought; he also possessed the skill of Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable, but it seemed to fall short by more than just a level compared to these people.

It seemed that his skill, although initially grand in appearance, still fell half a stature short in comparison to these proud talents.

Indeed, a skill that isn't upgraded is no good skill at all.

Looking at the now empty platform, the elders couldn't help but smile wryly; the disciples of the advancement tournament were too timid, surrendering one after the other before the fight even began.

Now, the disciples remaining on all three platforms didn't even add up to fifty, completely disrupting the original plan.

"Let the competition continue. Regardless of the outcome, you are already Outer Sect Disciples of the Holy Demon Sect. The top ten will enter the Inner Sect, and my word is my bond," Feng Qingyang let out a sigh before speaking. The competition had to go on, and as for the other eliminated disciples, it was just their bad luck.

The elders returned to the high platform one after another, and the crowd of onlookers once again gathered around.

This round was truly splendid; even though the powerhouses hadn't fought, the sight of those ten or so Primordial Spirit Phantoms was enough to shock everyone.

Truly fitting for a genius!

“What’s the point of having a competition? There are still too many weaklings and impostors on this stage, truly disgraceful. In my opinion, those with cultivation levels below the Nascent Soul Stage do not deserve to stay on this platform!”

The Golden Spear Overlord looked down upon everything and said indifferently.

In the arena, many cultivators were at the peak of the Golden Core Stage, as well as the Half-step Nascent Soul Stage. Upon hearing these words, their expressions turned somewhat ugly.

However, they couldn’t refute anything, for he was a true genius and had the right to make such a statement.

Qin Lan’s complexion turned angry. She was only at the Half-step Nascent Soul Stage. Outside of this context, she was considered a genius in her own right. Coupled with her good looks and figure, she was someone who would be praised wherever she went. Even the geniuses of Central Province would treat her with respectful courtesy, at least to save her partner’s face.

When had she ever been treated like this?

She immediately spoke up, “Your Excellency might be a bit too domineering.”

“Who are you? Not even at the Nascent Soul Stage, and you think you’re fit to converse with us?” the Golden Spear Overlord asked.

Qin Lan’s breath caught, her face paling with anger, “I am Qin Lan, the Dao companion of Xing Mohan from the Xingtian Sect of Central Province.”

“Oh, so you’re a woman who climbed up by relying on a man. Xing Mohan, what is he? In front of me, the Golden Spear Overlord, he only has the role of kneeling and begging for mercy!”

1

The Golden Spear Overlord did not take Qin Lan seriously at all, showing his disdain with a dismissive wave of his hand, signaling that she could step down now.

Qin Lan’s face turned from green to red, embarrassed and indignant, with a surge of rage and resentment boiling within her.

“What Golden Spear Overlord? Just someone with a slightly higher cultivation level. What’s there to be so arrogant about? I, Sibeiyu Sanbian, am the first to not accept this!”

On the stage, the man with the scarred face lit a Huazi with his eyes closed, and spoke indifferently.

It was only then that Li Xiaobai noticed that this poser was also on the stage.

“Just a Half-step Nascent Soul, can be extinguished with a flick of a finger.”

The Golden Spear Overlord’s arrogance hit a new high as he shook his long spear and thrust it violently towards Yu Sanbian. The rest of the people automatically stepped down from the stage, leaving the platform to these two.

“I’ll show you how to be a human today.”

Yu Sanbian drew his long whip from his waist, flicked it, and it lashed out, turning into a sky full of afterimages sweeping towards the Golden Spear Overlord.

The long spear was intercepted, and the expression of the Golden Spear Overlord changed to one of surprise. The fact that a Half-step Nascent Soul could block his attack was quite extraordinary.

“Are you blind? Why do you keep your eyes closed?”

“To beat you, no need to open my eyes.”

Yu Sanbian was as arrogant as ever, the air in the arena charged with intimidation. The two clashed once again, entangled in battle. For the Golden Spear Overlord, this was undoubtedly a great embarrassment—such a Nascent Soul Stage genius struggling against a Half-step Nascent Soul cultivator.

Anxious and angry, he could use his Great Divine Power to crush his opponent, but that would make him appear insecure.

He must suppress his opponent with proper methods, to crush him outright.

At the same time, Su Yunbing pointed to the prodigy from Aolai Country in the Eastern Sea, “I’ve long heard that the cultivators from Flower Fruit Mountain of Aolai Country are proficient in both life and movement. Their force and action are explosive. Today, Su Yunbing finally has the chance to ask for advice.”

“I am Shenxu Zi, and I look forward to experiencing a few of your exquisite skills, miss,” said Shenxu Zi with a slight smile, as the void rippled and his figure instantly appeared on one of the stages. Su Yunbing’s eyes sparkled, and she flipped her wrist, transforming her sledgehammer into a smashing force.

Elsewhere, Lin Yin, at some point, had also set up a duel on the stage. The exchange between opponents was fierce. In a moment, three stages once again erupted into chaos.

Li Xiaobai felt quite speechless, thinking that his senior brothers and sisters were too belligerent. Couldn't they follow a normal process just once?

Yang Chen and Ling Yun next to him had faces full of frustration: "Senior brother beat us to it..."

Li Xiaobai: "..."

Chapter 114: Facing Qin Lan

The elders had a splitting headache; no sooner had they left than the geniuses started fighting amongst themselves without even waiting for the signal to begin.

Are all prodigies so unruly and insubordinate these days, refusing to follow instructions?

Looking back on the past, I considered myself talented in my younger days, with quite a renown in the Northern Region. Was I ever that obedient?

But perhaps this is for the best, letting these thorns sort out their ranks before the actual sparring begins.

"That Yu Sanbian is not bad; he can actually fight cross-rank, and his opponent is a prodigy from Central Province, possessing the manner of my younger days!" an elder praised.

"Old boy, stop putting gold on your face. Back in your day, you used Heaven and Earth Treasures for who knows how much just to advance to the Nascent Soul Stage. How can you compare with somebody's natural talent?"

"Exactly, Yu Sanbian is forcefully suppressing his cultivation level, holding back his breakthrough in order to solidify his foundation. Moreover, it's said that the old monk from the Western Region taught him a secret technique. Only when his divine skills are fully developed will he open his eyes, and at that time, his strength is likely to explode by three or four times."

"And those six disciples over there are also at the Nascent Soul Stage, and moreover, they are experts from our Northern Region. Truly a blessing for our sect!"

"Yes, I had originally thought these foreign talents would completely suppress our Holy Demon Sect disciples, but looking at it now, that worry was superfluous. Our Northern

Region also has a constant stream of gifted individuals, and in front of those old fogies from Central Province, we too will have our moments of pride!”

“Indeed...”

The elders felt relieved. This competition wasn't just about how the participating disciples performed, but rather about the gap between the Northern Region disciples and the prodigies from other regions.

But judging from the current situation, the Northern Region's prodigies were in no way inferior to those from other regions, not only in strength but also in their uncompromising style of conduct.

Very good, they have not brought shame to the cultivators of the Northern Region!

The three groups on the stage were evenly matched, but the first to decide the outcome were Golden Spear Overlord and Yu Sanbian.

Being unable to take down his opponent quickly made him impatient, and finally, he unleashed his Great Divine Power to suppress the other. Although Yu Sanbian was strong, his lower cultivation stage ultimately was his downfall, and his opponent was a prodigy after all.

Despite this, the fight was not frustrating. Without using his big moves, the opponent had no chance to take him down.

“So this is the strength of a Central Province prodigy. Yu has learned much.”

Yu Sanbian chuckled lightly, turning to leave without giving his opponent a second thought, infuriating the Golden Spear Overlord so much that he was steaming, yet was unable to say anything harsh.

All present were no fools; anyone with eyes could see that it was a Nascent Soul Stage prodigy who had embarrassed himself. Without another word, he stepped down from the stage and left as well, content to simply be a disciple of the Holy Demon Sect.

He couldn't afford to lose any more face by staying.

“Brother Ye, come and have a smoke with Huazi.”

Yu Sanbian shook the empty box in his hand, approaching Li Xiaobai.

“Brother Yu, you bought ten packs of it just the other day...”

Li Xiaobai eyed Yu Sanbian suspiciously, seriously doubting the other wanted to mooch some Huazi.

“I forgot to bring them with me when I left home,” Yu Sanbian said indifferently.

Li Xiaobai was exasperated by such a show-off and reluctantly took out a stick of Huazi to light up for Yu Sanbian.

After a session of puffing smoke, Li Xiaobai asked, “Brother Yu, how strong is Golden Spear Overlord? You managed to hold your ground against him for so long with just a Half-step Nascent Soul cultivation.”

“Golden Spear Overlord is not weak; to say he’s a dragon among men wouldn’t be an exaggeration. It’s just a pity; he came up against a true prodigy,”

Yu Sanbian casually took a puff of Huazi, exhaling a smoke ring, and said faintly.

Li Xiaobai: “...”

“Alright, big shot, whatever you say is right.”

On the stage, Su Yunbing’s match had also concluded with a clear victory, and his opponent was a genius from the Eastern Sea, which had always been shrouded in mystery.

It wasn’t that the people of the Eastern Sea liked to be secretive, but rather, the Eastern Sea was situated over an overseas Penglai Immortal Island, naturally isolated from the world, with few venturing out.

Additionally, their frequent encounters with the demonic beasts in the vast ocean meant their cultivation techniques were quite different from those of regular cultivators.

However, even so, Shenxu Zi was no match for Su Yunbing. Su Yunbing took a domineering approach, seeking enlightenment through strength. No matter how Shenxu Zi used his techniques to escape into the void, a single hammer strike from Su Yunbing could always smash him out.

After exchanging blows, suffering substantial injuries, Shenxu Zi was hammered and sent flying out of the ring.

“I concede!” Su Yunbing said, as he cupped his hands together in acknowledgment and stepped down from the stage.

Shenxu Zi did not show any signs of anger, maintaining a serene demeanor, and also gave a polite fist salute in return.

At the same time, Third Senior Brother Lin Yin had also decided a winner with his opponent. Li Xiaobai always felt that Third Senior Brother Lin Yin’s cultivation technique

resembled that of an evil cultivator, striking viciously and using a toxic technique, with the grey fog clearly having a strong corrosive effect.

Even though the opponent was also a prodigy, against an all-pervasive offensive, they were quickly defeated.

Mouth gushing with fresh blood, they looked somewhat weak and listless.

The myriad of disciples beneath the stage widened their eyes; today was indeed a spectacular event, full of non-stop thrilling moments without a single dull look, as geniuses collided with each other of their own accord, paying no mind to whether they could advance to the top ten, seeking only to measure up against their equals.

However, precisely because of this, many cultivators in the arena became more eager, suddenly with three big shots eliminated and another who left of their own accord, fearing disgrace. Their hopes of entering the top ten soared.

It's fair to say that as long as they didn't face those freaks, they still had some chances of winning.

Qin Lan's eyes gradually grew more intense. She wanted to become an Inner Sect Disciple of the Holy Demon Sect, not that the Inner Sect was all that great, but she wanted to fight for her pride, to enter the top ten and be adored by more disciples, enjoying that feeling.

Watching as the figures on the stage ceased their disturbances, Feng Qingyang spoke up, "Is there anyone else who wants to cause trouble? If not, adhere to the order and proceed with the matches in an orderly fashion according to the sequence drawn!"

"Understood!"

Elders began distributing number plaques; two people who drew the same number would be paired off for the match.

Li Xiaobai looked at the number plaque in his hand.

Ring three, group one.

He was the first to go up.

"Go for it, junior brother. You can handle the senior sister's attack. Getting into the top ten should be no problem."

"Yeah, just relax."

"Brother Ye, you can light up a Huazi first to relax a bit."

Li Xiaobai: "..."

The elder brothers and sisters were as unreliable as ever, and so was Yu Sanbian.

Holding the number plaque, Li Xiaobai slowly walked towards ring three. Looking up, he was stunned to see that it was someone he knew.

The person opposite was a female cultivator, possessing a face that could overturn states, and it was none other than Immortal Qin Lan, who had joined the sect entrance test with him.

She had even extended an invitation to him back then. He never expected that they would meet on the battlefield today. Indeed, how unpredictable life could be...

But a match was a match, and he couldn't go easy. Once on the stage, one must put up a strong front...

Chapter 115: Never Seen Such an Arrogant Cultivator -

Chapter 115: Never Seen Such an Arrogant Cultivator

"I am Ye Liangchen, pleased to meet Immortal Qin," Li Xiaobai said as he cupped his fists in greeting, perfect in his manners.

"Young Master Liangchen, we meet again. I did not expect our next encounter to be on a dueling stage; it must be fate," Su Yunbing said with a light laugh, hiding her face behind a hand.

"Just the thought of Liangchen about to brutally defeat Immortal Qin fills me with an indescribable reluctance. Immortal Qin, you should step down on your own," Li Xiaobai, with his hands behind his back, feigned a sorrowful and compassionate expression.

Qin Lan's face twisted with anger, "Young Master Liangchen must be joking. Although my cultivation has not reached the Nascent Soul Stage, I'm not someone to be trifled with. Such arrogance from the young master is a bit presumptuous."

"Believe it or not, Liangchen has a hundred ways to make you lose, and you, powerless to do anything!" Li Xiaobai declared.

Hiss!

Such a statement caused an uproar among the cultivators in the audience. This might be the most arrogant display from any prodigy present so far.

Just now, he withstood the attack of a thousand cultivators without decline, which indeed shows some skill, but he doesn't seem like a master who has cultivated the Primordial Spirit.

"Do you think Boss Ye could really be a match for Immortal Qin? She has practiced in Central Province and is not an easy person to deal with!"

"Indeed, when the great talents confront each other, we haven't seen him manifest a Primordial Spirit."

"If you ask me, Boss Ye must be extraordinary. To open such a miraculous shop, how could he be mediocre?"

"That's true..."

The cultivators below the stage were engaged in heated discussions, and the remaining geniuses watched the situation in the ring more keenly. They were more perceptive than the crowd since Li Xiaobai previously withstood a hammer strike from Su Yunbing unharmed, an impossibility for an ordinary cultivator.

Perhaps, yet another prodigy of the same caliber.

Since when did the Northern Region become so strong?

"Then today, Qin Lan will experience it!" A cold glint flashed in Qin Lan's eyes, accompanied by surges of murderous intent.

Two days ago, Inner Sect Disciple Xu Kun asked her for a favor, which was to cripple Li Xiaobai's cultivation on the dueling platform.

Initially worried about how to fabricate a reason, she now sees that he has provided her with the perfect excuse. Such provocation means that even if she were to kill him in a blind rage, she could claim that her emotions clouded her judgment.

Ye Liangchen, do not blame me for being ruthless. If anyone is to blame, it is you, for being too flamboyant and for not knowing when to hold back.

Some people must not be offended!

Qin Lan conjured a roll of Silk Brocade in her hands, turning into a sky of curtains that enveloped the platform in layers, blocking the view of the Elders to create the conditions for her to kill her opponent.

"Come, let today's Liangchen enlighten you."

Li Xiaobai beckoned with his hand, indifferent to the Silk Brocade's encirclement.

...

Below the stage, Young Master Xu's face brimmed with excitement, knowing that Immortal Qin was about to avenge him and cripple Li Xiaobai's cultivation.

The very thought of Li Xiaobai groveling at his feet filled him with uncontrollable excitement; he was eager to see the other's pained and desperate expression.

Above the high platform, a few Elders furrowed their brows, sensing murderous intent emanating from Qin Lan.

"Elder Feng, do these two have a grudge?"

"Not sure, but looking at them, it seems likely."

"Should we intervene to save him? This Ye Liangchen is a good seedling from our Northern Region."

"No need for that; his strength is not much less than that of the prodigies," Feng Qingyang said as he stroked his beard with a mysterious look. He joked to himself: Could someone who follows the ancient sages' path of physical sanctity be killed by a mere Half-step Nascent Soul?

However, this fellow is also a troublemaker. We should pay extra attention in case he gets comfortable and accidentally kills Qin Lan.

After joining the forces in Central Province and becoming a Disciple, Qin Lan must not meet with misfortune within the Holy Demon Sect.

On the stage, the red Silk Brocade had completely enveloped the entire platform, preventing the outside world from seeing what was happening within.

Qin Lan's face brimmed with confidence, "Ye Liangchen, I didn't want to hurt you, but you provoked someone you shouldn't have. I have no choice but to eliminate you."

"Are you working for Senior Brother Xu or Senior Brother Yue?" Li Xiaobai was somewhat astonished, not expecting retaliation to come so swiftly.

"You've also offended Senior Brother Yue, I really underestimated you. To dare offend a True Disciple, it seems even if I don't make a move, you won't live much longer," said Qin Lan.

"It seems it was Xu Kun who sent you."

Li Xiaobai nodded, understanding the situation in his heart.

“Rest assured, Young Master Liangchen, today Qin Lan will only cripple your cultivation and not take your life. As for your future, whether you can pass through safely will depend on your own fate,” she said.

Qin Lan let out a light laugh, her hands forming a spell, causing the silk brocade around her to suddenly blaze with red light.

Mysterious patterns appeared on the ground of the platform, tracing and forming an illusory formation.

Li Xiaobai felt a tightness all over, the System panel showed no fluctuating values, it seemed he was merely bound.

Qin Lan summoned a longsword in her hand, flicking her wrist and suddenly stabbing towards Li Xiaobai’s lower abdomen, the area of his Dantian.

“Xingtian Sword Technique!”

A wisp of blood-red light flashed at the tip of the sword, a chilling coldness seeping through.

Li Xiaobai tensed his abdominal muscles, using this skill for the first time, “Super Abdominal Muscles!”

[Super Abdominal Muscles: When tensing the abs seriously, defensive power is doubled.]

[Note: When I seriously tense my abs, even a Daluo Golden Immortal can’t move me.]

The muscles swelled and hardened, as tough as granite, and Qin Lan’s longsword shattered instantly. With the Reflect skill activated, her internal cultivation technique went into disarray, she grunted, a sweet taste in her throat as she spat out a mouthful of blood.

Qin Lan’s face was filled with horror; she had used eighty percent of her strength in that strike, and the opponent put up no resistance. But she was the one who ended up getting hurt!

What sort of heretic cultivation technique was this?

“What is this move? You are definitely not just an ordinary disciple; what kind of expert are you, appearing out of nowhere!”

“I am Ye Liangchen. Liangchen does not like to talk nonsense. If you step down from the stage now, I will still spare you,” Li Xiaobai said indifferently, the Attribute Points gained from that last strike not as high as he had hoped.

[Attribute Points: 1200.]

All on defense.

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body Seventh Turn (63200/70000) Ready for advancement.]

“Arrogant! I am the daughter of Xingtian Sect’s Sect Master from Central Province, Xing Mohan’s fiancée. I have learned more secret techniques than you have ever seen, and everyone gives me some deference. How could you, a nobody, defeat me!” Qin Lan’s face twisted into a snarl as she sat down cross-legged, her hands forming seals and directing them like sword fingers.

“Xingtian Sword Evocation, Primordial Spirit Projection!”

A hazy Primordial Spirit Phantom appeared behind her, resembling an old man in appearance. It was significantly smaller than a real primordial spirit, likely forcefully summoned through a secret technique.

“Ye Liangchen, even if you are a genius, you will die before my Sword Intent Primordial Spirit!” Qin Lan was confident of her victory, the opponent even giving her time to execute her technique, truly arrogant to the point of folly.

“Sword Demon, esteemed senior, take out this man for Qin Lan!”

The Primordial Spirit Phantom nodded slightly, lightly tapping in the air, and the shattered longsword instantly restored itself, returning to its hand.

With a flourish of the sword, a casual thrust sent out a storm of Sword Qi, turning into needle-like assaults, pouring down on Li Xiaobai like a torrential downpour.

The sky-shattering sword light immediately disintegrated the red diamond, revealing the scene on the platform...

Chapter 116: I Have a Primordial Spirit Too

The Sword Qi storm battered Li Xiaobai’s body, shredding his clothes into strips and fragments.

[Attribute Points +2000...]

[Attribute Points +2000...]

[Defensive Power: Seventh revolution of the Indestructible Golden Body (67000/70000) ready to advance.]

Just three thousand more to advance. This old man's Primordial Spirit is quite powerful, the attribute points gained are almost catching up to those of my senior brothers and sisters.

"Old man, not bad moves, but you still can't hurt me."

"In this world, only Liangchen can hurt himself," Li Xiaobai said indifferently.

Qin Lan's expression changed drastically. Not even the Nascent Soul Sword Devil could harm him in the slightest, could it be that this person also had the cultivation level of the Nascent Soul Stage?

Impossible, that's absolutely impossible!

"Sword Demon senior, allow me to assist you!"

"No need."

An aged voice sounded, startling Qin Lan. This was the first time she heard the Sword Demon speak. Whenever she summoned him before, he never spoke to her.

"I, Sword Demon, am but a mere soul fragment left for the Central Province juniors to command. Since my birth, I have never been defeated. I had thought that leaving the soul fragment within the sect would ensure peace, but never did I expect that after becoming a soul fragment, I could barely achieve a victory."

"Those who summon me are all juniors, vessels too weak, my true power not even one ten-thousandth displayed."

"Today, fortunate to witness a true young talent, I should enjoy myself to the fullest!"

The old man's words shocked the cultivators present.

The name of the Sword Demon is known to no one on the Immortal Spirit Continent; he was insanely passionate about the sword, choosing to perfect his Sword Dao to the pinnacle, even if it meant forsaking his cultivation level.

He killed countless enemies in his lifetime and, later, as he attempted to break through the spatial barriers, was slain by a master from the Upper Realm.

Unexpectedly, this Sword Demon had left his soul fragment within the Xingtian Sect, which was surprising indeed.

“It is rumored that the Sword Demon was once an Immortal Realm expert, his sword piercing through the spatial barriers, a feat truly astonishing and brilliant!”

“Yes, what a pity he was still killed by a mighty being from the Upper Realm...”

“Unexpectedly, Immortal Qin carries with her such a devastating weapon.”

On the stage, Qin Lan’s face suddenly changed. She sensed her strength rapidly draining away, and at the same time, the Sword Demon’s Outer Soul’s body solidified more and more. It seemed she had guessed what was happening.

“Sword Demon senior, please show mercy. Qin Lan is the Dao companion of Xing Mohan, the son of Xingtian Sect’s Sect Master...”

“Silence!”

The Sword Demon rudely interrupted Qin Lan’s words.

“Are you teaching me what to do?”

“By summoning me, you should have anticipated this.”

“The disciples of Xingtian Sect are becoming more and more incompetent. When I was twenty years old, I had already reached the peak of the Spirit Realm, and you, not even at the Nascent Soul Stage, are truly worthless!”

The Sword Demon’s expression was cold, his sword radiating dazzling light. Qin Lan’s face turned pale as paper, her Spiritual Power completely drained by the Sword Demon’s Outer Soul in just a few breaths’ time.

But that feeling of power dissipating rapidly did not cease; after draining her Spiritual Power, the Sword Demon began to extract her life essence. In an instant, her foundations were damaged, and her realm plummeted.

Filled with terror, she knew that if her life essence were completely drained, she would die on the spot.

Wasn’t it said that the Sword Demon wouldn’t harm his host?

What is happening now?

“What is your name?” the Sword Demon asked.

“I am Ye Liangchen,” Li Xiaobai answered.

“A fine name, take this, Sword Twenty-Three, Sword Burst!”

The Sword Demon's longsword crumbled inch by inch, turning into speckles of starlight, piercing through the clouds with a fierce aura, and suddenly slashing towards Li Xiaobai.

Excitement flickered in Li Xiaobai's eyes, withstand this sword, and he would be able to break through to the next level of defensive power.

Although the Sword Demon was strong, his power was still at the Nascent Soul Stage, and even after drawing upon Qin Lan's power, it wasn't enough to break this shackle, no big deal.

Sword Qi tore through the void, leaving behind trails of afterimages, passing straight through Li Xiaobai's chest.

This was Sword Intent, not a physical entity, specifically aimed at severing one's Primordial Spirit.

[Attribute Points +5000...]

[Defensive Power: Eight turns of the Nine Revolutions Undying Golden Body (2000/80000) able to advance.]

[Ding, detected that the host is continuously under attack by Sword Intent, skill upgraded: Nine Revolutions Undying Sword Intent to the fifth turn.]

Both defensive power and Sword Intent skills upgraded simultaneously, thanks to this Sword Demon in front of him. In this world, although there were many who wielded swords, there were too few true Sword Cultivators who were adept in the Sword Dao.

Upgrading skills required constant battles with masters of the same type to hit oneself, which was somewhat more difficult compared to upgrading defensive power.

"My attack is actually ineffective against you, what is your cultivation level, could it be an ancient cultivation technique?"

The Sword Demon's brows furrowed slightly; he couldn't see through Li Xiaobai, who did not emit the slightest spatial fluctuation from his body.

"It's Liangchen's turn to make a move now, you're called the Sword Demon, Liangchen has a Blood Demon over here, let's see who's more formidable."

Li Xiaobai didn't pay any attention to the old man's words and waved his hand lightly, activating a skill.

Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable!

In an instant, the stench of blood filled the entire arena, and the shadow of a blood-colored demon materialized behind him, with dozens of Blood Demon tentacles convulsing wildly, like a demon that had been starving for a long time.

The Sword Demon's gaze became intent: "This is the Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable, are you an Evil Cultivator?"

The rest of the spectators were also shocked, their mouths agape. Their impression of Li Xiaobai had been that he had a strong ability to take a beating, only for them to discover, in the blink of an eye, that he too had materialized a Primordial Spirit Phantom.

However, not just anyone could handle this Primordial Spirit. The Blood Demon Primordial Spirit was something even few Evil Cultivators would dare to touch.

The reason being that during visualization, one could easily be assimilated by the Blood Demon's evil aura and become a killing machine.

The Elders on the stage were also very surprised. Nowadays, there were cultivators who chose the Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable as their Primordial Spirit and even managed to control it successfully.

"In this day and age, to still see such an evil Primordial Spirit, I thought only Evil Cultivators practiced this thing."

"Who, in their right mind, practices the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit..."

"No, wait, in this day and age, where are there people in their right minds?"

"This youth is extraordinary, his future achievements are boundless."

"Only, this Primordial Spirit is a bit small, seems like he has only just entered the Nascent Soul Realm. Compared to the other prodigies, there's still some distance."

"Even so, that's still impressive, the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit is hard to cultivate..."

On the stage, Li Xiaobai lit up a Huazi, took a drag, and exhaled a smoke ring.

Waving his hand towards the Sword Demon's direction, he spoke indifferently, "Get him."

"Roar!"

The Blood Demon Primordial Spirit roared angrily, its body radiating with a brilliant red light, and the dozens of tentacles behind it turned into lightning, striking towards where the Sword Demon stood.

The Sword Demon had exhausted his strength with that one sword just now and had no intention of blocking the Blood Demon's attack.

Allowing the blood-soaked tentacles to pierce through his body, his figure turned ethereal.

"Boy, your strength is not bad. I'll wait for you in Central Province for another battle."

Chapter 117: Blood Demon Ye Liangchen

"This old man hopes that when we meet again, you will be stronger," the Sword Demon's figure became ethereal, and eventually, he vanished into the world around them.

"This match, Ye Liangchen wins!"

Feng Qingyang declared.

The expressions of the crowd were somewhat dazed; they hadn't expected Li Xiaobai to be able to summon a Blood Demon Primordial Spirit.

But upon further thought, it seemed only natural; the Good Goods Shop sold treasures that stabilized the mind, so it naturally followed that successfully cultivating a Blood Demon Primordial Spirit was to be expected.

In the future, if they encountered Boss Ye, they would have to detour around him; he was too dangerous.

Several of his senior brothers and sisters also wore looks of surprise.

"I hadn't thought that our junior brother had actually cultivated to the Nascent Soul Stage."

"The last time we saw him, he was just a little weakling who had recently entered our sect."

"Yes, his cultivation speed far surpasses ours; it seems he has some big secrets on him."

"Moreover, it's the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit of an Evil Cultivator; he must have been inspired by that straw-cloaked man in the Divine Beast Mountain Range."

"Regardless, this is a good thing; we can't slack off either. Once we're back, it's devil training for all of us!"

Li Xiaobai slowly stepped onto the arena. The previous three matchups had featured talents of the same level, which were enjoyable to watch, but the rest of the people hadn't truly grasped the gap between them and the prodigies.

Now, with Li Xiaobai's Blood Demon Primordial Spirit facing off against Qin Lan, they recognized their own position.

On the arena, Qin Lan was in a daze. In just a few minutes, she had fallen from a proud and unapproachable princess to a cultivator at the peak of the Foundation Establishment Realm Great Perfection.

She had become what she once looked down upon.

Her foundation was damaged; her cultivation level regressed again and again. Her future path was essentially cut off, and with no cultivation left, she could only be seen as a cripple—the Xingtian Sect would no longer accept her.

"Ye Liangchen, you've ruined me!"

Qin Lan's appearance was one of madness, while those around her shook their heads in sighs, thinking of how Qin Xian had previously been a shining talent, the object of many people's favor, but now she had been suddenly knocked down to the mundane world.

However, this was her own fault; she was afflicted by the backlash of her own cultivation technique, there was nothing to resent.

Li Xiaobai's expression was calm, "Liangchen won't kill you, just cripple your cultivation. Whether you can live peacefully in the future is up to your luck."

Qin Lan's expression remained dull; these were the words she had said to Li Xiaobai at the start of the match, now returned to her unchanged.

Ye Liangchen, Xu Kun, Holy Demon Sect, I, Qin Lan, will remember you!

Li Xiaobai stepped down from the arena, and the crowd naturally made way. His senior brothers and sisters came forward to congratulate him, and incidentally, he managed to snag a few strands of Huazi.

"Woof, kid, you did well, didn't disgrace Lord Ergouzi," Ergouzi was exceptionally excited.

"Hehe, you have a bit of this lord's style from the old days," Ji Wuqing also said.

"Junior brother, why did you even bring roasted meat from so far away? This chicken is quite plump, perfect for a little barbecue."

“This dog isn’t bad either, boiled would probably taste the best.”

“No more talk, let’s do a little barbecue tonight. With such prime ingredients, we’ll have Sixth Senior Brother cook up a feast!” Liu Jinshui said gleefully, eyeing Ergouzi.

“Woof!”

Ergouzi seized the opportunity and bit hard onto Liu Jinshui’s leg, “Lord Ergouzi feels you taste better; mere ingredients dare to defy Lord Ergouzi!”

Liu Jinshui shivered in pain, “Damn dog, let go!”

“Hehe, this fatty seems to taste not bad; I’ll cook you right now,” Ji Wuqing fluttered his wings, pecking fiercely at Liu Jinshui, and in an instant, there was another round of chaos.

A few minutes later.

Liu Jinshui, with a face full of discomfiture, sat on the ground, while a rooster and a dog stood tall and proud, triumphantly victorious.

“I never expected the spirit beasts accompanying Junior Brother to be so intelligent; their wisdom is no different from ours.”

“Indeed...”

On the tournament platform, numerous cultivators fought in an orderly manner, with most in the Golden Core Stage, only occasionally confronting geniuses in the Nascent Soul Stage. Those who did promptly admitted defeat, unwilling to follow in Qin Lan’s footsteps.

The competitions passed round by round, and the number of remaining cultivators dwindled.

The elders on the platform nodded continuously; this generation’s disciples had some substance; even those in the Golden Core Stage brimmed with confidence and did not disgrace their sect.

Yuan Fang’s gaze remained fixated on Li Xiaobai and his group, having witnessed the might of their Primordial Spirits, he was almost certain these were the same seven people who had hindered his lord that day.

Ye Liangchen must be the so-called Zhang Rui in disguise, after all, the ability to change one’s appearance wasn’t rare these days.

A smile crept unbidden across his lips; he knew that if he shared this reliable information with that lord, he would surely gain a multitude of treasures and Cultivation Techniques. Then, even breaking through to the Nascent Soul Realm and achieving the Spirit Realm would be easy.

Perhaps, if that lord was in good spirits, he might even give him some guidance!

Little did he know, his expression had been fully observed by Feng Qingyang.

The competition continued on the platform.

Li Xiaobai took the stage again, and this time his luck was poor; his opponent was a young prodigy exuding an aura of affluence, clearly from a major force.

“Blood Demon Ye Liangchen is up!”

“Don’t talk, watch the Blood Demon’s moves!”

“Stay back, Boss Ye’s Blood Demon smells strongly of blood and is pungent!”

The disciples below the stage discussed animatedly, as Li Xiaobai’s expression darkened. Blood Demon Ye Liangchen, whose idea was this name? So low?

“Brother Ye, I am Jin Lichuan from the Thousand Beast Sect, a Beast Tamer. All my skills lie within the beasts I tame, so don’t accuse me of ganging up on you later,” Jin Lichuan said with a chuckle.

Li Xiaobai understood; Beast Tamers were a special occupation, capable of subduing ferocious Demonic Beasts for their use.

On the battlefield, the role of a Beast Tamer was equivalent to that of a thousand troops; they were not to be underestimated.

After all, at the same level, a Demonic Beast’s physical strength far surpassed that of a human’s, making them quite difficult to deal with.

“Liangchen fears nothing,” Li Xiaobai beckoned with his hand, signaling Jin Lichuan could begin.

Jin Lichuan, familiar with Li Xiaobai’s maneuvers, was not upset. He formed a hand seal and smacked his Spirit Beast Bag at his waist, releasing clouds of gray mist that spread throughout the arena.

“Roar!”

One roar after another pierced through people's eardrums as mighty pressure swept across the platform instantaneously. The surrounding cultivators felt as if their chests were weighed down by a thousand-pound boulder, with some struggling to breathe.

As the smoke cleared, numerous large and imposing Demonic Beasts emerged.

Shouts of surprise came from the disciples below.

"That's the Golden-Haired Lion King, at the Foundation Establishment Realm Great Perfection stage!"

"There's also the Nine Heavens Mysterious Eagle, inheriting the bloodline of the Golden-Winged Roc!"

"Look underneath Jin Lichuan's feet; is that a Dragon Turtle?"

"My God, it's said that the Dragon Turtle carries the bloodlines of both a dragon and the Black Tortoise; its potential is boundless, a creature that has the makings of reaching the Immortal Realm. To think it has been tamed too!"

"Thousand Beast Sect of Central Province, truly extraordinary!"

The cultivators were excited; on a normal day, they would flee at the sight of these Demonic Beasts, but today they had the chance to closely observe them. What a blessing for this cohort of disciples!

Chapter 118: Liangchen's Mount

Li Xiaobai stroked his chin with a somewhat odd expression, "Competing with mounts, huh? I have one of those too."

Jin Lichuan's face showed surprise, "Brother Ye has a mount as well, is it the chicken and dog down there?"

"Woof, you're the dog, your whole family is dogs!"

"Cluck cluck, you're the chicken, your whole family is chickens!"

Below the stage, Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing were seething with rage, despising being treated as pets by anyone.

"Lord Ergouzi is a supreme being!"

"Cluck cluck, when I reigned supreme in the universe, you weren't even born!"

Jin Lichuan, "Brother Ye's beast companions are truly unique, they have... character."

"Woof, you're the beast companion, no, you're a human pet!"

"Cluck cluck, come down here swiftly, today I shall ride upon you!"

Li Xiaobai had a forehead full of black lines, "Brother Jin need not bother with these two weak chickens, Liangchen's mount is even more formidable than Brother Jin's," he said.

"We shall see!"

Jin Lichuan raised an eyebrow, clearly skeptical. After all, his Dragon Turtle mount possessed the cultivation level of the Nascent Soul Stage, and the other Demonic Beasts also carried bloodline inheritances that allowed them to challenge beyond their level.

It could be said that, at this stage, his Demonic Beasts were among the top tier.

Li Xiaobai casually waved his hand, and a heavily armored truck silently appeared in everyone's field of vision.

This was the first time that most people present had seen the shape of a truck.

The truck's bizarre shape was impactful: ten-plus meters long, three meters wide, three meters tall, with a huge front end that looked brutally ironclad.

What attracted the most attention were the mottled bloodstains on the wheels, and several severed arms still hanging off the side of the truck, giving it a fierce and terrifying appearance.

"Worthy of being called Blood Demon Ye Liangchen, even his mount is so bloody!"

"Girls shouldn't look at it, lest they have nightmares at night!"

"Who are you underestimating, Brother Ye's vehicle is so much cooler than your flying swords, I really want to try it out with Brother Ye..."

"And don't even mention it, the mount has a weird shape, but it's just so domineering. I'm shivering from afar, does anyone know what this thing is?"

"Not sure, this must be Brother Ye's serendipitous encounter..."

Atop the high platform, Feng Qingyang's expression changed several times.

He was the one who was most aware of the strange mount's power; that day, it was this odd vehicle that had charged through their sect entrance, stolen the Blade Array, and had shown unbridled arrogance along the way.

Now, putting this thing on open display, he hoped it wouldn't cause trouble again—as long as the sect wasn't dismantled, everything was negotiable.

On the stage, Jin Lichuan wore a serious expression, "What is Brother Ye's mount, and why can't I sense its life energy?"

"This is called a heavily armored truck, I call it 'Ferrari,'" said Li Xiaobai.

"Ferrari, a good name. Such a domineering mount truly deserves this name!"

In Jin Lichuan's eyes, a glimmer of gold flashed as the Golden Lion King beside him roared skyward and lunged toward the heavily armored truck.

Li Xiaobai was not the least bit flustered, lit a Huazi, and gently blew a smoke ring, allowing the Golden Lion King to slam its body against the truck's front.

The golden claws viciously pierced towards the truck, emitting a sharp and grating noise with sparks flying. The Golden Lion King was so pained it wept tears, but the truck seemed completely unbothered.

"How is that possible!"

Jin Lichuan's expression changed drastically. Although the Golden-haired Lion King was only at the half-step Nascent Soul stage, its attack power was among the best. Solely considering its thrusting ability, it was enough to compete with those at the Nascent Soul Stage.

"There's nothing impossible about it, it's time for Liangchen to make a move."

Li Xiaobai calmly opened the car door, slid into the driver's seat, the fuel gauge was full, and the Spirit Stone's energy was more than enough.

He floored the gas pedal.

The roaring of the truck pierced the sky, the ground thundered, stones on the stage shattered and flew about, disciples nearby surged backward like a tide.

The mount of Li Xiaobai was truly formidable, not only in its massive size but also in the thunderous roar it emitted.

"Ah Shui, Ah Hu, stop them, Ah Ying, take out the person inside!"

Faced with the oncoming truck, Jin Lichuan quickly issued commands. To be honest, this was his first encounter with such a mount, and he had no experience, relying only on instinct to choose what he believed to be the correct offensive route.

The role of a Beast Tamer was to direct Demonic Beasts in battle, serving as a military advisor.

“Roar!”

The roar was ear-splitting and almost overshadowed the rumble of the truck’s engine.

Three ferocious beasts boldly confronted the truck, with the Golden-haired Lion King and an old pigeon attacking the windows from left and right, while the remaining eagle launched an assault at the windshield.

The ferocity of the beasts was undeniable, the oppressive aura rampant in the arena, but all of this was of no avail.

Jin Lichuan’s tactics were indeed correct. After realizing that the Golden-haired Lion King couldn’t even scratch the truck’s front, he immediately changed tactics, directing the Demonic Beasts to attack the glass parts.

However, even the relatively fragile glass was not something that a few half-step Nascent Soul stage Demonic Beasts could break.

The truck was unstoppable; the beasts hardly offered any resistance and were directly knocked away.

[Defensive Power +300...]

[Defensive Power +1000...]

[Defensive Power +500...]

“Ah Hu, Ah Shui, Ah Ying!”

Jin Lichuan looked somewhat anxious. For a Beast Tamer, Demonic Beasts were partners and equals.

However, it was clear he didn’t have much time to think, as the truck bore down on him in an instant.

The Dragon Turtle beneath him woke up suddenly, its ancient and silent aura bursting forth, its eyes flashing with a domineering light.

Slightly lifting its head, it raised a claw and swatted at the front of the truck, causing layers of ripples to spread, and space itself fluctuated.

The heavy-duty truck was forcibly brought to a halt, its wheels still spinning madly, but the body seemed blocked by an invisible wall, unable to advance a single inch no matter how hard it charged.

Li Xiaobai couldn't help but take another look at the Dragon Turtle, as this was the first time any creature had been able to confront the truck head-on.

Even the Nascent Soul Stage Evil Cultivator had been crushed to smithereens at first contact; this old turtle could actually stop the truck with one hand, truly a feat worth noting.

From what the cultivators below said, this turtle contained the bloodlines of both the Dragon and the Black Tortoise, with boundless potential, so such strength was not unexpected.

However, the performance of the truck was such that the more Spirit Stones invested and the higher their grade, the greater its horsepower.

Right now, the old turtle could hold it back, but it was uncertain whether it could continue to do so.

Looking at the disdainful eyes of the old turtle for all beings, Li Xiaobai chuckled softly, lit another Huazi, and took a couple of deep drags.

He took out several top-grade Spirit Stones and tossed them into the fuel compartment.

This turtle sure can act tough, let's allow it to play the part for now, but soon let's see if it can keep up the act...

Chapter 119: Contempt from the Big Truck

[Attribute Point +100...]

[Attribute Point +100...]

Although the Dragon Turtle only managed to withstand the vehicle's front, without attacking, the attribute points it could gain were very limited.

However, this creature was also extremely proud, showing no intention of attacking, seemingly dismissing any assault as beneath its notice.

It looked very much like how I had felt half an hour ago.

With the bloodlines of two ancient Divine Beasts, the True Dragon and the Black Tortoise, the Dragon Turtle's nature was inherently arrogant.

After all, being born with a Divine Beast Bloodline meant it started life at the peak of the Foundation Establishment Stage and, with just a bit of cultivation, would become a Golden Core Stage Demonic Beast.

The Dragon Turtle's movements were lazy, its demeanor arrogant, its gaze scornful, paying no heed to anything around it.

The people below the platform watched, dumbstruck.

The sight of a creature standing up to the Ironblood War Chariot was truly an eye-opener for them, especially since the fierce-looking Demonic Beasts before had not even managed to break through the front of the vehicle.

"No wonder it's a Dragon Turtle, truly mighty and extraordinary, to singlehandedly halt this Steel Behemoth!"

"Yes, with the bloodline of the True Dragon, its strength and attacking power are unmatched, and with the Black Tortoise's bloodline, its defensive power is equally astonishing. Moreover, judging by the aura it's emanating, it is likely an experienced Nascent Soul Stage Demonic Beast."

"If the Golden Spear Overlord had faced it before, it probably would have had no chance of winning."

"This Beast Tamer is terrifying. If he tames a few more Nascent Soul Stage Demonic Beasts, won't he be able to do whatever he pleases?"

"Do you think Nascent Soul Stage Demonic Beasts are as common as cabbages, that one could tame them as they like?"

The cultivators below the stage were abuzz with discussion. They all were eager to know, between Blood Demon Ye Liangchen and the Beast Tamer, whose mount was more powerful.

On the high platform, several Elders wore serious expressions.

"This is a Dragon Turtle, Brother Feng, do you remember the saying that our master spoke of when he left for the west on his crane?" An Elder asked, frowning.

"Who is practicing Tai Chi, stirring the wind and the waves?"

“Cough cough, Elder Brother, our master would not be pleased with such talk...”

“Hehe, just a joke. We, of course, dare not forget our master’s words. The Dragon Turtle is a symbol of fate, unseen in times of peace but dominating in times of chaos. It’s said that the emergence of a Dragon Turtle signifies the world will soon plunge into turmoil.”

Feng Qingyang’s expression was grave as he unblinkingly stared at the Dragon Turtle, Jin Lichuan’s mount.

Combining what had been seen and heard today, it was hard not to think in that direction.

After all, the normally weaker Northern Region had presented so many extraordinary individuals today. The number was so unusually high that, in chaotic times, fortune is shared among more such talents, and the emergence of these talents also signaled the forthcoming chaos.

“This matter, we must surely report to the Sect Leader.”

“When this is over, I will go back and inform the Sect Leader,” Feng Qingyang stated.

Right now, what was most important was for the two sides to quickly determine a winner. If Li Xiaobai’s mount could overcome the Dragon Turtle, then the theory of an impending chaotic era would become even more credible.

Li Xiaobai had no idea of what everyone else was thinking.

On the stage, Li Xiaobai sat leisurely in the driver’s seat, leisurely puffing on his Huazi. Rings of smoke followed one after another, while Spirit Stones were thrown into the fuel box.

The roar of the engine rose above the last, the explosive sounds tearing through the sky, and the platform directly caved under the weight of the wheels, revealing two huge pits.

Jin Lichuan’s eyes changed. Even without directly encountering a heavy-duty truck, he could feel the suddenly enhanced horsepower and the immense pressure that came with it.

“Ba Xia, how is it, can you hold up?”

“`

“Easy peasy, child’s play,” the Dragon Turtle said with his eyes half-closed, clearly not taking the big truck seriously.

Li Xiaobai felt surprised; this was the third talking Demonic Beast he had encountered, besides Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing.

It should be noted that Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing could talk only because the System provided them with Elixirs.

The fact that this Dragon Turtle could speak on his own was truly out of the ordinary.

However, this arrogant demeanor was exactly like that of Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing. Were all talking Demonic Beasts like this?

A mere old deep-water turtle was looking down on him.

This was unacceptable.

With a flick of his wrist, another dozen top-grade Spirit Stones were thrown in; he was now a big spender, turning into a pay-to-win player was nothing to him.

A dozen top-grade Spirit Stones later, the truck's momentum had increased several fold.

The Dragon Turtle's expression changed, and his claws suddenly trembled, his eyes fixed in amazement on the Steel Behemoth before him.

"Ba Xia, how is it now?" Jin Lichuan asked, feeling a bit anxious. The Dragon Turtle didn't like to attack proactively, and he had no other means to restrain Li Xiaobai.

"This guy's kinda interesting. You step down; the old turtle will accompany it for a round."

Without waiting for Jin Lichuan to respond, the Dragon Turtle stood upright and shook him off.

Jin Lichuan was speechless, dammit, can't you give some face? There's an audience watching!

"Kid, you've got some strength. There aren't many in this world who can withstand a claw from the old turtle—count yourself as one," the Dragon Turtle said arrogantly.

"However, the chances of you injuring the old turtle are slim. In this world, only the old turtle can injure himself. You'd better save your strength and step down."

The Dragon Turtle's attitude was extremely haughty, his small eyes steadily gazing at the Steel Behemoth in front of him; sadly, the big truck was just a truck and couldn't respond.

Inside the driver's seat, Li Xiaobai had a strange expression on his face. Why did that sound so familiar?

It seemed to be his own line. Was he this annoying when he said it?

High defensive power, endless provocation, annoying speech—looking at the old turtle before him, it was just like seeing his own clone!

No more words needed, he just kept on pushing. Today, he would clash with him; in this world, there could only be one show-off!

With a flick of his hand, he threw dozens more top-grade Spirit Stones into the fuel tank.

The truck's engine went from roaring to a tremendous explosive sound. Wisps of smoke rose from the platform, with sparks flying around now and then.

It was due to the truck's impact being so fierce that it was sparking from friction with the ground.

In an instant, the Dragon Turtle's body stiffened, unconsciously using another claw, sliding back a bit before forcefully stopping the truck once again.

On the ground, the Dragon Turtle's hind claws were deeply entrenched in the ravines of the earth.

"Damn it, what breed is this? It can withstand the primordial power of the old turtle!" For the first time, the Dragon Turtle truly regarded its opponent.

But it was too late; the heavy truck was now at full power, and the Dragon Turtle had to muster all its strength just to withstand the pressure. Its best opportunity to counterattack had been missed due to its arrogance.

Watching this scene, Li Xiaobai chuckled once more.

Casually taking out a few top-grade Spirit Stones, he tossed them into the fuel tank.

Li Xiaobai: "What now, still feeling cocky?"

Ba Xia: "..."

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Chapter 120: Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch

At this moment, Li Xiaobai was incredibly relaxed; this was the most leisurely fight he had since he started competing on the stage.

Because he didn't actually need to exert any effort himself, he just needed to use Spirit Stones.

As more and more Spirit Stones were thrown into the truck, the horsepower of the truck also increased. The old turtle was using all of its strength.

"Ba Xia, if you can't hold on, retreat. Don't force it!"

Jin Lichuan reminded.

"Shut the hell up, I'm about to use my real power, Dharma Form Manifestation!"

The old turtle's face turned red with effort as a huge Dragon Turtle phantom appeared behind it. This was its Nascent Soul, visually conjured in its own image.

The giant Dragon Turtle Nascent Soul phantom gently lifted a claw and struck the front of the truck.

The old turtle felt it had lost face, as the opponent that should have been easily defeated continued to unleash overwhelming strength time after time, to the point that it almost couldn't withstand the pressure.

But with the Nascent Soul's appearance, the game was supposed to be over. It wasn't just a rookie who had recently entered the Nascent Soul Stage, but a true Nascent Soul Stage sixth layer powerhouse.

With the power of the Nascent Soul aiding it, this dark and odd mount in front of it was going to be taken apart!

Inside the cockpit, Li Xiaobai was still at ease, and even started humming a tune.

He realized that this old turtle wasn't too bright. It could have used the power of the Nascent Soul to flip the truck or crash it to the side, but it insisted on taking the impact head-on.

This several hundred horsepower mini-train, do you think you, an old deep-water softshell turtle, can stop it?

He flipped his wrist and threw another dozen top-grade Spirit Stones into the fuel tank.

The roaring sound was deafening, and the stage completely shattered into several large pieces. The truck, carrying a burst of hot flames, broke through the blockage of the Nascent Soul without stopping.

The huge Dragon Turtle phantom was instantly smashed to pieces.

Under the merciless crushing of the heavy-duty truck, the old turtle felt stuffy in its chest, its claw strength diminished, and it was directly knocked flying.

“Pfft!”

A large amount of golden blood splashed down, drenching the front of Li Xiaobai’s truck.

“Ba Xia!”

Jin Lichuan screamed, a mouthful of blood spewing out as well. There is a blood connection between the Demonic Beast and Beast Tamer; normally, they can share the speed of cultivation, break through bottlenecks much faster, but in a crisis, they also suffer damage together.

They were in this together, for better or for worse.

[Ding, achievement detected for the host: Divine Beast Bloodline, skill rewarded: Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch.]

[Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch: With a slash, the selected target is guaranteed to kneel down and raise their hands to catch the blade.]

Note: Any item capable of slashing can trigger this effect.

Whoa! This skill is strong. It’s another of the hundred percent series of skills. The previous Hundred Percent Enmity Pull was a divine skill—As long as I show off, regardless of who the opponent is, they get taunted.

This Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch is even more powerful, practically a hard control.

Just imagine, slashing with a sword and the opponent is guaranteed to run over and kneel to catch it, how domineering that is.

His eyes shifted, and Li Xiaobai looked towards Jin Lichuan, who was healing the Dragon Turtle to the side. He couldn’t help but let out a smile.

In an instant, Jin Lichuan’s hair stood on end. He didn’t know what Li Xiaobai wanted to do, but through the clear windscreen, he could clearly see Li Xiaobai raising a short stick high and then swinging it down fiercely.

Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch, activated!

Almost simultaneously, Jin Lichuan felt his body uncontrollably lunge forward.

He leaped and crashed head-on into the windshield, knees dropping to the ground and hands held high above his head, as if he was performing some kind of ritual.

Li Xiaobai watched the man before him with a look of surprise, their eyes meeting, and Jin Lichuan's inner world was in turmoil.

He had no idea what had happened, nor why he felt such an urgent impulse to catch the wooden stick waved casually by the other party.

And the most crucial thing was!

His current posture was too damn humiliating. He was a proud Nascent Soul Stage genius, so what the hell did kneeling down to his opponent mean?

Li Xiaobai was also a bit stunned, not expecting the skill to be so effective.

Almost in the instant that he swung his hand down, the other party had charged over, and it seemed that as long as he didn't release the skill, the other party would have to maintain this posture.

Hmm, not bad, very good. System products are indeed quality goods.

In the future, if anyone dares to show off in front of him, just use a Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch. Just thinking about that scene excites him!

The crowd below had strange expressions on their faces; they couldn't quite understand what they were seeing.

They could understand the Dragon Turtle losing a contest of strength against the Steel Behemoth and being hit until it spit blood.

But what did it mean for this genius to suddenly dart forward to kneel before Boss Ye, hands held high. They really could not comprehend that.

Begging for mercy wasn't done like this, could it be some kind of ritual? Did Jin Lichuan still have some tricks up his sleeve?

And it wasn't just them. Even the Elders on the high stage couldn't make sense of these movements.

This action, by any standard, was too embarrassing.

What they didn't know was that the person involved, Jin Lichuan, felt even more humiliated at this moment. Such an act was a great torment for his inner self, and it was fortunate that he was a more laid-back player; losing face was all that was happening.

If it had been someone with a more unyielding character, like the Golden Spear Overlord who had sworn to trample all beings underfoot, such a kneeling could directly collapse his morale and regress his cultivation level.

Inside the vehicle, Li Xiaobai pondered for a moment and had confirmed that the control was indeed a strong one.

With one skill deployed, as long as he didn't lift its effect, the opponent would have no chance to escape.

Having confirmed the effect, Li Xiaobai casually lifted the skill and dispelled the truck, exhaling a ring of smoke from his mouth.

"Convinced?"

"Convinced, convinced, let's stop fighting, I admit defeat!"

Jin Lichuan hurriedly said, joking aside, not only was he bloodily abused, but he almost broke down here. This Blood Demon Ye Liangchen was truly as terrifying as they come!

Within the Northern Region, to think such a young genius was hidden. After returning to Central Province, he would have to report this to his family.

The other geniuses were also squinting their eyes at Li Xiaobai. The previous match against Qin Lan wasn't enough for them to take Li Xiaobai seriously, but his performance in this round vastly exceeded their expectations.

They recognized that even if they were on stage, they might not do much better than Jin Lichuan.

They would fare the same—simply end up being bloodily abused.

Such a genius, they must report to their families and Sects, as in the future, he might become their formidable rival.

"This round, Ye Liangchen wins!"

Feng Qingyang stood up, and he was extremely pleased with Li Xiaobai's performance. Such strength was enough to make the younger generation of the Northern Region sigh with admiration.

If this batch of geniuses chose to join the Holy Demon Sect, it would bring honor to their faces. Given time for these geniuses to grow, maybe his sect could also compete for a spot on that list...

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense

#Chapter 121: Special Reward, Sect Master Ye - Read I

Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense

Chapter 121: Special Reward, Sect Master Ye

Chapter 121: Special Reward, Sect Master Ye

Li Xiaobai's performance amazed everyone, with his fellow senior brothers and sisters undoubtedly the happiest.

As fellow disciples, they had a special kind of affection that differed from common cultivators; the better Li Xiaobai performed, the happier they naturally were.

The contests that followed were rather dull, with mostly incompetent fighters pecking at each other, if not being brutally thrashed by geniuses.

Soon, the top ten were determined.

Apart from the seven from Misty Peak, there was another prodigy, plus one lucky fellow.

The first place in this competition was supposed to come with a decent reward. Several senior brothers and sisters resolutely gave up on the subsequent contests, and the lucky one was also sensible enough to willingly abstain.

The remaining prodigy made a bitter face as he looked at Li Xiaobai and likewise declared his forfeiture.

Li Xiaobai scratched his head, puzzled as to how he had inexplicably come first. Were these people really giving him so much face?

Feng Qingyang was also covered in metaphorical black lines across his forehead; today's competition could be considered the most unreliable one he had encountered in his decades of service.

It started with various displays of arrogance and face-slapping that no one could dissuade; and now, upon reaching the final stages, everyone was quicker to concede than the next. The youth of today were truly difficult to handle.

Their thoughts were too erratic for him to follow; Feng Qingyang inwardly sighed, feeling that he had aged, become out of touch with the times.

“Since the nine of you have chosen to abstain, the winner of this competition is Ye Liangchen!”

“You nine will become Inner Sect Disciples of the Holy Demon Sect and will henceforth reside on Holy Demon Peak. As for Ye Liangchen, he will receive a special reward.”

Feng Qingyang said.

The multitude of cultivators below widened their eyes, all curious about what this special reward might be.

In the past, it was usually something like a Spiritual Artifact or a Cultivation Technique used to gloss things over.

However, the standard of this year’s competition obviously surpassed any in the past, and if the Great Elder were to resort to common treasures as a makeshift reward, it would just appear petty.

Li Xiaobai, for one, didn’t expect this old man to offer him anything worthwhile. After all, the elder had been reluctant to give him even a few hundred Lower Grade Spirit Stones previously. What kind of impressive thing could he possibly do?

Feng Qingyang still wore a full smile, oblivious to Li Xiaobai’s real thoughts. If he knew, he’d probably spurt out a mouthful of old blood on the spot.

“So, saying that...”

Feng Qingyang was about to continue speaking when a streak of light glided from the sky, landing upon the platform.

He was taken aback. Why had this person come?

The newcomer was also an elder of the Holy Demon Sect, surnamed Yue, the grandfather of Inner Sect disciple Yue Fan. He never attended any events usually, so what had brought the old man out today?

Feng Qingyang frowned, sensing that something was amiss.

“Elder Yue,” he greeted with clasped hands and a bow.

“Elder Feng, I’ve come to see the competition among the disciples for advancement, but it seems I’ve missed it. May I know who the victor is?” Elder Yue inquired with a cheery expression.

“This is him, the pride of our Northern Region, Ye Liangchen.”

In an instant, Feng Qingyang understood the elder’s true motive for coming; while still unclear about the details, he emphasized on purpose that this was a genius from the Northern Region as if to say, ‘Don’t get any funny ideas.’

“Ah, I see, truly a fine figure of a man. What reward do you plan to give?” Elder Yue asked, still in high spirits, as if he hadn’t caught the warning in Feng Qingyang’s words.

“Naturally, it will be... miraculous elixirs...”

Actually, he had intended to say it would be a Cultivation Technique, but that somehow felt inadequate and just couldn’t bring himself to say it.

“Ye Xiaoyou, do you think the cultivation technique is useful to you?” Elder Yue asked.

Li Xiaobai looked at the seemingly amiable white-haired old man in front of him and said without hesitation, “Not in the slightest.”

Feng Qingyang’s face darkened, if you find it useless then just say so, what’s this ‘not in the slightest’? Do you not care about your face?

Li Xiaobai was telling the truth, he didn’t need to practice cultivation, so why would he need cultivation techniques? He would rather have some spirit stones instead.

“Then may I know what kind of reward you would like?” Feng Qingyang asked through gritted teeth.

“I’m not asking for much, just some spirit stones will do,” Li Xiaobai said offhandedly.

Feng Qingyang breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully he wasn’t making outrageous demands; it seemed the kid had some conscience: “Spirit stones are not a problem. The thing our Holy Demon Sect is least short of is spirit stones. How many do you want?”

“One or eight hundred thousand?” Li Xiaobai ventured.

“Lower Grade spirit stones?”

“Upper Grade spirit stones.”

“Are you dreaming?” Feng Qingyang could no longer hold back; he always had the feeling that the kid below was making a fool of him.

“Didn’t you say the sect is never short of spirit stones?”

Li Xiaobai scratched his head, a bit bewildered; this old man really had no class, changing his attitude so quickly.

“Ahem, may I offer some advice?” Elder Yue said.

“Please speak, Elder Yue.”

“Since Ye Xiaoyou wishes for spirit stones, I have a way that can let you amass a large number of spirit stones in a short time.”

“Oh? Please enlighten me, Elder Yue.”

Li Xiaobai perked up; right now, apart from attribute points, what he needed most were spirit stones. There were many high-quality items that he simply couldn't afford with the savings in his ring.

“Speaking of the best way to earn spirit stones within the sect, naturally, one must have their own property. Almost each of us elders owns a mountain peak, and with just a bit of management, the income from spirit stones rolls in uncontrollably.”

“I suggest we also assign a mountain peak to Ye Xiaoyou and appoint him as an Honorary Elder of the Holy Demon Sect. Not only would it allow Ye Xiaoyou to earn spirit stones, but it would also contribute to the sect. Even securing a place on that list is not out of the question.”

Elder Yue said with a smile.

Upon hearing this, the disciples below erupted into murmurs. Most had never touched upon this level; the list was something only true geniuses could enter, and ordinary people might never get the chance to see it in their lifetimes.

“However, our Holy Demon Sect has no spare mountain peaks left; this might not be appropriate.”

“Isn't the mountain peak of the menial disciples always vacant? It would be just right for Ye Xiaoyou to manage.”

Feng Qingyang was startled; so this was the old man's plan.

Contributions to the sect, rankings on the list—those were just excuses. The other party simply wanted to tie Li Xiaobai down to the mountain peak of the menial disciples.

As everyone knows, the place where menial disciples reside has no rights to speak of, anyone can trample over them as they please. As for the title of Honorary Elder, it's nothing more than a nominal position with no real power, a completely sidelined role.

This old man's move was probably an attempt to do away with Li Xiaobai on the mountain peak of the menial disciples.

"Thank you, Elder Yue. Liangchen is willing to take on the role of Honorary Elder and manage the mountain peak where the menial disciples reside."

Li Xiaobai was overjoyed. To be able to join the management and get assigned a mountain peak just after arriving—this offer was too tempting as if it were tailored just for him.

"Hold on, this might be improper, for those who manage a mountain peak are all those who have shared hardships with the sect. Although Ye Xiaoyou is a prodigy, he lacks seniority, and I disagree!"

Chapter 122: Chapter 123 Conspiracy and Tricks

Feng Qingyang's expression was solemn as he flatly refused.

Although he did not know what grudges these two had, within the sect, the talents from the Northern Region absolutely could not come to harm.

"Hehe, Elder Feng, the Sect Leader has already agreed to this, so there's no need for you to worry," the elder said with a laugh, still beaming as he shook a token in his hand.

Feng Qingyang's face went through several changes, recognizing that the other party had come prepared, having already obtained consent from the Sect Leader. His role was merely a formality.

Watching Li Xiaobai's delighted expression below, he became so frustrated he could barely contain himself. Damn it, others are trying to set you up, and you're even helping them count the money; just how did you cultivate such a brain?

But now that the Sect Leader had spoken, he had no choice but to nod in agreement.

"Alright, Ye Liangchen, Honorary Elder of the Holy Demon Sect, from this moment on, you are the master of a peak. The mountain top for miscellaneous disciples remains unnamed, you may choose a name yourself. Work hard, I have high hopes for you," Elder Yue tossed out a token and then, with a swirl of his robes, he disappeared from the spot.

Li Xiaobai looked at the token in his hand—it was bare on one side, while the other side was engraved with the words 'Ye Liangchen,' apparently waiting to display the name of the mountain peak until it was confirmed.

This Elder Yue seemed nice enough, if a bit too enthusiastic, always giving off a sense of urgency. Overall, he seemed much better than Old Man Feng.

The surrounding disciples all looked at Li Xiaobai with envious eyes. As a disciple who had just joined the sect, he had become an elder in just a few days; the contrast was too hurtful.

One second ago, they were calling him 'Brother Ye,' and the next second they had to change to calling him 'Elder Ye.'

They were all disciples brought in for additional instruction, so why was the gap between them so huge?

Feng Qingyang impatiently dispersed the disciples who had gathered to watch the excitement and landed beside Li Xiaobai.

"Kid, tell me the truth, have you offended anyone recently?"

Li Xiaobai blustered: "Liangchen offends people every moment of every day."

Feng Qingyang was speechless: "Who have you offended within the Holy Demon Sect? Tell me honestly, whether it's an Inner Sect Disciple or a True Disciple. Just so you know, that old man Yue had no good intentions just now. Giving you the mountain peak is just to bind you with the miscellaneous disciples and take the opportunity to get rid of you."

Li Xiaobai's forehead furrowed—he had indeed offended a True Disciple and an Inner Sect Disciple.

A Senior Brother Yue whom he had never met before, and an Inner Sect Disciple named Xu Kun. It seemed that Elder Yue intended to stand up for one of them.

"After reflecting for a moment, I have behaved very well recently, made quite a few friends, and have no enemies. Elder, rest assured, I will definitely build the strongest mountain peak in the Northern Region!"

Li Xiaobai said cheerfully, joking. These enemies were a precious source of Attribute Points for him. Although the points they offered were somewhat disappointing, even the smallest ant is still meat—he could not let them go.

Feng Qingyang looked at Li Xiaobai for a moment, then sighed and handed over a jade necklace: "Well, if you want to handle it yourself, I won't stop you. If you're in danger, crush this, and I will immediately come to your aid."

Li Xiaobai examined it for a moment, then put it on: "Thank you, Elder Feng!"

“Mhm, I must be going now.”

Feng Qingyang turned around and vanished instantly from the spot; he needed to see the Sect Leader about the incidents occurring in the sect these past few days, since he was struggling to keep up with the Sect Leader’s train of thought.

Li Xiaobai casually fiddled with the jade pendant on his chest; Old Man Feng was kind, but this thing was of little use to him.

In the Divine Beast Mountain Range, he had held his own; if he encountered an attack that even he couldn’t handle, dragging the old man into it would be like serving him up on a platter.

If he could summon an existence like the straw-cloaked man, that would be valuable.

“Junior Brother, the first place in the competition calls for a small barbecue, let’s go!”

“You’re the master of a peak now, Senior Brother truly envies you. No more talk, from now on we brothers will rule the mountain as kings, and together we’ll climb up that damn ranking list!”

“That’s right, together we will become the most talented figures on the entire Mainland!”

“Junior Brother, remember to set up a bathhouse; a little barbecue doesn’t suit Huazi, it’s more comfortable to soak and eat barbecue.”

Li Xiaobai: “...”

...

At the same time, inside a certain cave dwelling.

Qin Lan’s face twisted in madness, “Young Master Xu, I will remember today’s events, and once I return to the Xingtian Sect, I will recount everything that happened here in detail!”

“Immortal Qin, now that your strength is reduced to a mere tenth of what it was, do you really think Xu will let you go back?”

Xu Kun sneered peculiarly as he scooped up Qin Lan in his arms and headed deeper into the cave.

“You...”

Several hours later, Xu Kun's face was the picture of contentment. Previously, this woman had been too proud, looking down on everyone with haughty eyes, but today he had finally had his fill of pleasure.

No matter how goddess-like, without cultivation level, she was nothing, nothing but an old shoe to be tossed about by others.

As for the Xingtian Sect, indeed it was a Great Sect, but what of it? The Holy Demon Sect was far away in the Northern Region. A woman had died; they'd never trace it back to him.

He casually summoned Wang Ruoxian and Xia Jian.

"You two, tell me again, is Ye Liangchen really the cultivator who obstructed that respectable person that day?"

"Absolutely certain, we recognize that mount. It was because Ye Liangchen was identified by Protector Liu that day, who then crushed his opponent with his mount—it must be Zhang Rui without a doubt!" Wang Ruoxian was confident.

"Elder Yuan Fang just sent a message, he also believes that person is indeed the same one from that day, and that the guy used a fake name before."

"A fake name? Could it be that his name is not Zhang Rui?" Xia Jian was surprised.

"Exactly, news from Tianwu Sect indicates that Zhang Rui is a True Disciple of Tianwu Sect, and not the same person as the Zhang Rui from that day. After checking the participants in Divine Beast Mountain Range, it seems the person's real name should be Li Xiaobai."

Xu Kun chuckled coldly. That guy had the audacity to offend that respectable person, but luckily, he was very flamboyant and was discovered by Outer Sect's Elder Yuan Fang, and the information was already reported.

He believed that it wouldn't be long before someone from above would be sent to deal with this matter.

"Li Xiaobai." The two repeated the name in silence, "So what do we need to do now?"

"Xia Jian, go report the current situation to Senior Brother Yue. Elder Yuan Fang was in a hurry and Senior Brother Yue may not yet know about this," Xu Kun instructed.

"Yes!"

Xu Kun thought to himself with a sneer. The account for injuring his brother would soon be settled; having offended that respectable person, this guy couldn't escape death.

As Xia Jian turned to leave, Wang Ruoxian was left alone, suddenly feeling a chill over his body, his face turning pale.

“As for you, well, I wasn’t fully satisfied just now. You will finish what Qin Lan didn’t.”

Xu Kun let out a strange chuckle as he pulled Wang Ruoxian toward the depths of the cave.

...

Elsewhere.

On the mountain peak of the Sect Leader.

Feng Qingyang was angrily losing his patience with Sect Leader Ou Yezi, while several old men were sitting around.

“Sect Leader brother, have you become senile? Ye Liangchen is a genius of our Northern Region; how could we let that old fart Yue Buqun kill him!”

“Brother Feng, after so many years, you still have such a hot temper. This is why you could never become the Sect Leader,” Ou Yezi remarked indifferently.

“What use have I for being the Sect Leader? Don’t change the subject. You must give me an explanation today, or else I shall not leave!”

Chapter 123: Chapter 124: Buying a house early is better than 10 years of study

“Xiao Feng, do not create a ruckus here. We few old fellows all highly approve of Ou Yezi’s actions.”

A few elders beside them spoke up.

Feng Qingyang immediately deflated, these were Supreme Elders, the bedrock of the sect. In front of the Supreme Elders, he didn’t dare to misbehave.

However, his eyes were still full of confusion, as in his view, these actions were completely detrimental to the sect’s interests.

“Feng junior brother, do you remember the words our master said before he passed away, riding the crane to the west?” Ou Yezi asked.

Feng Qingyang thought for a moment, “Buy a house early, and it’s better than ten years of study?”

Ou Yezi: “???”

The Supreme Elders: “???”

“Junior brother, if you said that in front of the master’s memorial tablet, I’m afraid his grave would burst open...” Ou Yezi said, speechless.

“Ahem, then it’s about the Dragon Turtle?” Feng Qingyang said somewhat awkwardly.

“The matter of the Dragon Turtle is settled. Chaos is bound to arise under the heavens, and those from Central Province are currently using their Great Divine Powers to glimpse a peek at the future. What I’m talking about are the traitors within our sect.” Ou Yezi said.

“This time within our sect, quite a number of traitors have emerged, all defecting to the evil cultivators. It seems Elder Yue is also entangled in this. Through Ye Liangchen, I plan to drag all these people out in one fell swoop and capture them all in one net!”

Feng Qingyang was puzzled, “I know about the sect traitors, Yuan Fang is one of them, but what does this have to do with Ye Liangchen?”

“Haven’t you noticed he looks very familiar? You were so grievously tricked in the Divine Beast Mountain Range, and now the instigator is strutting in front of you, and you haven’t noticed?” Ou Yezi said with a smile that wasn’t quite a smile.

Feng Qingyang’s hair stood on end in an instant, “It’s that youngster, he swindled countless resources from me, and he dares to show up in the Holy Demon Sect!”

“Junior brother, you should be more cautious in the future. You were played by a mere junior cultivator. How will you cross tribulation in the future?”

Feng Qingyang: “...”

“Also, how is that matter being prepared?” Ou Yezi suddenly asked.

“It’s all set, ten foreign prodigies in total. Senior brother, are we really going through with this?”

Feng Qingyang felt a chill just thinking about Ou Yezi’s plan.

“Why not dare? Junior brother, do you remember the master’s interpretation of the Confucian Path’s utmost saint?”

“To deviate from the classics is to be a demon?” Feng Qingyang said.

“Correct, the Secret Realm of Beichen Feng, the great Confucian, is extraordinarily dangerous. If it’s as the master said, it’s very possible that Beichen Feng has fallen into demonhood in his later years. Those geniuses you spoke of, although they are at the Nascent Soul Stage, they still lack experience. Against the demon-tainted Confucian Path, they will hardly stand a chance.”

“This is our opportunity. A treasure land tainted with demonic nature is a natural barrier. As long as we trap and kill all the prodigies there, we can gather their fortunes for ourselves and make a breakthrough to the Transcendence Tribulation Stage to reach the Mahayana Realm. By then, our sect can also rise to become a first-class sect!”

Hiss!

Even though he already knew of the Sect Leader’s plan, Feng Qingyang still took a sharp intake of breath. To kill ten prodigies from different regions in one fell swoop, to collect their fortunes with Great Divine Powers, and to forcefully break through the realm.

If this got out, the Holy Demon Sect would likely face a calamity of extinction, but it looked like the Supreme Elders all highly approved of it.

“Xiao Feng, why so shocked? Such deeds, they have been done plenty by those from Central Province and the Western Desert!”

“Indeed, decades ago, a Living Buddha from the Western Desert wanted to shatter the void and ascend to the Upper Realm, and in a single thought, he transcended millions of souls, using grand fortunes to steady his footing in the Upper Realm.”

“And that Sword Demon from Central Province, with a single sword strike that lasted through the ages, directed the fortunes of all beings with his sword force to forcefully break through the spatial barriers.”

“These kinds of deeds are nothing new, and compared to them, Ou Yezi’s methods are much more benign.”

“It’s all for the disciples of our sect...”

Feng Qingyang: “...”

Alright, it’s really hard to define good and bad people; being human is too difficult...

...

At the same time, on a certain mountain peak.

Yue Buqun was discussing something with Yue Fan, while Xia Jian was serving tea and pouring water.

“Everything is clear now. Ye Liangchen is Li Xiaobai, who has taken away the top target of that personage. Others don’t matter; this man must be captured alive. He has something belonging to that personage on him,” Yue Buqun said earnestly.

“Disciple understands and will make contact with this person in a few days,” said Yue Fan, clearly delighted. This man was incredibly arrogant, not only coveting his woman but also offending that personage—there was no doubt that he was doomed.

Ye Liangchen, Li Xiaobai, no matter who you are, if you dare to compete with me, there is only one way out—death!

“Be cautious. If we can deliver Li Xiaobai to that personage, the benefits are beyond imagination,” Yue Buqun instructed.

“Disciple is aware and will arrange a comprehensive plan to capture Li Xiaobai alive!”

...

At this moment, Li Xiaobai was unaware that he had been targeted by so many important figures, let alone that his identity had been exposed.

He was leisurely soaking in a bath and grilling meat on a mountain peak with several of his senior martial brothers and sisters!

News of his becoming the master of a peak had already spread throughout the sect. The menial disciples were overjoyed upon hearing this: they now had a Peak Master. Moreover, based on the previous attitudes, this seemed to be a good Peak Master who would stand up for them!

Perhaps, from now on, they really wouldn’t have to pay protection fees, and they could indeed live without bowing and scraping to others.

Being a Peak Master entailed a great deal, something Yuan Fang, among the menial disciples, understood clearer than anyone else. The Peak Master had the highest authority over a mountain peak, which meant that even the Sect Leader, upon visiting, would defer to the Peak Master, unless the Peak Master had violated the sect’s rules.

And that was not to mention those who charged protection fees; now they really wouldn’t be bullied anymore.

But Li Xiaobai didn’t care about these things. Since he lived here, there would definitely be no underhanded dealings.

At this moment, he was discussing the list with a few others.

“Third senior brother, with your vast experience, do you know what exactly that list means?” Liu Jinshui asked.

“The list is a certification of an individual’s strength. Only those who are strong enough can make it onto the list. It’s divided into the Human, Earth, and Heaven rankings. The positions on it are said to be arranged by a bigshot from Central Province,”

“To get on the list, one must authenticate their identity, and after doing something significant enough to impress that bigshot, you’ll be placed on the list. The same holds true for climbing the rankings; it’s easy to move up as long as you can make a big splash.”

“The simplest way is to challenge those who are ranked higher. Take them down, and we can take their place,” Lin Yin spoke indifferently while taking a drag of his Huazi. In just a few days, he had become addicted to it.

“Can that bigshot really be aware of all the cultivators’ movements in the world?” Li Xiaobai was somewhat perplexed.

“Indeed. The bigshot who establishes the rankings is called Elder Tianji, a powerhouse in the Heaven ranking well-versed in divining fate, able to foresee major events in the world. This lends credibility to the rankings.”

“The Immortal Spirit Daily that cultivators read on a regular basis is actually owned by Elder Tianji,” answered Lin Yin.

Li Xiaobai inwardly clicked his tongue in admiration. A bigshot was truly worthy of the title, keeping track of all the geniuses in the world simultaneously—how powerful his cultivation must be.

“I see. So, can we also make it onto the list?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“Naturally.”

“Woof, Lord Ergouzi is also a genius. Lord Ergouzi also wants to climb the rankings!”

“Keke, I, Ji Wuqing, am definitely destined to be the number one strong person on the Heaven ranking!”

Chapter 124: Chapter 125 Strength Ranking List

Li Xiaobai understood that the ranking was simply a medium for competition over prestige.

Geniuses with strong abilities would be ranked higher; after all, those who really accomplish great things are the ones with extraordinary cultivation levels. Strength is of paramount importance.

“So does our Holy Demon Sect have a ranking?”

“The Holy Demon Sect only has the Sect Leader barely making it onto the Earth List, ranked just beyond eight thousand. He’s in the kind of spot that could be squeezed out of the rankings at any time,” Lin Yin said.

“Hiss, the Sect Leader must have reached the Transcendence Tribulation Stage by now, right? And still he can only rank around eight thousand?”

Li Xiaobai was deeply shocked – if even Sect Leader Ou Yezi couldn’t climb higher, then making it onto the list himself might be quite difficult.

“The strength of those in the Transcendence Tribulation Stage counts as top-notch in the Northern Region, but in other areas, they’re just a drizzle. In Central Province, any elder you pull out is at the Mahayana Realm, compared to them, our Holy Demon Sect’s foundation is insufficient,” Lin Yin explained further.

“As for those on the Sky List, apart from a few exceptional talents, the rest are all top experts from the major sects. For now, let’s not even think about it.”

“I see.”

Li Xiaobai nodded; he still had a long way to go. On the surface, his defensive power might seem decent, but if he were to step out of the Northern Region, there would be plenty of people capable of blasting him to pieces.

“There should be a ranking stele within that secret realm; when we get there, we’ll also have a go at the rankings,” Su Yunbing stated, feeling thrilled after interacting with a few prodigies.

...

The next day, Li Xiaobai gave the mountain peak a name – it was still called Misty Peak, which was his starting point, something to remember it by.

The token sketched with traces of the great Dao now bore the name ‘Misty Peak’ – it was quite intelligent.

The superior goods store had been closed for two days. When he came down the mountain, there was a crowd packed outside the store.

In the recent two days that Li Xiaobai hadn't been doing business, the disciples still camped every day, hoping to buy Huazi the moment it became available.

Now, they all regretted that they hadn't bought a hundred packets of Huazi in one go previously. The benefits of Huazi for cultivation were simply too great; they couldn't stop craving it.

Seeing Li Xiaobai coming, they all opened a path like he was their savior.

"Boss Ye, you've finally arrived! I'm going to starve to death if you don't come!"

"Yeah, Boss Ye, now I can't swallow any Heaven and Earth Treasures other than your Huazi!"

"Life without Huazi is so tasteless; even cultivation has become dull and boring."

"This time I'm buying a hundred packets of Huazi, and nobody had better stop me!"

"Psh, just a hundred packets? That's thinking too small; I've brought nearly half my assets here, and I'm starting at a thousand packets today!"

Two days had passed, and the numbers of cultivators coming to buy Huazi hadn't declined, but instead had increased. Li Xiaobai found it amazing – were these people consuming Huazi that fast? Many of them had bought dozens of packets in one go and used them all up in two days, which was a bit frightening.

Li Xiaobai smiled slightly, lit a stick of Huazi, and announced, "Rest assured, everyone. There's plenty of stock today. As long as you've brought enough Spirit Stones, you can have as many as you want!"

The cultivators were overjoyed, especially upon seeing the Huazi in Li Xiaobai's hand; they eagerly stepped forward to exchange Spirit Stones.

Watching large amounts of high-grade Spirit Stones come into his possession, Li Xiaobai's smile was so wide his eyes could barely open.

In the System, a stick of Huazi only cost one Lower Grade Spirit Stone, and a pack contained about a dozen sticks, totaling up to just over ten Lower Grade Spirit Stones in cost.

Now he was reselling a pack for the price of one Upper Grade Spirit Stone, which meant the profit had increased by more than a thousand times, and with the high demand for

Huazi, with almost everyone buying by the pack, all transactions were in Upper Grade Spirit Stones.

It was all high-quality merchandise – he was making a fortune!

“Don’t rush, don’t panic, there’s enough for everyone, one at a time.”

Li Xiaobai beckoned with a smile, and the originally empty counter was once again crammed full of Huazi.

The crowd’s eyes went wide with envy—just how many Huazi did Boss Ye have? He pulled out a large pile at random—so wealthy!

The cultivators took their Huazi and left, thoroughly content.

Watching the store’s crowd gradually thin, Li Xiaobai became even happier. These cultivators were his cash crops, taking the Huazi and rushing home to cultivate without delay. Given their eagerness, it wouldn’t be long before they came back to buy more.

The path to his own fortune was about to begin.

For the next several days, although the number of cultivators coming to buy was nowhere near the first day’s crowd, Li Xiaobai still managed to collect tens of thousands of Upper Grade Spirit Stones every time.

In just a few days, his wealth in Upper Grade Spirit Stones had accumulated to a staggering 130,000.

That terrifying figure was enough to unlock some of the high-level items from the System’s store.

For instance, the Maserati worth 100,000 Upper Grade Spirit Stones, but he currently had enough use from the large truck, and didn’t really need another sports car for the time being.

The Godzilla mount seemed quite swanky, but sadly it required a million Upper Grade Spirit Stones, which was still beyond his current wealth.

He decided to save up first.

There were also some top-tier pieces of equipment in the store, all of which bore the word “Divine Level” in golden letters, starkly different from the other items.

[Sea-Calming Divine Needle: Part of the Rivalling Heaven Set series, comes with Shatter Heaven Effect, able to throw Heaven’s Court into chaos with a single strike,

utterly indestructible. (Able to be used once for ten million Superior Grade Spirit Stones, cooldown time: 24 hours)]

[Fiery Golden Eyes: Part of the Rivalling Heaven Set series, comes with the ability to insight into all heavens, burning all beings with one glance. (Able to be used once for ten million Superior Grade Spirit Stones, cooldown time: 24 hours)]

[...]

There were many such Divine Level items, but with his current financial means, he couldn't afford even the slightest fraction of their cost.

Moreover, the use of Divine Level items was charged by the number of uses, and they couldn't be obtained permanently. That really hurt—he wasn't the type to burn money for fun!

Someone walked into the store.

Dressed in white, with sharp eyes that intently stared at Li Xiaobai, he said, "You are... Junior Brother Li, right?"

The voice was very familiar. Li Xiaobai was startled and looked up to see an old acquaintance—it was his former senior brother, Feng Wuxie.

Feng Wuxie now had a deep gleam in his eyes and a concealed aura; he was clearly not on the same level as before.

"Senior Brother Feng!"

Li Xiaobai was surprised; Senior Brother Feng had been good to him in the past, a friend indeed with no need for pretenses.

"So it really is you, Junior Brother Li. Senior Brother has had a hard time looking for you!"

Feng Wuxie spoke through gritted teeth, word by word. Ever since they parted ways in the Divine Beast Mountain Range, he had been searching for Li Xiaobai, aiming to do him in. Unfortunately, despite his searching, he found not a trace.

Having no other choice, he returned to his sect to assimilate the treasures from various secret realms. After some cultivation, he had also reached the peak of the Golden Core Stage with the help of numerous resources.

He recognized the seven from Misty Peak at a glance during the sect's disciple competition.

Just a few days prior, news came from the Great Elder of the Immortal Feather Sect that the sect faced an unprecedented crisis. A major figure had arrived at the Immortal Feather Sect and restrained everyone. It seemed to be connected to Li Xiaobai.

This only inflamed Feng Wuxie's already murderous intent toward Li Xiaobai, leading him to come knocking directly.

Looking at the fiery-eyed Feng Wuxie, Li Xiaobai was somewhat dumbfounded: "Uh, Senior Brother, would you like a Huazi first?"

Chapter 125: Chapter 126: Seeing Feng Wuxie Again

Li Xiaobai, looking baffled, only fueled Feng Wuxie's anger, and he decided to lay his cards on the table.

"Junior Brother Li, I never intended to befriend you. I have always wanted to kill you, just never found the opportunity. Originally, killing you was merely for my selfish desire to seize the treasures you possess. But now, our sect has fallen into jeopardy because of you, and only your death would benefit everyone."

Li Xiaobai was taken aback, not understanding what Feng Wuxie meant. The Senior Brother actually wanted to kill him.

"Senior Brother, what are you talking about? I don't understand a word you're saying. Why would the sect be in danger because of me?"

"You've caused trouble outside, taking the belongings of some powerful senior. Now, they've come knocking, and the entire Immortal Feather Sect is under their control. To resolve this issue, we need to bring you back to the sect."

"Even if you're at the Nascent Soul Stage, I still have ways to bring you back to the sect. Prepare to face punishment!"

Feng Wuxie didn't even give Li Xiaobai a chance to speak. With a flick of his wrist, a glittering brass mace materialized in his hand.

With a surge of his cultivation technique, the two sea dragons engraved on the mace seemed to come to life, rushing towards Li Xiaobai in unison.

"Roar!"

The formidable sea dragon phantoms pressured Li Xiaobai, their might entwining around his body. Meanwhile, Feng Wuxie burned a talisman in his hand, and both of them vanished from the shop in an instant.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye, without any cultivators noticing the scene.

[Attribute Points +1000...]

Outside the sect's main gate, Li Xiaobai snapped out of it, realizing the situation. His impersonation of Zhang Rui had been discovered by the straw-cloaked man, who had now directly come for him.

But on second thought, it made sense. Since Zhang Rui possessed the Blood Spirit Bead, there was obviously some connection with evil cultivators. A simple investigation would reveal he was bluffing.

Only, he didn't expect them to find him so swiftly. He hadn't fully powered up yet and was still vulnerable to attacks from someone at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage.

According to Feng Wuxie, the Immortal Feather Sect had just been taken over by an evil cultivator. There shouldn't be any major issues in the short term, and he certainly had to save the sect, but now was not the best time.

Muscle Flaccidity activated!

The two sea dragons entangling him instantly weakened, limply collapsing onto the ground.

"Not this move again! What kind of treasure are you hiding that can even affect the golden sea dragons?"

Feng Wuxie's pupils contracted, filled with even greater rage. Why couldn't such fortuitous encounters ever happen to him?

"Senior Brother Feng, I understand the situation now. Indeed, it arose because of me. I will definitely save Immortal Feather Sect. Please give me a bit more time, and I swear I will personally slay those evil cultivators!" Li Xiaobai said.

Although Feng Wuxie wanted to kill him, it was out of concern for the safety of the sect, and the problem really was Li Xiaobai's own. Getting beaten as punishment seemed fair.

"Boastful words! With your cultivation level barely at the Nascent Soul Stage, do you really think you can kill those evil cultivators?"

"The future Sect Leader of Immortal Feather Sect will definitely be me. I will take you back to the sect now to dissolve this grudge!"

Feng Wuxie's hands moved in a spell, and the sea dragons on the ground revived, eyeing Li Xiaobai with vigilance and bloodthirst.

“Senior Brother Feng, let me go back and discuss strategies with a few other brothers and sisters. Afterwards, we’ll accompany you to Immortal Feather Sect together. Can you give us that chance?” Li Xiaobai said. Feng Wuxie had good intentions for the sect, and Li didn’t want to resort to force.

“It seems you place great confidence in the treasure you possess, believing it can make you stronger in a short time?” Feng Wuxie stared at Li Xiaobai as he spoke.

“Correct,” nodded Li Xiaobai.

“Okay, I’ll give you three days. Don’t play any tricks; I’ll be following you the whole time!” Feng Wuxie said ominously.

“Rest assured, Senior Brother, there is no hurdle too high. Let’s have a Huazi first.”

...

Atop Misty Peak, Li Xiaobai returned to the summit, and Feng Wuxie true to his word, followed him everywhere he went. It was not just because of the sect’s affairs; he was more eager to find out what kind of treasure Li Xiaobai possessed.

Along the way, the so-called Huazi were so magical that, after a few Huazis, he almost touched the threshold of the Half-step Nascent Soul.

He launched several sneak attacks along the way, but sadly, he still lacked the ability to contend with Li Xiaobai. No matter what kind of Cultivation Technique or moves he used, they all seemed pale and powerless in the face of those strange methods.

This left him feeling somewhat dejected; he had thought his progress was fast, but it seemed that the gap between him and Li Xiaobai was still widening.

The atmosphere on Misty Peak was a bit strange. Yuan Fang seemed to have been waiting on the summit early on. Seeing Li Xiaobai, he hurriedly approached: “Peak Master, we have guests at Misty Peak.”

Yuan Fang looked somewhat uneasy. Li Xiaobai asked, “Who is it?”

“A True Disciple, Senior Brother Yue, and the brother of the disciple you chased away last time for collecting protection money, Inner Sect Disciple Xu Kun, has also come.”

As soon as Li Xiaobai heard this, he understood that those he had offended had all arranged to come and create trouble. It looked like they had seen him successfully tied to the menial disciple’s mountain and wanted to come over and oppress him first.

Within the sect, one could use their position to oppress others, and with Senior Brother Yue’s identity and status higher than his own, he was supposed to show servility.

However, today my mood is not good. I just heard that the Immortal Feather Sect had a problem, and now you come to cause trouble for me, there's no discussion; today, no matter what your purpose is, walking down the mountain unscathed is unlikely!

Li Xiaobai's eyes sparkled coldly as he headed straight for the reception hall.

In the reception hall, several senior brothers and sisters had already arrived. Xu Kun was diligently serving tea and water, with Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian standing behind him. Senior Brother Yue sat leisurely in the middle, savoring his tea.

He was only there for Li Xiaobai and didn't care about the other senior brothers and sisters.

Su Yunbing and the others didn't know his purpose and didn't want to rashly drive him away.

"Senior Brother Yue, this junior has arrived late. May I ask what brings Senior Brother here today?"

"Heh, Junior Brother, I heard your former sect was called the Immortal Feather Sect. Have you been back lately?" Yue Fan asked with a faint smile.

"What do you mean by that, Senior Brother?" Li Xiaobai frowned, sensing an ominous premonition.

"It must not be pleasant to have your entire sect become hostages, is it, Junior Brother Li Xiaobai?"

With that statement, the atmosphere in the great hall suddenly became oppressive, and everyone fell silent.

The mere mention of 'Li Xiaobai' was enough to reveal everything; the people in front of him had some connection with the Evil Cultivators, and his identity was now completely exposed.

The senior brothers and sisters' faces also changed, as Li Xiaobai's exposure meant they too had been recognized: "What do you mean? What do you mean by the Immortal Feather Sect has become hostages?"

Feng Wuxie's face was also grim, with killing intent flashing in his eyes: "Did you do this?"

"Right, your Immortal Feather Sect's disciples offended that gentleman, so naturally, Yue has to contribute a hand..."

Chapter 126: Chapter 127 No One Can Threaten Me

“Yue Fan has already sent people with many cultivators to the Immortal Feather Sect. By now, that small sect should have been completely occupied, right?”

“I must say, it truly is a small sect. The sect leader isn’t even at the Nascent Soul Stage, but the sisters there are indeed very alluring.”

A sinister smile crossed Yue Fan’s lips.

The crowd looked on with cold expressions, while Feng Wuxie also calmed down. He hadn’t expected to find the key figure in the incident here, much less that this key figure would walk right into the trap.

One must know that Misty Peak’s seven brothers were all experts at the Nascent Soul Stage, far beyond ordinary standards. Yet, Yue Fan had actually come to them willingly.

Feng Wuxie, on the other hand, was no longer in a hurry. There was no need to rush for a man who was about to die.

“What do you want?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“Sever one of your arms, kneel, and hand over the treasure that originally belonged to that great person,” Yue Fan said calmly, even leisurely taking a sip of tea.

The few people around all looked at him with a strange gaze. Was this man insane?

Not even at the Nascent Soul Stage, how dare he provoke them?

“Li Xiaobai, now that your identities have been exposed, don’t cause trouble for yourself. Just cooperate obediently, and maybe you’ll have a chance to live,” Xu Kun also said.

“Have you lost your minds, daring to challenge us with such little cultivation?” Liu Jinshui finally couldn’t hold back.

“Indeed, how dare such a Half-step Nascent Soul waste cause trouble in front of us?” Su Yunbing’s tone was icy cold as well.

They had by now understood the whole story. This Yue Fan before them had leaked their little secret to the Evil Cultivators, and now that the Immortal Feather Sect was trapped, this fellow had the audacity to come and show off.

“Kill him!” A cold light flashed in Feng Wuxie’s eyes as the golden Sea Dragon mace reappeared in his hand.

“Don’t forget, the Immortal Feather Sect is still in my hands. With just one command from me, your sect could be reduced to ashes in an instant!” Yue Fan was startled and shouted sharply.

Li Xiaobai and the others exchanged looks: “So what, you are also in our hands now. With just one command from us, you too would instantly turn to ashes.”

Yue Fan was stunned. That seemed to make sense. He had run into enemy territory with his master not by his side, which was essentially like giving them his head on a platter.

“Don’t forget, we’re within the sect. If you dare to touch me, my master will immediately obliterate you. Plus, I could make your secrets public!” Yue Fan said.

“My secret is fighting against Evil Cultivators, which is a righteous act. If you want to publicize it, then go ahead. But it’s you who have colluded with Evil Cultivators, bringing calamity to the people. I’m going to report you to the Sect Leader right now!” Li Xiaobai declared.

“Tie him up!”

Su Yunbing didn’t want to waste any more words. These fools hadn’t realized their own identity but dared to provoke them; they were truly courting death.

The golden mace in Feng Wuxie’s hand burst into action, transforming into several Sea Dragons and tightly entwining the four of them.

Yue Fan was utterly bewildered by this move, and he wasn’t the only one. The other three were also dumbfounded. This wasn’t how it was supposed to start—their opponents made sense.

Hiding their identities was to avoid the Evil Cultivators, which wasn’t anything dishonorable. On the contrary, it was they who had sided with the Evil Cultivators and betrayed their own sect who were truly the rats scurrying in the dark, shameful and reviled.

How did this happen, to play oneself into a corner like this?

“Senior Brother Yue, in life, the most important thing is to know oneself. A rat that everybody shouts to kill, yet you still dare to jump about. Isn’t this seeking death?”

Li Xiaobai lit a Huazi cigarette, speaking indifferently.

“Aren’t you afraid of my master’s rage?”

“Aren’t you afraid that the entire Immortal Feather Sect will be annihilated?”

Yue Fan's face twisted menacingly. In terms of cultivation level, he was no match. He had assumed he held an absolute advantage, which is why he came to slap Li Xiaobai in the face, to show him the consequences of contending for a woman with him.

The action was entirely of his own design; he hadn't consulted with Yue Buqun in advance. He had not expected these people to act so unpredictably.

Now that he had been captured, he was afraid that things would end badly.

"With the Sect Leader here, who do you think your master is to count for anything?"

"As for the Immortal Feather Sect, you'd best pray that nothing happens to it. Otherwise, you'll be the first to die," said Li Xiaobai indifferently.

"Senior Brother Feng, not even two hours have passed, and we've already reaped such great rewards. Now you should believe in your junior brother, right?"

A few minutes later, Li Xiaobai drove the four tightly bound people down the mountain, shouting as they walked.

"True Disciple Yue Fan, Inner Sect Disciple Xu Kun, and two additional disciples who were just along for the ride, colluding with Evil Cultivators and betraying the sect. Today, we must seek justice from the Sect Leader!"

This was a strategy discussed with everyone else. Along the way, Feng Wuxie had already recounted everything he knew.

The fellow senior brothers and sisters were now clear in their minds, as long as the sect was still intact, they would have a chance.

Therefore, what they had to do now was to make a big fuss within the Holy Demon Sect, to take the opportunity to bring down Elder Yue as well, and eliminate the traitors within the Demon Sect. Without anyone to pass news to the outside world, the Immortal Feather Sect would, for the time being, still be safe.

However, with this shout, the disciples beneath the mountain exploded into an uproar. True Disciple Yue Fan was a figure everyone knew, and for such a favored son of heaven to collude with Evil Cultivators and seek to betray the sect, only to be captured alive, it was too shocking.

For a moment, the disciples stopped in their tracks and gathered to watch.

Li Xiaobai, lacking in cultivation level, couldn't project his voice throughout the sect like the others, so he exchanged for a megaphone in the market and began to shout through it.

The sound waves surged higher and higher, and almost everyone in the sect heard this call.

On a certain mountain peak, Yue Buqun's expression suddenly changed drastically, and Elder Yuan Fang, who was tasting tea beside him, also suddenly sprayed out a mouthful of tea.

What was going on?

They had just set up their plan when their own disciple was caught, and his siding with the Evil Cultivators had been exposed.

"This ungrateful wretch has ruined the grown-up's plan!"

"Elder Yuan Fang, hurry to Immortal Feather Sect and inform the masters. Eradicate the sect directly. I'll hold off the Sect Leader to buy you time," Yue Buqun made a decisive call.

"Understood!"

Just as Yuan Fang turned to leave, a piercing chill arose, and his body instantly stiffened. A faint voice came through.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Ou Yezi's figure silently appeared beside Yue Buqun, pouring and sipping his own drink, and speaking indifferently.

Both men's hairs stood on end because they had no idea when the Sect Leader had arrived. Was this the terror of a Transcendence Tribulation Stage supreme expert?

So horrifying!

"I've known there was a spy among us for a long time, I just haven't made a move because I hadn't located the specific whereabouts of those Evil Cultivators. Today, I should thank you, for you've given me a chance to capture them all in one fell swoop!"

Chapter 127: Chapter 128: Pinnacle of the Transcendence Tribulation Stage

Ou Yezi sipped his tea, his expression indifferent.

However, both of them felt as if they had plunged into an ice cave, wanting to escape, but unable to even take a step.

This was a crushing pressure from a higher cultivation level, the Sect Leader's cultivation level crushed them, and their bodies' instincts wouldn't allow them any movement, effectively paralyzing them.

"Within the sect, who else has sided with the Evil Cultivator?"

Ou Yezi asked. In reality, there wasn't anything inherently wrong with Evil Cultivators; they weren't universally condemned. It was just that their methods were often brutish, and their fondness for slaughter led to them being labeled as Evil Cultivators.

The reason for his anger was that an Evil Cultivator had infiltrated his own Sect. There were those within his Sect who had pledged allegiance to an Evil Cultivator, which was absolutely intolerable. To dare undermine his Sect was to be prepared for obliteration.

In the Northern Region, the highest cultivation level among Evil Cultivators was only at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage, similar to his own; there was no need to fear.

"No more..."

Yuan Fang's heart shattered, having only exchanged a glance with Ou Yezi, he felt his Divine Soul burning into oblivion.

Such a cultivation realm was far beyond what he could look up to; today, he feared he would not escape death.

"Lying."

Ou Yezi put down his teacup and gently placed a hand on Yuan Fang's head. Instantly, Yuan Fang's body convulsed violently, his eyes rolling back as the energy within him grew increasingly chaotic and his vital signs steadily weakened.

"So it is, so many within the sect have already pledged their loyalty. What is so appealing about this Evil Cultivator that you would serve him so faithfully?"

Ou Yezi carefully sensed for a moment, his brows deeply furrowed. He then released his hand, and Yuan Fang collapsed to the ground, pale and lifeless.

Yue Buqun's face paled in shock: "This is the Soul-Searching Technique. You, as the Sect Leader, actually used such a forbidden practice. Aren't you afraid of what your peers will think?"

"Soul searching, isn't it something you often use too? Against you traitors who lack principles and bottom lines, mere soul searching is letting you off easy."

Ou Yezi patted Yue Buqun on the shoulder, and in an instant, they both disappeared from the spot.

...

At the foot of the mountain, Li Xiaobai and the others walked slowly with the four men in tow.

More and more disciples gathered around, and Yue Fan felt overwhelmed by shame. He, a highly respected True Disciple, was now being paraded through the streets?

“Li Xiaobai, how dare you treat me this way. Master will not let you off!” Yue Fan howled.

Li Xiaobai kicked out: “Stop your whining and just walk.”

“Woof, you four are now Lord Ergouzi’s pets, you have no right to speak!” Ergouzi loved such grand spectacles and was extremely excited.

“Giggle, I’m simply walking my dogs, all idle bystanders should clear off.” Ji Wuqing said nonchalantly.

“Woof, who did you call a dog!”

“Giggle...”

Seeing this scene, the surrounding disciples were even more taken aback.

“Is that the newly honored Honorary Elder, Sect Master Ye?”

“Yes, that’s him. I didn’t expect Boss Ye to get into a conflict with a True Disciple like this.”

“What kind of deep grudge is this? If Senior Brother Yue gets released afterward, Boss Ye might be in trouble!”

“Didn’t Boss Ye say that Senior Brother Yue betrayed the Sect? He must have evidence, right?”

“Who knows? Let’s just watch. At times like this, we should be careful with our words.”

The spectators whispered among themselves, commenting how the newly-appointed Peak Master arrested a True Disciple right away; that was quite fierce.

It seems this could directly escalate the conflict between Misty Peak and Elder Yue.

Just then, a streak of light appeared in the sky, with Sect Leader Ou Yezi holding Yue Buqun aloft in the air, shocking onlookers into dropping their jaws.

The cultivators rubbed their eyes, wondering if they were seeing things. There Elder Yue was, being picked up by the Sect Leader as easily as a chick.

“Li Xiaobai, I’ve brought Elder Yue here. Now, tell us how these people have betrayed the sect,” Sect Leader Ou Yezi said with a smile. He had originally intended to root out the mole through Li Xiaobai, never expecting the disciple to be so competent as to capture the big fish himself, thus saving him a great deal of effort.

“All four of these men are subordinates of an Evil Cultivator. Before I came to the Holy Demon Sect, I had offended an Evil Cultivator. Now that these men have discovered me, they reported back to the Evil Cultivator, resulting in him imprisoning my former sect. I request Elder Yue to see through this,” said Li Xiaobai, not showing an ounce of weakness. With Elder Yue, the most likely boss, now captured by the Sect Leader, the Evil Cultivator shouldn’t receive the news in the short term.

“Elder Yue, what do you have to say?” asked Ou Yezi.

“Sect Leader, I absolutely have no intention of betraying the sect. This person is not called Ye Liangchen at all; his real name is Li Xiaobai. He has stirred up trouble with the Evil Cultivators of the Northern Region and now has come to our Holy Demon Sect. I was afraid that he would draw the Evil Cultivators’ attention towards Holy Demon Sect, which is why I wanted to expel him from the sect!”

“I have only the best interests of the sect at heart; I beg the Sect Leader to see clearly!” exclaimed an emotional Yue Buqun, filled with righteous indignation. If one didn’t know the truth, they might actually be deceived by him.

Li Xiaobai internally cursed the elder for being shameless. Even at a moment like this, the old man still managed to twist the narrative to claim he was acting for the good of the sect. His lack of shame was unparalleled.

“So you’re saying that I misunderstood you?”

“I wouldn’t dare.”

“Elder Yue, tell me, in the Northern Region, how powerful are the most dangerous Evil Cultivators?”

“It would be Liu Mang at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage,” Elder Yue replied.

“Now, tell me, what is my cultivation level?”

“The pinnacle of the Tribulation Crossing Stage.”

“Then, do you really think I would fear the targeting of just an Evil Cultivator? Are you questioning my capabilities?”

“I wouldn’t dare!”

Elder Yue was internally collapsing. If he couldn’t get through today’s ordeal, he feared he might be separated by life and death.

“Now, tell me about the Immortal Feather Sect, why do you have people there? Speak the truth, or I’ll search your soul,” Ou Yezi said, still speaking calmly, but to Yue Buqun, it sounded like thunder striking down.

He realized that the Sect Leader was already aware of his deeds; the agents he had sent were secretly arranged, and even Yuan Fang was not informed, but the Sect Leader knew everything. This meant he had been watched all along.

He had thought he could deceive everyone, but all his actions were under control; thinking back, it was laughable.

Ou Yezi’s interrogation was probably just a formality for the sake of the disciples present.

“Sect Leader, this impostor has infiltrated our Holy Demon Sect; he doesn’t truly go by the name Ye Liangchen!” Yue Buqun answered wildly, seemingly going insane, spewing slander onto Li Xiaobai without restraint.

“He is called Li Xiaobai, I know. A name is just a code, isn’t it? Is it that important?”

Ou Yezi increased the pressure in his grip, and Yue Buqun’s arm burst open.

“Ah!”

A scream echoed throughout the sect, deeply shocking the disciples. The Sect Leader, who rarely made public appearances, demonstrated such a domineering side.

So then, does that mean Elder Yue, Senior Brother Yue, has indeed betrayed the sect?

Chapter 128: Chapter 129: The Overbearing Ou Yezi

“I’ll ask one more time, why are there your people inside the Immortal Feather Sect?”

Ou Yezi still asked in a calm and unhurried manner.

“It was... it was I who sent them. I just wanted to use the Immortal Feather Sect to capture Li Xiaobai and expel him from the sect, to prevent trouble for the sect!”

Yue Buqun was still arguing desperately, trying hard to dissociate himself from any relationship with the Evil Cultivators.

“Bang!”

This time another hand suddenly exploded, turning into a mist of blood that burst open in the void.

“I don’t like to ask the same question three times.”

“I’ll talk, I’ll talk!”

Yue Buqun was sweating profusely from the pain. He could regenerate his arm in an instant, but he didn’t dare. In front of Ou Yezi, he didn’t even dare to stop the bleeding, and the other’s hand was already lightly resting on his head, which he understood all too well.

Ou Yezi’s patience had worn thin and he was ready to begin a soul search!

“I’m one of the Evil Cultivators. Li Xiaobai stole something from that lord, so I was ordered to find Li Xiaobai and bring him before the Evil Cultivator.”

At this point, Yue Buqun spilled everything, revealing his connections with the Evil Cultivators and glaring hatefully at his own disciple, Yue Fan.

It was all because of this fool. If it hadn’t been for this rebellious act on his own, how could he have been captured?

Now everything was over. He had been checked by the Sect Leader, without any chance to flee. Not to mention the other disciples within the sect who had turned to the Evil Cultivators. Now that the big fish like himself had been caught, those minions had probably already been dealt with.

“Sect Leader, I was also muddled for a moment and bewitched by the Evil Cultivator. Please, for the many years of service I have dedicated to the Holy Demon Sect, spare my life!”

Yue Buqun was crying bitterly, pleading incessantly.

The disciples below were shocked to their cores, not just the disciples, but many Elders were also surprised, having never imagined that Elder Yue was one of the Evil Cultivators.

He had hidden himself too deeply; the Evil Cultivators were truly ubiquitous.

Luckily, the Sect Leader had keen insight and caught this band of traitors all at once.

“I never thought that Elder Yue would truly be a traitor!”

“Indeed, he had allied with the Evil Cultivators, thankfully Sect Master Ye discovered it in time!”

“But the Sect Leader is formidable too, so decisive in capturing Elder Yue directly. If this had been a misunderstanding, it would not have been a minor issue.”

“Heh, the Sect Leader’s actions cannot be measured by ordinary reasoning. With our wisdom, it’s difficult to fathom what goes on in the mind of the Sect Leader.”

The disciples whispered among themselves again, what should have been a massive rebellion was inexplicably nipped in the bud like this.

Everyone felt like they had watched the beginning and the end of a good show, with all the troublesome parts in the middle wiped away, leaving them with a unique aftertaste.

Li Xiaobai was also surprised, not expecting his own Sect Leader to be so domineering, to act so decisively in capturing people without hesitation.

Seeing this, it was clear that he had already been aware of the treachery within the sect and their allegiance to the Evil Cultivators.

This Sect Leader’s not bad at all!

Right now, Yue Fan and the others were ashen-faced. With their master captured, they had no hope of stirring up any trouble and could only obediently await their fate.

“Of course, you are an elder of the sect, who has contributed a great deal to the sect, and I wouldn’t want to kill you unless absolutely necessary. Feng, take these people to the Water Prison to await further disposition!”

Ou Yezi waved his hand, tossing all five individuals to Feng Qingyang.

“Ladies and gentlemen, as you have seen, the sect has unfortunately been infiltrated by traitors. However, the number of traitors is much greater than these few. Within our sect, since three years ago, there have already been those who were bought by evil cultivators. Today, as the sect leader, I shall purge all traitors and thoroughly reorganize our sect!”

Having said that, Ou Yezi’s figure suddenly trembled violently, and hundreds of Ou Yezis emerged from his body, growing to normal size and charging in all directions.

“This is a secret technique of the Eastern Sea, ‘Thousand Forms Technique’. For the sect leader all the way in the Northern Region to be capable of such a secret technique!”

In the distance, among the prodigies who were watching this drama unfold, someone exclaimed in shock. It was Shenxu Zi, who, being from the Eastern Sea, was naturally very familiar with this secret technique.

It was rumored that the ancestor of the Eastern Sea was a Monkey King, from whose single strand of hair could emerge myriad clones, with incomparable power.

The descendants summarized this secret technique, called ‘Thousand Forms Technique’. Although not capable of emulating the ancestor’s prowess, creating dozens of clones was still well within their means.

Yet at this moment, Ou Yezi had instantly created over a hundred clones, and each possessed the ability to fight, which was quite terrifying.

Was this man truly only at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage of cultivation?

After finishing all this, Ou Yezi approached Li Xiaobai and the others, “Li Xiaobai, regarding the matter of Immortal Feather Sect, I, as the sect leader, will accompany you. If Liu Mang does not show up, then fine, but if he dares to take action, I shall ensure his demise!”

Hiss!

The sect leader was exuding an extraordinary level of dominance. Liu Mang must be the straw-cloaked man from the other day. His Transcendence Tribulation Stage strength apparently did not concern the sect leader in the slightest; his level of braggadocio could compete with my own.

“Woof! Who do you think you are, old man? Stop blurting nonsense. Your Lord Ergouzi will flatten everything!” Ergouzi bared his teeth and smirked.

“Giggle, your superior has yet to make a move; what right do you have to speak?” Ji Wuqing drew on his tobacco and said indifferently.

But the next second, his expression changed, as the packet of tobacco hanging from his chest suddenly vanished without a trace, and a somewhat puzzled voice came through.

“What is this? Along the way, I saw many disciples using this substance. Has it become popular recently?”

Ou Yezi, who needed no teacher, easily lit up a stick of tobacco, and in the desperate eyes of Ji Wuqing, drew a long, swirling breath, puffing out clouds of smoke.

“Containing Enlightenment Tea Leaves; its effect maximized through combustion. Such a talented invention, and what’s most commendable is its mass production capability. No wonder the disciples of the sect have been having successive breakthroughs in cultivation lately. It seems they’ve been benefiting from your innovation.”

Ou Yezi continued smoking one after another. While the substance was of no use to him, it still felt somewhat pleasant to partake in.

“No! That’s my tobacco!”

Ji Wuqing’s face filled with utter despair, flopping about on the ground. Unfortunately, his legs were too short; even when jumping, he could only manage to hit Ou Yezi’s knees.

“So, this thing is called tobacco. It is indeed quite pleasant.”

Ou Yezi intentionally took another deep drag in front of Ji Wuqing, leaving him in complete despair as his tobacco was smoked away, rendering his life dull and flavorless.

Ergouzi was extremely vigilant, protecting the tobacco at his chest from being stolen.

Li Xiaobai was speechless, “Sect Leader, shouldn’t we be setting off? My sect is still waiting for me to come to its rescue!”

Ou Yezi exhaled a smoke ring, “Indeed, showing compassion and loyalty, you are indeed a disciple of the Holy Demon Sect. Let’s move out!”

Ignoring the shocked expression of Ji Wuqing, Ou Yezi fiercely tossed the half-finished tobacco to the ground, formed a spell with his hands, and in an instant, everyone disappeared from their location.

Chapter 129: Chapter 130: Line Up and Kneel Down

The disciples’ faces were a picture of confusion. Today’s events were probably the biggest shake-up in the Sect for the past decade.

In one fell swoop, the traitors who had been hiding within the Sect for many years were purged. Almost every disciple who had had dealings with evil cultivators was instantaneously slain by Ou Yezi’s clone.

In an instant, hundreds of disciples disappeared from within the Sect, which for the already small Holy Demon Sect, was indeed a sweeping action.

Among the crowd, Yin Susu and the little Lolita Chu Xiaoxiao's complexions were one of shock.

"Xiaoxiao, your intuition was right. That person was indeed Li Xiaobai!"

"Yeah, my feeling was very accurate. It really was the big shot, and he has even become the Peak Master of our Holy Demon Sect. When he comes back, I'm going to Misty Peak to cling to his coattails!"

...

Outside the gate of Immortal Feather Sect, Li Xiaobai and the others were gaping in astonishment at the scene before them, unable to believe their eyes.

In almost an instant, their view blurred, and they were transported by Ou Yezi from Holy Demon Sect to the front of the Immortal Feather Sect's gates. This speed was terrifying and far faster than using a Thousand Mile Transmission Talisman.

The gap between them and this Transcendence Tribulation Stage cultivator was so vast, it was like a chasm had opened up between them.

"How do you plan to handle this, will you drive the evil cultivators away, or do you intend to wipe them out?" Ou Yezi asked.

"Naturally, we'll kill them all. For daring to touch Immortal Feather Sect, these people must die!" Su Yunbing said with murderous intensity.

"Let's enter the gate first and assess the situation. Capture the leader first if we want to catch the followers. Don't let the big fish get away."

Ye Wushuang was sensing the situation inside the Sect and frowned slightly. Indeed, there were quite a few more people in the Sect causing trouble.

"What are we waiting for then? Hurry up and have the Sect Leader big shot take action, wipe out all these unlucky fools!"

Liu Jinshui spoke nonchalantly, with a big shot like that in charge, there was no need for them to fight to the death.

"Then let's go in, it's about time to clean up some of the traitors in our Sect as well."

Ou Yezi stepped forward and headed straight for the gate. Since the evil cultivators were all gathered together, today he would offer a one-stop service, taking all of them away in one swoop.

He would let the evil cultivators of the Northern Region know how severe the consequences of trying to undermine the Holy Demon Sect could be.

“Hold it, who are you?” A person looking like a disciple immediately stepped forward to stop them.

This person was not a disciple of Immortal Feather Sect. Li Xiaobai stepped forward, “I am Li Xiaobai.”

“You are Li Xiaobai!”

“Go in, the senior members have been waiting for you.”

The disciple-like person’s eyes lit up, the other party had really come. It seemed that capturing this Sect was the right move.

Inside the gate, the atmosphere was somewhat gloomy and oppressive, and one could occasionally hear the screams of disciples and the crying of female disciples. Clearly, the evil cultivators had not been behaving, and many disciples of the Sect had already fallen victim to them.

The fields where spiritual medicine was grown were also in disarray, and the once bustling streets were now empty, looking very desolate.

Feng Wuxie’s face was contorted in rage. In his view, this place was his future foundation, and it had been defiled, something he absolutely could not tolerate.

“Damn creatures, I’ll slaughter them!”

A Golden Mace shone in his hand as he prepared to charge forward.

“Brother Feng, stay your hand for a moment, your junior brother has a way to get the Sect’s cultivators to come out on their own,” Li Xiaobai said, his eyes flashing with cold light as he raised his hand to stop Feng Wuxie’s movement.

Although they had Ou Yezi with them, this was ultimately their own Sect, and only by taking matters into their own hands could they truly feel satisfied.

“Junior brother, leave some for your senior brother and sisters, don’t finish them all at once,” Ye Wushuang said with a dark glint in his eyes.

“Don’t worry.”

With a flick of his wrist, a very ordinary longsword appeared in his hand.

Li Xiaobai slowly drew the longsword, raised it high above his head, and then fiercely slashed downward.

Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch!

The release area, the entire Immortal Feather Sect!

It was just an instant; the ground trembled slightly, but nothing in front of their eyes changed. The imagined sight of the sword Qi splitting mountains and cleaving stones did not occur.

The crowd was somewhat puzzled, "Little junior brother, what are you doing in such a serious moment?"

"Don't rush, let the Sword Qi fly for a while."

Li Xiaobai remained completely composed, maintaining the downward slashing posture. Soon, the trembling of the ground grew more intense, and a cloud of dust billowed in the distance as if a large number of cultivators were rushing over.

All around, countless figures were also hurriedly flying towards the location, some were Disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect, while others were evil cultivators.

"Good timing!"

Su Yunbing's eyes flashed brilliantly as a Sky-Rending Great Hammer suddenly appeared in her hands, ready to sweep away all the evil cultivators invading their sect.

"How dare you violate my sect, none of you shall live today!"

"Take them down!"

The rest reacted similarly, revealing their Life-bound Spiritual Treasures, ready to unleash a mass slaughter. But their movements abruptly halted.

It was not just their actions that stopped; even their breathing seemed to cease abruptly because they clearly saw that the cultivators running towards them all suddenly knelt down on both knees a meter or two away from Li Xiaobai, smoothly sliding into a position of worship at his feet.

Afterward, they raised their hands high above their heads, and with palms pressed together, they steadily caught the blade of Li Xiaobai's sword.

The cultivators flying in from behind, due to the distance, also raised their hands high after kneeling, as if in deep worship.

Even more absurd was the fact that among these rushing cultivators, some were disheveled, especially the female cultivators of the Immortal Feather Sect, with some having tear-streaked faces and torn clothes, reduced to shreds. And yet, they too knelt down, paying their respects to Li Xiaobai.

“Holy shit, little junior brother, you’ve got quite a move there!”

Liu Jinshui was dumbfounded.

“What kind of technique is this?”

The others were equally shocked, their jaws dropping and eyes wide.

“With a single slash of his sword, all the people come to pay homage. Li Xiaobai, you are truly a prodigy bestowed by heaven!”

Ou Yezi was also astonished. Legends said that the ancient Sword God once slashed with his sword, dividing mountains and seas, and for hundreds of years afterward, the later generations worshiped in memory of the Sword God’s divine might. Today, this young Disciple has managed to accomplish this feat, showing the depth of his comprehension of the Sword Dao.

Truly a masterly display!

It wasn’t just them who were shocked; the cultivators who had been magically compelled to kneel were equally bewildered.

What’s going on? They were in the middle of their pursuits, pants down, right at the final step, when suddenly their bodies uncontrollably ran forward, with a strong impulse in their hearts to kneel and catch that sword.

And after kneeling, they found themselves immobilized, completely unable to move. This was quite embarrassing.

“What’s happening? Why do I have this strong urge to catch that sword?”

“Me too, who is that person?”

“Damn it, I was about to get down to business with a pretty girl, almost there, pants not even pulled up, and I got dragged over here!”

“Take a good look, it’s not just us, even the big shots have knelt down!”

The distance between the people varied; those who were closest were summoned first and knelt down directly.

The cultivators with status lived deeper within the mountains, and they too continuously flew over, landing on the ground, kneeling in front of the crowd with hands raised above their heads, starting to worship.

Chapter 130: Chapter 131: The Straw-Cloaked Man Reappears

The Evil Cultivators' bosses were all dumbfounded; they had originally been discussing the follow-up matters of capturing Li Xiaobai at the mountain peak where the Sect Leader resided.

Since there was no news from the Holy Demon Sect, they had not acted rashly and were planning to first divide the female disciples and resources of the sect among themselves, then concentrate on preparing to deal with Li Xiaobai. After all, with that lord present, they didn't need to worry about anything.

Even the most talented ones were powerless in front of that lord.

But to their utter surprise, just as they were arguing over a female cultivator, their bodies suddenly stopped obeying them, lost control, and they started running outside like madmen.

It seemed as if something was summoning them.

When they came near, they fell to their knees, and at first they wanted to curse, but then they realized that everyone in the sect, whether disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect or their own Evil Cultivators, were all kneeling, their faces filled with terror.

They were immediately alarmed, wondering what kind of ability this was.

"What's going on, why are you all kneeling here?"

"Who did this?"

The bosses of the Evil Cultivators asked.

Apart from the row of cultivators kneeling at the very front, almost no one could see Li Xiaobai because the posture of kneeling meant bowing their heads.

"I don't know, Helmsman Sun, even with your Nascent Soul Stage cultivation level, you've been immobilized?" a cultivator asked.

“Nascent Soul Stage be damned, even Hall Master Yang from the Divinity Transformation Stage is kneeling stiffly behind!” the Evil Cultivator known as Helmsman Sun cursed with an old face red with embarrassment.

“Lord Liu is not here; this sorcery cannot control the lord. Keep your composure for the moment; Lord Liu will soon come to rid us of this nuisance.” Hall Master Yang’s face was ferocious; he had been trying to break free from the restraint in vain.

In the front, Li Xiaobai himself was startled by this skill.

Originally, he just wanted to control the group for a bit, unsure of how many cultivators would actually come, but he didn’t expect the skill to be so effective that it attracted all the cultivators of the sect with one strike.

Truly worthy of being called a Divine Skill, though the group targeted by this skill wasn’t clearly defined, and he would need to figure it out on his own.

Overall, he was very satisfied with the effect!

“Junior Brother, what is this move called? It’s too useful!” Liu Jinshui’s eyes lit up; a big group of people kneeling in a row was simply too thrilling.

“It’s called Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch.” Li Xiaobai responded with a chuckle, a strong skill indeed, that could even control cultivators at the Divinity Transformation Stage—quite powerful.

The others had black lines all over their foreheads: “That name... is a bit rushed, isn’t it?”

“Liu Mang doesn’t seem to be here.”

Ou Yezi frowned; he had come specifically for the other party, naturally hoping to have a match with this Evil Cultivator leader to teach him a lesson.

“Who are you!”

“What sorcery did you use, and why have you trapped us here!”

“We are subordinates of the Evil Cultivator Lord Liu, may I ask your esteemed name, sir? Is there some misunderstanding here?”

The cultivators in the front row could see everything clearly—it was the young man in front of them who, with one strike of his sword, brought countless numbers to meet him, such Divine Skills could be said to be sorcery.

This person was so young yet possessed such terrifying power; he must be a genius from a major force.

“I am Li Xiaobai, there’s no misunderstanding.”

Li Xiaobai said cheerfully, using a megaphone, so that all the cultivators present could hear.

Their eyes involuntarily widened, especially the disciples and Elders of the Immortal Feather Sect who were overjoyed at this moment. They had not expected that after a time apart, their once junior disciple had grown to this extent.

“

It looks like the rescue of the sect is hopeful now.

Many female disciples wept like springs, Brother Li Xiaobai arrived just in time. If he had been any later, they would surely have been desecrated.

“Li Xiaobai, is it really you? Quick, help me up. I want to kill all these beasts!”

“Yes, I am the Sect Leader. Quickly let my Immortal Feather Sect disciples get up and slay our enemies!”

“Junior Brother Xiaobai, do you still remember me? You once tricked me out of my Spirit Stones. Let me get up quickly...”

Among the crowd, some began to shout. Li Xiaobai saw many familiar figures, including the Sect Leader, Elders, his own master, and those he had tricked in the past...

However, this skill does not discriminate between friend and foe, and Li Xiaobai was unable to allow specific individuals to regain their ability to move.

“Ahem, this... I haven’t mastered my Arts fully. Right now, I can’t let you get up. My esteemed seniors and junior brothers, please bear with it a moment longer. Once I have killed all these Evil Cultivators, I will restore your freedom!” Li Xiaobai said.

“Li Xiaobai, I, Elder Liu Mang from the Evil Sect, am here. If you surrender now, it’s still not too late!”

“Indeed, you took that person’s things; you are doomed to not survive. If you do not want to see your sect suffer because of you, quickly hand over the items!”

The Evil Cultivators had finally understood the situation now that Li Xiaobai, whom they had been searching for, was right before their eyes.

Moreover, his arrival was so swift—the Holy Demon Sect had not even sent a message yet. What a bunch of useless fools!

“No need for further words. Today, you all will die!”

Su Yunbing lit a Huazi and then smashed with her gigantic hammer.

The golden hammer grew tremendously against the wind, and as the air currents churned in the field, with one swing, an Evil Cultivator was reduced to meat paste.

The others, too, could no longer restrain themselves. Their figures flickered, and they charged into the crowd, slaughtering wildly.

Now these cultivators were completely defenseless, kneeling on the ground, only fit to be slaughtered. In just a few breaths' time, corpses were strewn all over the ground, and screams filled the air.

“Lord Liu will not let you off!”

“Li Xiaobai, I'll remember you!”

“I was wrong, please spare me!”

“I'll never dare again...”

As the slaughter continued, the Evil Cultivators went from being defiant to begging for mercy, starting to wail miserably as tears and snot ran down their faces, instantly appearing pitiful.

Li Xiaobai inwardly praised, their acting skills were truly off the charts.

At that moment, the straw-cloaked Ou Yezi beside him flashed a cold gleam in his eyes and fiercely struck toward an empty spot: “Where do you think you're going!”

In the void, a faint silhouette appeared, wearing a conical hat and straw cloak, extending a hand to block the palm strike.

“Impressive cultivation!”

The straw-cloaked man exclaimed in admiration.

Li Xiaobai immediately felt goosebumps all over, recalling how he himself had been turned into a state of Blood Demon Erosion by this person. Those two abilities related to the Primordial Spirit were also courtesy of this adversary. Although he had reached the eighth layer of the Indestructible Golden Body, he still wasn't confident about withstanding an attack from the straw-cloaked man.

The Indestructible Golden Body was only equivalent to the Nascent Soul Stage, which might block one realm higher in the Divinity Transformation Stage, but the straw-cloaked man was on another level entirely, crossing two major realms—it would be a bit of a stretch to fend him off.

Moreover, it seemed that his Divine Skills were currently unable to control this opponent.

“Liu Mang, you dare to poach from my Holy Demon Sect, I’ve been looking for you for a long time!”

“

I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 131: 132: No Difference Between the Transcendence Tribulation Stage and the Qi Cultivation Stage - Read I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense Chapter 131: 132: No Difference Between the Transcendence Tribulation Stage and the Qi Cultivation Stage

Chapter 131: Chapter 132: No Difference Between the Transcendence Tribulation Stage and the Qi Cultivation Stage

“To have detected my presence is no small feat; are you the Sect Leader of the Holy Demon Sect, Ou Yezi?”

The straw-cloaked man gave Li Xiaobai a few glances and spoke indifferently.

Li Xiaobai knew he had been discovered and thus removed his human skin mask, revealing his true face—it felt great!

“Correct, now explain yourself,” Ou Yezi said indifferently.

“The explanation should come from you. Li Xiaobai took away something belonging to my master, which is of great importance; I ask you to have him hand it over.”

Upon hearing this, Li Xiaobai's heart jumped once more. There was a boss behind this straw-cloaked man? If the straw-cloaked man was this powerful, his master's cultivation level must be even more formidable.

What exactly was this fragment that it could involve so many significant figures?

"One thing at a time, make your move first," Ou Yezi commanded.

"How shall I make my move?" asked the straw-cloaked man.

"Sever one of your arms, and I shall spare your life," Ou Yezi declared.

"So arrogant, have you eaten your celery?"

A blood-red demonic god phantom suddenly appeared behind the straw-cloaked man. This was the Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable, the real power of the Primordial Spirit.

The demonic god looked fierce, with dozens of tentacles twitching crazily behind it as if suppressing a thirst for blood. In his heart, Li Xiaobai compared it and felt that his own Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable seemed like a counterfeit in its presence.

An unupgraded skill was incomparable; it was good enough to scare low-level cultivators, but it was embarrassing to bring it out in a fight with a big shot.

"Facing death and you're still joking; admirable composure."

Ou Yezi chuckled, with a massive phantom of a demonic god manifesting behind him, obscuring the sky.

Li Xiaobai focused on the Primordial Spirit behind Ou Yezi. This was not a Demonic Divine Spirit; to be precise, this wasn't some holy spirit, but a structure. There were mountains, palaces, arenas, and streets.

Upon closer examination, it was unmistakably the Holy Demon Sect!

Ou Yezi's Primordial Spirit was an entire sect, reproducing the Holy Demon Sect one-to-one—whether it was the streets or the arenas, even the locations of the trading shops were recreated.

As soon as this Primordial Spirit manifested, everyone present felt a heaviness in their bodies—that was the authority of Ou Yezi's Primordial Spirit.

A spiritual pressure.

“Impressive ambition, to contemplate an entire sect as your Primordial Spirit, your sea of consciousness is extraordinary!”

The straw-cloaked man was clearly surprised as well. Cultivators who used inanimate objects as their Primordial Spirits were rare, and those who directly used their own sects or hometowns were even rarer.

However, such unusual Primordial Spirits often gave birth to some very special abilities.

“But you are only at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage, killing me is not very realistic. How about we both take a step back today? You release my people, and I release Li Xiaobai, how about it?”

The straw-cloaked man glanced at the multitude of cultivators kneeling beside him and a flicker of surprise crossed his eyes.

This Li Xiaobai actually had such a method; if he could get his hands on this secret technique, the future of the Northern Region would likely be entirely his to command.

“I, the Sect Leader, dislike idle talk. When I say your entire family must die, they must all die.”

Ou Yezi slightly raised his hand, and behind him, the Holy Demon Sect Primordial Spirit fluidly transformed, projecting the massive words “Holy Demon Sect.” With a savage aura churning, an unbelievably fearsome pressure descended from the heavens and crashed onto Liu Mang’s shoulders.

The ground cracked instantaneously, and half of Liu Mang’s body plunged straight into the earth.

“Pu!”

The conical hat shattered, and Liu Mang spewed out a mouthful of fresh blood, his expression wilted and his eyes flickered with a light of fear.

“Impossible, I am at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage; how could you injure me so severely so easily?”

Ou Yezi sneered, “Are those at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage very strong? In the eyes of a true master, there is no difference between the Transcendence Tribulation Stage and the Qi Cultivation Stage!”

“It seems your mind has not been fully focused on the path of cultivation.”

The massive Primordial Spirit of the Holy Demon Sect slowly rose, fiercely colliding with the Demonic Divine Spirit behind the straw-cloaked man.

The straw-cloaked man's expression changed drastically, "Blood Demon True Resolution!"

His body trembled, and the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit exploded, turning into a sky full of blood-red mist and enveloping the Primordial Spirit of the Holy Demon Sect within it.

A collision between Primordial Spirits is the most lethal, even a slight injury could leave a person feeble and listless for months, or even years.

If one does not have Heaven and Earth Treasures, the recovery speed of the Primordial Spirit is extremely slow on its own.

Therefore, most cultivators only use their Primordial Spirit to enhance themselves and do not use it as a means of attack, but today was different; he had encountered a madman, a madman who dared to use his own Primordial Spirit as a weapon.

The straw-cloaked man's eyes became bloodshot, the Blood Demon Corrosion Force activated, intending to consume the opponent's Primordial Spirit completely.

The blood-red mist grew thicker,

"Trivial tricks."

Ou Yezi was unhurried and beckoned again, as a resonant chime rang out from the Holy Demon Sect Primordial Spirit, shrouded by the blood mist.

The reverberation lingered, echoing in the hearts of the many cultivators.

"Pfft!" The straw-cloaked man spat out fresh blood once more.

The blood mist was directly dispersed, recondensing into the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit, but this time, the Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable shrank considerably.

The straw-cloaked man's face was as pale as paper, and in the void, the gigantic Primordial Spirit of the Holy Demon Sect fiercely suppressed him, pinning him firmly to the ground.

"This is impossible, we're both at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage, how can the gap be this big, who on earth are you?" the straw-cloaked man howled.

"I am the Sect Leader, Ou Yezi. Have you infiltrated the Holy Demon Sect for three years and know nothing about me?"

"A mere mortal, also daring to challenge a genius, how laughable!"

“You’re rather weak, after all this noise, now you may die.”

Ou Yezi lit a Huazi and said indifferently.

“You can’t kill me, my master is a Half-step Human Immortal, let me off this once, and I’ll never step foot in the Northern Region again, we’ll stay out of each other’s way, how about it?”

The straw-cloaked man said calmly, always considering himself a strong figure, today facing a real master. Nonetheless, his master was one of the top masters in this world, and he did not believe anyone would dare to kill him in this realm.

“Nonsense.”

Ou Yezi exhaled a smoke ring, his hand forming a seal. In the frightened eyes of the straw-cloaked man, the Primordial Spirit of the Holy Demon Sect thundered down.

With the fall of the Primordial Spirit, the body of the straw-cloaked man exploded violently, turning into a puddle of blood, dead beyond any doubt.

The Blood Demon Primordial Spirit in the void slowly dissipated, and just like that, a powerful Transcendence Tribulation Stage practitioner was simply and plainly dead.

“What do you say?”

His gaze returned to the remaining Evil Cultivators. At this moment, all the cultivators were terrified out of their wits, probably paralyzed by fear if they had been under Li Xiaobai’s control.

The scene just now was too horrific; Liu Mang’s formidable power was nothing but a ripple in front of this Sect Leader of the Holy Demon Sect.

With such strength, probably just a glare could kill them.

“Mercy, my lord, I was only temporarily confused, please spare my life!”

“Yes, if only you would spare my life, I’ll do whatever you ask!”

Chapter 132: Chapter 133: Come Work for Me

Ou Yezi came for the evil cultivator Liu Mang and was not interested in these minor cultivators.

Having delegated the handling authority to Li Xiaobai and the others, he turned and left.

Watching Ou Yezi's receding figure, Li Xiaobai swallowed hard and thought, "Damn, this deity is too incredible, his arrogant demeanor flawless, emanating an overwhelming aura with every move he makes!"

The most crucial point is that his strength seems almost like cheating. We're both at the Tribulation Crossing Stage, so why are you so exceptional?

Glancing at Liu Mang, who had now turned into a pool of blood, Li Xiaobai thought it was a pity, "Such a great expert, if used properly, could have provided me with a fair amount of Attribute Points."

But now that he had been killed in an instant, it felt somewhat wasteful.

"Little Junior Brother, what should we do with these people?" Liu Jinshui asked.

"Do we even need to discuss this? Of course, we kill them. The Tribulation Crossing Stage evil cultivator just said he has a master. What if we let these people go and they bring their master for revenge?"

A murderous light flickered in Fourth Senior Brother Yang Chen's eyes.

"Great heroes, spare our lives! We are willing to swear by our Inner Demons, we will never betray you in this life!" the cultivators became anxious when they heard this, and they all swore oaths by their Dao hearts.

To swear by the Dao heart is the most reliable method of oath-taking; even a slight violation would result in a backlash from the vow, which is the least of one's worries. More importantly, one's cultivation level would cease to advance from that life onward.

Therefore, making an oath by the Dao heart is the method most likely to gain trust in the Cultivation World.

"Brother Li, we can't let them go. If it weren't for your timely arrival, several of my sisters would've been defiled by these beasts!"

The disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect naturally objected, and even with the Inner Demon Oath, these people were still unforgivable.

Li Xiaobai pondered. Since everyone had already surrendered and raised the white flag, it wouldn't be good to continue with a slaughter. How about temporarily taking these people in as laborers to contribute to the sect?

After discussing his thoughts with everyone, the Senior Brothers and Sisters also cooled down.

The sect was currently wounded and in need of aid. If these Nascent Soul Stage and Divinity Transformation Stage cultivators could serve as laborers and be loyal to the Immortal Feather Sect, not only would the sect's strength be augmented, but it would also be beneficial for the development and construction of the sect without any disadvantage.

Li Xiaobai sheathed his sword, forced the evil cultivators to swear Inner Demon Oaths one by one – to be eternally loyal to the Immortal Feather Sect, never to defect, and never to act against the interests of the Immortal Feather Sect.

The cultivators regained their freedom, but the awe of Ou Yezi's formidability was too strong. Even though Ou Yezi was gone, they didn't dare harbor any thoughts of resistance, and one by one, they truly and sincerely made their oaths, swearing loyalty to the Immortal Feather Sect.

"Alright, stand aside for now. You will be assigned tasks later."

Li Xiaobai waved his hand and then approached the Sect Leader of Immortal Feather Sect, feeling somewhat sentimental. A month ago, he was just Xiaobai, thinking the Sect Leader was so powerful. Now, in just a short month, he had become a significant character, capable of saving the sect.

The Sect Leader and all the Elders were full of sighs, and Feng Lingzi was especially moved.

"Xiaobai, to think that in only a month's time, you have grown so much. I was not wrong about you; indeed, you are a once-in-a-lifetime genius!"

Li Xiaobai was speechless. Clearly, this bargain of a master used to always call him lazy and incessantly chided him, hoping he would improve – yet the change of face was so rapid.

"Master, it's been days since we last met, and you still carry the same elegance. Now that your disciple has returned, the sect shall face no further troubles!"

...

Half an hour later, at the main peak.

The Sect Leader and all the Elders of the Immortal Feather Sect gathered in the grand hall, and the Brothers of Misty Peak and Feng Wuxie were also there.

"Xiaobai, I have grown old, and this sudden calamity has proven that I am no longer suitable to hold the reins of the sect's power. Do you have any thoughts on the position of Sect Leader?"

“No, my goal is the Universe, and I will not stay put because of the position of Sect Leader. Moreover, there are better candidates within the sect,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Who is it?”

“Naturally, it’s Brother Feng.” Li Xiaobai pointed to Feng Wuxie, who was somewhat agitated beside him.

Hearing this, Feng Wuxie was stunned. The position of Sect Leader had always been his most coveted goal. The unexpected appearance of Li Xiaobai had been truly irritating to him. The treasures belonged to someone else, and now the Sect Leader was set to pass on the position to that same person.

This irritated Feng Wuxie greatly, and he felt a twinge of regret in his heart. If he had known this would happen, he should have been more resolute back in the Divine Beast Mountain Range and gotten rid of Li Xiaobai once and for all.

Now that he was no match for him, the thought of killing to snatch the treasures was impossible.

They should have been mortal enemies, yet now Li Xiaobai was speaking up for him, which gave him a strange feeling, as if his fist had struck cotton.

“Junior brother, you don’t need to speak for me,” Feng Wuxie said.

“Wuxie is indeed a fine seedling, the beloved disciple of the Great Elder, and his cultivation level surpasses mine. He is a good choice for Sect Leader!”

“From today on, I shall be the Supreme Elder, assisting Sect Leader Feng in managing the sect’s affairs. Is there any objection?”

The Sect Leader’s eyes brightened immediately and he made the decision on the spot. Feng Wuxie taking the position of Sect Master couldn’t be more fitting.

“No objections!”

Feng Wuxie’s heart was unsettled; he always felt as though he was living off someone else’s charity and that the position of Sect Leader was a favor from others, which left a bad taste in his mouth.

“What should we do if evil cultivators come knocking at our door again?” Ye Wushuang asked, voicing a concern that weighed on everyone’s minds.

The big bosses couldn’t possibly always be stationed at this small sect. If another straw-cloaked man-like evil cultivator appeared, they were likely to repeat their past mistakes.

“You don’t need to worry about that, I have a Teleportation Formation that can connect Holy Demon Sect with Immortal Feather Sect. If Immortal Feather Sect encounters any trouble in the future, they can use the Teleportation Formation to seek refuge within Holy Demon Sect,” Li Xiaobai assuaged.

This was something Li Xiaobai had long thought of.

There were many similar items available in the shop.

[Teleportation Formation: Set up a Teleportation Formation in two locations to create a spatial channel, allowing for immediate entry. (Each activation of the Teleportation Formation requires one high-grade Spirit Stone.) Price: 100 high-grade Spirit Stones.]

[Note: Maximum transmission distance (100,000 li).]

This was a two-way Teleportation Formation, perfectly suitable for use between Holy Demon Sect and Immortal Feather Sect.

The only slight issue was that this formation came only with the diagrams, and it needed to be constructed. However, the labor was already in place; with so many evil cultivator experts at work, it was believed that the construction would be completed quickly.

“Here’s the diagram. Brother Feng, please arrange the specifics,” Li Xiaobai said as he handed the diagram to a somewhat dazed Feng Wuxie. It seemed Feng Wuxie had always wanted to kill him, yet Li Xiaobai had not noticed in the slightest.

Forget about resentment; for someone as loyal to the sect as him, Li Xiaobai even felt a bewildering admiration.

If Feng Wuxie knew his true feelings, he might just be angered enough to cough up blood.

In this world, even when one wants to be the bad guy, no one believes it...

Chapter 133: Chapter 134: Advanced Laborer

The next morning.

A day had gone by, and life within the sect gradually regained some vitality.

Apart from the discomfort the disciples felt due to the increase of evil cultivators forced into labor, everything had returned to normal.

Li Xiaobai strolled within the sect, checking on the work attitudes of the numerous evil cultivators.

Yesterday, he had used a special item from the store to seal off all their cultivation levels completely, rendering them unable to use even a trace of their powers, and they were now fully undergoing physical labor reform.

“Young Master Li, I’m already seventy-three this year, and I really can’t handle this brick-moving work. Could you assign me something lighter?”

A few experts at the Divinity Transformation Stage said with a bitter expression.

“Yes, yes, the combined ages of a few of us have broken a thousand already, and we really are not up to this kind of physical work.”

Some old slickers at the Nascent Soul Stage also came to join the commotion. Setting up the Teleportation Formation was a job with absolutely no technical complexity, and it was very tiring, requiring bricks to be placed neatly one by one.

Initially thinking that they would have the opportunity to observe the structural principles of the Teleportation Formation, everyone worked particularly hard, but it turned out, they had thought too much.

After a night had passed, their eyes were sore from stacking the dense bricks, and they couldn’t decipher anything remotely resembling a method or technique.

No matter how much they investigated, the Teleportation Formation was just an ordinary altar, without any trace of the rhythm or patterns that a formation should have.

They were completely clueless, and the repetitive brick-moving was indeed too monotonous and boring. After doing it for a while, they all became depressed.

“You want to do lighter work?” Li Xiaobai asked with a chuckle.

“Indeed, we should leave these physical tasks to the younger folks.”

The old men said without a blush, while the younger evil cultivators’ faces darkened. Was it really okay for the helmsman to scam them like this?

You are evil cultivators with a status, aren’t you supposed to grit your teeth and persist?

What kind of move is it to give up and pass the buck directly? Where is your sense of shame?

“Sure, come with me. There is indeed some easier work for you to do, and you won’t have to be in the sun.”

Li Xiaobai said with a smile.

“Thank you, Young Master Li!”

The people’s faces lit up with joy, and they hurriedly threw the bricks in their hands aside, happily following Li Xiaobai away.

Before leaving, they shot a look at the young evil cultivators, leaving them to figure it out on their own.

People with status should do work that suits their status.

“Young Master Li, might I ask what kind of work you need us to do?”

The old men asked cheerfully, thinking that even if they were imprisoned, their high cultivation levels still earned them special treatment.

“Well, you’ll know right away.”

Li Xiaobai said with a faint smile, leading the old men around the corner of a certain building.

He spoke to several busy disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect, “You can rest now. These folks will take over the work in this area from now on. Use the time to focus on your cultivation.”

Now Li Xiaobai was a celebrity within the sect, almost a godlike figure to the disciples, and they were ecstatic: “Yes, thank you Brother Li!”

“Here we are at the workplace, please enter.”

Li Xiaobai gestured for them to go inside.

Seeing the scene in front of them, the old men’s faces turned ashen. Before them was a huge bucket, several big brushes, and a few tattered rags.

The object they were supposed to clean was none other than the privy used by the disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect. All the daily excrement was gathered there, and as soon as they entered, the pungent, fishy smell hit them hard.

It was so overwhelming that everyone’s vision went dark, and they almost passed out.

Looking at the few who were starting to feel weak, Li Xiaobai asked with a smile, “How is it? The environment is quiet and secluded, like a private apartment with personal space, shielded from the wind and the sun. Are you satisfied?”

“This... Young Master Li, I suddenly feel that tasks like carrying bricks, are actually quite good.”

“Yes, the elderly haven’t had much exercise for a long time, and moving about is good. Let the young people handle these easy tasks.”

“Exactly, exactly. Young people need to work hard and be encouraged. We should provide them with better conditions and reduce their suffering...”

In the blink of an eye, the elders who had reached the Divinity Transformation Stage immediately changed their tune, each scrambling to return to their previous duties.

Unfortunately, since they were already there, Li Xiaobai had no intention of letting them go.

His face darkened, “Are you trying to make a fool of me?”

“Not at all!”

The old men were suddenly fearful, recalling the terror of being at the mercy of that sword.

“Then get to work properly. I found you a place that shields you from wind and rain and you’re still not content. Clean every nook and cranny here. If I find anyone slacking off, you’ll all be sleeping here tonight.”

“Understood, Young Master Li can rest assured, we guarantee to complete the task!”

The dozen or so elders didn’t say another word. They grabbed their rags and brushes and started working in the privy, diligently making sure Li Xiaobai would be satisfied.

Watching everyone’s busy figures, Li Xiaobai nodded, quite impressed by their dedication.

With this group of hard-working people, the Immortal Feather Sect was sure to get better and better.

Enough said, this place really stinks. The longer you stay, the more you feel polluted; it’s best to leave quickly.

“You two are in charge of watching them, don’t let them be lazy.”

Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing were very excited, seemingly having a special fondness for the secrecy of the privy. They scolded the old men left and right, and for a while, the privy was chaotic with commotion.

After wandering around the sect for a while, the evil cultivators took their work very seriously, daring not to slack off. The formations would probably be ready after today.

Feng Wuxie was also busy managing the big and small matters within the sect. The order within the sect had been restored to normal. It was only some damaged buildings that needed time to repair.

The Immortal Feather Sect was located in a remote area with no hostile powers nearby, and it was generally very safe.

But this could only be a temporary measure. You need to be strong to forge iron. The sect disciples could not always rely on the protection of the elders; their cultivation levels had to be rapidly improved.

Li Xiaobai selected a few disciples from the Holy Demon Sect, all of whom he knew from before.

He found a few nice spots and started renovations, breaking through several connected caves to create one large hot spring bathhouse, which he named Tangneng First-class Springs.

This bathhouse was considered mid-grade; it was almost as effective as the first one he opened in Ancient Moon City. Although not very high-end, it was sufficient for those disciples with lower cultivation levels.

Later, when the sect's strength improved, they'd upgrade the bathhouse.

Naturally, there had to be places selling Huazi around the bathhouse. The nearby caves were all converted into shops for Huazi.

Feng Lingzi and Liu Jinshui came over at some point.

"Xiaobai, let me take care of the Huazi business."

"Master, you should focus on cultivating and understanding the Heavenly Dao. Such worldly matters can be handled by the disciples," Liu Jinshui said.

"Not at all, not at all. The essence of commerce is equivalent exchange, hiding the mysteries of the Heavenly Dao. Master wants to comprehend life through the trading of Huazi. Your path is still long, and you will gradually understand," Feng Lingzi said.

"Master, forgive my frankness, but my cultivation has already surpassed yours..."

Chapter 134: Chapter 135 Cute Laborers

The sect was filled with an air of peace and harmony.

Li Xiaobai stayed at the Immortal Feather Sect for a few more days. During this time, the disciples gradually got used to the presence of the hard laborers.

Seeing the once high and mighty evil cultivators now relegated to cleaning the toilets, all the disciples felt a great sense of schadenfreude.

The evil cultivators, too, were getting used to their new jobs.

Inside the latrine.

One disciple, who wished to remain anonymous, had just finished his business and suddenly discovered he was out of paper, his face turned pale – which was really embarrassing, given he still needed to rush to take a bath.

It was at this moment that a hoarse but powerful voice said,

“Ahem, young master, seems like you’ve run out of paper. I have a roll here, take it and use it.”

A roll of paper was pushed through the gap under the door, and the male disciple was overjoyed, “Thank you so much!”

Half a minute later, the door of the latrine swung open, and the male disciple walked out looking refreshed. Honestly, the service from the sect’s evil cultivators was spot-on, very considerate.

After seeing the disciple off, an elderly cultivator at the Divinity Transformation Stage looked excited and hurriedly jogged to Ergouzi, who was supervising nearby, his expression ingratiating.

“Lord Ergouzi, you saw that, right? It was I who handed the paper in, and my service attitude was very good. That disciple was satisfied, so, could I perhaps get an extra point?”

Ergouzi’s tail was wagging high with pride. The adoration was truly pleasing, and he huffed, “Not bad, Blood Demon, you get an extra point. Your total for this week is thirteen points, the highest among them. The rest of you should learn from him.”

Blood Demon’s face brightened, “Thank you, Lord Ergouzi!”

This points system was something Li Xiaobai had set up especially for the hard laborers a couple of days earlier.

If they completed their assigned tasks diligently each day, they would earn one point. If they performed exceptionally well, they would get an additional point.

Hard laborers who accumulated a hundred points could escape their toilsome fate and follow Li Xiaobai back to the Holy Demon Sect to do easy work, such as running a shop as an assistant.

For the evil cultivator laborers, this was an excellent opportunity for a comeback.

After several days of harsh societal lessons, they had come to terms with reality. With their cultivation level sealed, they were even worse off than ordinary people. Staying in the latrine offered no future; only by following the boss and joining the management would they reach the pinnacle of life.

“Next time, come to me for extra points. That darned dog is so silly, he can’t count past ten,” Ji Wuqing said with dissatisfaction, speaking lightly.

“Woof! What a crappy chicken, Lord Ergouzi here is more than enough. Go stay wherever it’s cool for you!”

“Kikiki, silly dog, I won’t stoop to your level. My people will certainly reach a hundred points before yours do,” Wuqing retorted.

“Woof, impossible! Lord Ergouzi’s men never slack off. From today onward, you’re not allowed to sleep, eat, or get sick. You all have to reach a hundred points within three days!”

Several old men instantly looked tearful. It was already hard enough cleaning the latrines, but now Li Xiaobai had thrown in two clowns.

It seemed like this chicken and dog were sent by the heavens to punish them.

...

Inside the bathhouse, Li Xiaobai was soaking comfortably. It had been transformed into a super large bathhouse and was already overcrowded.

Even after constructing several large bathhouses in the past few days, they were still packed to capacity.

There was no choice; the temptation of speeding up their cultivation was too great, the effectiveness so much better than cultivating with spirit stones by who knew how many folds.

Therefore, many disciples didn't care about the cost of spirit stones and chose to cultivate overnight in the bathhouses.

The Elder Disciples soaked in the pool, looking extremely content, and although they weren't talking to each other, the distance between them was gradually closing.

The previously unapproachable genius disciples were now soaking with everyone else in the bathhouse, making the others realize that these geniuses were actually quite approachable. Some bold cultivators even started cracking jokes.

After noticing that the geniuses didn't mind, everyone's affection for the Sect's True Disciples greatly increased.

Each bathhouse was surrounded by shops selling Huazi, all exceedingly popular. Huazi was a fine thing indeed.

It was not only able to cleanse the impurities of the internal organs but also had the effect of purifying the Primordial Spirit, bringing clarity of thought and a deepened understanding of Cultivation Techniques—a treasure in high demand.

Every day, disciples would line up early in the morning with Spirit Stones to buy Huazi.

The brothers and sisters from Misty Peak monopolized a shop each, and how much they sold each day depended on how many Huazi they had drawn for themselves.

Sometimes they would draw a satisfying amount and simply close the shop, leaving the disciples feeling helpless.

"I never imagined Immortal Feather Sect would produce such a prodigy, and those few from Misty Peak too, with their deep and silent accumulation of strength, now unstoppable, with cultivation levels far surpassing ours—it truly is a blessing for our sect!" The Sect Leader mused while soaking in the bathhouse.

Feng Wuxie still felt bitter about it beside him.

He hadn't expected to miss out on securing the treasure and now had to rely on others to help the Sect develop even further, which was really annoying.

"Hehe, Immortal Feather Sect giving us the opportunity to cultivate is a great blessing. A small contribution in return isn't really anything worth mentioning."

"Now as the Peak Master of Holy Demon Sect's Misty Peak, whatever good resources we have will be sent over through the Teleportation Formation. I believe it won't be long before our Sect becomes one of the great powers!"

Li Xiaobai said.

This wasn't baseless talk; the variety and abundance of items in the marketplace meant that even a slight exchange of resources could greatly strengthen the Sect.

From now on, his Spirit Stones would only increase, and improving the cultivation levels of Sect Disciples was only a matter of time.

"Thank you, Junior Brother Li," Feng Wuxie said dryly.

"No problem, no problem..."

...

After several days, when the Teleportation Formation was completed, Li Xiaobai felt that everyone seemed somewhat reluctant to return.

Especially the brothers and sisters from Misty Peak, who seemed to have a tendency to seclude themselves with Huazi for cultivation after he provided a large supply of it.

"Brothers, sisters, it's time to head back to Holy Demon Sect, we still have to visit that Secret Realm!"

"You go back first, Junior Brother, I'm drawing Huazi," they said indifferently. With Huazi in hand, they were no longer so concerned about everything else.

Li Xiaobai was speechless, and casually picked a few well-behaved Evil Cultivators to step onto the Teleportation Formation. Of course, he didn't forget to drag out Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing as well.

These two had been spending all their time in the latrine and were now reeking to high heaven.

But they seemed to be enjoying themselves and were very dissatisfied when forcefully dragged out.

"Woof, kid, what's the rush? Your Lord Ergouzi only gave half of today's lecture. These people need a good lesson every three days; it's time to straighten them out properly!"

"Cluck, cluck, indeed, I haven't even assigned them their tasks yet!"

Chapter 135: Chapter 136: Tianbei Secret Realm

Li Xiaobai's expression darkened as he tossed the two of them into the formation without a second word.

Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing were both masters at stirring up trouble; he really couldn't rest easy without keeping a close eye on them when they were away from his side.

After throwing in a top-grade Spirit Stone and waving to everyone, he vanished on the spot.

In the distance, within a certain outhouse, several old leaders breathed a sigh of relief as they watched the departure of a chicken and a dog.

"Damn it, finally got rid of them. A mere dog dares to try to act wild on top of my head—I'll deal with it sooner or later!"

"Hehe, Blood Demon, when you were fawning and wagging your tail, you were more eager than anyone. We should really promote this glorious deed of yours."

"Stop blabbering, let's get to work. We need to hurry up and earn points to escape this bitter sea as soon as possible."

The evil cultivator overlords sighed repeatedly as they once again immersed themselves in the construction of the Immortal Feather Sect's outhouses.

...

Holy Demon Sect, Misty Peak.

Li Xiaobai and the others had returned to the mountain top. This was a one-way teleportation, and once the teleportation formation on Misty Peak was completed, they would be able to travel back and forth.

Teleportation didn't feel special; he closed and opened his eyes, and he was there, truly wondrous.

"Peak Master, the Sect Leader has sent a message that the Tianbei Secret Realm is about to open and has asked you to make preparations and set off immediately after that. The rest of the sect cultivators have already departed."

"Understood."

Li Xiaobai nodded. There were about three days left before the Secret Realm opened, and the big truck was fast enough to make it in time.

He summoned his manpower to assist the evil cultivator laborers in quickly building Tangneng First-class and Liangchen's sundries shop on the mountain peak.

Now, being a newly appointed official, changing Misty Peak's status within the sect was a top priority; they couldn't let other disciples think that the miscellaneous task disciples were inferior.

From now on, letting the disciples of Misty Peak run Tangneng First-class and Liangchen by themselves would bring fame and profit and also win the respect of the other disciples.

The evil cultivator laborers were very experienced in this area and soon started working, beginning to instruct everyone on the site construction.

Li Xiaobai called for Yuan Fang, a slick character, who had been quick to cling to strong legs after his arrival, acting very loyal. He could be nurtured.

"Yuan Fang, I have a task for you. When I'm not here in the future, you'll take care of both major and minor matters on Misty Peak. Make sure to build this mountain well," Li Xiaobai said.

Yuan Fang looked excited, finally entrusted with a significant task by Brother Ruthless: "Rest assured, Peak Master Boss, I've got this!"

"Hmm."

Li Xiaobai nodded, securing another fiercely loyal free worker, so he could be an absentee manager now.

"Boss, I've been looking so hard for you!"

An excited shout came, and a little loli suddenly dashed over, clinging to Li Xiaobai's leg and not letting go.

Li Xiaobai looked down and saw it was Chu Xiaoxiao, the little loli he had encountered in the Divine Beast Mountain Range, with Yin Susu following behind her with a complex expression.

"Boss, I felt that Ye Liangchen was you from before, but Su Su sister didn't believe it. They're all not taking me to the Secret Realm this time, you have to take me!"

"Xiaoxiao, stop causing trouble. This trip to the Secret Realm is incredibly dangerous, and even I'm not qualified to go. Don't cause trouble for Young Master Li," Yin Susu said.

"Yeah, your cultivation level is too low. Going there would just be handing yourself over; there's nothing fun about that. Just practice diligently."

Li Xiaobai said.

Chu Xiaoxiao: "..."

Poking at sore spots as soon as they met, that was indeed the style of a boss, so venomous.

Casually dismissing the little loli, he was a man with full defensive power points. Why would waste time on a little loli?

After leaving several Godspeed Talismans for his senior brothers and sisters, Li Xiaobai packed up simply, summoned a heavy-duty big truck, and set off toward the Tianbei Secret Realm.

"Woof, kid, there must be lots of treasures in the Tianbei Secret Realm, get some items that can advance Lord Ergouzi!"

Ergouzi was drooling all over, and the breath he exhaled had an indescribable odor. Li Xiaobai glanced at him, this creature definitely couldn't stop scavenging...

In any case, it surely had indulged in a meal at the latrine.

Luckily, Ji Wuqing hadn't eaten it. He exchanged for a bag of air purifier from the store and poured it into Ergouzi's mouth. After a few breaths, Ergouzi was brimming with vitality and smelling fragrant.

"Giggle, give some to this venerable one too."

Half a minute later, the cockpit was filled with the comforting scent of the concentrated powder.

The chicken and the dog gradually calmed down and started to seriously comprehend its mysteries. The air purifier had a calming effect and increased their comprehension abilities, which was quite beneficial to them as well.

Li Xiaobai casually purchased a bottle of poison from the store and began chewing the pills one by one.

[Attribute Points +10...]

[Attribute Points +10...]

He had encountered quite a few events recently, but never had the chance to gain Attribute Points. His opponents were either slaughtered by others or surrendered and were recruited by him. Nobody beat him up, so he missed out on a lot of Attribute Points.

This time, on the trip to the Tianbei Secret Realm, he was determined to earn those Attribute Points back.

Check the System panel.

[Host: Li Xiaobai.]

[...]

[Defensive power: Eighth Turn of the Indestructible Golden Body (2300/80000) can advance.]

[Attribute Points: 0]

[Skills: Hundred Percent Enmity Pull, Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch, Muscle Flaccidity, Drunken Immortal, Super Abdominal Muscles, Reflect, Blood Demon...]

[Store: Opened.]

[Achievements: Trouble Maker (2/108).]

There was still much to do, not just to increase his defensive power, but also to find the remaining 106 fragments.

This achievement being singled out by the System indicated that its reward must be extraordinary.

Once again, he tossed several top-grade Spirit Stones into the fuel tank and pressed the accelerator to the floor. He didn't bother checking the route, instead opting for the shortest straight line between two points and charged ahead recklessly.

...

At the same time.

Outside the Tianbei Secret Realm, countless cultivators swarmed in.

Aside from a few groups of Sect Disciples who came together, almost all were Loose Cultivators that filled the horizon, as well as some sect cultivators who hadn't gained entry qualifications.

Even some Elder-level figures had come forth.

People crowded like a sea in front of the Secret Realm, and many cultivators even set up makeshift stalls, hoping to make a quick fortune by clearing out their inventory.

“Brother Zhang Rui, you are ranked ten thousandth on the Heavenly Ranking!”

“Xiang Tian is actually in the eight thousandth spot, he must have cheated!”

“What, me, Sibeiyu Sanbian, being assigned to the Heavenly Ranking is bad enough, yet I’m not first? Damn it, which old geezer made this ranking?”

“...”

At this moment, most cultivators were gathered around a giant stele in front of the Secret Realm. Cultivators occasionally carved their names on it, and then the stele would emanate a glow, revealing their ranking.

This was a novelty for the cultivators of the Northern Region.

Chapter 136: Chapter 137: A Different Style of a Top-ranked Expert

Li Xiaobai arrived at the Tianbei Secret Realm just as most cultivators had already entered it.

Only some cultivators who knew they wouldn’t benefit from the secret realm were still setting up stalls outside, hoping to earn some more Spirit Stones.

Feeling the roar of the truck, all these cultivators were somewhat terrified; they had never seen such a steel behemoth before.

They hoped this raging beast wouldn’t eat them up in a fit of anger.

After scanning his surroundings a few times, Li Xiaobai parked the truck next to a huge stele that was quite conspicuous and had dense inscriptions all over it.

People’s Ranking:

First place: Xi Yao, the number one beauty of the Immortal Spirit Continent.

Second place: Little Monk Liao Chen.

Third place: Who doesn’t know Chen Haotian.

...

This was the ranking list that his senior brothers and sisters talked about; the names on these lists were engraved by the cultivators themselves and were synchronized across the entire mainland.

If you inscribed your name at any one place, it would show up across the whole mainland.

However, the names these geniuses had inscribed didn't seem very serious; aside from their names, they also added a string of prefixes.

Some cultivators had the same prefix, indicating they were geniuses from a small group, like the eleventh-ranked Ning Zetian, and the twelfth-ranked Jing Zhongyue, who must be teammates with the third-ranked Chen Haotian.

Similarly, there were the disciples of the Buddhist Sect, whose prefixes were basically all "Little Monk." Out of the top ten thousand names displayed on the list, the prefix "Little Monk" was particularly conspicuous, indicating that the Buddhist Sect's organization was vast.

What rendered Li Xiaobai speechless was the fifth-ranked prodigy.

People's Ranking:

Fifth place: Su Mei'er, who is a hundred times more beautiful than Xi Yao.

This name felt like it was reaching for the heavens. He couldn't understand the world of geniuses; was name selection always so casual? It seemed full of resentment.

Li Xiaobai continued to look down the list.

This was an excellent chance to understand the geniuses of the Immortal Spirit Continent.

Through these geniuses' names, one could roughly estimate the sects they belonged to. The most numerous were the Buddhist Sect disciples, whose names started with the prefix "Little Monk," with the rest having a wide variety of names.

On the People's Ranking, Li Xiaobai spotted quite a few acquaintances.

The Northwest's Yu Sanbian ranked just over four thousand, and Xiang Tiandi ranked over eight thousand, with a cultivator named Brother Fist right beside Xiang Tiandi, someone he had briefly encountered at the Holy Demon Sect.

Yu Sanbian, a rare talent who gave Golden Spear Overlord, at the full Nascent Soul Stage, a good fight with just a half-step Nascent Soul, could still only rank over four thousand. Truly, geniuses were fearsome.

“Woof, lad, this Zhang Rui actually made it onto the list too, right at the ten thousandth place!” Ergouzi exclaimed as if he had found a new world.

“Giggle, let’s get on the list quickly and squeeze him out—annoy him to death!” Ji Wuqing said excitedly.

“Okay, let’s get on the list too, we need a good name!”

Li Xiaobai nodded, excited since this was the first time he was experiencing such an affair.

He drew out his longsword and inscribed on the stele using Sword Qi.

“Begging for Death Li Xiaobai!”

“Awesome Cool Ergouzi!”

“Pudong Rooster Ji Wuqing!”

“Woof, lad, it’s Lord Ergouzi, let Lord Ergouzi inscribe himself!” Ergouzi complained.

“I am the Undying Phoenix, what in the world is a Pudong Rooster?” Ji Wuqing was also clearly displeased.

“Be happy you even have a name, inscribe it yourself, do you have any cultivation?”

Li Xiaobai curled his lip, these two were always boasting all day long but had not practiced cultivation at all—typical slackers.

Before the dog and rooster could protest further, suddenly, the stele’s smooth surface spun, and the three names they had just inscribed disappeared at once.

At the same time, several names at the bottom of the stele were replaced, and three golden tokens flew out.

Li Xiaobai caught them; these were tokens of the ranking list. With these tokens, he could check the ranking information anywhere, anytime from now on.

People’s Ranking.

Nine thousand nine hundred ninety-eighth place: Begging for Death Li Xiaobai.

Rank 9999: Cool and awe-inspiring Ergouzi.

Rank 10000: Pudong Rooster Ji Wuqing.

Li Xiaobai was amazed, "It actually worked, we did absolutely nothing but still made it onto the leaderboard, what great luck."

"Cackle, with my supreme cultivation level, not getting the top spot on the Celestial Leaderboard is already letting it slide, how could it be possible that I'm merely at the humble rank of 10000 on the Human Leaderboard? There must be a mistake!"

Ji Wuqing was very annoyed.

"Woof, you lousy chicken, even getting rank 10000 is giving you face. It's an honor for you to be ranked just behind your Lord Ergouzi."

Ergouzi felt a bit smug; the facts proved that it was a tad stronger than Ji Wuqing.

The fact that a chicken and a dog made it onto the leaderboard was beyond Li Xiaobai's expectations. On a normal day, these two did nothing but talk big, and he barely ever saw their real abilities, yet now they could directly climb onto the Human Leaderboard, which was indeed impressive.

However, now that the three of them were on the leaderboard, Zhang Rui, who was originally ranked at 10000, was directly bumped off.

Besides the Human Leaderboard, the stele also listed the Earth Leaderboard and the Celestial Leaderboard. The only person Li Xiaobai recognized on the Earth Leaderboard was Ou Yezi, the Sect Leader of Holy Demon Sect, ranked at 8000.

As for the Celestial Leaderboard, he didn't recognize a single person.

However, the names of the powerhouses on the Celestial Leaderboard seemed less like actual names and more like they were promoting their own products.

Celestial Leaderboard.

Rank 1: Mei Changqing, available for long-term promotions.

Rank 2: Elder Tianji from Immortal Spirit Daily.

Rank 3: Female cultivator Xi Yao with Moon Cicada Preserving Youth Technique.

Rank 4: This old monk Xuan Bei crowdfunding temples.

Rank 5: Genius assassin Li Feiyang

...

Looking at these bigwigs' names, Li Xiaobai had a strange look on his face. These big shots are quite cheeky.

This level of advertising placement couldn't be more obvious; compared to them, my own 'Begging for a Speedy Death' seems a bit lowbrow.

No matter, once my business is booming in the future, I'll also change my name for live commerce, 'Tangneng First-class Li Xiaobai' sounds pretty good.

"All right, let's leave it at that for now, let's go in and try to find some great treasures," he said.

...

At the same time, on a mountain peak somewhere in Central Province, an attendant student was holding an abacus, frowning as if he were constantly calculating something, mumbling to himself.

"That's not right, why is there a disturbance of stars in the Northern Region?"

"And furthermore, three completely unknown individuals have managed to get on the leaderboard, it's simply inconceivable. Who are these people, really?"

"No, I can't make heads or tails of this. I won't be able to sleep tonight if I don't figure it out. I must go ask my master."

The attendant student put away his abacus and disappeared in a flash.

At the entrance of Tianbei Secret Realm, Li Xiaobai drove into the secret realm.

With the truck there, there shouldn't be any dangers within the secret realm that could threaten him.

It was at this moment that the system panel in front of him suddenly started to flicker.

[Achievement: Trouble Magnet (2/108)]

[Detecting the presence of Blood Sacrifice Fragments x2 nearby.]

Hmm?

Blood Sacrifice Fragments?

These must be the fragments that that Evil Cultivator leader was desperately searching for. One piece could increase my Attribute Points by 10000, this kind of treasure cannot be missed.

Li Xiaobai slowed the truck down and began to look through the marketplace, hoping to find a Divine Artifact that could locate objects.

[An embroidered shoe: Toss a shoe to reveal the way, speak your desire, throw out the shoe, and it will point you in the right direction. (One hundred top-grade Spirit Stones)]

[Note: As long as luck is on your side, no troubles in life.]

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up, this is good stuff!

Chapter 137: Chapter 138: Throwing a Shoe to Ask for Directions

“

Throwing a shoe to find the way, this is a luck-based skill.

The embroidered shoe could point out the most accurate direction for oneself, but just from this introduction, it probably wouldn't point out the most accurate direction every time.

[An embroidered shoe: Double-sided luck points, the result of the throw, either leads to a blessed land or a perilous situation, all is left to luck.]

This explanation alone was quite headache-inducing, but since he was devoid of any cultivation level and couldn't explore with his divine sense, he could only rely on some somewhat quirky items.

Regardless of the outcome, he decided to give it a try.

Li Xiaobai took out the embroidered shoe and climbed off the vehicle.

Muttering “Blood Sacrifice Fragment” in his mind, he then, under the dumbfounded gazes of Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing, suddenly threw the embroidered shoe out.

No special effects occurred, the embroidered shoe rolled ordinarily a few times in the air before landing, with the toe pointing in a particular direction.

“This should be considered a success, I guess.”

Li Xiaobai was uncertain, but since the shoe was pointing in a direction, it was still worth taking a chance.

He got back into the vehicle and put away the embroidered shoe.

“Woof, kid, have you gone dumb from all that driving?”

Ergouzi asked, tilting his head as a paw stealthily reached for the embroidered shoe inside the vehicle.

At the same time, Ji Wuqing started to distract Li Xiaobai, “Kikiki, you’re so into playing with a broken shoe, you’re really embarrassing me!”

“Not bad acting, thoroughly in place.”

Li Xiaobai caught Ergouzi’s paw with a grin, twirled it around, tossed it aside, and placed the embroidered shoe into his Space Ring.

Seeing this, Ergouzi instantly became anxious, “Woof, kid, why are you so stingy? It’s just a broken shoe, and you’re treating it like a treasure, let Lord Ergouzi have a look!”

“Kikiki, I just saw a little bug on that shoe. Take it out and let me peck at it.”

Ji Wuqing fluttered her wings, also seeming a bit anxious.

“Heh, my embroidered shoe is a treasure, not something you can just look at. A single glance will cost you a hundred top-quality Spirit Stones,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Woof, kid, you’re robbing me, what’s so great about showing off a broken shoe!” Ergouzi said, enraged.

Seeing the reactions of the chicken and the dog, Li Xiaobai knew, these two creatures would never wake up early if there wasn’t a benefit to be had. It seemed that the embroidered shoe was indeed a valuable item.

He hoped he could make it in one go and directly obtain the two fragments.

...

The truck, following the road, moved forward through the uneven terrain of the Secret Realm’s mountains.

The Secret Realm was dense with treasures.

On the way, many cultivators could be seen killing others for treasure. These people had also entered not long ago, vying for lower-rank Spiritual Artifacts and Magic Treasures, without having ventured deep into the real dangers yet.

As the heavy truck passed by, they all scattered and fled in terror.

The thunderous sound of the engine sent shivers down their spines.

In a certain jungle, three men and a woman were in a standoff.

“Hehe, junior sister, you might as well surrender to me. When we return, I’ll ask the King for your hand!”

“Yes, junior sister, Elder Brother Song is a powerful individual on the cultivation list. To gain Elder Brother Song’s favor is an honor for you!”

The male cultivators approached with smiles plastered on their faces.

The female cultivator’s face was angry, “Despicable, to think you’d poison me when I was unprepared. When I get back, I will report your deeds to father and have him throw you in jail to rot!”

“Don’t make me punish you for not appreciating the toast... ”

The male cultivator’s face darkened. Although the woman’s identity was extraordinary, once it was a done deal, there was no fear she wouldn’t comply.

“

“You two keep a lookout,” he said to his accomplices. “Let me enjoy myself first!”

“Hehe, got it, Brother Yi,” they replied.

The two cultivators flashed meaningful smiles, gave the female cultivator a few glances, and quickly moved to a distance.

Seeing this, the female cultivator’s expression changed drastically, “Huang Yi, you wouldn’t dare!”

“Hehe, what wouldn’t I dare to do,” he chuckled. “You’ve been hit with Soft Muscle Powder and have no strength in your body. I’d advise you to behave and not struggle in vain.”

Huang Yi laughed sinisterly as he pounced on her.

It was at that moment that the ground suddenly began to tremble violently.

From deep within the jungle, it seemed as though a savage beast was rampaging towards them, kicking up dust and obscuring the view.

Huang Yi’s face turned to shock. “What’s going on, what’s that over there? Didn’t we check that there were no living beings within a ten-mile radius?”

“Brother Yi, that must be a Demonic Beast that has escaped from some forbidden land. We need to get out of here fast!”

The two cultivators were somewhat panic-stricken; they couldn't withstand the fierce shaking of the ground.

The female cultivator, lying limp on the ground, felt a surge of hope upon seeing a powerful creature approaching. Even if she were to die inside the belly of a Demonic Beast, she preferred that to being defiled here.

Suddenly, she bit the tip of her tongue and, rallying her spirit, forcefully circulated her Internal Cultivation Technique toward the direction of the rolling dust.

The expressions of the others changed, wanting to pursue but feeling terrified, the unknown entity was getting closer.

“Damn bitch, she'd rather die than be with me. Let's get out of here; let her die. It'll give us time to escape!”

“Let's go!”

The three turned and fled, not daring to stay a moment longer.

Inside the heavy-duty truck, Li Xiaobai hummed a tune, driving leisurely.

To ensure the accuracy of 'throwing a shoe to ask the way,' the truck was moving in a straight line, smashing straight through whether it was rocks, jungles, or the territory of some Demonic Beast, without turning.

At that moment, it was the same with this forest; Li Xiaobai had no intention of going around and crashed directly through it.

Trees snapped and fell, dust billowed.

[Attribute Points +10...]

[Attribute Points +15...]

Values on the System panel in front of him kept leaping; Li Xiaobai felt satisfied, as driving the truck was increasing his Attribute Points, which felt pretty good.

“Woof, kid, there's a girl running our way!” Ergouzi exclaimed, immediately getting excited.

“Hehehe, it's really a girl, kid, looks like she's heading straight for us!” Ji Wuqing commented.

Li Xiaobai stopped the truck. If it had been a male cultivator charging at him, he would have certainly run him over without a second thought, but a girl was a different matter.

Almost every encounter he had had on his journey was with men; girls were a rare species. Even if he would end up running her over, a conversation was in order first.

As the dust gradually cleared, a figure stumbled and rolled towards him.

Li Xiaobai took a closer look; indeed, it was a woman, and a stunningly beautiful one at that. Her clothes were in disarray, her face covered in dust, and she had a resolved expression as if resigned to death, looking quite disheveled.

This look definitely told a story!

“Woof, kid, get out and rescue her!”

Ergouzi couldn’t wait, it had a heart of justice.

“Hehehe, we should probably get her on the truck first, whether to kill or keep her can be decided later,” Ji Wuqing said indifferently.

Li Xiaobai pulled out an embroidered shoe, “No rush, let me throw a shoe first, then we can decide.”

Chapter 138: Chapter 139 Saving You Comes at a Price

Li Xiaobai felt that it was best to consult the embroidered shoe more when he was unfamiliar with this Secret Realm.

“To rescue someone, point the shoe outward; to leave them, point it inward.”

He casually tossed the embroidered shoe into the chariot, and after a few rotations, the tip of the shoe steadily pointed towards the female cultivator sprawled on the ground ahead.

Li Xiaobai’s eyes lit up, “Get off the carriage, rescue her!”

Outside, the female cultivator was visibly panic-stricken, staring fixedly at the Steel Behemoth before her. She hailed from a prestigious family and had seen much of the world, but she had never encountered such a Demonic Beast.

The cold Iron-blood Aura spread as the monstrously large, wheel-like legs were smothered in gushing blood. Even though she had braced herself for death, her body couldn't stop trembling.

"Who are you, and why do you block our way?"

A gentle voice of inquiry came, and the female cultivator was taken aback. With difficulty, she lifted her head to look at Li Xiaobai, her face full of disbelief.

"You're a Human Cultivator, and that Steel Behemoth is your mount?"

To ride such a mount, this person's cultivation level was unfathomable!

"Correct, I am Li Xiaobai. May I ask for the young lady's name?"

"Ouyang Shuanger. I've been poisoned by a villain, and now I cannot move my body. Could you possibly give me a lift?"

The female cultivator said slowly.

"So, you are Miss Ouyang, very well then. It is simple to rescue you, but do you have any reward to offer me?"

Li Xiaobai patiently asked. Rescuing was definitely on his agenda, but not without compensation.

This young lady, clad in gold and silver, looked rich and prosperous; she must possess plenty of valuable items.

But she didn't seem to catch on. In similar situations in the past, others would promptly present their treasures with both hands.

"I am the youngest daughter of the King of Zhenyuan Country. As long as you save me, my father will grant you endless riches and honor!" Ouyang Shuanger stated.

"That won't do; I am not one for vain glory. How about this, your Space Ring on your hand is quite nice, let it serve as your gratitude."

Saying this, Li Xiaobai didn't wait for Ouyang Shuanger to react, and deftly removed the Space Ring from her finger.

"You..."

Ouyang Shuanger was indignant, having never before encountered such a brazen scoundrel who would blatantly snatch a Space Ring from someone in distress.

She was used to being the center of attention, never having faced such treatment.

However, she was currently paralyzed with a strange poison and powerless, and although the man in front of her seemed somewhat shameless, it was a relief that he was not enticed by her beauty, which made him seem relatively safe.

“That will do, but before getting on the carriage, I must check for any dangerous items you may be carrying.”

Li Xiaobai helped Ouyang Shuanger up and, in the process, frisked her. Ouyang Shuanger was alarmed at first—had she misjudged him, was he a debauchee?

But she quickly understood his intentions. After Li Xiaobai frisked her from top to bottom, Ouyang Shuanger realized that all the valuables on her person had disappeared.

The Jade Pendant at her chest, the silk sash at her waist, the bracelets on her wrists, even the battle boots made from some vicious beast’s fur on her feet, had all been stripped away.

Moreover, observing his slightly green eyes, it was clear he was very interested in the gold thread on her clothes, causing her complexion to pale.

“Young Master Li, the gold thread is not worth much, it’s only good for trading for mundane things, no need for you to bother.”

Li Xiaobai pondered for a moment, “That’s not how it works, you see. Do you know what the ‘celebrity effect’ is? If common people wore this clothing, it surely would not be worth much, but you are the Princess of Zhenyuan Country, the object of pursuit by numerous male cultivators, so the value of this clothing is not so simple.”

“Young Master Li, you...”

Ouyang Shuanger had a bad feeling and wanted to say something else.

However, Li Xiaobai didn’t seem interested in listening, and with a raise of his hand, he tore off her skirt and stored it in his Space Ring, leaving only a white slip which looked rather simple and elegant.

“There, no more problems. Get in the car!”

With a flick of his hand, he tossed Ouyang Shuanger into the passenger seat, causing another commotion of chickens flying and dogs jumping.

“Woof, kid, couldn’t you have put the person in the back of the car?”

Ergouzi was quite dissatisfied that his exclusive seat had been taken.

“Giggle, just detoxify this woman and let her fend for herself,” said Ji Wuqing haughtily as he preened his feathers, Huazi perched in his beak, looking down at Ouyang Shuanger.

Ouyang Shuanger was speechless and also secretly astonished; this chicken and dog were extraordinary, actually able to speak human language. She knew that only those at the Nascent Soul Stage or certain Demonic Beasts with unique talents could possess such near-human intelligence.

Moreover, the Nascent Soul spat out by Ji Wuqing made Ouyang Shuanger feel refreshed, as if all her internal organs had been cleansed, and the symptoms of poisoning markedly improved in an instant.

Her heart was even more shaken. Just who had she encountered? Not only did he have such incredible mounts, but even the seemingly trivial objects his pets produced were such treasures.

Perhaps this shameless fellow was some old monster from the deep mountains in disguise.

Having heard that great masters like to wander the mortal world, and in order to avoid more trouble, Ouyang Shuanger chose to remain silent, instantly extinguishing the thought of asking Li Xiaobai to deal with those rambunctious scoundrels.

“Let me check again which road we should take next,” said Li Xiaobai after pondering for a moment, and he took out the embroidered shoe again.

“Woof, kid, let me try throwing it!”

Ergouzi approached, surreptitiously scratching the embroidered shoe with a paw.

Li Xiaobai gave him a sideways glance: “If I give this thing to you, it’ll be like throwing a meat bun at a dog, gone without a return.”

“Woof, you’re the dog, your whole family are dogs!”

Ergouzi lunged and grabbed onto the embroidered shoe, refusing to let go, while Ji Wuqing also flapped over for a tussle.

“Fine, then. How about you give it a try?”

Li Xiaobai let go and handed the embroidered shoe to Ergouzi.

Ergouzi, delighted, took the shoe in his mouth, hopped onto Ouyang Shuanger's shoulder, tossed his head, and flung the embroidered shoe out with force.

After spinning several times in the air, the shoe pointed in a certain direction.

Li Xiaobai turned the steering wheel and charged toward the indicated direction. Ergouzi widely opened his mouth to swallow the embroidered shoe; his body contained a space of its own where he could store items.

"Giggle, stupid dog, you've already used it once. It won't work again if you try to use it more, hand the shoe over to me," chirped Ji Wuqing.

"Woof, Lord Ergouzi is born with great fortune; how could it possibly be inaccurate?"

Ouyang Wushuang curiously watched everything unfolding in the cabin; it seemed something magical had just occurred.

But merely throwing an embroidered shoe to decide their direction, wasn't that a bit hasty?

However, her eyes soon sparkled with surprise, the route the truck was taking was the very same route those three had used to flee...

Chapter 139: Chapter 140: The Seemingly Impressive Little Monk

...

Ouyang Wushuang became even more certain of her thought, Li Xiaobai was absolutely a hidden big shot.

The pet by her side casually threw out a shoe, and it just happened to land in the direction of the previous group's escape.

Such an impulsive action being linked to good fortune was definitive proof that he was a big shot.

Li Xiaobai, however, was unaware of her thoughts and simply floored the accelerator, charging straight ahead.

Watching the rocks and trees in front of them being smashed to bits, Ouyang Shuanger was stunned like a wooden chicken. It was her first time witnessing such brute force; several times, demonic beasts tried to face off, only to be crushed by the large truck.

This power was practically a war machine.

Several figures desperately fleeing appeared on the road ahead, jumping up and down in the jungle and frequently looking back in panic.

"Brother Yi, that behemoth is catching up!"

"Damn it, that damn woman is useless, can't even buy us some time!"

Cries could be heard, and Li Xiaobai realized they must be the ones who had poisoned Ouyang Shuanger earlier.

"What do you say?" Li Xiaobai asked.

"Young Master Li, these men are disciples of the Xingtian Sect from Central Province, which is on friendly terms with my Zhenyuan Country. They dared to poison me during our joint travel and sought to disgrace me."

"However, these three are all disciples from Central Province; it wouldn't be convenient for you to offend them, Young Master, so perhaps we should just pretend we never saw them."

Ouyang Wushuang spoke with sincerity, her words deeply affecting.

Li Xiaobai shook his head slightly, this young lady still hadn't grasped the reality. He was no fool; the strategies of goading and playing the pity card were ineffective against him.

"Alright, then I'll just pretend I didn't see them."

Li Xiaobai smiled understandingly and continued to drive ahead, neither hastening nor delaying.

Ouyang Wushuang was stunned once again; the situation was unfolding differently from what she had imagined. She had been so considerate on his behalf, shouldn't Li Xiaobai be overwhelmingly grateful and go on to angrily kill the three men?

Pretend not to see? What kind of nonsense is that?

Doesn't he know that you should always take a woman's words with a grain of salt?

Seeing that the truck was about to catch up to the three men, if she hesitated any longer, they might truly miss the chance.

So, she bit her lip, "Young Master Li, I implore you to take action and kill these three men. In return, Ouyang Wushuang will be greatly thankful!"

"How thankful?"

"Ten thousand superior-grade Spirit Stones!"

"Deal!"

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up. The little rich lady had finally come to her senses, starting the bargain with ten thousand superior-grade Spirit Stones. It was his first time meeting such a generous boss; this bode well for many cooperative opportunities in the future.

Ouyang Wushuang was speechless; Li Xiaobai's greediness baffled her. Was he a carefree senior expert or a brilliant young talent from a great power? He was truly hard to fathom.

She definitely needed to investigate this person thoroughly later!

The truck was now level with the three men, and their heavy breathing could vaguely be heard.

Li Xiaobai purposely kept the truck just behind them, starting to honk the horn constantly. The sound pierced the heavens, scaring the three men out of their wits and making them run even more frantically.

"Brother Yi, what kind of demonic beast is this, and why is it so terrifying?"

"Indeed, I've been in Central Province for years; how come I've never heard of it before?"

"Xiao Wang, Xiao Ba, come closer. I'll tell you the weakness of this beast. We need to stand united if we want to live!" Huang Yi said, a fiendish look flashing in his eyes.

The other two men, without doubt, moved closer to Huang Yi.

"Brother Yi, what's the weakness of this beast?"

"Well, the weakness is that it stops when it hears the sound of eating!"

...

Huang Yi's figure flickered, and he suddenly activated his cultivation technique. With a horizontal sweep of his longsword, he struck both men toward the location of the truck.

"Brother Yi, you..."

"Sorry, brothers, better that two die than all three of us. Once I'm out, Brother Yi will avenge you!"

Huang Yi lightly tapped his toes and surged forward even more rapidly.

The two men, mid-sentence, slammed directly into the windshield. They couldn't even let out a wail before they were smashed to pieces by the front of the truck.

Watching the blood mist before her, Ouyang Shuanger shivered, her face pale.

The only bloody scene she had seen in her life was the assassination of a man, pierced through the chest and dead.

When had she ever witnessed such a gory spectacle?

The violent impact obliterated a living person, leaving behind only dense clouds of blood mist and severed limbs and broken arms to prove their existence.

For Li Xiaobai, such scenes were all too common, and he had grown accustomed to them.

[Attribute Point +100...]

These two must have been at the Golden Core Stage, not having reached the Nascent Soul Stage.

That Huang Yi fleeing ahead seems quite fast; his cultivation level must be deeper. I wonder how many attribute points I could gain from killing him.

He floored the accelerator, charging straight towards Huang Yi.

In that instant, Huang Yi was scared out of his wits. He hadn't expected the two decoys he threw to buy him not even a breath's time. It seemed the Steel Behemoth was hell-bent on killing him!

"Amitabha, benefactor, saving a life is more meritorious than building a seven-level pagoda; please spare him," came a Buddhist chant, soft yet resounding through the woods.

A golden Buddha materialized in the void, eyes closed and head bowed, brow slightly furrowed as if pondering something. A gigantic golden hand spanned across the sky, slowly reaching out to stop the heavy truck.

"It's the baldy, the baldy!" Ergouzi said with an excited face, leaning over the window and staring in one direction.

Li Xiaobai followed his gaze. On a distant hillside, there stood a young Buddhist monk in grey robes. He seemed young, but his cultivation was profound; likely a genius of the Buddhist Sect.

However, this didn't concern him. Killing Huang Yi would yield ten thousand Spirit Stones; a surefire profitable deal.

"Master, save me!"

Huang Yi's face brightened with joy, as if seeing a glimmer of hope. His figure twisted, soaring toward the hill where the monk was.

But at that moment, the heavy truck behind him also turned sharply, drifting elegantly and crashing hard into his body.

[Attribute Point +300...]

Cracking and crunching sounds were unceasing.

"Puh!"

Huang Yi's chest cavity burst open, blood spraying out in sheets like rain, his body falling powerlessly to the ground.

At the same time, the golden hand that had attempted to stop the truck shattered upon the impact.

[Attribute Point +1100...]

These were the attribute points offered by a prodigy.

The young monk on the hillside was shocked, a tidal wave of emotions surging in his heart. Someone had effortlessly neutralized his intervention and even killed the man in the process.

This was certainly a genius from a powerful faction. With such a killer instinct, he would likely bring nothing but disaster!

"Benefactor, to be forgiving when one can be is a virtue. Why insist on being so utterly ruthless?"

The young monk, with a pained face, slowly descended the hill, stepping across tens of meters at a time, and in an instant, he was close to the truck.

Li Xiaobai's pupils constricted. This was Shrinking Earth into Inches - the monk before him was not ordinary!

Chapter 140: Chapter 141: Li Xiaobai Enjoys Helping Others

...

"Woof, baldy!"

Ergouzi seemed to have a natural aversion to monks, baring his teeth at the little monk in a grimace.

"Hehe, it's a little baldy!" Ji Wuqing glanced at the monk indifferently.

"Amitabha, I am Liaowang, a monk from Lotus Sutra Temple in the Western Desert. I have met the benefactors. Just now, I saw the benefactors committing killings; my heart could not bear it, I beseech you to lay down the butcher's knife."

The little monk's eyes were clear, his hands pressed together, he spoke meticulously.

"I am Li Xiaobai. The master is unaware; these are all utterly wicked people. Just now, they attempted to dishonor this maiden. We cultivators have a sense of righteousness as vast as the sky. When we see injustice, we shout out against it; when it's time to act, we must act decisively and eliminate these scoundrels."

"It is not indiscriminate killing."

Li Xiaobai spoke with utmost seriousness.

Ouyang Shuanger in the vehicle behind rolled her eyes upon hearing this. If it weren't for the sake of Spirit Stones, you surely would've driven off directly just now.

"Not true, even though they are utterly wicked, people are inherently good. With earnest guidance, they can still turn over a new leaf. Master Li, your actions just now have deepened your sins," Liaowang frowned and said.

Li Xiaobai was speechless, feeling that this little monk had something missing in his head. Where in the Cultivation World could there be good people?

He himself had been cheated plenty of times on his journey.

But this monk seemed a bit scary, with his ability to shrink the earth to an inch, and just now, the concentration level of that Primordial Spirit didn't seem like something a Nascent Soul Stage cultivator could achieve.

He feared that his cultivation level started at the Divinity Transformation Stage, so it was probably best not to provoke such a genius for now. Finding the fragment was the main task at hand.

"Then master, please conduct a ritual for them so that they may be good people in their next life. I have other matters to attend to, so I'll take my leave first."

Without waiting for the little monk Liaowang to react, Li Xiaobai opened the car door, jumped in, and floored the accelerator, speeding off in the truck.

"Woof, goodbye, baldy!" Ergouzi grinned broadly, a mischievous smile on his face.

"Hehe, little rabbit!" Ji Wuqing fluttered her wings.

Liaowang, watching the receding truck, looked conflicted. He glanced at the ground covered in flesh and finally sighed softly, sitting down in lotus position and beginning to chant sutras for the souls of the deceased.

A faint golden light rose up, the low murmuring of sacred chants bidding farewell to the fallen.

Inside the truck, Li Xiaobai released a sigh of relief as he saw through the rearview mirror that the little monk was not pursuing them. Liao Chen seemed rather stubborn, a real stickler.

He personally admired Monk Xuan Bei, ranked fourth on the leaderboard, who had crowdfunded a temple. This monk didn't stick to traditional Buddhist ways and brought Buddhist Law to the world through crowdfunding; what a business-minded operation.

Without spending a dime, he managed to get a temple for free.

That's what you call a real boss!

"Woof, kid, your ranking has gone up!"

Ergouzi played with a small token in his hand and suddenly shouted in surprise.

"Hehe, really, it's gone up by dozens of places, probably because you just killed those three men," Ji Wuqing said, looking amazed.

"And that baldy, actually ranking at three hundred, Lord Ergouzi does not accept this!" Ergouzi was very angry.

"Such a character, I could beat ten of them. This broken ranking isn't accurate at all!"

Ji Wuqing was excited too upon seeing Liaowang's name.

Li Xiaobai took out his token to check.

The Leaderboard.

Rank 9,973: Begging for Death Li Xiaobai.

Indeed, that must have been Huang Yi's previous ranking, which I took over after he was taken out.

But for little monk Liaowang to actually be ranked at three hundred was unexpected for me.

Li Xiaobai felt some regret; had he known earlier, he should have been ruthless and taken the monk out directly. Maybe then he would have risen in the ranks right away.

A hint of confusion flashed in Ouyang Shuanger's eyes as she too held a small token in her hand.

...

She was also on the leaderboard, so why was the ranking of this big shot next to her even lower than hers?

How could such a master only be ranked in the 9,000th place on the Human List?

Li Xiaobai quickly scanned through the leaderboard.

The Human List.

Number 7333: Princess Ouyang Shuanger of Zhenyuan Country.

Hiss!

Just a no-name Princess, and her ranking was even higher than his own, Li Xiaobai felt a slight imbalance in his heart.

"Miss Shuanger, how much do you know about the Tianbei Secret Realm, and where are the most treasures?"

"Naturally, the most treasures are within the small worlds in the Secret Realm,"

Ouyang Shuanger said, not knowing why she felt a mysterious chill.

"What's a small world?" Li Xiaobai was somewhat puzzled.

"Since ancient times, powerful beings who have understood the Dao would create their own small worlds. These small worlds are isolated from the rest of the world, a domain of their own making. The powerful could meditate on the Dao undisturbed within them. Now that these powerful beings have ascended, there must be a wealth of treasures accumulated inside these small worlds."

"The things left behind by the great ascended masters, even a common weed has miraculous effects, many powerhouses are here this time for these small worlds,"

Ouyang Shuanger explained.

"I see, so has anyone from your Zhenyuan Country come?"

"My Grand Emperor Grandfather is here. He is at the Spirit Realm Great Perfection in his cultivation level. If you could take me to him, the Grand Emperor will surely reward you handsomely!"

A cunning light flashed in Ouyang Shuanger's eyes. If the Grand Emperor were here, she would make sure to get back at this fellow good and hard.

"Taking you there isn't impossible, but how much can you offer?"

Li Xiaobai asked, as long as it wasn't someone at the Tribulation Crossing Stage, there shouldn't be a big problem.

"Ten thousand high-grade Spirit Stones?"

"This journey is perilous, and many powerhouses are contending with one another, your offering of Spirit Stones makes it hard for me to do this task for you," Li Xiaobai shook his head and sighed.

"Twenty thousand, I can't offer more!"

Ouyang Shuanger gritted her teeth, as long as she could reach the Grand Emperor's side, she'd be the safest.

"Deal!"

"Miss Shuanger, now you owe me thirty thousand Spirit Stones. We're clear about deals between siblings, let's set this up with a vow of heart first."

Ouyang Shuanger: "..."

...

A few minutes later.

Ouyang Shuanger felt a sense of despair. Under Li Xiaobai's coercion and inducements, she eventually took an oath with her Dao heart, promising to repay the owed Spirit Stones as soon as she returned to Zhenyuan Country.

She had no choice; this big shot by her side had declared that if she didn't take the oath, he would throw her off the side of the road.

The truck had already gone deep into the Secret Realm. At this point, acting alone would be akin to seeking death. With no other option, she signed the unfair contract.

Li Xiaobai was thrilled; this was a bountiful haul. With just a bit of talking, thirty thousand high-grade Spirit Stones were his. In just a short span of an hour or two, he'd made more than what he'd earn in several days of running a shop.

Helping others really brought in money faster. He wished he could encounter a few more cultivators who killed and robbed for treasures.

Humming a tune and about to try his "throwing shoes to ask for directions" trick again, Li Xiaobai's pupils suddenly constricted, his hairs stood on end, and a chill overcame his heart.

Through the rearview mirror, he clearly saw a bald little monk smiling as he casually walked towards him. Indeed, casually walking, but with each step taken, the gap between him and the truck closed instantly.

In a few blinks, the figure swayed and had actually jumped directly into the back of the truck!

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 141: 142: Lava Blessed Land - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 141: 142: Lava Blessed Land

Chapter 141: Chapter 142: Lava Blessed Land

"Woof, that baldy is coming up!"

Ergouzi also saw this scene from the rearview mirror and immediately started jumping.

"Giggle, kid, quickly do a drift and shake off that little rabbit!"

Ji Wuqing also said.

"Amitabha, this humble monk bears no ill will; it is merely that the benefactor has heedlessly committed slaughter, and this monk cannot bear it in his heart, hence coming here to advise the benefactor," said Liaowang.

“The Buddha once said...”

Listening to the little monk chanting scriptures behind him, Li Xiaobai felt his head swell with annoyance; despite the monk’s young age, he’s quite adept at lecturing people.

He exchanged for a pair of earplugs from the store and put them on, automatically blocking out Little Monk Liaowang’s words.

The world instantly became much quieter.

“Woof, kid, get a pair for your Lord Ergouzi too!” Ergouzi leaned in close.

“Giggle, this sovereign wants one too, this Bald Donkey can really talk, this sovereign can’t stand it!” said Ji Wuqing.

“One hundred high-grade Spirit Stones,” Li Xiaobai said as he lit a Huazi, speaking indifferently.

“Woof, you’re robbing me!”

Inside the carriage, there was suddenly a complete ruckus, but after a round of Muscle Flaccidity moves, both the chicken and dog quieted down obediently.

Ouyang Shuanger also suffered an undeserved calamity, feeling a raging storm surge in her heart; the sudden sensation of weakness and powerlessness that came over her had never been brought on by the Soft Muscle Powder before.

For a moment, her Primordial Spirit felt as if it had separated from her body. What kind of move was this, so terrifying it was!

“Do you two have a feud with the Buddhist Sect?”

Li Xiaobai asked curiously, both the chicken and the dog seemed like they had just come into the world, so why did they dislike the monk so much?

“Lord Ergouzi once fought heaven and earth’s deities and Buddhas for hundreds of rounds and narrowly escaped being subdued after a close defeat. This is a grudge of life and death!” Ergouzi said, grinding his teeth.

“In the days of old when this sovereign roamed the universe, I debated with the Buddha himself, but when that old Bald Donkey couldn’t defeat me in debate, he resorted to suppression by force. This sovereign cannot tolerate such indignity!” conveyed Ji Wuqing, his eyes flashing with a cold gleam, his gaze deep as if recalling the endless ages of ancient times.

Li Xiaobai, utterly baffled, said, “Speak human language!”

“Woof, Lord Ergouzi naturally hates Bald Donkeys, Lord Ergouzi doesn’t even know why.”

“Giggle, this sovereign feels the same way.”

Seeing Li Xiaobai threaten to unleash Muscle Flaccidity once again, both the chicken and the dog quieted down.

Ouyang Shuanger felt her IQ was being insulted. This chicken and dog were even more shameless with their bluffing, which didn’t need a draft. Speaking of endless ages and ancient myths with such ease – indeed, the pets mirror the owner.

It was laughable that she found herself affected by the aura of these two pets for a moment, how embarrassing!

Li Xiaobai pondered in his heart; perhaps it was due to their bloodline. According to what the straw-cloaked man had said, this little shabby dog seemed to have inherited the bloodline of the ancient Divine Beast, the Kylin.

Could it be that the Kylin Divine Beast also had some conflict with the Buddhist Sect?

Looking through the rearview mirror, he saw that Little Monk Liaowang at the back was still prattling on tirelessly.

Li Xiaobai signaled Ergouzi to take out the embroidered shoe and throw it to see which direction they should go next.

The embroidered shoe danced in the air, turned several circles, and with the toe pointing down, plunged straight into the seam of Ouyang Shuanger’s slender thigh.

Li Xiaobai: “...”

Ouyang Shuanger: “...”

Ji Wuqing: “...”

Ergouzi scratched his head and tentatively asked, “Shall we throw it again?”

“If we throw it again, it won’t be allowed. Let’s just follow this road and keep going.”

Li Xiaobai wasn’t sure what tricks the embroidered shoe was playing; according to the System’s introduction, such coincidences shouldn’t happen.

He continued to drive the truck forward.

About half an hour later, the truck burst out of the jungle, and the space in front of him gradually opened up.

Many cultivators were all rushing in the same direction. Seeing a rumbling steel behemoth suddenly burst from the roadside startled all of them, and those with weaker cultivation levels simply collapsed on the ground.

Li Xiaobai rolled down the window and asked a cultivator at the roadside, "What's ahead, and why are so many cultivators going there?"

The cultivator's face was somewhat pale, and looking at Li Xiaobai as if he were a monster, he stammered, "Ahead, a treasure land has been discovered, and we all want to try our luck."

"I see, thanks, fellow Daoist."

Li Xiaobai nodded, understanding the situation. He turned the steering wheel, and the truck's roar tore through the forest as it rushed out.

The cultivator behind him was so terrified that his legs gave out, and he collapsed to the ground, his trouser legs slightly damp.

The truck arrived at the gathering place, where the noise of voices and the sound of a waterfall were overwhelming, so the engine's roar didn't attract attention from the cultivators.

Parking the truck at a spot somewhat farther away, Li Xiaobai got out and secretly observed the scene ahead.

There were too many cultivators gathered here, surely over six or seven hundred, and many were renowned cultivators listed on the rankings.

Ahead was a cliff, and below the cliff was a thick, tumbling magma, steaming vapours bursting forth with a sound like a huge waterfall—the sound was coming from the swelling bubbles in the magma.

The treasures were within the magma, and many cultivators hesitated, wanting to obtain those treasures but not knowing how to go down.

The power of the magma was strong; an average person would be burned to the bone in an instant, leaving no residue.

Many cultivators also demonstrated their divine skills and tried to fish the treasures from below with magic treasures, but as soon as the magic treasures got close to the magma, they were incinerated.

“Below is the Molten Lava Canyon, one of the natural treasure lands, rich in fire attribute heaven and earth treasures. It’s the most suitable blessed land for cultivators who practice fire attribute cultivation techniques,” explained the Little Monk Liaowang, who had come beside Li Xiaobai.

“But with this magma blockage, I’m afraid the treasures inside can’t be retrieved,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Not necessarily so. Those with high cultivation levels can directly extract them with great divine powers, and some magic treasures can protect the body, allowing one to enter the magma to search for treasures for a short time,” Liaowang said.

Li Xiaobai nodded, indeed that was the case. These secret realms of the powerful never lacked masters, and this chatterbox monk beside him was one of those masters.

It was at this moment that the crowd ahead suddenly became agitated, and a muscular man parted the crowd, walking towards the edge of the cliff: “Step aside, let me do it!”

“It’s Wang Mang!”

“Wang Mang from the Central Province’s Giant Spirit Sect, ranked three thousand on the Human Rankings!”

“Legend has it that this man carries the bloodline of the Giant Spirit Clan and, imitating the ancient sages, tempers his body with great perseverance, following the path of physical sanctification!”

“Although he is only at the Nascent Soul Stage of cultivation, in terms of combat power, he’s strong enough to fight against some Divinity Transformation Stage experts!”

“Yeah, his foundation is too solid. This time, he probably wants to use the fire attribute medicinal materials in the magma to refine impurities out of his body.”

Recognizing the man, the cultivators whispered among themselves, showing great respect for Wang Mang.

Ergouzi grinned foolishly: “Woof, kiddo, this big silly guy’s setting overlaps with yours. Let’s take him down!”

Chapter 142: Chapter 143: Competing for the Fire Lotus

Li Xiaobai looked at the foolish big man ahead of him and quickly checked the ranking list.

The Ranking of Mortals.

Rank number 3000: Demon Fist King Wang Mang.

This name was quite domineering, and he was also ranked at number 3000. If Li Xiaobai could take him down, he would instantly climb several thousand places. This was indeed a huge temptation.

At this moment, Wang Mang stood at the edge of a cliff, flipped his wrist, and pulled out a long staff.

It was densely engraved with Vajra Talisman runes and radiated a treasured aura.

"This must be crafted after the staff from the Eastern Sea!"

"The design looks very similar, and judging by the material, it should be made of Xuanmu Fine Iron, which is said to be extracted from the magma and not afraid of high temperatures."

"Gosh, Wang Mang's staff can actually transform!"

"Really, this staff can actually grow against the wind, so impressive!"

"It's almost identical to that one from the Eastern Sea..."

Watching Wang Mang's movements, the cultivators marveled. At this moment, Wang Mang activated his cultivation technique, golden light surged around his body, and the huge staff in his hand instantly grew against the wind, soaring up to the sky.

It plunged straight into the magma below the cliff.

Ouyang Shuanger was witnessing such a divine weapon for the first time and couldn't help but exclaim, "What an incredible staff technique!"

"This staff is engraved with Buddhist Law from Mahayana Buddhism, capable of vanquishing evil. It's an object of utmost firmness and yang; naturally, it wouldn't fear the magma."

Little Monk Liaowang said as well, quickly discerning the origin and construction of the staff.

"It might just barely compare to one of my own feathers," said Ji Wuqing with disdain.

Li Xiaobai's expression was strange. Why did that staff look so familiar?

Didn't the Sea-Calming Divine Needle in his own shop look just like that? As a part of the Rivalling Heaven Set, this Divine Artifact was immensely powerful. It seemed that the Sea-Calming Divine Needle also existed in this world.

Wang Mang's staff must be a replica.

Right now, Wang Mang was stirring wildly in the magma with the staff, causing a fiery red vortex of lava to form, with heaven and earth treasures floating on it, also beginning to rotate.

He gripped the staff with both hands and with a forceful effort, he fished out a fiery red Fire Lotus.

He waved his hand in the air, stabilizing it firmly in mid-air. The Fire Lotus had just come ashore and couldn't be touched directly yet.

"This is a Fire Lotus, which absorbs the essence of fire, it's extremely effective for cultivating fire attribute techniques!"

Ouyang Shuanger recognized the origin of the Fire Lotus at a glance.

Liaowang nodded: "Indeed, it's a rare treasure of heaven and earth."

"Doesn't Master Liaowang feel tempted?" asked Li Xiaobai.

"This humble monk does not deserve the title of Master. Treasures are external possessions, to receive them is a matter of fate, and I don't insist on having them."

Hearing the title of Master, Liaowang appeared quite apprehensive and waved his hands dismissively.

"You seem to really want that Fire Lotus?"

Li Xiaobai turned his head to Ouyang Shuanger. It was an opportunity to make money since he did not need these treasures personally, but as a wealthy client was right beside him, converting it into Spirit Stones would be a tremendous profit.

"Indeed, although I don't practice a fire attribute technique, the herbs from the magma are great for tempering a person's Primordial Spirit. If they could temper me, my chances of successfully condensing a Nascent Soul during the Nascent Soul Stage would greatly increase."

"And the foundation would be much sturdier as well."

"Does Young Master Li have a way to obtain these treasures?"

Ouyang Shuanger asked seriously. If she could get these items, it would be a great gain; herbs from the magma were priceless, usually impossible to find.

"That depends on the price Miss Shuanger is willing to offer. As you know, the magma is extremely dangerous..."

Li Xiaobai rubbed his chin, fingers subtly twiddling as he gave off crazy hints.

Ouyang Shuanger was at a loss for words, "One herb for ten thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, how about it?"

"Tsk tsk tsk, this is a bit tricky, the temptation of this Spiritual Medicine is too great, even if I get my hands on it, I'm afraid I'll be attacked by others, don't you think I should also cover some medical expenses..." Li Xiaobai said earnestly.

"One herb for fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, I can't offer any more than that."

Ouyang Shuanger said.

"Deal!"

"Master Li must not take any lives," Liaowang reminded from the side.

"Heehee, the esteemed me also wants the Spiritual Medicine!"

"Woof, Lord Ergouzi wants it too!"

A chicken and a dog started making a fuss.

"Do you have any Spirit Stones?"

...

Ahead, the light from the Fire Lotus that Wang Mang was holding in his hand gradually dimmed, and the heat it emitted was not as astonishing as before.

Many cultivators eyed the red lotus in his hand with envy and greed. It was a true treasure; if one could ingest it, their strength would undoubtedly rise by a great margin, and their foundation would become even more stable, making their future path smoother.

"Hahaha, it really is a Fire Lotus, it's mine!"

Wang Mang burst into loud laughter, having retrieved one Fire Lotus was already his limit. Although the imitated Sea-Calming Divine Needle was heat resistant, it couldn't withstand prolonged exposure to magma.

Just as he was about to turn and leave, an unexpected change occurred.

From the diagonal, several streaks of cold light appeared out of nowhere, and numerous Daggers suddenly thrust towards Wang Mang with a whooshing sound, causing the surrounding cultivators to hastily retreat.

"You cheeky brat, you've got guts!"

Seeing someone attempting to ambush him, Wang Mang was both shocked and enraged. A thick iron rod appeared in his hand, scriptures flowing around it, unleashing supreme might, knocking down all the Daggers.

Several shadowy figures clad in black rushed towards Wang Mang as if they were bodies from the past, launching a fierce attack.

"These are the people from the Heaven's Fiends Alliance!"

"The disciples of the powerhouses on the Heavenly Ranking, the number one assassin organization, have come to join the fray here too!"

The identities of a few assassins were exposed, and as Li Xiaobai scanned the Heavenly Ranking, indeed, there were quite a few with 'Heaven's Fiend' as their prefix, with the highest-ranked being the eighteenth: Heaven's Fiend Asura.

However, these members of the assassin organization were all dressed in black and wore masks, obscuring their faces, and even knowing their ranks, one couldn't recognize them.

With these few taking the lead, the rest of the cultivators also began to feel restless, after all, the temptation of the treasure was too great. Many cultivators subtly sealed off the exit, ready to seize the opportunity when both parties were worn down from fighting, to profit as the third party.

The assassins surrounded Wang Mang, their palms turned into a ghastly dark green color, clearly containing lethal poison, and they fiercely imprinted them onto Wang Mang's flesh.

Wisps of green smoke rose up, and black handprints appeared on the parts of his body where the palms touched.

"Ahh!"

Wang Mang went berserk, his flesh bulging in blocks as a golden glow burst from his body surface. The golden rod in his hand transformed into a Golden Dragon, encircling the assassins within.

With a thunderous shout, he threw the assailants off the cliff, submerging them in lava, without a single sound to be heard.

"Who else wants some?"

Wang Mang panted heavily, his eyes bloodshot as he glared ferociously at everyone around.

No cultivators stepped forward, but the path back was blocked by many cult, making it clear that they had no intention of letting Wang Mang leave.

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up, "Ergouzi, I have a task for you!"

Chapter 143: Chapter 144: Patron, what are you going to do?

"Ergouzi, haven't you always wanted to drive a big truck? Today, I'll give you that chance," Li Xiaobai said.

"Woof, really?"

Ergouzi immediately perked up, having long yearned to drive a big truck.

"Of course. In a moment, you all get on the truck and let Ergouzi drive you away. I'll come find you afterwards," Li Xiaobai continued.

"Cackle, kid, I want to drive too!" Ji Wuqing was dissatisfied.

"Master Li, what are you planning to do?"

Little Monk Liaowang looked at Li Xiaobai with a wary face, a bad premonition welling up in his heart.

"Heh heh, nothing much, just worried about you getting hurt,"

Li Xiaobai said with a grin.

Without a word, Ergouzi leaped into the truck, settling into the driver's seat he had coveted for so long, with a doozy and drooling smile plastered on his face.

"Then this little woman will await the gentleman's good news," Ouyang Shuanger said as she pulled the car door and entered the passenger seat.

"Woof, baldy, get in the car quick!"

Ergouzi barked at Monk Liaowang, who was still standing there in a daze, clearly unimpressed.

"This... I need to figure out what Master Li really wants to do. If it leads to more killing, then I would be a sinner," Monk Liaowang said.

"Cackle, little baldy, there's no time to explain! Get in the car quickly!"

Ji Wuqing urged, not caring about Li Xiaobai's intentions. It just wanted to revel in the joy of driving, and although it couldn't reach the steering wheel, it could press the gas pedal!

"I'd better not get in the car. You go ahead. I need to keep an eye on Master Li to prevent him from killing again,"

Liaowang hesitated for a moment, shook his head slightly, and walked towards Li Xiaobai.

"Damn it, stubborn baldy wasting Lord Ergouzi's time. Break the chicken out, stomp the gas, let's go!"

"Cackle, Ergouzi, forward, forward!"

The big truck spun around on the spot before charging down the mountain. The engine roared and it disappeared in an instant.

Arriving at Li Xiaobai's side, Liaowang resumed his chatter, "Master Li, do not entertain thoughts of killing. Killing out of greed will result in karmic obstacles."

Li Xiaobai scoffed, "Look, those people ahead are killing out of greed right now. They're surrounding the poisoned Wang Mang, waiting for the poison to take effect so they can kill him and take his treasures. If I erase them, I would be ridding the world of some calamities."

"Amitabha, Master Li must not act in such a manner. Throughout our journey, I have observed that you possess wisdom and should not commit senseless killings. As for these people, I will go and persuade them, there won't be any deaths."

Liaowang chanted a Buddha's name and walked into the crowd.

At that moment, the many cultivators were highly focused. Wang Mang had suffered no less than ten palms to his body, and with poison infiltrating his system, it was only a matter of time before it would take effect. When it did and he showed signs of weakening, it would be time for the crowd to kill and loot.

Wang Mang, realizing his predicament, spoke gravely, "Fellow cultivators, I am Wang Mang of the Giant Spirit Sect, a cultivator of the Giant Spirit Clan. If you show me kindness today and let me go, whoever travels to Central Province in the future will be a friend of the Giant Spirit Clan!"

"Easy to say. Just hand over the Fire Lotus in your possession, and we promise not to trouble you,"

a lean cultivator with a fan in his hand spoke up, looking quite scholarly.

"It's Yang Guang from the Hehuan Sect!"

"A Divinity Transformation Stage expert, well-known on the rankings!"

"This place is truly filled with hidden dragons and crouching tigers. One wonders what other experts are lurking unseen. Today has been quite the gathering of young talents,"

Overhearing the discussions of the surrounding cultivators, Li Xiaobai continued to scrutinize the list of ranks on the small Token, looking for Yang Guang.

Human Rankings.

Rank 2340: Grass Above the Wilds Yang Guang.

This ranking was not much different from Wang Mang's, but the nickname was a bit dull and lacked uniqueness. Compared to other geniuses, it wasn't very eye-catching.

"Amitabha, where one can give mercy, one should spare people. Everyone, could you please give this young monk a bit of face?"

Little Monk Liaowang slowly walked into the crowd and administered a Healing Pill to Wang Mang, temporarily suppressing the poison within Wang Mang's body.

"Many thanks, Master!"

Wang Mang's face lit up with joy, as it seemed he had encountered a distinguished disciple of the Buddhist Sect. It looked like he might be saved today.

The surrounding cultivators showed a change in expression upon seeing this scene.

"Where did this baldy come from, meddling in others' affairs? Scram immediately!"

"Exactly, this Bald Donkey must be in league with Wang Mang, trying to save him and then split the loot!"

"Right, this baldy intervening at such a time must have an ulterior motive. Brothers, let's take him down!"

The cultivators were very irritable. Out of nowhere, a little monk had appeared and even given Wang Mang Healing Pills. If Wang Mang were to regain his strength, they wouldn't be able to take him down so easily.

At the side, Yang Guang's expression was grim. A Soul Summoning Banner in his hand grew wildly against the wind and swept ferociously towards Wang Mang. He wanted to send Wang Mang out of the fight first, to obtain the Fire Lotus in his possession.

Seeing this, the other cultivators did not want to be outdone and launched their attacks towards Wang Mang.

Their best opportunity to attack had been ruined, and anger was brewing inside each of them, making their blows a few degrees heavier unconsciously.

"Amitabha, respected cultivators, please stop your hands. Do not commit senseless killings," implored Liaowang, with his hands clasped together. A giant golden bell manifested in the void, enveloping him and Wang Mang, blocking all the attacks from the surrounding cultivators.

Wang Mang was overjoyed and thanked Liaowang profusely, overwhelmed with gratitude.

The surrounding cultivators' expressions changed. "This monk is not ordinary, that's the Golden Bell Shield!"

"This monk's cultivation level is unfathomable. The Golden Bell Shield actually withstood all our attacks."

"That Golden Bell is engraved with at least hundreds of Buddhist scriptures. This person's mastery of Buddhist Law is not merely profound!"

"So what if it is? Today we shall experience the skill of the Buddhist Sect's distinguished disciple!"

"Indeed, Wang Mang must die today. That Fire Lotus, it must be left behind!"

A fierce look flashed in the eyes of many cultivators as they once again charged en masse towards the Golden Bell Shield.

However, this time, the cultivators were almost brushing against it before swiftly moving away. Attacking the Golden Bell Shield was merely a feint; as everyone approached the shield, many cultivators suddenly turned on those beside them with deadly attacks.

The slower-reacting cultivators did not have time to respond and were directly knocked off the cliff, falling into the lava below and dissipating into a wisp of blue smoke.

"This..."

Liaowang was shocked, unable to comprehend the scene before his eyes.

"Hahaha, those who have gathered here are renowned masters on the leaderboard. By killing you, my ranking will climb even higher!"

"Incredible, I've actually killed Huang Li. He was ranked in the top 3000!"

"Thanks to this little monk's Golden Bell Shield, that Liu Yan was directly ejected from the cliff by the rebound force of the shield. My ranking has risen!"

"Me too..."

Many cultivators were immersed in the joy of their rising ranks, not noticing that the young man who had been standing behind the crowd had now disappeared...

Chapter 144: Chapter 145: Someone in the Magma

On the cliffside, the numerous cultivators were still entangled in an endless chase and battle.

Liaowang was somewhat panicked, not knowing what to do. Quite a few cultivators had already begun to use his Golden Bell Shield to kill others. The Golden Bell Shield possessed a strong rebound force, and cultivators who struck the shield would be repelled and sent flying.

Many cultivators with higher cultivation levels found themselves knocked far away after striking the Golden Bell Shield. Most cultivators learned the knack and began attacking these cultivators even more crazily.

Withdrawing the Golden Bell Shield would put Wang Mang in danger, but not withdrawing it would lead to more cultivators using the shield to launch attacks.

It seemed that no matter what he did, his own sins would only deepen. In a moment, Liaowang found himself in a moral dilemma.

He remembered the words that Li Xiaobai had told him, that these people's minds were occupied by greed and they could not be persuaded to turn back.

He shook his head, no, the sutras said that all sentient beings can be saved, can become Buddhas.

"Little master, please withdraw the Golden Bell Shield. My injuries have been suppressed," Wang Mang said.

"Alright," Liaowang nodded and withdrew the Golden Bell Shield.

It was at this moment that Wang Mang suddenly let out a wild howl, flickered in shape, and charged down the mountain, killing many of the cultivators who blocked his way with a single move.

“I will remember the enmity of today, Wang Mang. Should we meet again, I shall kill you all!”

With a glint of cold light in his eyes, Wang Mang ran at breakneck speed, and watching his murderous rampage, Liaowang feared the worst and immediately moved to restrain Wang Mang.

The surrounding cultivators finally reacted: “Damn it, that little bald donkey and Wang Mang are definitely in cahoots!”

“He took advantage of us fighting each other to let Wang Mang escape. It must have been planned all along!”

“Quick, stop him, don’t let them get away!”

The cultivators’ eyes turned red in that moment, as the duck that was within their grasp tried to fly away—easier said than done.

Immediately, several geniuses lurking in the dark no longer held back. Their forms flickered, and several Divine Demon phantoms rose from the ground, attacking Wang Mang, who was frantically fleeing.

“That’s a disciple of the Xingtian Sect, Yu Xu!”

“And there’s Nan Tian, ranked four hundred ninety-seven on the leaderboard.”

“To think there were really geniuses among them, judging by the condensation of their Primordial Spirits, they’re probably not at the full completion of the Nascent Soul Stage, but have already advanced to the Divinity Transformation Stage!”

The cultivators were shocked, as one by one the prodigious powerhouses were recognized.

Wang Mang’s momentum slowed down, and he was directly intercepted. The little monk Liaowang behind him grabbed him.

“Benefactor, you have committed far too many killings. You must repent before those who have died,” Liaowang said.

“Get lost, didn’t you see they want to kill me? As a high monk of the Buddhist Sect, you should be helping me escape!” Wang Mang raged, trying to break free from Liaowang’s grasp.

Liaowang shook his head, still earnestly advising: “Benefactor, I will not let them kill you, but you must repent with me, after all, they died because of you.”

Wang Mang: “...”

Wang Mang was internally collapsing. He thought he had found salvation upon encountering a high monk from the Buddhist Sect, but now it seemed like he had just met a naive young monk—a naive young monk with a screw loose in his head.

Didn’t he see those gods behind him practically packing their bags to leave, and yet he’s still talking to me about redemption?

Seeing Wang Mang stopping, the crowd once again surrounded him, with several prodigious individuals in charge, no longer afraid that he would escape.

“Honored benefactors, Benefactor Wang killed first. I will ensure he repents. You all have committed killings just now as well; if you wish not to be entangled by causality, you should repent with me,” Liaowang said with his hands clasped together, emanating a sentiment of feeling compassion for the woes of the world.

Unfortunately, this time, the cultivators had already identified him as Wang Mang’s accomplice, and nothing could make them believe otherwise.

“Quit the nonsense, hand over the Fire Lotus or be spared from death!”

The prodigy of the Xingtian Sect spoke, the Giant Spirit Clan might be a remnant race from ancient times, but he did not take them seriously at all.

The other prodigies released their pressure simultaneously, closing in with oppressive force, Wang Mang’s face turned pale, the poison that had been suppressed earlier seemed to be flaring up again.

Liaowang’s expression changed, the opponents were intent on a power kill, set to forcefully shatter Wang Mang’s Primordial Spirit. Without hesitation, he silently chanted a Buddha’s name, his golden glow surged, and a ghostly image of a Buddha appeared behind him, firmly resisting the might of the other prodigies.

Their expressions changed, “You are Master Liaowang from the Lotus Sutra Temple!”

“This humble monk is Liaowang, I do not dare to claim the title of master. Honored sirs, please do not commit any more killings,” Liaowang said.

“Master, you are a high monk from the Lotus Sutra Temple, we have no intention to be your enemy, please leave quickly and do not intervene in this affair,” pleaded Yu Xiu of the Xingtian Sect, finding the monk’s presence quite troublesome.

The cultivators around were also immensely surprised, this unassuming little monk turned out to be a high monk from the Lotus Sutra Temple, Master Liaowang who ranked three hundredth.

It was said that a year ago, this little monk had debated the Buddhist doctrine with the Eighteen Arhats of the Lotus Sutra Temple and had actually managed to refute the Eighteen Arhats. Since descending the mountain to gain experience, he had not made any astonishing moves, nor had he competed with any prodigies. In fact, many were unaware of his existence, yet his ranking soared ceaselessly.

This clearly showed his extraordinary nature; the little monk had no desire to compete and never set his heart on the pursuit of fame and profit that came with the rankings.

Otherwise, if he truly wished to climb the rankings, making it into the top fifty would likely be no trouble at all.

Wang Mang beside was also deeply shocked, he hadn't anticipated that this prodigious high monk would actually be right beside him, promptly changing his tune, "Master, I am willing to repent with you, I only ask that you save my life!"

The several prodigies were left speechless, Wang Mang really had some nerve, flipping his stance faster than the changing sky.

It was at this moment that a cultivator suddenly cried out in astonishment.

"You guys, look! Am I seeing things, or did another person just appear in the lava?"

Hearing this, Monk Liaowang felt a jolt in his heart, having felt that something was amiss before, he now realized upon the cultivator's reminder that Li Xiaobai had vanished without a trace.

Dragging Wang Mang to the edge of the cliff, the other cultivators also gathered around to peer down.

At just a glance, Liaowang was startled; there indeed was a person below in the magma, gathering Spiritual Medicine at that very moment.

When had this fellow run down there?

He recognized at first sight that this person was Li Xiaobai, while everyone above was frantically in distress, he was leisurely reaping treasures; Liaowang felt like he had been used.

The surrounding cultivators exclaimed in astonishment, "There really is someone inside!"

“Who is this person, to be this strong?”

“Indeed, able to swim in lava, how does he do it?”

“Could it be a senior powerhouse?”

“All the Spiritual Medicine in the lava has been taken by him!”

“Great one, please wait, we wish to buy the treasures from the lava...”

The cultivators yelled towards the magma below, afraid that Li Xiaobai might leave after taking the items.

Below, within the magma, Li Xiaobai’s face was filled with excitement, immersed in the magma, his Attribute Points were increasing every moment.

[Attribute Points +800...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

At this rate, he would be able to level up again soon!

Chapter 145: Chapter 146: Unperturbed inside, even feeling like laughing

[Host: Li Xiaobai.]

[...]

[Defensive power: Indestructible Golden Body Eighth Turn (15000/80000) Upgradable.]

[Attribute Points: 0.]

[Skills: Hundred Percent Enmity Pull, Muscle Flaccidity, Drunken Immortal, Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch...]

[Shop: Now Open.]

[Achievements: Trouble Maker (2/108).]

Just by soaking in the magma for two minutes, he had gained nearly ten thousand Attribute Points; the benefit was simply too great.

A few minutes ago, amidst the chaos of the group fighting, Li Xiaobai had jumped off the cliff. Although the temperature of the magma was high, it was nothing more than a tool for increasing the Attribute Points as far as the System was concerned.

By now, it was too late for the people above to realize his existence.

As the only one who could freely move in the magma, Li Xiaobai began to collect the spiritual medicines floating on the surface. He gathered the Fire Lotus into his Space Ring, along with many fiery red metals and some unrecognizable herbs that looked quite valuable.

All of these were Spirit Stones! Previously, Ouyang Shuanger had offered fifteen thousand Spirit Stones for a single herb. These many herbs could probably sell for several hundred thousand top-grade Spirit Stones.

Nearing the center of the magma, the temperature suddenly spiked. In front of him was a small stone pillar that had not melted in the lava, its material unknown.

On top of it lay a shining, translucent fragment. Li Xiaobai's breathing became abruptly rapid.

This was the Blood Sacrifice Fragment he had been so desperately searching for. It seemed Ergouzi's method of tossing his shoe to find the way, with the toe pointing downward, was no coincidence. The magma might very well have been the destination indicated.

A System product, truly miraculous!

He touched the fragment, and like the previous times, the fragment transformed into a streak of light, shooting straight into the center of Li Xiaobai's forehead.

[Attribute Points +10000...]

All into defense!

[Defensive power: Indestructible Golden Body Eighth Turn (30000/80000) Upgradable.]

The Attribute Points continued to increase steadily. With a bit more soaking, his defensive power would surely advance to the next level.

However, after the fragment vanished, the numbers flickering on the System's interface began to decrease gradually.

[Attribute Points +1500...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +900...]

The surrounding temperature did not seem as high as before, suggesting that the intense heat of the magma might be related to the fragment.

At this moment, the cultivators above watched with wide eyes as Li Xiaobai cleared out the treasures within the magma, becoming increasingly anxious.

“Brother below, how may I address you? I am a True Disciple of the Devil Cloud Sect, Xiang Renjie. I am willing to pay Spirit Stones for the spiritual medicines in your hands!”

“I am also willing to buy them, name your price!”

The cultivators wanted to secure Li Xiaobai’s agreement first.

Li Xiaobai became interested. Although he had promised Ouyang Shuanger, if these people were willing to offer a higher price, he could consider selling to them.

“How much can you offer?”

“Three thousand top-grade Spirit Stones!” said Xiang Renjie.

Li Xiaobai shook his head, somewhat disappointed, “That’s too little.”

“Then, how much do you want?” Xiang Renjie frowned; in his view, three thousand top-grade Spirit Stones was already not a small amount.

“It can’t be less than fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, the highest offer gets it,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Your Excellency is perhaps afflicted with madness, wanting to sell a single Spiritual Medicine for fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones?”

Xiang Renjie sneered, feeling as if he was being played.

“The price is quite fair.”

Li Xiaobai stated, Ouyang Shuanger was no fool and must have priced it according to the market, perhaps a bit lower, but not by much. The man above who only wanted to use three thousand top-grade Spirit Stones to make the purchase was simply delusional.

“Might I ask if the gentleman would care to come up for a talk?”

Yu Xiu from Xingtian Sect said with a smile.

“Going up there is too much trouble, why don’t you come down directly?” Li Xiaobai scratched his head and said.

“Brother Yu, no need to talk further. This fellow is obviously trying to swindle our Spirit Stones, demanding fifteen thousand. If you ask me, we should just blast him away; better that the treasure returns to the magma than let this guy take it!”

A vicious glint flashed through Xiang Renjie’s eyes.

Yu Xiu also harbored this thought. Even if Li Xiaobai came up, it wasn’t certain that the Spiritual Medicine would end up in his own hands. Since there was no guarantee, it might as well remain below forever.

“Amitabha, Xiang Patron, your intent to kill is too heavy. Harmony is most valuable in all things, and this treasure should go to whoever it is fated for, not to be fought over.”

Master Liaowang spoke.

“Master, please do not involve yourself in this matter. The origins of this person are unclear, and him gaining the treasure would be a curse rather than a blessing for us, he must be made to leave the treasure behind!”

Yu Xiu, along with several other prodigies, subtly formed a surrounding stance, keeping Master Liaowang at bay.

“Indeed, if Your Excellency leaves the treasure and departs, we can let bygones be bygones. Otherwise, do not blame us for turning ruthless!”

Xiang Renjie’s face was fierce as he voiced the collective will of the many cultivators present.

Li Xiaobai heard their conversation clearly. This group was insatiably greedy; their prior infighting wasn’t enough, now they were setting their sights on him.

“I obtained the treasure through my own abilities. Why should I leave it? If you have the skill, come down here!” Li Xiaobai taunted.

“Then don’t blame us for being ruthless.”

“Attack!”

Xiang Renjie suddenly activated his Cultivation Technique, and dozens of needles as black as ink shot toward Li Xiaobai like a torrential downpour.

The other cultivators also launched their own attacks, with Sword Qi and blade light pouring down in a frenzy aiming at the area below.

Master Liaowang's expression changed drastically. The Buddha's phantom appeared behind him in an instant, attempting to intercept everyone's assault: "Everyone, this must not be!"

Yu Xiu and several other prodigies also manifested their Primordial Spirits at the same time, forcibly blocking the Buddha's phantom.

"Master Liaowang, although we are no match for you, we can still stop you momentarily, and that moment is all we need. The cultivator below should already be dead."

Yu Xiu spoke calmly, slowly retracting his Primordial Spirit.

The magma was stirred into towering waves by the various lights of swords and blades, with boiling steam surging upwards, making the cultivators on the cliff feel as if their insides were being burnt just from breathing.

The power of the magma below must be terrifying indeed, but that cultivator must have died, right?

"Is this the strength of someone on the leaderboard?"

"My heart feels no ripples, I even feel a bit like laughing!"

Li Xiaobai checked his Attribute Points and spoke indifferently.

[Attribute Points: 11000.]

At least dozens of cultivators at the Nascent Soul Stage and above attacked, yet they provided just over ten thousand Attribute Points. To be honest, it was a bit disappointing.

All points to defense.

[Defensive Power: Eighth rotation of Indestructible Golden Body (41000/80000), ready to advance.]

Drawing another wave of firepower should just about do it...

Chapter 146: Chapter 147: Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch

"This..."

“This is impossible!”

The cultivators were shocked to their core, and Xiang Renjie’s face was a mask of disbelief. His attack had been ineffective.

He was a ranked fighter within the top three thousand, a Nascent Soul Stage cultivator at the peak of completion, just a step away from the Divinity Transformation Stage. How could someone catch his attack without any defense and remain completely unharmed?

“Amitabha, well done, well done,” Little Monk Liaowang sighed in relief upon seeing Li Xiaobai unharmed.

“Who on earth are you? You’re not listed among the top-ranking prodigies!”

Xiang Renjie was a mix of shock and rage. The other prodigies also wore expressions of surprise, their eyes becoming serious. They had thought they were dealing with an easy prey, but now it seemed as though they had kicked an iron plate.

“I am a ‘Seeking Death List’ top fighter, begging for death, Li Xiaobai!”

“I must say, you are truly weak, not even giving me the slightest bit of pressure!”

Li Xiaobai said nonchalantly, hands clasped behind his back.

This wave of enmity immediately maxed out, with everyone around him seething with anger. Xiang Renjie, in particular, was furiously enraged; he had never before encountered someone who dared to be so arrogant in his presence.

This absolute defiance was something he could not tolerate!

With a flick of his wrist, a huge longbow appeared in his hands—ancient and majestic, without a bowstring or an arrow, just a bare bow.

It was his Life-bound Spirit Treasure. Activating his cultivation technique, the Spiritual Power inside his body resonated with the Spiritual Treasure, causing fluctuations in Spiritual Power that automatically formed the bowstring and arrow.

Xiang Renjie’s expression was fierce as he aimed at Li Xiaobai, drew the bow fully, then released the arrow.

The pale golden Spiritual Power arrow pierced through the sky, shooting straight towards Li Xiaobai’s forehead.

Li Xiaobai watched the oncoming arrow with a smile, making no attempt to block it. The arrow struck true in his forehead, but after a moment of being stuck, it shattered inch by inch and dissolved into tiny sparkles that faded away.

[Attribute Points +2000...]

That attack was quite powerful, worthy of a Life-bound Spiritual Treasure indeed.

He nodded slightly, "That attack was somewhat decent, barely enough to make me feel a slight itch. Continue."

Xiang Renjie's eyes were filled with disbelief. He was wielding his Life-bound Spiritual Treasure, and yet it couldn't even break the opponent's skin?

Yuxiu frowned on the side. He had checked earlier; 'Seeking Death' Li Xiaobai was ranked beyond seven thousand. He didn't seem like a top fighter in any aspect. Could he be feigning weakness to camouflage his true strength?

The feather fan in his hand wagged gently, and behind him a Divine Demon's Primordial Spirit materialized with hand gestures. A thread of golden flame silently drifted towards Li Xiaobai.

"That's Annihilation Sword Evocation!"

"Xingtian Sect's speciality, condensing one's Sword Intent to a certain degree that can materialize. Yuxiu has actually mastered this move; truly, it is formidable to the extreme!"

"Master Li, be careful, for this is the Sword Demon's Annihilation Sword Evocation, not something to confront head-on."

Monk Liaowang hastily warned, wanting to take action, but he was immediately blocked by several ranked fighters.

Li Xiaobai squinted at the golden flame before him. He had seen the Sword Demon once before during Qin Lan's summoning. The man's understanding of Sword Dao was very pure, and his moves were bound to be extraordinary.

With a slight raise of his hand, to the astonishment of all present, he caught the mass of golden Sword Intent with his body.

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

As expected of a prodigy, the Attribute Points provided were quite substantial.

The core within this flame consisted of threads and strands of golden Sword Intent. The flame's appearance came from wisps of Sword Qi released from within the Sword Intent. Because of the high concentration, from a distance, it looked just like flame.

He brought the golden flame to his nose to sniff, then suddenly opened his mouth wide and swallowed it whole.

[Attribute Points +3000...]

[Attribute Points +3000...]

[Ding, host detected suffering continuous damage from Sword Intent, skill upgrade: Nine Revolutions Undying Sword Intent level six.]

[Attribute Points: 40000.]

All points to defense!

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body Ninth Revolution (2000/100000) ready to advance.]

This must be the final stage of the Indestructible Golden Body, requiring a direct increase to one hundred thousand attribute points.

“Holy shit, am I seeing things, or did he just eat the Xingtian Sect's genius's Sword Intent?”

“I saw it too, and he even sniffed it before he ate it!”

“Such a freak has actually appeared in our Immortal Spirit Continent, we must notify the sect elders immediately, we need to keep a close watch on this person in the future!”

At this moment, Yu Xi's gaze was somewhat vacant. He had used Xingtian Sect's ultimate skill, Sword Break, compressing Sword Intent into a high-density flame of Sword Intent, to explode ferociously upon encountering an enemy, with a power several times that of the original Sword Intent.

He was at the Divinity Transformation Stage of cultivation, yet still, he couldn't even scratch the opponent.

Damn it, what on earth is this person's level of cultivation?

Little Monk Liaowang was also somewhat stunned; he hadn't expected that the person he had been painstakingly advising all along was actually a hidden super expert.

“Master, look, you’ve been advising me not to kill, but now these people are besieging me, wanting to put me to death. Tell me, should I just let them bully and kill me, or should I defend myself and kill them in self-defense?”

Li Xiaobai lifted his head and spoke to Little Monk Liaowang.

Liaowang was at a loss for words, he wanted to say that Li Xiaobai could just escape, that way no one would have to die, but that would be too unfair to Li Xiaobai.

“Amitabha.”

Monk Liaowang remained silent for a long time, and in the end, he simply chanted a Buddha’s name. He had nothing to say.

“This monk just doesn’t wish to see various masters recklessly commit murder.”

The cultivators had strange looks on their faces. This little monk’s cultivation was unquestionably high, but his brain seemed to really be lacking. The situation was already kill or be killed, yet he still thought about resolving grudges?

Li Xiaobai almost laughed out of frustration. This little monk was indeed an oddity; you couldn’t say he was inexperienced, as he emanated a mature temperament in every move he made.

But if he was really seasoned, how could he utter such saintly words?

Looking at the dense crowd above, a cold light flashed in Li Xiaobai’s eyes. It was time to advance his defensive power; no need to wait any longer. It was the perfect opportunity to make another fortune!

He flipped his wrist, and an unremarkable longsword appeared in his hand.

Stepping back twice, he held the longsword high above his head.

Monk Liaowang’s expression drastically changed, “Master Li, spare them, everything is negotiable. Killing will only add to your karmic obstacles, greatly hindering your future cultivation!”

The rest of the cultivators also felt an inexplicable chill in their hearts upon seeing this scene. Though they didn’t know what he was going to do, based on his previous actions, this man was definitely an expert. An expert making a move was something they likely couldn’t block.

“Master, people in this world are divided into good and evil, and those before us are just a group of fools whose minds have been corrupted by greed. They’re not worth your

salvation. If you save these bad people, that is when you will truly be entangled in causality.”

Not waiting for the little monk to object, Li Xiaobai made his move with his sword.

Prepare to accept your punishment.

Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch!

Chapter 147: Chapter 148: Demon Sword Li Xiaobai

It was only a moment, and all the cultivators present involuntarily lunged toward Li Xiaobai below them.

Their expressions changed dramatically, What was going on, and why did they feel an urge to kneel down and receive the sword in their hearts?

Below was lava, and if they went down, it was estimated that all the cultivators present would perish.

Little Monk Liaowang’s pupils suddenly constricted. His body was also out of control, and no matter how he stimulated Buddhist Law, he couldn’t escape from this controlled state. Most crucially, he genuinely wanted to kneel down and receive the sword. What kind of move was this!

“What’s going on, my body is out of control!”

“I don’t know, I feel the urge to kneel and receive the sword!”

“Is this his technique? Damn it, what kind of cultivation technique is this?”

“Sorcery! This must be sorcery! It’s not just us. Those prodigies also jumped down!”

The cultivators were panic-stricken and agitated, but their bodies had already leaped off the cliff, dropping into the lava like dumplings.

Sssss!

Plumes of smoke rose. Most of the cultivators’ bodies that plunged into the lava didn’t even have time to let out a scream before they disappeared without a trace.

The temperature of the lava was slowly dropping. Ordinary cultivators couldn’t withstand the power of the molten rock, but a small number of cultivators were still struggling desperately.

Wang Mang was one of them.

Initially, when he saw everyone targeting Li Xiaobai, he breathed a sigh of relief, thinking he would be saved, but after that person swung his sword below, an inexplicable sense of reverence surged in his heart, and his body uncontrollably wanted to rush over.

His hands raised high, knees on the ground, he wanted to catch the sword, and the shameful pose made him feel the urge to die on the spot.

However, after seeing that the other prodigies also adopted the same pose, he felt considerably more balanced mentally.

He followed the path of physical sanctification; his physical strength far exceeded that of ordinary people. Moreover, since the temperature and power of the lava were slowly decreasing, he could stay in the lava for a moment.

But even so, he couldn't hold on for much longer. The burning power of the lava was eroding his body, the skin on the surface already charred and showing signs of peeling off.

He wanted to struggle to stand up, yet he was unable to move, as if only his thoughts retained agility and his limbs were firmly locked in place on the ground.

Panic filled his heart.

“Demon Sword, this is the Demon Sword!”

Li Xiaobai was very satisfied with the harvest from this wave. Just now, he had acted quickly, rescuing quite a few Space Rings, and made a small fortune.

Looking at the remaining cultivators in front of him, Li Xiaobai's expression was somewhat surprised, as there were still more than a dozen cultivators who had not been immediately burned to death by the lava and were still struggling fiercely.

Having Monk Liaowang as their leader, several geniuses were even managing to operate their cultivation techniques, their bodies glowing to resist the erosion of the lava.

However, their limbs were firmly locked, making it impossible for them to attack him.

He walked forward unhurriedly, skilfully searching through each genius's belongings and swiping anything valuable; he didn't even spare Little Monk Liaowang's possessions.

“Master, although you are kind-hearted and excellent in character, I still need to take your Space Ring. In the world of cultivation, only the outcome matters, not the process. In order to become strong, cultivators will stop at nothing. No matter how much you try to persuade the world, you can’t change this fact.”

“Today you all better accept the harsh reality.”

Li Xiaobai said lightly.

“Amitabha. It is said that man’s delights are nine out of ten matters of the heart. Whether one’s wishes are fulfilled depends on one’s thoughts alone. When looking at the world with the heart, everything takes on the color of the heart.”

“Master Li, what you’re saying is indeed true, but good and evil are determined by people’s hearts. As long as you cleanse the soul, even those who are greatly wicked can walk the path toward good.”

Little Monk Liaowang spoke.

“Master, what you describe is too abstract. Along the way, I haven’t seen anyone whose soul you’ve cleansed. The world of cultivation is filled with slaughter; the strong have all walked through mountains of corpses and seas of blood.”

Seeing that Li Xiaobai was not heeding the advice, Monk Liaowang fell silent and spoke no more.

Li Xiaobai threw all the treasures and resources of the pride of heaven into his Space Ring.

Gazing at the glittering Spirit Stones and various heavenly materials and earthly treasures, Li Xiaobai’s breathing became a bit rapid. These scions of major forces were indeed flush with wealth, each dripping with riches.

However, when he saw Monk Liaowang’s ring, his brow furrowed.

The monk’s ring was nearly empty save for a bedroll, a Kasaya, and some basic scriptures.

“Master, why is your Space Ring so unique? It doesn’t even have a single Spirit Stone,” Li Xiaobai asked.

“This humble monk has never touched a Spirit Stone. I have no interest in them—a few scrolls of Buddhist scriptures are more than enough,” Liaowang replied.

“Don’t you need to cultivate, Master?”

“With Buddhist scriptures, that is more than enough.”

Li Xiaobai: “...”

Silently, he put the Space Ring back onto Monk Liaowang’s finger. The guy was not ordinarily poor—he had only a few pieces of spiritual wealth.

The geniuses were shocked; this person could immobilize even Monk Liaowang with one Sword Imprisonment. Moreover, it seemed that as long as the opponent maintained the downward slashing motion, they would remain immobilized.

Compared with this sword, the earlier act of enduring the attacks of the cultivators and the devouring of the Annihilation Sword Evocation of the Xingtian Sect seemed inconsequential.

Sword Imprisonment—that was the Demon’s Wicked Sword!

“May I dare to ask, from which Sect did you learn?” Yu Xi asked.

“I am self-taught,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Could you release us? We guarantee not to oppose you henceforth.”

Yu Xi said, soaking in the magma. Although they were unharmed for the short term, it was only temporary, and a prolonged stay would spell doom for them.

“Swear by your Dao heart that you will never be my enemy in this life,” Li Xiaobai said indifferently.

Their breaths hitched—this was too domineering. The path of cultivation was a clash of major forces; if they truly took the oath, as long as Li Xiaobai lived, they would have no chance of striving for the summit.

Seeing their hesitation, Li Xiaobai turned and walked away.

“Fellow Daoist, wait! I, Wang Mang, swear by my Dao heart that I will never be your enemy in this life!”

Wang Mang’s eyes were filled with fear as he hastily made his vow. His skin was already peeling away and the bones of his elbows were eerily exposed—he could not hold out much longer.

Seeing this, the others followed suit and made their vows. Faced with the choice between their future and their lives, they chose life.

Yu Xi and several other geniuses looked uncomfortable. It seemed that if they did not swear, they might die here today.

“I also swear by my Dao heart, never to oppose Li Xiaobai in this life.”

Li Xiaobai nodded in satisfaction. “What about you, Master?”

“Amitabha, the donor is creating senseless slaughter, and this humble monk must do everything in my power to stop it. Although I bear no malice, I will surely prevent the donor’s sinful deeds,” said Monk Liaowang.

“Aren’t you afraid of dying, Master? If you die, you will have nothing.”

“If I am not in Hell, who will be?”

Li Xiaobai was speechless; this monk certainly was persistent.

He gave a slight nod and turned away to leave.

Chapter 148: Chapter 149 Ergouzi’s Crisis

Several minutes later, everyone in the lava felt a sudden release, their bodies regaining mobility, and the sensation of controlling their own bodies again was truly wonderful.

Monk Liaowang had a complex expression on his face. Even though he had honestly stated he would stop the other party from killing again, the other party still spared him.

Indeed, this person has wisdom roots, kindness in his heart, and follows the righteous path—he is truly a person deserving of redemption!

1

Li Xiaobai’s actions further solidified Monk Liaowang’s resolve to reform him.

“Damn it, this time I’ve suffered a huge loss. All the treasures given by my family have been taken away by that Li Xiaobai!”

“Same here, there were several plants of Spiritual Medicine inside that could have helped me break through!”

The remaining cultivators fled from the lava like flying, returning to the cliffside above, sighing in despair. This time, they had really hit a snag.

Yu Xiu looked even more embarrassed as he dared not mention what he had lost. The ring he was carrying contained a secret manual of the Xingtian Sect, a closely guarded secret that was now taken by someone else. If word got out, it would inevitably affect the prestige and status of the Xingtian Sect.

“This matter must be reported to the sect. Li Xiaobai possesses demonic arts and uses the Demon Sword. We must prepare!” Yu Xiu said.

“Brother Yu, don’t forget the oath we took just now. In this lifetime, we cannot become enemies with him,” a fellow cultivator reminded.

“It’s just that I won’t be his enemy. The families and powers behind us aren’t here for nothing; we just need to faithfully report the name ‘Demon Sword Li Xiaobai.’ Other matters, the family will have people to handle the operations.”

Yu Xiu stated that Central Province’s powers would not allow such a talent to suddenly emerge uncontested. For major powers, only the favored can compete at the pinnacle. Uncontrolled talents must be nipped in the bud.

Therefore, exterminating talent had always been an ongoing affair for the major powers.

The other cultivators nodded in agreement. Indeed, that sword strike was too terrifying; even the favored sons of the great powers had been brought to their knees. A genius of such magnitude appearing out of nowhere must be brought to the attention of the sect masters.

Otherwise, in the future, they might become formidable rivals for those figures.

“Indeed, our sect also has powerhouses who have entered the Secret Realm. We should report this.”

“The same goes for me. The elders of my clan have gone to that minor world. It would be best if they could slay this person within the Secret Realm.”

“Let’s report it quickly...”

On the other side of the lava.

Li Xiaobai safely crossed through the lava, successfully landing on dry land. He changed into clean and neat clothes and checked the enormous gains from this excursion.

[Attribute Points: 20000.]

All on defense.

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body Ninth Turn (22000/100000) ready for advancement.]

There was still some distance to go before advancing his defensive power to the next stage, but as long as he advanced, even cultivators at the Tribulation Crossing Stage would no longer pose a threat to his life.

By then, the Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch could possibly be effective against those at the Tribulation Crossing Stage as well.

Inside the Space Ring, there were a total of thirteen Spiritual Medicines from the lava, seven of which were Fire Lotus, and six others of various forms, unfamiliar to him. However, at first glance, they were certainly valuable items, and later he would see if he could get Ouyang Shuanger to increase the price.

There were also the treasured collections of dozens of cultivators, which were probably the accumulations of most cultivators' lifetimes, including Spirit Stones, Spiritual Medicines, Cultivation Manuals, Spiritual Artifacts, Magic Treasures, covering a wide variety.

Once he got out, he would find a suitable place for trading and clear out the lot.

He was sure to make a fortune.

The vehicle used for travel had been taken away by Ergouzi, so he had to get himself another one.

The mall.

[Lamborghini: High-end sports car, top configuration, as swift as lightning, fast speed, consumes one high-grade Spirit Stone per kilometer. (Ten thousand high-grade Spirit Stones)]

4

[Note: Feels like flying.]

That's the one!

Without any hesitation, Li Xiaobai clicked to purchase.

Li Xiaobai had long adored this kind of high-end sports car, but without Spirit Stones, all he could do was stare and drool. After amassing a fortune, a mere ten thousand superior-grade Spirit Stones was nothing to him, barely worth his attention.

Finally, he could show off a bit.

Soon, a rose gold luxury sports car hit the ground. Its chassis was low, with smooth flowing lines, and the metal armor shell had the fierce and terrifying look of a big truck, creating an impressive impact.

This car was even more luxurious than a heavy-duty truck.

Trucks were just heavy, had a high load capacity, and strong defensive power, but their downside was poor maneuverability.

However, the Lamborghini didn't have these weaknesses. It was not only a high-end sports car designed for speed, but its heavy metal armor was also sturdy, with defensive power that hardly fell short of the big trucks.

The streamlined body design made it lighter and more agile. With this top-notch mode of transportation, the big truck could be retired and given to Ergouzi to drive from now on.

The token on his person slowly glowed.

The ranking on it changed once again.

People's List.

Ranked 5000th: "Begging For Death" Li Xiaobai.

...

Ranked 7000th: "Cool and Awesome" Ergouzi.

Ranked 7001st: "Pudong Rooster" Ji Wuqing.

Ranked 7002nd: "Princess Zhenuan" Ouyang Shuanger.

He had taken out hundreds of cultivators in one move, which shot his ranking up by two thousand. If he had been ruthless just now and taken out a few more prodigies, his rank could have been even higher.

But Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing had also risen two thousand places, no need to ask, those two were definitely causing trouble everywhere driving their big truck!

He only hoped they wouldn't get killed by someone; his truck was still quite valuable.

He glanced around, there were many forks in the road. Ergouzi had the embroidered shoe, and he was about to buy another pair when suddenly, a beam of golden light burst through the sky in the distance.

A huge column of gold light shot up to the heavens, clearly signaling the birth of a great treasure.

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up, what good luck, this was the place!

He hopped into the car, threw a few superior-grade Spirit Stones into the fuel box, pressed the gas pedal to the floor, and with a thunderous roar of the engine, the Lamborghini disappeared into a blur.

...

At the same time, somewhere in a jungle.

A heavy-duty truck rampaged through, breaking trees and scattering them, while unfortunate cultivators who couldn't react in time were pulverized by the truck's charge.

Inside the cab, Ergouzi kept glancing back, obviously anxious and restless.

"Woof, good people don't block the way, those who do are just obstacles, make way for Lord Ergouzi!"

"Woof, damn it, they're catching up, hit the gas, speed up!"

Ergouzi barked frantically with Huazi in his mouth.

"Cackle, I've already floored the gas, you better steer and drift to shake them off!"

Ji Wuqing's eyes were wide as he firmly pressed down on the accelerator.

Ouyang Shuanger was sitting in the passenger seat, pale with fear, constantly looking back through the rearview mirror as several figures drew closer.

The antics of this chicken and dog terrified her. She wanted to get out of the truck, but seeing Ergouzi's madness, she swallowed the words that reached her lips.

1

She was just a bystander, why should she have to go through such terror?

Curled up inside the cab, shivering, she longed for home.

Chapter 149: Chapter 150: Qilin Divine Beast Ergouzi

The truck barreled down the road, Ergouzi cursing under his breath, the steering wheel flying in his hands.

But the people behind them were getting closer and closer, now within a hundred meters, and would catch up in just a moment.

Half an hour earlier, Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing didn't want to waste the precious opportunity to drive the big truck, which they had begged from Li Xiaobai for over a month to experience firsthand.

So they decided to go for a big score.

They drove the truck, crashing into people everywhere, wherever there were more cultivators, they would rush, killing many with each strike.

The rankings on the small Token were also rapidly climbing.

It was exhilarating at first, but after a while, Ergouzi realized something was wrong. After barreling into several groups of cultivators, they kept seeing the same person, clearly, they had been marked.

When they realized they couldn't overcome the pursuer, Ergouzi started to flee.

However, at the same time, more than a dozen cultivators burst out from all directions and followed closely behind, keeping their distance from the truck, unclear of their intentions.

Ergouzi's heart was pounding; without Li Xiaobai by his side, he felt unsure.

During the escape, he overheard the conversation of the people behind him; it seemed they were targeting him, wanting to capture him and take him to a place called Fire Qilin Cave—a name that didn't sound like anywhere pleasant.

He ordered Ji Wuqing to press down hard on the accelerator and sped off.

Behind them, more than ten cultivators followed the truck at an easy pace. It wasn't that they couldn't catch up, they simply wanted to observe a little longer.

"Elder Chen, capturing a Qilin Divine Beast is a significant event, should we report to the Fire Qilin Cave? We also have a team in the Secret Realm, should we call them over?" someone asked.

“No need, don’t you understand the concept of discord among our own ranks? This Qilin Divine Beast has not yet reached its full potential. If we bring it back to the Fire Qilin Cave, the major credit will be ours. Why should we let those others stick their noses in!”

The leading elder with crane-like hair spoke indifferently.

“Understood.”

“Also, this mount is extraordinary; even I cannot see its mysteries, unable to perceive the slightest sign of life in it, truly bizarre. When you make your move, do not harm the mount; we’ll bring it back for study,” said the elder as he continued.

His heart was beating with excitement. The resonance from his bloodline would not mislead him—that was a Kylin!

“Yes!”

...

On the truck, Ergouzi kept a wary eye on the shadows behind. Seeing the dozen or so cultivators suddenly disperse and vanish, his pupils shrank sharply.

“Woof, damn it, they’re making their move. Charge, charge!”

“Cluck, cluck, the accelerator is already floored. What more do you want?”

Ji Wuqing shouted in his gravelly voice, cursing the damn dog for the bad idea. Now a big trouble had been stirred up. Would he end up being done for?

“Woof, damn it, they’re really coming!”

Ergouzi stomped his feet in frustration, then suddenly, the window beside him was violently slapped by someone. Although it didn’t break, the powerful strike forcefully altered the direction of the truck.

The horn inside the truck blared thunderously as Ergouzi tried to use the sound to intimidate their pursuers, hoping to buy some breathing room.

But these efforts were futile. They had encountered a well-trained team that wasn’t launching a full assault but was using various tactics to wear them down, attempting to stop the truck’s progress.

Ergouzi realized their plan, and his heart tightened.

“Woof, you wench, don’t just stand by and watch. Hand over any Spirit Stones you have!” Ergouzi shouted.

Ouyang Shuanger was startled and said tremblingly, "Ergou... Brother Dog, all of my treasures have been taken by Young Master Li."

This is the truth; her shoes have been taken away, and now she's still barefoot.

Ergouzi was seething with anger, "Woof, it infuriates me too much, what a scoundrel to mess things up!"

"Dammit, hurry up, Lord Ergouzi knows you have a hidden stash, quickly hand it over, or we're all going to die!"

Ji Wuqing's face showed a struggle, but in the end, he steeled his heart and spat out three top-grade Spirit Stones, reluctantly tossing them into the mailbox.

This was the wealth it had amassed over this period of time.

"Damn it, you poor thing, you've messed up Lord Ergouzi's big plans!"

Seeing that Ji Wuqing only had three top-grade Spirit Stones, a chill ran through Ergouzi's heart; three top-grade Spirit Stones couldn't solve any real problems, they could only buy them a little more time to escape.

Suddenly, a loud thud came from above the vehicle, someone had climbed on!

"Hehe, you lousy dog, if it weren't for you causing trouble, would I have been targeted? I think these people are here for you, so why don't you just get off, and I will drive to find Li Xiaobai to save you!" Ji Wuqing said.

"Woof, shut up, if Lord Ergouzi survives today, you'll be the first one I roast!"

Ergouzi bared its teeth, its face twisted and fierce.

It clearly saw that an old man with white hair behind them was about to make a move.

"Qilin Secret Technique!"

The elder formed hand signs, a scorching aura enveloped him, and behind him a massive Primordial Spirit of a Fire Qilin materialized, its roar echoing through the sky.

Ergouzi felt its own fur tingling with the threat of being charred.

In a blink, the interior of the vehicle turned into a giant fiery furnace, it was dry and scorching hot.

The truck had air conditioning to cool down, but it also required the use of Spirit Stones, which they couldn't afford to waste now due to their severe shortage.

The Fire Qilin caught up with the truck, made its way to the front, and with its two paws, it forcefully resisted the truck's momentum.

Although the truck was still charging forward, its speed suddenly slowed down.

Moreover, the fuel gauge indicated that the fuel consumption had suddenly more than doubled; Ergouzi finally understood why Li Xiaobai had always been scamming for Spirit Stones—apparently, this flashy contraption was a Gluttonous Beast.

Playing with it like this, it felt like a few hundred top-grade Spirit Stones wouldn't even be enough to make it work.

A few breaths later, the truck's speed gradually decreased, and under the consumption of the massive Fire Qilin, the fuel gauge dropped to zero, stopping in a vast open area.

Over ten cultivators appeared silently around the truck, encircling Ergouzi in a tight perimeter.

Inside the driver's cab, Ergouzi was at a loss; the truck was out of Spirit Stones, it had lost its reliance, and was now at the mercy of others.

Ji Wuqing crouched next to the accelerator, trying his best to reduce his presence, as did Ouyang Shuanger, who felt she'd been caught in an undeserved disaster, inexplicably blocked by people though she had nothing to do with it.

If there were a next time, she would never ride with that darn dog again.

"I am Chen Ping of the Fire Qilin Cave, I invite the Divine Beast to come back with us to the mountain!" The white-haired elder cupped his fists in respect and said calmly.

Ergouzi's face was a picture of confusion; it's a Divine Beast?

When did it ever know that?

"Woof, your Lord Ergouzi doesn't buy that, today Lord Ergouzi admits defeat; kill or skin, as you wish!"

Ergouzi resigned itself to fate, speaking ferociously. It was just a mere chicken – there was no chance of escape.

The elder's brows furrowed slightly, "Possessing the ancient Qilin Bloodline, how can you demean yourself as a dog, do not degrade your own worth, come quickly to the mountain with us, undergo the baptism, and become a member of Fire Qilin Cave!"

Chapter 150: Chapter 151 This is a Damn Phoenix

“Qilin Bloodline?”

“Lord Ergouzi is a Divine Beast from the Ancient Era?”

Ergouzi was utterly confused. It had no idea it was a Qilin Divine Beast. If it really was a Qilin Divine Beast, why was it still so weak?

Inside the carriage, Ouyang Shuanger and Ji Wuqing were both shocked. The Ergouzi who only knew how to brag and curse, was actually a Qilin Divine Beast?

Damn, in what way does this thing resemble a Qilin Divine Beast?

“Indeed, we cultivators of Fire Qilin Cave carry the bloodline of the Qilin Divine Beast in our veins. There is no mistake; you are a Kylin!”

Chen Ping said with certainty.

The surrounding dozen or so cultivators also wore serious expressions, showing no signs of jest.

“Divine Beasts are gifts from heaven, incomparable to pigs and dogs. From now on, do not speak the name ‘Ergouzi’ again. Follow us back to the Sect.”

Without waiting for Ergouzi to react, Chen Ping extended a hand, and with a casual grasp, firmly fixed it within the void.

“Woof, Lord Ergouzi is a supreme being. How dare you treat me like this!” Ergouzi barked furiously.

Chen Ping frowned. The Qilin Divine Beast was actually barking like a dog; it was a disgrace.

He pointed a finger in the air and gently tapped, sealing Ergouzi’s mouth and drawing it through the air towards him.

Despite Ergouzi’s punches and kicks in the void, Chen Ping said, “The Qilin Divine Beast is a symbol of good fortune. Every word and action of a Divine Beast represents the core values of the world’s etiquette and must not be taken lightly. Such disgraceful behavior must cease!”

“After returning to Fire Qilin Cave, the Divine Beast must grow rapidly, awaken its bloodline legacy, and you will understand your identity and unlock the memories of the Ancient Era. There is more than one beast in this world with the Qilin Bloodline. You will come together to compete with one another until the strongest emerges!”

Chen Ping spoke slowly.

“Woof, you old fool, the future of Lord Ergouzi is not for you to decide!”

Ergouzi looked resentful, but it was already caught and powerless to fight back.

“Silence, Qilin Bloodline, a Divine Beast of destiny, you must not speak such vulgar words. From today onwards, you are not allowed to speak until the moment your memory returns!”

Chen Ping’s face flashed a trace of anger. Each beast with the Qilin Bloodline was usually high and mighty, exuding nobility.

Among demonic beasts, those related to the Qilin were all kings of their kind, holding a revered status. How could they be like this Qilin Divine Beast before them, acting like a complete fool!

With a series of hand seals, Chen Ping thoroughly sealed Ergouzi’s mouth.

Ouyang Shuanger felt fearful and anxious inside the vehicle. Qilin Divine Beasts, bloodline inheritance, the competition among Divine Beasts to choose the dominant one—she seemed to have heard something extraordinary.

This kind of secret concerning the foundation of a Sect, spoken so carelessly in front of her, could mean only one thing: they had no intention of letting her live.

Being at the Half-step Nascent Soul cultivation level, not even fully at the Nascent Soul Stage, she stood no chance against such powerful figures.

Sure enough, after Elder Chen tied up Ergouzi and handed him over to the other cultivators, he turned his gaze toward the location of the large truck.

“This mount should also be taken back. A mount that can withstand Elder Chen’s Fire Qilin Primordial Spirit is very rare indeed.”

Elder Chen carefully sensed the large heavy-duty truck. Indeed, this mount had no signs of life, and the spot struck by the Fire Qilin’s claw showed no trace of being burned.

This mount was quite powerful—no ordinary demonic beast!

“And the woman inside...”

a nearby cultivator asked.

“Kill her.”

Elder Chen waved his hand impatiently, uttering his command casually.

In an instant, Ouyang Shuanger on the passenger seat felt as though she had fallen into an ice pit.

“Senior, this humble girl is the daughter of the King of Zhenyuan Country. My father has good relations with the Xingtian Sect of Central Province. I beg you to spare my life in consideration of my father,” she pleaded.

“This humble girl is willing to swear an oath with her Dao heart, that whatever happened today will not be spoken of to anyone!”

Ouyang Shuanger couldn't sit still anymore, panic crawling out from inside the carriage, her body trembling uncontrollably.

“Oh?”

“The princess of Zhenyuan Country, cozying up with Xingtian Sect, so what?”

“What's Xingtian Sect to speak of meriting face with me? Even the Sword Demon, when he was alive, wouldn't dare to misbehave in front of Fire Qilin Cave.”

Elder Chen said indifferently, his eyes filled with utter disdain.

With a wave of his hand, a cultivator stepped forward, his palm turning into a fiery red, scales rising as he reached for Ouyang Shuanger.

Feeling the scorching breath approaching her, Ouyang Shuanger felt desperate. Death was too suffocating; if she had known, she would have set out with Grand Emperor.

“Father, mother, your unfilial child cannot offer filial piety at your knees anymore.”

Ouyang Shuanger closed her eyes; tears slid down her cheeks.

Inside the cockpit.

Ji Wuqing lay on the seat, lit a Huazi, and slowly exhaled a ring of smoke, seeming to have made up his mind about something.

He fished out a small piece of top-grade Spirit Stone from the gap beneath the driver's seat, his last bit of private stash.

“Gulu gulu, originally planned to use it in an emergency, and now this should count as one, right?”

...

Ergouzi stared with widened eyes at the cultivator seeking to kill Ouyang Shuanger, never feeling so powerless before.

Though Ouyang Shuanger was just a passerby, they had grown somewhat attached over time. Moreover, she was about to die because of it, which made it furious.

“Roar!”

A sky-shattering beastly roar tore through the heavens as ancient breath burst forth from the truck, sweeping across the area.

A crushing aura descended, making every Fire Qilin Cave cultivator in attendance feel a tightness in their chest, the Qilin Blood in their veins suddenly solidifying, their Primordial Spirits trembling faintly.

The complexion of the cultivator in front of Ouyang Shuanger turned deathly pale, the fiery red scales receding like a tide.

Upon touching Ouyang Wushuang, it turned back into an ordinary human hand.

“This is bloodline suppression!”

“The breath of the ancient times, far surpassing the bloodline of beings from the Ancient Era. What creature could this mount be?”

Elder Chen’s face showed great shock. The fact that this Steel Behemoth could suppress their bloodlines was truly incredible. Even the Golden-Winged Roc, an ancient Divine Beast, was not capable of such bloodline oppression to this degree.

It was like the symptoms one would only experience when faced with the progenitors.

“Fall back, run your Cultivation Technique, activate the Qilin Bloodline!” Elder Chen rapidly gave orders.

Ouyang Shuanger was somewhat stunned, suddenly not needing to die, which gave her a roller coaster of emotions.

But at this moment, a familiar nasally voice came from inside the carriage.

“Gulu gulu, Ergouzi, Lord Ji Wuqing is here to save you!”

From inside the carriage, a colorful bird soared upward, growing rapidly with the wind, and in an instant, it transformed into a giant beast that obscured the sky.

Wearing a Purple Gold Phoenix Crown, clad in golden armor, dragging a long, slender, multicolored Phoenix Tail.

From its beak, dazzling flames furiously surged forth, raising the surrounding temperature by several degrees.

Its hawk-like eyes stared unrelentingly at the Fire Qilin Cave expert beside Ergouzi.

Everyone drew in a sharp breath, "Damn it, that's a Phoenix!"

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 141: 142: Lava Blessed Land - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 141: 142: Lava Blessed Land

Chapter 141: Chapter 142: Lava Blessed Land

"Woof, that baldy is coming up!"

Ergouzi also saw this scene from the rearview mirror and immediately started jumping.

"Giggle, kid, quickly do a drift and shake off that little rabbit!"

Ji Wuqing also said.

"Amitabha, this humble monk bears no ill will; it is merely that the benefactor has heedlessly committed slaughter, and this monk cannot bear it in his heart, hence coming here to advise the benefactor," said Liaowang.

"The Buddha once said..."

Listening to the little monk chanting scriptures behind him, Li Xiaobai felt his head swell with annoyance; despite the monk's young age, he's quite adept at lecturing people.

He exchanged for a pair of earplugs from the store and put them on, automatically blocking out Little Monk Liaowang's words.

The world instantly became much quieter.

"Woof, kid, get a pair for your Lord Ergouzi too!" Ergouzi leaned in close.

"Giggle, this sovereign wants one too, this Bald Donkey can really talk, this sovereign can't stand it!" said Ji Wuqing.

“One hundred high-grade Spirit Stones,” Li Xiaobai said as he lit a Huazi, speaking indifferently.

“Woof, you’re robbing me!”

Inside the carriage, there was suddenly a complete ruckus, but after a round of Muscle Flaccidity moves, both the chicken and dog quieted down obediently.

Ouyang Shuanger also suffered an undeserved calamity, feeling a raging storm surge in her heart; the sudden sensation of weakness and powerlessness that came over her had never been brought on by the Soft Muscle Powder before.

For a moment, her Primordial Spirit felt as if it had separated from her body. What kind of move was this, so terrifying it was!

“Do you two have a feud with the Buddhist Sect?”

Li Xiaobai asked curiously, both the chicken and the dog seemed like they had just come into the world, so why did they dislike the monk so much?

“Lord Ergouzi once fought heaven and earth’s deities and Buddhas for hundreds of rounds and narrowly escaped being subdued after a close defeat. This is a grudge of life and death!” Ergouzi said, grinding his teeth.

“In the days of old when this sovereign roamed the universe, I debated with the Buddha himself, but when that old Bald Donkey couldn’t defeat me in debate, he resorted to suppression by force. This sovereign cannot tolerate such indignity!” conveyed Ji Wuqing, his eyes flashing with a cold gleam, his gaze deep as if recalling the endless ages of ancient times.

Li Xiaobai, utterly baffled, said, “Speak human language!”

“Woof, Lord Ergouzi naturally hates Bald Donkeys, Lord Ergouzi doesn’t even know why.”

“Giggle, this sovereign feels the same way.”

Seeing Li Xiaobai threaten to unleash Muscle Flaccidity once again, both the chicken and the dog quieted down.

Ouyang Shuanger felt her IQ was being insulted. This chicken and dog were even more shameless with their bluffing, which didn’t need a draft. Speaking of endless ages and ancient myths with such ease – indeed, the pets mirror the owner.

It was laughable that she found herself affected by the aura of these two pets for a moment, how embarrassing!

Li Xiaobai pondered in his heart; perhaps it was due to their bloodline. According to what the straw-cloaked man had said, this little shabby dog seemed to have inherited the bloodline of the ancient Divine Beast, the Kylin.

Could it be that the Kylin Divine Beast also had some conflict with the Buddhist Sect?

Looking through the rearview mirror, he saw that Little Monk Liaowang at the back was still prattling on tirelessly.

Li Xiaobai signaled Ergouzi to take out the embroidered shoe and throw it to see which direction they should go next.

The embroidered shoe danced in the air, turned several circles, and with the toe pointing down, plunged straight into the seam of Ouyang Shuanger's slender thigh.

Li Xiaobai: "..."

Ouyang Shuanger: "..."

Ji Wuqing: "..."

Ergouzi scratched his head and tentatively asked, "Shall we throw it again?"

"If we throw it again, it won't be allowed. Let's just follow this road and keep going."

Li Xiaobai wasn't sure what tricks the embroidered shoe was playing; according to the System's introduction, such coincidences shouldn't happen.

He continued to drive the truck forward.

About half an hour later, the truck burst out of the jungle, and the space in front of him gradually opened up.

Many cultivators were all rushing in the same direction. Seeing a rumbling steel behemoth suddenly burst from the roadside startled all of them, and those with weaker cultivation levels simply collapsed on the ground.

Li Xiaobai rolled down the window and asked a cultivator at the roadside, "What's ahead, and why are so many cultivators going there?"

The cultivator's face was somewhat pale, and looking at Li Xiaobai as if he were a monster, he stammered, "Ahead, a treasure land has been discovered, and we all want to try our luck."

"I see, thanks, fellow Daoist."

Li Xiaobai nodded, understanding the situation. He turned the steering wheel, and the truck's roar tore through the forest as it rushed out.

The cultivator behind him was so terrified that his legs gave out, and he collapsed to the ground, his trouser legs slightly damp.

The truck arrived at the gathering place, where the noise of voices and the sound of a waterfall were overwhelming, so the engine's roar didn't attract attention from the cultivators.

Parking the truck at a spot somewhat farther away, Li Xiaobai got out and secretly observed the scene ahead.

There were too many cultivators gathered here, surely over six or seven hundred, and many were renowned cultivators listed on the rankings.

Ahead was a cliff, and below the cliff was a thick, tumbling magma, steaming vapours bursting forth with a sound like a huge waterfall—the sound was coming from the swelling bubbles in the magma.

The treasures were within the magma, and many cultivators hesitated, wanting to obtain those treasures but not knowing how to go down.

The power of the magma was strong; an average person would be burned to the bone in an instant, leaving no residue.

Many cultivators also demonstrated their divine skills and tried to fish the treasures from below with magic treasures, but as soon as the magic treasures got close to the magma, they were incinerated.

"Below is the Molten Lava Canyon, one of the natural treasure lands, rich in fire attribute heaven and earth treasures. It's the most suitable blessed land for cultivators who practice fire attribute cultivation techniques," explained the Little Monk Liaowang, who had come beside Li Xiaobai.

"But with this magma blockage, I'm afraid the treasures inside can't be retrieved," Li Xiaobai said.

"Not necessarily so. Those with high cultivation levels can directly extract them with great divine powers, and some magic treasures can protect the body, allowing one to enter the magma to search for treasures for a short time," Liaowang said.

Li Xiaobai nodded, indeed that was the case. These secret realms of the powerful never lacked masters, and this chatterbox monk beside him was one of those masters.

It was at this moment that the crowd ahead suddenly became agitated, and a muscular man parted the crowd, walking towards the edge of the cliff: "Step aside, let me do it!"

"It's Wang Mang!"

"Wang Mang from the Central Province's Giant Spirit Sect, ranked three thousand on the Human Rankings!"

"Legend has it that this man carries the bloodline of the Giant Spirit Clan and, imitating the ancient sages, tempers his body with great perseverance, following the path of physical sanctification!"

"Although he is only at the Nascent Soul Stage of cultivation, in terms of combat power, he's strong enough to fight against some Divinity Transformation Stage experts!"

"Yeah, his foundation is too solid. This time, he probably wants to use the fire attribute medicinal materials in the magma to refine impurities out of his body."

Recognizing the man, the cultivators whispered among themselves, showing great respect for Wang Mang.

Ergouzi grinned foolishly: "Woof, kiddo, this big silly guy's setting overlaps with yours. Let's take him down!"

Chapter 142: Chapter 143: Competing for the Fire Lotus

Li Xiaobai looked at the foolish big man ahead of him and quickly checked the ranking list.

The Ranking of Mortals.

Rank number 3000: Demon Fist King Wang Mang.

This name was quite domineering, and he was also ranked at number 3000. If Li Xiaobai could take him down, he would instantly climb several thousand places. This was indeed a huge temptation.

At this moment, Wang Mang stood at the edge of a cliff, flipped his wrist, and pulled out a long staff.

It was densely engraved with Vajra Talisman runes and radiated a treasured aura.

"This must be crafted after the staff from the Eastern Sea!"

"The design looks very similar, and judging by the material, it should be made of Xuanmu Fine Iron, which is said to be extracted from the magma and not afraid of high temperatures."

"Gosh, Wang Mang's staff can actually transform!"

"Really, this staff can actually grow against the wind, so impressive!"

"It's almost identical to that one from the Eastern Sea..."

Watching Wang Mang's movements, the cultivators marveled. At this moment, Wang Mang activated his cultivation technique, golden light surged around his body, and the huge staff in his hand instantly grew against the wind, soaring up to the sky.

It plunged straight into the magma below the cliff.

Ouyang Shuanger was witnessing such a divine weapon for the first time and couldn't help but exclaim, "What an incredible staff technique!"

"This staff is engraved with Buddhist Law from Mahayana Buddhism, capable of vanquishing evil. It's an object of utmost firmness and yang; naturally, it wouldn't fear the magma."

Little Monk Liaowang said as well, quickly discerning the origin and construction of the staff.

"It might just barely compare to one of my own feathers," said Ji Wuqing with disdain.

Li Xiaobai's expression was strange. Why did that staff look so familiar?

Didn't the Sea-Calming Divine Needle in his own shop look just like that? As a part of the Rivalling Heaven Set, this Divine Artifact was immensely powerful. It seemed that the Sea-Calming Divine Needle also existed in this world.

Wang Mang's staff must be a replica.

Right now, Wang Mang was stirring wildly in the magma with the staff, causing a fiery red vortex of lava to form, with heaven and earth treasures floating on it, also beginning to rotate.

He gripped the staff with both hands and with a forceful effort, he fished out a fiery red Fire Lotus.

He waved his hand in the air, stabilizing it firmly in mid-air. The Fire Lotus had just come ashore and couldn't be touched directly yet.

"This is a Fire Lotus, which absorbs the essence of fire, it's extremely effective for cultivating fire attribute techniques!"

Ouyang Shuanger recognized the origin of the Fire Lotus at a glance.

Liaowang nodded: "Indeed, it's a rare treasure of heaven and earth."

"Doesn't Master Liaowang feel tempted?" asked Li Xiaobai.

"This humble monk does not deserve the title of Master. Treasures are external possessions, to receive them is a matter of fate, and I don't insist on having them."

Hearing the title of Master, Liaowang appeared quite apprehensive and waved his hands dismissively.

"You seem to really want that Fire Lotus?"

Li Xiaobai turned his head to Ouyang Shuanger. It was an opportunity to make money since he did not need these treasures personally, but as a wealthy client was right beside him, converting it into Spirit Stones would be a tremendous profit.

"Indeed, although I don't practice a fire attribute technique, the herbs from the magma are great for tempering a person's Primordial Spirit. If they could temper me, my chances of successfully condensing a Nascent Soul during the Nascent Soul Stage would greatly increase."

"And the foundation would be much sturdier as well."

"Does Young Master Li have a way to obtain these treasures?"

Ouyang Shuanger asked seriously. If she could get these items, it would be a great gain; herbs from the magma were priceless, usually impossible to find.

"That depends on the price Miss Shuanger is willing to offer. As you know, the magma is extremely dangerous..."

Li Xiaobai rubbed his chin, fingers subtly twiddling as he gave off crazy hints.

Ouyang Shuanger was at a loss for words, "One herb for ten thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, how about it?"

"Tsk tsk tsk, this is a bit tricky, the temptation of this Spiritual Medicine is too great, even if I get my hands on it, I'm afraid I'll be attacked by others, don't you think I should also cover some medical expenses..." Li Xiaobai said earnestly.

"One herb for fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, I can't offer any more than that."

Ouyang Shuanger said.

"Deal!"

"Master Li must not take any lives," Liaowang reminded from the side.

"Heehee, the esteemed me also wants the Spiritual Medicine!"

"Woof, Lord Ergouzi wants it too!"

A chicken and a dog started making a fuss.

"Do you have any Spirit Stones?"

...

Ahead, the light from the Fire Lotus that Wang Mang was holding in his hand gradually dimmed, and the heat it emitted was not as astonishing as before.

Many cultivators eyed the red lotus in his hand with envy and greed. It was a true treasure; if one could ingest it, their strength would undoubtedly rise by a great margin, and their foundation would become even more stable, making their future path smoother.

"Hahaha, it really is a Fire Lotus, it's mine!"

Wang Mang burst into loud laughter, having retrieved one Fire Lotus was already his limit. Although the imitated Sea-Calming Divine Needle was heat resistant, it couldn't withstand prolonged exposure to magma.

Just as he was about to turn and leave, an unexpected change occurred.

From the diagonal, several streaks of cold light appeared out of nowhere, and numerous Daggers suddenly thrust towards Wang Mang with a whooshing sound, causing the surrounding cultivators to hastily retreat.

"You cheeky brat, you've got guts!"

Seeing someone attempting to ambush him, Wang Mang was both shocked and enraged. A thick iron rod appeared in his hand, scriptures flowing around it, unleashing supreme might, knocking down all the Daggers.

Several shadowy figures clad in black rushed towards Wang Mang as if they were bodies from the past, launching a fierce attack.

"These are the people from the Heaven's Fiends Alliance!"

"The disciples of the powerhouses on the Heavenly Ranking, the number one assassin organization, have come to join the fray here too!"

The identities of a few assassins were exposed, and as Li Xiaobai scanned the Heavenly Ranking, indeed, there were quite a few with 'Heaven's Fiend' as their prefix, with the highest-ranked being the eighteenth: Heaven's Fiend Asura.

However, these members of the assassin organization were all dressed in black and wore masks, obscuring their faces, and even knowing their ranks, one couldn't recognize them.

With these few taking the lead, the rest of the cultivators also began to feel restless, after all, the temptation of the treasure was too great. Many cultivators subtly sealed off the exit, ready to seize the opportunity when both parties were worn down from fighting, to profit as the third party.

The assassins surrounded Wang Mang, their palms turned into a ghastly dark green color, clearly containing lethal poison, and they fiercely imprinted them onto Wang Mang's flesh.

Wisps of green smoke rose up, and black handprints appeared on the parts of his body where the palms touched.

"Ahh!"

Wang Mang went berserk, his flesh bulging in blocks as a golden glow burst from his body surface. The golden rod in his hand transformed into a Golden Dragon, encircling the assassins within.

With a thunderous shout, he threw the assailants off the cliff, submerging them in lava, without a single sound to be heard.

"Who else wants some?"

Wang Mang panted heavily, his eyes bloodshot as he glared ferociously at everyone around.

No cultivators stepped forward, but the path back was blocked by many cult, making it clear that they had no intention of letting Wang Mang leave.

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up, "Ergouzi, I have a task for you!"

Chapter 143: Chapter 144: Patron, what are you going to do?

"Ergouzi, haven't you always wanted to drive a big truck? Today, I'll give you that chance," Li Xiaobai said.

"Woof, really?"

Ergouzi immediately perked up, having long yearned to drive a big truck.

"Of course. In a moment, you all get on the truck and let Ergouzi drive you away. I'll come find you afterwards," Li Xiaobai continued.

"Cackle, kid, I want to drive too!" Ji Wuqing was dissatisfied.

"Master Li, what are you planning to do?"

Little Monk Liaowang looked at Li Xiaobai with a wary face, a bad premonition welling up in his heart.

"Heh heh, nothing much, just worried about you getting hurt,"

Li Xiaobai said with a grin.

Without a word, Ergouzi leaped into the truck, settling into the driver's seat he had coveted for so long, with a dopey and drooling smile plastered on his face.

"Then this little woman will await the gentleman's good news," Ouyang Shuanger said as she pulled the car door and entered the passenger seat.

"Woof, baldy, get in the car quick!"

Ergouzi barked at Monk Liaowang, who was still standing there in a daze, clearly unimpressed.

"This... I need to figure out what Master Li really wants to do. If it leads to more killing, then I would be a sinner," Monk Liaowang said.

"Cackle, little baldy, there's no time to explain! Get in the car quickly!"

Ji Wuqing urged, not caring about Li Xiaobai's intentions. It just wanted to revel in the joy of driving, and although it couldn't reach the steering wheel, it could press the gas pedal!

"I'd better not get in the car. You go ahead. I need to keep an eye on Master Li to prevent him from killing again,"

Liaowang hesitated for a moment, shook his head slightly, and walked towards Li Xiaobai.

"Damn it, stubborn baldy wasting Lord Ergouzi's time. Break the chicken out, stomp the gas, let's go!"

"Cackle, Ergouzi, forward, forward!"

The big truck spun around on the spot before charging down the mountain. The engine roared and it disappeared in an instant.

Arriving at Li Xiaobai's side, Liaowang resumed his chatter, "Master Li, do not entertain thoughts of killing. Killing out of greed will result in karmic obstacles."

Li Xiaobai scoffed, "Look, those people ahead are killing out of greed right now. They're surrounding the poisoned Wang Mang, waiting for the poison to take effect so they can kill him and take his treasures. If I erase them, I would be ridding the world of some calamities."

"Amitabha, Master Li must not act in such a manner. Throughout our journey, I have observed that you possess wisdom and should not commit senseless killings. As for these people, I will go and persuade them, there won't be any deaths."

Liaowang chanted a Buddha's name and walked into the crowd.

At that moment, the many cultivators were highly focused. Wang Mang had suffered no less than ten palms to his body, and with poison infiltrating his system, it was only a matter of time before it would take effect. When it did and he showed signs of weakening, it would be time for the crowd to kill and loot.

Wang Mang, realizing his predicament, spoke gravely, "Fellow cultivators, I am Wang Mang of the Giant Spirit Sect, a cultivator of the Giant Spirit Clan. If you show me kindness today and let me go, whoever travels to Central Province in the future will be a friend of the Giant Spirit Clan!"

"Easy to say. Just hand over the Fire Lotus in your possession, and we promise not to trouble you,"

a lean cultivator with a fan in his hand spoke up, looking quite scholarly.

"It's Yang Guang from the Hehuan Sect!"

"A Divinity Transformation Stage expert, well-known on the rankings!"

"This place is truly filled with hidden dragons and crouching tigers. One wonders what other experts are lurking unseen. Today has been quite the gathering of young talents,"

Overhearing the discussions of the surrounding cultivators, Li Xiaobai continued to scrutinize the list of ranks on the small Token, looking for Yang Guang.

Human Rankings.

Rank 2340: Grass Above the Wilds Yang Guang.

This ranking was not much different from Wang Mang's, but the nickname was a bit dull and lacked uniqueness. Compared to other geniuses, it wasn't very eye-catching.

"Amitabha, where one can give mercy, one should spare people. Everyone, could you please give this young monk a bit of face?"

Little Monk Liaowang slowly walked into the crowd and administered a Healing Pill to Wang Mang, temporarily suppressing the poison within Wang Mang's body.

"Many thanks, Master!"

Wang Mang's face lit up with joy, as it seemed he had encountered a distinguished disciple of the Buddhist Sect. It looked like he might be saved today.

The surrounding cultivators showed a change in expression upon seeing this scene.

"Where did this baldy come from, meddling in others' affairs? Scram immediately!"

"Exactly, this Bald Donkey must be in league with Wang Mang, trying to save him and then split the loot!"

"Right, this baldy intervening at such a time must have an ulterior motive. Brothers, let's take him down!"

The cultivators were very irritable. Out of nowhere, a little monk had appeared and even given Wang Mang Healing Pills. If Wang Mang were to regain his strength, they wouldn't be able to take him down so easily.

At the side, Yang Guang's expression was grim. A Soul Summoning Banner in his hand grew wildly against the wind and swept ferociously towards Wang Mang. He wanted to send Wang Mang out of the fight first, to obtain the Fire Lotus in his possession.

Seeing this, the other cultivators did not want to be outdone and launched their attacks towards Wang Mang.

Their best opportunity to attack had been ruined, and anger was brewing inside each of them, making their blows a few degrees heavier unconsciously.

"Amitabha, respected cultivators, please stop your hands. Do not commit senseless killings," implored Liaowang, with his hands clasped together. A giant golden bell manifested in the void, enveloping him and Wang Mang, blocking all the attacks from the surrounding cultivators.

Wang Mang was overjoyed and thanked Liaowang profusely, overwhelmed with gratitude.

The surrounding cultivators' expressions changed. "This monk is not ordinary, that's the Golden Bell Shield!"

"This monk's cultivation level is unfathomable. The Golden Bell Shield actually withstood all our attacks."

"That Golden Bell is engraved with at least hundreds of Buddhist scriptures. This person's mastery of Buddhist Law is not merely profound!"

"So what if it is? Today we shall experience the skill of the Buddhist Sect's distinguished disciple!"

"Indeed, Wang Mang must die today. That Fire Lotus, it must be left behind!"

A fierce look flashed in the eyes of many cultivators as they once again charged en masse towards the Golden Bell Shield.

However, this time, the cultivators were almost brushing against it before swiftly moving away. Attacking the Golden Bell Shield was merely a feint; as everyone approached the shield, many cultivators suddenly turned on those beside them with deadly attacks.

The slower-reacting cultivators did not have time to respond and were directly knocked off the cliff, falling into the lava below and dissipating into a wisp of blue smoke.

"This..."

Liaowang was shocked, unable to comprehend the scene before his eyes.

"Hahaha, those who have gathered here are renowned masters on the leaderboard. By killing you, my ranking will climb even higher!"

"Incredible, I've actually killed Huang Li. He was ranked in the top 3000!"

"Thanks to this little monk's Golden Bell Shield, that Liu Yan was directly ejected from the cliff by the rebound force of the shield. My ranking has risen!"

"Me too..."

Many cultivators were immersed in the joy of their rising ranks, not noticing that the young man who had been standing behind the crowd had now disappeared...

Chapter 144: Chapter 145: Someone in the Magma

On the cliffside, the numerous cultivators were still entangled in an endless chase and battle.

Liaowang was somewhat panicked, not knowing what to do. Quite a few cultivators had already begun to use his Golden Bell Shield to kill others. The Golden Bell Shield possessed a strong rebound force, and cultivators who struck the shield would be repelled and sent flying.

Many cultivators with higher cultivation levels found themselves knocked far away after striking the Golden Bell Shield. Most cultivators learned the knack and began attacking these cultivators even more crazily.

Withdrawing the Golden Bell Shield would put Wang Mang in danger, but not withdrawing it would lead to more cultivators using the shield to launch attacks.

It seemed that no matter what he did, his own sins would only deepen. In a moment, Liaowang found himself in a moral dilemma.

He remembered the words that Li Xiaobai had told him, that these people's minds were occupied by greed and they could not be persuaded to turn back.

He shook his head, no, the sutras said that all sentient beings can be saved, can become Buddhas.

"Little master, please withdraw the Golden Bell Shield. My injuries have been suppressed," Wang Mang said.

"Alright," Liaowang nodded and withdrew the Golden Bell Shield.

It was at this moment that Wang Mang suddenly let out a wild howl, flickered in shape, and charged down the mountain, killing many of the cultivators who blocked his way with a single move.

"I will remember the enmity of today, Wang Mang. Should we meet again, I shall kill you all!"

With a glint of cold light in his eyes, Wang Mang ran at breakneck speed, and watching his murderous rampage, Liaowang feared the worst and immediately moved to restrain Wang Mang.

The surrounding cultivators finally reacted: "Damn it, that little bald donkey and Wang Mang are definitely in cahoots!"

“He took advantage of us fighting each other to let Wang Mang escape. It must have been planned all along!”

“Quick, stop him, don’t let them get away!”

The cultivators’ eyes turned red in that moment, as the duck that was within their grasp tried to fly away—easier said than done.

Immediately, several geniuses lurking in the dark no longer held back. Their forms flickered, and several Divine Demon phantoms rose from the ground, attacking Wang Mang, who was frantically fleeing.

“That’s a disciple of the Xingtian Sect, Yu Xu!”

“And there’s Nan Tian, ranked four hundred ninety-seven on the leaderboard.”

“To think there were really geniuses among them, judging by the condensation of their Primordial Spirits, they’re probably not at the full completion of the Nascent Soul Stage, but have already advanced to the Divinity Transformation Stage!”

The cultivators were shocked, as one by one the prodigious powerhouses were recognized.

Wang Mang’s momentum slowed down, and he was directly intercepted. The little monk Liaowang behind him grabbed him.

“Benefactor, you have committed far too many killings. You must repent before those who have died,” Liaowang said.

“Get lost, didn’t you see they want to kill me? As a high monk of the Buddhist Sect, you should be helping me escape!” Wang Mang raged, trying to break free from Liaowang’s grasp.

Liaowang shook his head, still earnestly advising: “Benefactor, I will not let them kill you, but you must repent with me, after all, they died because of you.”

Wang Mang: “...”

Wang Mang was internally collapsing. He thought he had found salvation upon encountering a high monk from the Buddhist Sect, but now it seemed like he had just met a naive young monk—a naive young monk with a screw loose in his head.

Didn’t he see those gods behind him practically packing their bags to leave, and yet he’s still talking to me about redemption?

Seeing Wang Mang stopping, the crowd once again surrounded him, with several prodigious individuals in charge, no longer afraid that he would escape.

“Honored benefactors, Benefactor Wang killed first. I will ensure he repents. You all have committed killings just now as well; if you wish not to be entangled by causality, you should repent with me,” Liaowang said with his hands clasped together, emanating a sentiment of feeling compassion for the woes of the world.

Unfortunately, this time, the cultivators had already identified him as Wang Mang’s accomplice, and nothing could make them believe otherwise.

“Quit the nonsense, hand over the Fire Lotus or be spared from death!”

The prodigy of the Xingtian Sect spoke, the Giant Spirit Clan might be a remnant race from ancient times, but he did not take them seriously at all.

The other prodigies released their pressure simultaneously, closing in with oppressive force, Wang Mang’s face turned pale, the poison that had been suppressed earlier seemed to be flaring up again.

Liaowang’s expression changed, the opponents were intent on a power kill, set to forcefully shatter Wang Mang’s Primordial Spirit. Without hesitation, he silently chanted a Buddha’s name, his golden glow surged, and a ghostly image of a Buddha appeared behind him, firmly resisting the might of the other prodigies.

Their expressions changed, “You are Master Liaowang from the Lotus Sutra Temple!”

“This humble monk is Liaowang, I do not dare to claim the title of master. Honored sirs, please do not commit any more killings,” Liaowang said.

“Master, you are a high monk from the Lotus Sutra Temple, we have no intention to be your enemy, please leave quickly and do not intervene in this affair,” pleaded Yu Xiu of the Xingtian Sect, finding the monk’s presence quite troublesome.

The cultivators around were also immensely surprised, this unassuming little monk turned out to be a high monk from the Lotus Sutra Temple, Master Liaowang who ranked three hundredth.

It was said that a year ago, this little monk had debated the Buddhist doctrine with the Eighteen Arhats of the Lotus Sutra Temple and had actually managed to refute the Eighteen Arhats. Since descending the mountain to gain experience, he had not made any astonishing moves, nor had he competed with any prodigies. In fact, many were unaware of his existence, yet his ranking soared ceaselessly.

This clearly showed his extraordinary nature; the little monk had no desire to compete and never set his heart on the pursuit of fame and profit that came with the rankings.

Otherwise, if he truly wished to climb the rankings, making it into the top fifty would likely be no trouble at all.

Wang Mang beside was also deeply shocked, he hadn't anticipated that this prodigious high monk would actually be right beside him, promptly changing his tune, "Master, I am willing to repent with you, I only ask that you save my life!"

The several prodigies were left speechless, Wang Mang really had some nerve, flipping his stance faster than the changing sky.

It was at this moment that a cultivator suddenly cried out in astonishment.

"You guys, look! Am I seeing things, or did another person just appear in the lava?"

Hearing this, Monk Liaowang felt a jolt in his heart, having felt that something was amiss before, he now realized upon the cultivator's reminder that Li Xiaobai had vanished without a trace.

Dragging Wang Mang to the edge of the cliff, the other cultivators also gathered around to peer down.

At just a glance, Liaowang was startled; there indeed was a person below in the magma, gathering Spiritual Medicine at that very moment.

When had this fellow run down there?

He recognized at first sight that this person was Li Xiaobai, while everyone above was frantically in distress, he was leisurely reaping treasures; Liaowang felt like he had been used.

The surrounding cultivators exclaimed in astonishment, "There really is someone inside!"

"Who is this person, to be this strong?"

"Indeed, able to swim in lava, how does he do it?"

"Could it be a senior powerhouse?"

"All the Spiritual Medicine in the lava has been taken by him!"

"Great one, please wait, we wish to buy the treasures from the lava..."

The cultivators yelled towards the magma below, afraid that Li Xiaobai might leave after taking the items.

Below, within the magma, Li Xiaobai's face was filled with excitement, immersed in the magma, his Attribute Points were increasing every moment.

[Attribute Points +800...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

At this rate, he would be able to level up again soon!

Chapter 145: Chapter 146: Unperturbed inside, even feeling like laughing

[Host: Li Xiaobai.]

[...]

[Defensive power: Indestructible Golden Body Eighth Turn (15000/80000) Upgradable.]

[Attribute Points: 0.]

[Skills: Hundred Percent Enmity Pull, Muscle Flaccidity, Drunken Immortal, Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch...]

[Shop: Now Open.]

[Achievements: Trouble Maker (2/108).]

Just by soaking in the magma for two minutes, he had gained nearly ten thousand Attribute Points; the benefit was simply too great.

A few minutes ago, amidst the chaos of the group fighting, Li Xiaobai had jumped off the cliff. Although the temperature of the magma was high, it was nothing more than a tool for increasing the Attribute Points as far as the System was concerned.

By now, it was too late for the people above to realize his existence.

As the only one who could freely move in the magma, Li Xiaobai began to collect the spiritual medicines floating on the surface. He gathered the Fire Lotus into his Space Ring, along with many fiery red metals and some unrecognizable herbs that looked quite valuable.

All of these were Spirit Stones! Previously, Ouyang Shuanger had offered fifteen thousand Spirit Stones for a single herb. These many herbs could probably sell for several hundred thousand top-grade Spirit Stones.

Nearing the center of the magma, the temperature suddenly spiked. In front of him was a small stone pillar that had not melted in the lava, its material unknown.

On top of it lay a shining, translucent fragment. Li Xiaobai's breathing became abruptly rapid.

This was the Blood Sacrifice Fragment he had been so desperately searching for. It seemed Ergouzi's method of tossing his shoe to find the way, with the toe pointing downward, was no coincidence. The magma might very well have been the destination indicated.

A System product, truly miraculous!

He touched the fragment, and like the previous times, the fragment transformed into a streak of light, shooting straight into the center of Li Xiaobai's forehead.

[Attribute Points +10000...]

All into defense!

[Defensive power: Indestructible Golden Body Eighth Turn (30000/80000) Upgradable.]

The Attribute Points continued to increase steadily. With a bit more soaking, his defensive power would surely advance to the next level.

However, after the fragment vanished, the numbers flickering on the System's interface began to decrease gradually.

[Attribute Points +1500...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +900...]

The surrounding temperature did not seem as high as before, suggesting that the intense heat of the magma might be related to the fragment.

At this moment, the cultivators above watched with wide eyes as Li Xiaobai cleared out the treasures within the magma, becoming increasingly anxious.

"Brother below, how may I address you? I am a True Disciple of the Devil Cloud Sect, Xiang Renjie. I am willing to pay Spirit Stones for the spiritual medicines in your hands!"

“I am also willing to buy them, name your price!”

The cultivators wanted to secure Li Xiaobai’s agreement first.

Li Xiaobai became interested. Although he had promised Ouyang Shuanger, if these people were willing to offer a higher price, he could consider selling to them.

“How much can you offer?”

“Three thousand top-grade Spirit Stones!” said Xiang Renjie.

Li Xiaobai shook his head, somewhat disappointed, “That’s too little.”

“Then, how much do you want?” Xiang Renjie frowned; in his view, three thousand top-grade Spirit Stones was already not a small amount.

“It can’t be less than fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, the highest offer gets it,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Your Excellency is perhaps afflicted with madness, wanting to sell a single Spiritual Medicine for fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones?”

Xiang Renjie sneered, feeling as if he was being played.

“The price is quite fair.”

Li Xiaobai stated, Ouyang Shuanger was no fool and must have priced it according to the market, perhaps a bit lower, but not by much. The man above who only wanted to use three thousand top-grade Spirit Stones to make the purchase was simply delusional.

“Might I ask if the gentleman would care to come up for a talk?”

Yu Xiu from Xingtian Sect said with a smile.

“Going up there is too much trouble, why don’t you come down directly?” Li Xiaobai scratched his head and said.

“Brother Yu, no need to talk further. This fellow is obviously trying to swindle our Spirit Stones, demanding fifteen thousand. If you ask me, we should just blast him away; better that the treasure returns to the magma than let this guy take it!”

A vicious glint flashed through Xiang Renjie’s eyes.

Yu Xiu also harbored this thought. Even if Li Xiaobai came up, it wasn't certain that the Spiritual Medicine would end up in his own hands. Since there was no guarantee, it might as well remain below forever.

"Amitabha, Xiang Patron, your intent to kill is too heavy. Harmony is most valuable in all things, and this treasure should go to whoever it is fated for, not to be fought over."

Master Liaowang spoke.

"Master, please do not involve yourself in this matter. The origins of this person are unclear, and him gaining the treasure would be a curse rather than a blessing for us, he must be made to leave the treasure behind!"

Yu Xiu, along with several other prodigies, subtly formed a surrounding stance, keeping Master Liaowang at bay.

"Indeed, if Your Excellency leaves the treasure and departs, we can let bygones be bygones. Otherwise, do not blame us for turning ruthless!"

Xiang Renjie's face was fierce as he voiced the collective will of the many cultivators present.

Li Xiaobai heard their conversation clearly. This group was insatiably greedy; their prior infighting wasn't enough, now they were setting their sights on him.

"I obtained the treasure through my own abilities. Why should I leave it? If you have the skill, come down here!" Li Xiaobai taunted.

"Then don't blame us for being ruthless."

"Attack!"

Xiang Renjie suddenly activated his Cultivation Technique, and dozens of needles as black as ink shot toward Li Xiaobai like a torrential downpour.

The other cultivators also launched their own attacks, with Sword Qi and blade light pouring down in a frenzy aiming at the area below.

Master Liaowang's expression changed drastically. The Buddha's phantom appeared behind him in an instant, attempting to intercept everyone's assault: "Everyone, this must not be!"

Yu Xiu and several other prodigies also manifested their Primordial Spirits at the same time, forcibly blocking the Buddha's phantom.

“Master Liaowang, although we are no match for you, we can still stop you momentarily, and that moment is all we need. The cultivator below should already be dead.”

Yu Xiu spoke calmly, slowly retracting his Primordial Spirit.

The magma was stirred into towering waves by the various lights of swords and blades, with boiling steam surging upwards, making the cultivators on the cliff feel as if their insides were being burnt just from breathing.

The power of the magma below must be terrifying indeed, but that cultivator must have died, right?

“Is this the strength of someone on the leaderboard?”

“My heart feels no ripples, I even feel a bit like laughing!”

Li Xiaobai checked his Attribute Points and spoke indifferently.

[Attribute Points: 11000.]

At least dozens of cultivators at the Nascent Soul Stage and above attacked, yet they provided just over ten thousand Attribute Points. To be honest, it was a bit disappointing.

All points to defense.

[Defensive Power: Eighth rotation of Indestructible Golden Body (41000/80000), ready to advance.]

Drawing another wave of firepower should just about do it...

Chapter 146: Chapter 147: Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch

“This...”

“This is impossible!”

The cultivators were shocked to their core, and Xiang Renjie’s face was a mask of disbelief. His attack had been ineffective.

He was a ranked fighter within the top three thousand, a Nascent Soul Stage cultivator at the peak of completion, just a step away from the Divinity Transformation Stage. How could someone catch his attack without any defense and remain completely unharmed?

“Amitabha, well done, well done,” Little Monk Liaowang sighed in relief upon seeing Li Xiaobai unharmed.

“Who on earth are you? You’re not listed among the top-ranking prodigies!”

Xiang Renjie was a mix of shock and rage. The other prodigies also wore expressions of surprise, their eyes becoming serious. They had thought they were dealing with an easy prey, but now it seemed as though they had kicked an iron plate.

“I am a ‘Seeking Death List’ top fighter, begging for death, Li Xiaobai!”

“I must say, you are truly weak, not even giving me the slightest bit of pressure!”

Li Xiaobai said nonchalantly, hands clasped behind his back.

This wave of enmity immediately maxed out, with everyone around him seething with anger. Xiang Renjie, in particular, was furiously enraged; he had never before encountered someone who dared to be so arrogant in his presence.

This absolute defiance was something he could not tolerate!

With a flick of his wrist, a huge longbow appeared in his hands—ancient and majestic, without a bowstring or an arrow, just a bare bow.

It was his Life-bound Spirit Treasure. Activating his cultivation technique, the Spiritual Power inside his body resonated with the Spirit Treasure, causing fluctuations in Spiritual Power that automatically formed the bowstring and arrow.

Xiang Renjie’s expression was fierce as he aimed at Li Xiaobai, drew the bow fully, then released the arrow.

The pale golden Spiritual Power arrow pierced through the sky, shooting straight towards Li Xiaobai’s forehead.

Li Xiaobai watched the oncoming arrow with a smile, making no attempt to block it. The arrow struck true in his forehead, but after a moment of being stuck, it shattered inch by inch and dissolved into tiny sparkles that faded away.

[Attribute Points +2000...]

That attack was quite powerful, worthy of a Life-bound Spirit Treasure indeed.

He nodded slightly, "That attack was somewhat decent, barely enough to make me feel a slight itch. Continue."

Xiang Renjie's eyes were filled with disbelief. He was wielding his Life-bound Spiritual Treasure, and yet it couldn't even break the opponent's skin?

Yuxiu frowned on the side. He had checked earlier; 'Seeking Death' Li Xiaobai was ranked beyond seven thousand. He didn't seem like a top fighter in any aspect. Could he be feigning weakness to camouflage his true strength?

The feather fan in his hand wagged gently, and behind him a Divine Demon's Primordial Spirit materialized with hand gestures. A thread of golden flame silently drifted towards Li Xiaobai.

"That's Annihilation Sword Evocation!"

"Xingtian Sect's speciality, condensing one's Sword Intent to a certain degree that can materialize. Yuxiu has actually mastered this move; truly, it is formidable to the extreme!"

"Master Li, be careful, for this is the Sword Demon's Annihilation Sword Evocation, not something to confront head-on."

Monk Liaowang hastily warned, wanting to take action, but he was immediately blocked by several ranked fighters.

Li Xiaobai squinted at the golden flame before him. He had seen the Sword Demon once before during Qin Lan's summoning. The man's understanding of Sword Dao was very pure, and his moves were bound to be extraordinary.

With a slight raise of his hand, to the astonishment of all present, he caught the mass of golden Sword Intent with his body.

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

As expected of a prodigy, the Attribute Points provided were quite substantial.

The core within this flame consisted of threads and strands of golden Sword Intent. The flame's appearance came from wisps of Sword Qi released from within the Sword Intent. Because of the high concentration, from a distance, it looked just like flame.

He brought the golden flame to his nose to sniff, then suddenly opened his mouth wide and swallowed it whole.

[Attribute Points +3000...]

[Attribute Points +3000...]

[Ding, host detected suffering continuous damage from Sword Intent, skill upgrade: Nine Revolutions Undying Sword Intent level six.]

[Attribute Points: 40000.]

All points to defense!

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body Ninth Revolution (2000/100000) ready to advance.]

This must be the final stage of the Indestructible Golden Body, requiring a direct increase to one hundred thousand attribute points.

“Holy shit, am I seeing things, or did he just eat the Xingtian Sect’s genius’s Sword Intent?”

“I saw it too, and he even sniffed it before he ate it!”

“Such a freak has actually appeared in our Immortal Spirit Continent, we must notify the sect elders immediately, we need to keep a close watch on this person in the future!”

At this moment, Yu Xi’s gaze was somewhat vacant. He had used Xingtian Sect’s ultimate skill, Sword Break, compressing Sword Intent into a high-density flame of Sword Intent, to explode ferociously upon encountering an enemy, with a power several times that of the original Sword Intent.

He was at the Divinity Transformation Stage of cultivation, yet still, he couldn’t even scratch the opponent.

Damn it, what on earth is this person’s level of cultivation?

Little Monk Liaowang was also somewhat stunned; he hadn’t expected that the person he had been painstakingly advising all along was actually a hidden super expert.

“Master, look, you’ve been advising me not to kill, but now these people are besieging me, wanting to put me to death. Tell me, should I just let them bully and kill me, or should I defend myself and kill them in self-defense?”

Li Xiaobai lifted his head and spoke to Little Monk Liaowang.

Liaowang was at a loss for words, he wanted to say that Li Xiaobai could just escape, that way no one would have to die, but that would be too unfair to Li Xiaobai.

“Amitabha.”

Monk Liaowang remained silent for a long time, and in the end, he simply chanted a Buddha’s name. He had nothing to say.

“This monk just doesn’t wish to see various masters recklessly commit murder.”

The cultivators had strange looks on their faces. This little monk’s cultivation was unquestionably high, but his brain seemed to really be lacking. The situation was already kill or be killed, yet he still thought about resolving grudges?

Li Xiaobai almost laughed out of frustration. This little monk was indeed an oddity; you couldn’t say he was inexperienced, as he emanated a mature temperament in every move he made.

But if he was really seasoned, how could he utter such saintly words?

Looking at the dense crowd above, a cold light flashed in Li Xiaobai’s eyes. It was time to advance his defensive power; no need to wait any longer. It was the perfect opportunity to make another fortune!

He flipped his wrist, and an unremarkable longsword appeared in his hand.

Stepping back twice, he held the longsword high above his head.

Monk Liaowang’s expression drastically changed, “Master Li, spare them, everything is negotiable. Killing will only add to your karmic obstacles, greatly hindering your future cultivation!”

The rest of the cultivators also felt an inexplicable chill in their hearts upon seeing this scene. Though they didn’t know what he was going to do, based on his previous actions, this man was definitely an expert. An expert making a move was something they likely couldn’t block.

“Master, people in this world are divided into good and evil, and those before us are just a group of fools whose minds have been corrupted by greed. They’re not worth your salvation. If you save these bad people, that is when you will truly be entangled in causality.”

Not waiting for the little monk to object, Li Xiaobai made his move with his sword.

Prepare to accept your punishment.

Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch!

Chapter 147: Chapter 148: Demon Sword Li Xiaobai

It was only a moment, and all the cultivators present involuntarily lunged toward Li Xiaobai below them.

Their expressions changed dramatically, What was going on, and why did they feel an urge to kneel down and receive the sword in their hearts?

Below was lava, and if they went down, it was estimated that all the cultivators present would perish.

Little Monk Liaowang's pupils suddenly constricted. His body was also out of control, and no matter how he stimulated Buddhist Law, he couldn't escape from this controlled state. Most crucially, he genuinely wanted to kneel down and receive the sword. What kind of move was this!

"What's going on, my body is out of control!"

"I don't know, I feel the urge to kneel and receive the sword!"

"Is this his technique? Damn it, what kind of cultivation technique is this?"

"Sorcery! This must be sorcery! It's not just us. Those prodigies also jumped down!"

The cultivators were panic-stricken and agitated, but their bodies had already leaped off the cliff, dropping into the lava like dumplings.

Sssss!

Plumes of smoke rose. Most of the cultivators' bodies that plunged into the lava didn't even have time to let out a scream before they disappeared without a trace.

The temperature of the lava was slowly dropping. Ordinary cultivators couldn't withstand the power of the molten rock, but a small number of cultivators were still struggling desperately.

Wang Mang was one of them.

Initially, when he saw everyone targeting Li Xiaobai, he breathed a sigh of relief, thinking he would be saved, but after that person swung his sword below, an inexplicable sense of reverence surged in his heart, and his body uncontrollably wanted to rush over.

His hands raised high, knees on the ground, he wanted to catch the sword, and the shameful pose made him feel the urge to die on the spot.

However, after seeing that the other prodigies also adopted the same pose, he felt considerably more balanced mentally.

He followed the path of physical sanctification; his physical strength far exceeded that of ordinary people. Moreover, since the temperature and power of the lava were slowly decreasing, he could stay in the lava for a moment.

But even so, he couldn't hold on for much longer. The burning power of the lava was eroding his body, the skin on the surface already charred and showing signs of peeling off.

He wanted to struggle to stand up, yet he was unable to move, as if only his thoughts retained agility and his limbs were firmly locked in place on the ground.

Panic filled his heart.

“Demon Sword, this is the Demon Sword!”

Li Xiaobai was very satisfied with the harvest from this wave. Just now, he had acted quickly, rescuing quite a few Space Rings, and made a small fortune.

Looking at the remaining cultivators in front of him, Li Xiaobai's expression was somewhat surprised, as there were still more than a dozen cultivators who had not been immediately burned to death by the lava and were still struggling fiercely.

Having Monk Liaowang as their leader, several geniuses were even managing to operate their cultivation techniques, their bodies glowing to resist the erosion of the lava.

However, their limbs were firmly locked, making it impossible for them to attack him.

He walked forward unhurriedly, skilfully searching through each genius's belongings and swiping anything valuable; he didn't even spare Little Monk Liaowang's possessions.

“Master, although you are kind-hearted and excellent in character, I still need to take your Space Ring. In the world of cultivation, only the outcome matters, not the process. In order to become strong, cultivators will stop at nothing. No matter how much you try to persuade the world, you can't change this fact.”

“Today you all better accept the harsh reality.”

Li Xiaobai said lightly.

“Amitabha. It is said that man’s delights are nine out of ten matters of the heart. Whether one’s wishes are fulfilled depends on one’s thoughts alone. When looking at the world with the heart, everything takes on the color of the heart.”

“Master Li, what you’re saying is indeed true, but good and evil are determined by people’s hearts. As long as you cleanse the soul, even those who are greatly wicked can walk the path toward good.”

Little Monk Liaowang spoke.

“Master, what you describe is too abstract. Along the way, I haven’t seen anyone whose soul you’ve cleansed. The world of cultivation is filled with slaughter; the strong have all walked through mountains of corpses and seas of blood.”

Seeing that Li Xiaobai was not heeding the advice, Monk Liaowang fell silent and spoke no more.

Li Xiaobai threw all the treasures and resources of the pride of heaven into his Space Ring.

Gazing at the glittering Spirit Stones and various heavenly materials and earthly treasures, Li Xiaobai’s breathing became a bit rapid. These scions of major forces were indeed flush with wealth, each dripping with riches.

However, when he saw Monk Liaowang’s ring, his brow furrowed.

The monk’s ring was nearly empty save for a bedroll, a Kasaya, and some basic scriptures.

“Master, why is your Space Ring so unique? It doesn’t even have a single Spirit Stone,” Li Xiaobai asked.

“This humble monk has never touched a Spirit Stone. I have no interest in them—a few scrolls of Buddhist scriptures are more than enough,” Liaowang replied.

“Don’t you need to cultivate, Master?”

“With Buddhist scriptures, that is more than enough.”

Li Xiaobai: “...”

Silently, he put the Space Ring back onto Monk Liaowang’s finger. The guy was not ordinarily poor—he had only a few pieces of spiritual wealth.

The geniuses were shocked; this person could immobilize even Monk Liaowang with one Sword Imprisonment. Moreover, it seemed that as long as the opponent maintained the downward slashing motion, they would remain immobilized.

Compared with this sword, the earlier act of enduring the attacks of the cultivators and the devouring of the Annihilation Sword Evocation of the Xingtian Sect seemed inconsequential.

Sword Imprisonment—that was the Demon’s Wicked Sword!

“May I dare to ask, from which Sect did you learn?” Yu Xi asked.

“I am self-taught,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Could you release us? We guarantee not to oppose you henceforth.”

Yu Xi said, soaking in the magma. Although they were unharmed for the short term, it was only temporary, and a prolonged stay would spell doom for them.

“Swear by your Dao heart that you will never be my enemy in this life,” Li Xiaobai said indifferently.

Their breaths hitched—this was too domineering. The path of cultivation was a clash of major forces; if they truly took the oath, as long as Li Xiaobai lived, they would have no chance of striving for the summit.

Seeing their hesitation, Li Xiaobai turned and walked away.

“Fellow Daoist, wait! I, Wang Mang, swear by my Dao heart that I will never be your enemy in this life!”

Wang Mang’s eyes were filled with fear as he hastily made his vow. His skin was already peeling away and the bones of his elbows were eerily exposed—he could not hold out much longer.

Seeing this, the others followed suit and made their vows. Faced with the choice between their future and their lives, they chose life.

Yu Xi and several other geniuses looked uncomfortable. It seemed that if they did not swear, they might die here today.

“I also swear by my Dao heart, never to oppose Li Xiaobai in this life.”

Li Xiaobai nodded in satisfaction. “What about you, Master?”

“Amitabha, the donor is creating senseless slaughter, and this humble monk must do everything in my power to stop it. Although I bear no malice, I will surely prevent the donor’s sinful deeds,” said Monk Liaowang.

“Aren’t you afraid of dying, Master? If you die, you will have nothing.”

“If I am not in Hell, who will be?”

Li Xiaobai was speechless; this monk certainly was persistent.

He gave a slight nod and turned away to leave.

Chapter 148: Chapter 149 Ergouzi’s Crisis

Several minutes later, everyone in the lava felt a sudden release, their bodies regaining mobility, and the sensation of controlling their own bodies again was truly wonderful.

Monk Liaowang had a complex expression on his face. Even though he had honestly stated he would stop the other party from killing again, the other party still spared him.

Indeed, this person has wisdom roots, kindness in his heart, and follows the righteous path—he is truly a person deserving of redemption!

1

Li Xiaobai’s actions further solidified Monk Liaowang’s resolve to reform him.

“Damn it, this time I’ve suffered a huge loss. All the treasures given by my family have been taken away by that Li Xiaobai!”

“Same here, there were several plants of Spiritual Medicine inside that could have helped me break through!”

The remaining cultivators fled from the lava like flying, returning to the cliffside above, sighing in despair. This time, they had really hit a snag.

Yu Xiu looked even more embarrassed as he dared not mention what he had lost. The ring he was carrying contained a secret manual of the Xingtian Sect, a closely guarded secret that was now taken by someone else. If word got out, it would inevitably affect the prestige and status of the Xingtian Sect.

“This matter must be reported to the sect. Li Xiaobai possesses demonic arts and uses the Demon Sword. We must prepare!” Yu Xiu said.

“Brother Yu, don’t forget the oath we took just now. In this lifetime, we cannot become enemies with him,” a fellow cultivator reminded.

“It’s just that I won’t be his enemy. The families and powers behind us aren’t here for nothing; we just need to faithfully report the name ‘Demon Sword Li Xiaobai.’ Other matters, the family will have people to handle the operations.”

Yu Xiu stated that Central Province’s powers would not allow such a talent to suddenly emerge uncontested. For major powers, only the favored can compete at the pinnacle. Uncontrolled talents must be nipped in the bud.

Therefore, exterminating talent had always been an ongoing affair for the major powers.

The other cultivators nodded in agreement. Indeed, that sword strike was too terrifying; even the favored sons of the great powers had been brought to their knees. A genius of such magnitude appearing out of nowhere must be brought to the attention of the sect masters.

Otherwise, in the future, they might become formidable rivals for those figures.

“Indeed, our sect also has powerhouses who have entered the Secret Realm. We should report this.”

“The same goes for me. The elders of my clan have gone to that minor world. It would be best if they could slay this person within the Secret Realm.”

“Let’s report it quickly...”

On the other side of the lava.

Li Xiaobai safely crossed through the lava, successfully landing on dry land. He changed into clean and neat clothes and checked the enormous gains from this excursion.

[Attribute Points: 20000.]

All on defense.

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body Ninth Turn (22000/100000) ready for advancement.]

There was still some distance to go before advancing his defensive power to the next stage, but as long as he advanced, even cultivators at the Tribulation Crossing Stage would no longer pose a threat to his life.

By then, the Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch could possibly be effective against those at the Tribulation Crossing Stage as well.

Inside the Space Ring, there were a total of thirteen Spiritual Medicines from the lava, seven of which were Fire Lotuses, and six others of various forms, unfamiliar to him. However, at first glance, they were certainly valuable items, and later he would see if he could get Ouyang Shuanger to increase the price.

There were also the treasured collections of dozens of cultivators, which were probably the accumulations of most cultivators' lifetimes, including Spirit Stones, Spiritual Medicines, Cultivation Manuals, Spiritual Artifacts, Magic Treasures, covering a wide variety.

Once he got out, he would find a suitable place for trading and clear out the lot.

He was sure to make a fortune.

The vehicle used for travel had been taken away by Ergouzi, so he had to get himself another one.

The mall.

[Lamborghini: High-end sports car, top configuration, as swift as lightning, fast speed, consumes one high-grade Spirit Stone per kilometer. (Ten thousand high-grade Spirit Stones)]

4

[Note: Feels like flying.]

That's the one!

Without any hesitation, Li Xiaobai clicked to purchase.

Li Xiaobai had long adored this kind of high-end sports car, but without Spirit Stones, all he could do was stare and drool. After amassing a fortune, a mere ten thousand superior-grade Spirit Stones was nothing to him, barely worth his attention.

Finally, he could show off a bit.

Soon, a rose gold luxury sports car hit the ground. Its chassis was low, with smooth flowing lines, and the metal armor shell had the fierce and terrifying look of a big truck, creating an impressive impact.

This car was even more luxurious than a heavy-duty truck.

Trucks were just heavy, had a high load capacity, and strong defensive power, but their downside was poor maneuverability.

However, the Lamborghini didn't have these weaknesses. It was not only a high-end sports car designed for speed, but its heavy metal armor was also sturdy, with defensive power that hardly fell short of the big trucks.

The streamlined body design made it lighter and more agile. With this top-notch mode of transportation, the big truck could be retired and given to Ergouzi to drive from now on.

The token on his person slowly glowed.

The ranking on it changed once again.

People's List.

Ranked 5000th: "Begging For Death" Li Xiaobai.

...

Ranked 7000th: "Cool and Awesome" Ergouzi.

Ranked 7001st: "Pudong Rooster" Ji Wuqing.

Ranked 7002nd: "Princess Zhenuan" Ouyang Shuanger.

He had taken out hundreds of cultivators in one move, which shot his ranking up by two thousand. If he had been ruthless just now and taken out a few more prodigies, his rank could have been even higher.

But Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing had also risen two thousand places, no need to ask, those two were definitely causing trouble everywhere driving their big truck!

He only hoped they wouldn't get killed by someone; his truck was still quite valuable.

He glanced around, there were many forks in the road. Ergouzi had the embroidered shoe, and he was about to buy another pair when suddenly, a beam of golden light burst through the sky in the distance.

A huge column of gold light shot up to the heavens, clearly signaling the birth of a great treasure.

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up, what good luck, this was the place!

He hopped into the car, threw a few superior-grade Spirit Stones into the fuel box, pressed the gas pedal to the floor, and with a thunderous roar of the engine, the Lamborghini disappeared into a blur.

...

At the same time, somewhere in a jungle.

A heavy-duty truck rampaged through, breaking trees and scattering them, while unfortunate cultivators who couldn't react in time were pulverized by the truck's charge.

Inside the cab, Ergouzi kept glancing back, obviously anxious and restless.

"Woof, good people don't block the way, those who do are just obstacles, make way for Lord Ergouzi!"

"Woof, damn it, they're catching up, hit the gas, speed up!"

Ergouzi barked frantically with Huazi in his mouth.

"Cackle, I've already floored the gas, you better steer and drift to shake them off!"

Ji Wuqing's eyes were wide as he firmly pressed down on the accelerator.

Ouyang Shuanger was sitting in the passenger seat, pale with fear, constantly looking back through the rearview mirror as several figures drew closer.

The antics of this chicken and dog terrified her. She wanted to get out of the truck, but seeing Ergouzi's madness, she swallowed the words that reached her lips.

1

She was just a bystander, why should she have to go through such terror?

Curled up inside the cab, shivering, she longed for home.

Chapter 149: Chapter 150: Qilin Divine Beast Ergouzi

The truck barreled down the road, Ergouzi cursing under his breath, the steering wheel flying in his hands.

But the people behind them were getting closer and closer, now within a hundred meters, and would catch up in just a moment.

Half an hour earlier, Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing didn't want to waste the precious opportunity to drive the big truck, which they had begged from Li Xiaobai for over a month to experience firsthand.

So they decided to go for a big score.

They drove the truck, crashing into people everywhere, wherever there were more cultivators, they would rush, killing many with each strike.

The rankings on the small Token were also rapidly climbing.

It was exhilarating at first, but after a while, Ergouzi realized something was wrong. After barreling into several groups of cultivators, they kept seeing the same person, clearly, they had been marked.

When they realized they couldn't overcome the pursuer, Ergouzi started to flee.

However, at the same time, more than a dozen cultivators burst out from all directions and followed closely behind, keeping their distance from the truck, unclear of their intentions.

Ergouzi's heart was pounding; without Li Xiaobai by his side, he felt unsure.

During the escape, he overheard the conversation of the people behind him; it seemed they were targeting him, wanting to capture him and take him to a place called Fire Qilin Cave—a name that didn't sound like anywhere pleasant.

He ordered Ji Wuqing to press down hard on the accelerator and sped off.

Behind them, more than ten cultivators followed the truck at an easy pace. It wasn't that they couldn't catch up, they simply wanted to observe a little longer.

"Elder Chen, capturing a Qilin Divine Beast is a significant event, should we report to the Fire Qilin Cave? We also have a team in the Secret Realm, should we call them over?" someone asked.

"No need, don't you understand the concept of discord among our own ranks? This Qilin Divine Beast has not yet reached its full potential. If we bring it back to the Fire Qilin Cave, the major credit will be ours. Why should we let those others stick their noses in!"

The leading elder with crane-like hair spoke indifferently.

"Understood."

“Also, this mount is extraordinary; even I cannot see its mysteries, unable to perceive the slightest sign of life in it, truly bizarre. When you make your move, do not harm the mount; we’ll bring it back for study,” said the elder as he continued.

His heart was beating with excitement. The resonance from his bloodline would not mislead him—that was a Kylin!

“Yes!”

...

On the truck, Ergouzi kept a wary eye on the shadows behind. Seeing the dozen or so cultivators suddenly disperse and vanish, his pupils shrank sharply.

“Woof, damn it, they’re making their move. Charge, charge!”

“Cluck, cluck, the accelerator is already floored. What more do you want?”

Ji Wuqing shouted in his gravelly voice, cursing the damn dog for the bad idea. Now a big trouble had been stirred up. Would he end up being done for?

“Woof, damn it, they’re really coming!”

Ergouzi stomped his feet in frustration, then suddenly, the window beside him was violently slapped by someone. Although it didn’t break, the powerful strike forcefully altered the direction of the truck.

The horn inside the truck blared thunderously as Ergouzi tried to use the sound to intimidate their pursuers, hoping to buy some breathing room.

But these efforts were futile. They had encountered a well-trained team that wasn’t launching a full assault but was using various tactics to wear them down, attempting to stop the truck’s progress.

Ergouzi realized their plan, and his heart tightened.

“Woof, you wench, don’t just stand by and watch. Hand over any Spirit Stones you have!” Ergouzi shouted.

Ouyang Shuanger was startled and said tremblingly, “Ergou... Brother Dog, all of my treasures have been taken by Young Master Li.”

This is the truth; her shoes have been taken away, and now she’s still barefoot.

Ergouzi was seething with anger, “Woof, it infuriates me too much, what a scoundrel to mess things up!”

“Dammit, hurry up, Lord Ergouzi knows you have a hidden stash, quickly hand it over, or we’re all going to die!”

Ji Wuqing’s face showed a struggle, but in the end, he steeled his heart and spat out three top-grade Spirit Stones, reluctantly tossing them into the mailbox.

This was the wealth it had amassed over this period of time.

“Damn it, you poor thing, you’ve messed up Lord Ergouzi’s big plans!”

Seeing that Ji Wuqing only had three top-grade Spirit Stones, a chill ran through Ergouzi’s heart; three top-grade Spirit Stones couldn’t solve any real problems, they could only buy them a little more time to escape.

Suddenly, a loud thud came from above the vehicle, someone had climbed on!

“Hehe, you lousy dog, if it weren’t for you causing trouble, would I have been targeted? I think these people are here for you, so why don’t you just get off, and I will drive to find Li Xiaobai to save you!” Ji Wuqing said.

“Woof, shut up, if Lord Ergouzi survives today, you’ll be the first one I roast!”

Ergouzi bared its teeth, its face twisted and fierce.

It clearly saw that an old man with white hair behind them was about to make a move.

“Qilin Secret Technique!”

The elder formed hand signs, a scorching aura enveloped him, and behind him a massive Primordial Spirit of a Fire Qilin materialized, its roar echoing through the sky.

Ergouzi felt its own fur tingling with the threat of being charred.

In a blink, the interior of the vehicle turned into a giant fiery furnace, it was dry and scorching hot.

The truck had air conditioning to cool down, but it also required the use of Spirit Stones, which they couldn’t afford to waste now due to their severe shortage.

The Fire Qilin caught up with the truck, made its way to the front, and with its two paws, it forcefully resisted the truck’s momentum.

Although the truck was still charging forward, its speed suddenly slowed down.

Moreover, the fuel gauge indicated that the fuel consumption had suddenly more than doubled; Ergouzi finally understood why Li Xiaobai had always been scamming for Spirit Stones—apparently, this flashy contraption was a Gluttonous Beast.

Playing with it like this, it felt like a few hundred top-grade Spirit Stones wouldn't even be enough to make it work.

A few breaths later, the truck's speed gradually decreased, and under the consumption of the massive Fire Qilin, the fuel gauge dropped to zero, stopping in a vast open area.

Over ten cultivators appeared silently around the truck, encircling Ergouzi in a tight perimeter.

Inside the driver's cab, Ergouzi was at a loss; the truck was out of Spirit Stones, it had lost its reliance, and was now at the mercy of others.

Ji Wuqing crouched next to the accelerator, trying his best to reduce his presence, as did Ouyang Shuanger, who felt she'd been caught in an undeserved disaster, inexplicably blocked by people though she had nothing to do with it.

If there were a next time, she would never ride with that darn dog again.

"I am Chen Ping of the Fire Qilin Cave, I invite the Divine Beast to come back with us to the mountain!" The white-haired elder cupped his fists in respect and said calmly.

Ergouzi's face was a picture of confusion; it's a Divine Beast?

When did it ever know that?

"Woof, your Lord Ergouzi doesn't buy that, today Lord Ergouzi admits defeat; kill or skin, as you wish!"

Ergouzi resigned itself to fate, speaking ferociously. It was just a mere chicken – there was no chance of escape.

The elder's brows furrowed slightly, "Possessing the ancient Qilin Bloodline, how can you demean yourself as a dog, do not degrade your own worth, come quickly to the mountain with us, undergo the baptism, and become a member of Fire Qilin Cave!"

Chapter 150: Chapter 151 This is a Damn Phoenix

"Qilin Bloodline?"

"Lord Ergouzi is a Divine Beast from the Ancient Era?"

Ergouzi was utterly confused. It had no idea it was a Qilin Divine Beast. If it really was a Qilin Divine Beast, why was it still so weak?

Inside the carriage, Ouyang Shuanger and Ji Wuqing were both shocked. The Ergouzi who only knew how to brag and curse, was actually a Qilin Divine Beast?

Damn, in what way does this thing resemble a Qilin Divine Beast?

“Indeed, we cultivators of Fire Qilin Cave carry the bloodline of the Qilin Divine Beast in our veins. There is no mistake; you are a Kylin!”

Chen Ping said with certainty.

The surrounding dozen or so cultivators also wore serious expressions, showing no signs of jest.

“Divine Beasts are gifts from heaven, incomparable to pigs and dogs. From now on, do not speak the name ‘Ergouzi’ again. Follow us back to the Sect.”

Without waiting for Ergouzi to react, Chen Ping extended a hand, and with a casual grasp, firmly fixed it within the void.

“Woof, Lord Ergouzi is a supreme being. How dare you treat me like this!” Ergouzi barked furiously.

Chen Ping frowned. The Qilin Divine Beast was actually barking like a dog; it was a disgrace.

He pointed a finger in the air and gently tapped, sealing Ergouzi’s mouth and drawing it through the air towards him.

Despite Ergouzi’s punches and kicks in the void, Chen Ping said, “The Qilin Divine Beast is a symbol of good fortune. Every word and action of a Divine Beast represents the core values of the world’s etiquette and must not be taken lightly. Such disgraceful behavior must cease!”

“After returning to Fire Qilin Cave, the Divine Beast must grow rapidly, awaken its bloodline legacy, and you will understand your identity and unlock the memories of the Ancient Era. There is more than one beast in this world with the Qilin Bloodline. You will come together to compete with one another until the strongest emerges!”

Chen Ping spoke slowly.

“Woof, you old fool, the future of Lord Ergouzi is not for you to decide!”

Ergouzi looked resentful, but it was already caught and powerless to fight back.

“Silence, Qilin Bloodline, a Divine Beast of destiny, you must not speak such vulgar words. From today onwards, you are not allowed to speak until the moment your memory returns!”

Chen Ping’s face flashed a trace of anger. Each beast with the Qilin Bloodline was usually high and mighty, exuding nobility.

Among demonic beasts, those related to the Qilin were all kings of their kind, holding a revered status. How could they be like this Qilin Divine Beast before them, acting like a complete fool!

With a series of hand seals, Chen Ping thoroughly sealed Ergouzi’s mouth.

Ouyang Shuanger felt fearful and anxious inside the vehicle. Qilin Divine Beasts, bloodline inheritance, the competition among Divine Beasts to choose the dominant one—she seemed to have heard something extraordinary.

This kind of secret concerning the foundation of a Sect, spoken so carelessly in front of her, could mean only one thing: they had no intention of letting her live.

Being at the Half-step Nascent Soul cultivation level, not even fully at the Nascent Soul Stage, she stood no chance against such powerful figures.

Sure enough, after Elder Chen tied up Ergouzi and handed him over to the other cultivators, he turned his gaze toward the location of the large truck.

“This mount should also be taken back. A mount that can withstand Elder Chen’s Fire Qilin Primordial Spirit is very rare indeed.”

Elder Chen carefully sensed the large heavy-duty truck. Indeed, this mount had no signs of life, and the spot struck by the Fire Qilin’s claw showed no trace of being burned.

This mount was quite powerful—no ordinary demonic beast!

“And the woman inside...”

a nearby cultivator asked.

“Kill her.”

Elder Chen waved his hand impatiently, uttering his command casually.

In an instant, Ouyang Shuanger on the passenger seat felt as though she had fallen into an ice pit.

“Senior, this humble girl is the daughter of the King of Zhenyuan Country. My father has good relations with the Xingtian Sect of Central Province. I beg you to spare my life in consideration of my father,” she pleaded.

“This humble girl is willing to swear an oath with her Dao heart, that whatever happened today will not be spoken of to anyone!”

Ouyang Shuanger couldn't sit still anymore, panic crawling out from inside the carriage, her body trembling uncontrollably.

“Oh?”

“The princess of Zhenyuan Country, cozying up with Xingtian Sect, so what?”

“What's Xingtian Sect to speak of meriting face with me? Even the Sword Demon, when he was alive, wouldn't dare to misbehave in front of Fire Qilin Cave.”

Elder Chen said indifferently, his eyes filled with utter disdain.

With a wave of his hand, a cultivator stepped forward, his palm turning into a fiery red, scales rising as he reached for Ouyang Shuanger.

Feeling the scorching breath approaching her, Ouyang Shuanger felt desperate. Death was too suffocating; if she had known, she would have set out with Grand Emperor.

“Father, mother, your unfilial child cannot offer filial piety at your knees anymore.”

Ouyang Shuanger closed her eyes; tears slid down her cheeks.

Inside the cockpit.

Ji Wuqing lay on the seat, lit a Huazi, and slowly exhaled a ring of smoke, seeming to have made up his mind about something.

He fished out a small piece of top-grade Spirit Stone from the gap beneath the driver's seat, his last bit of private stash.

“Gulu gulu, originally planned to use it in an emergency, and now this should count as one, right?”

...

Ergouzi stared with widened eyes at the cultivator seeking to kill Ouyang Shuanger, never feeling so powerless before.

Though Ouyang Shuanger was just a passerby, they had grown somewhat attached over time. Moreover, she was about to die because of it, which made it furious.

“Roar!”

A sky-shattering beastly roar tore through the heavens as ancient breath burst forth from the truck, sweeping across the area.

A crushing aura descended, making every Fire Qilin Cave cultivator in attendance feel a tightness in their chest, the Qilin Blood in their veins suddenly solidifying, their Primordial Spirits trembling faintly.

The complexion of the cultivator in front of Ouyang Shuanger turned deathly pale, the fiery red scales receding like a tide.

Upon touching Ouyang Wushuang, it turned back into an ordinary human hand.

“This is bloodline suppression!”

“The breath of the ancient times, far surpassing the bloodline of beings from the Ancient Era. What creature could this amount be?”

Elder Chen’s face showed great shock. The fact that this Steel Behemoth could suppress their bloodlines was truly incredible. Even the Golden-Winged Roc, an ancient Divine Beast, was not capable of such bloodline oppression to this degree.

It was like the symptoms one would only experience when faced with the progenitors.

“Fall back, run your Cultivation Technique, activate the Qilin Bloodline!” Elder Chen rapidly gave orders.

Ouyang Shuanger was somewhat stunned, suddenly not needing to die, which gave her a roller coaster of emotions.

But at this moment, a familiar nasally voice came from inside the carriage.

“Gulu gulu, Ergouzi, Lord Ji Wuqing is here to save you!”

From inside the carriage, a colorful bird soared upward, growing rapidly with the wind, and in an instant, it transformed into a giant beast that obscured the sky.

Wearing a Purple Gold Phoenix Crown, clad in golden armor, dragging a long, slender, multicolored Phoenix Tail.

From its beak, dazzling flames furiously surged forth, raising the surrounding temperature by several degrees.

Its hawk-like eyes stared unrelentingly at the Fire Qilin Cave expert beside Ergouzi. Everyone drew in a sharp breath, "Damn it, that's a Phoenix!"

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 159: 160 Fire Qilin Dominance - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 159: 160 Fire Qilin Dominance

Chapter 159: Chapter 160 Fire Qilin Dominance

Several prodigies stood in line, as Li Xiaobai exchanged for a bottle of elixirs from the System that could bind a cultivator's cultivation level.

These were the same elixirs he had fed to those evil cultivators in the Immortal Feather Sect; a single pill could seal one's cultivation for a month. Without the antidote, it was absolutely impossible to use a shred of their cultivation for a whole week.

The cultivators obediently took them, their cultivation levels instantly bound, their faces turning somewhat pale. In this murderous and treasure-stealing environment, they could not utilize the slightest bit of their cultivation, and a misstep could easily cost them their lives.

Noticing their concern, Li Xiaobai smiled and said, "Don't worry, the master beside you is highly skilled and will protect you."

Monk Liaowang chanted a Buddhist mantra with a hint of dejection.

It seemed he was being treated as a nanny, but Li Xiaobai was not wrong; if these individuals were in peril, he would definitely lend a hand.

Regardless, Li Xiaobai did not choose to utterly destroy those cultivators who had surrendered; this indicated that they were not utterly vile and wicked, and there was still a chance for redemption.

Monk Liaowang hoped to gradually influence Li Xiaobai.

The prodigies had no choice; they were indeed prisoners, daring not to make any demands.

Everyone's tokens began to emit a faint light, and Li Xiaobai examined them carefully to see that nearly all the cultivators had automatically moved down one rank.

His own rank shot straight into the top three hundred.

The Human List.

Rank 300: Begging for Death, Li Xiaobai.

Rank 301: The Little Monk Liaowang.

...

After taking down two large groups of cultivators, his ranking soared.

In less than a day's time, he had surged from being ranked in the 9,000s to the top three hundred. The pace was not too shabby, and it seemed that pulling off a few more significant moves could easily propel him into the top hundred.

Glancing over, he saw that several of his fellow senior brothers and sisters still maintained a low profile, ranked around six or seven thousand.

However, the ranks of a few familiar powerhouses had once again climbed up on the Earth List.

The Earth List.

Rank 5,333: Crane in the Clouds Amidst a Sea of Flowers.

Rank 4,742: A Man Against Ten Thousand.

...

These powerhouses were the cultivators who had been severely injured by the Heavenly Tribulation and had withdrawn from the competition for treasures. Many cultivators had followed them for various reasons at that time.

Now, those who had pursued them were already removed from the list.

At the time, it seemed like a simple kill and loot, or a quest for vengeance, but now it appeared that the powerhouses had likely planned this all along, feigning injury through the Heavenly Tribulation to draw in a horde of cultivators for murder and loot, and then completing a grand counterkill.

A man-made dangerous situation, reaping both fame and fortune.

The powerhouses were indeed powerhouses; their schemes and adaptability were astonishing. It looked like he still had much to learn.

Leading the group deeper into the small world, the scenery was picturesque and tranquil, devoid of people—no sign of the cultivators who had entered before.

“Do you know who the Saint Heir is a disciple of, and why you became so panicked upon hearing about him?” Li Xiaobai asked Yunkun and the others.

“

“That is the Saint Heir of Array Formation Sect, one of the three Great Sects of Central Province, a favored prodigy. His strength and status are not something we can compare with.”

“Central Province has three Great Sects in total, Array Formation Sect, Qi Sect, and Elixir Sect. Array Formation Sect researches formations, and most of the sect defensive arrays have their involvement; Qi Sect specializes in Artifact Refining, being the largest supplier of Spiritual Artifacts and Magic Treasures in the Immortal Spirit Continent; Elixir Sect, naturally, is famous for its Alchemy.”

“The three Great Sects support each other and share a common hatred towards their enemies, constituting the strongest visible power in Central Province. The Saint Heirs they select are the leading candidates to be the next Sect Masters, with formidable strength and considered the top geniuses of Central Province.”

Yunkun explained with enthusiasm, being the most proactive among the group. He had accepted his own identity, showing no trace of a genius’s air of superiority.

Li Xiaobai nodded, “How do these three Great Sects compare to Fire Qilin Cave?”

“Of course, they cannot be compared. The Fire Qilin Cave has existed for thousands of years, having been around since the ancient times, and the depth of its heritage is not something that the newly risen sects of mere hundreds of years can match.”

When talking about the Fire Qilin Cave, Yunkun’s expression unconsciously showed pride. As for the current strongest expert of the Fire Qilin Cave, what realm they’re at is likely unknown to anyone; its antiquity has made it almost akin to a forbidden area.

Seemingly realizing his expression was inappropriate, Yunkun quickly composed himself, reverting to an obsequious demeanor.

“I see, do you know about the Divine Beast Competition in the Fire Qilin Cave?”

Li Xiaobai, quite satisfied with the responsive attitude, handed over a Huazi.

Yunkun’s face lit up with surprise and longing for the Huazi—he had been envying Li Xiaobai and the others for smoking it all along the way.

He immediately lit it and took a deep drag, “The so-called Divine Beast Competition is about soaking several Qilin Divine Beasts in the Blood Pool of the Qilin ancestral lands, awakening the Bloodline Power within their bodies and recalling the memories from ancient times.”

“These Qilin Divine Beasts roam the world bearing the identity of the Saint Heirs of the Fire Qilin Cave, competing against each other. The one that ultimately survives will gain the entire inheritance of the Qilin Cave.”

Yunkun briefly explained.

Li Xiaobai felt relieved; it seemed that Ergouzi would not be in danger for the time being. Awakening bloodline and gaining inheritance were good things as they could enhance one’s strength.

As for the Divine Beast Competition, it resembled a cruel contest where several divine beasts were pitted against each other in a fight to the death, with only the strongest surviving.

When the time came for Ergouzi to be released, there would be an opportunity to meet.

...

Leading the group, they continued on through the Secret Realm. At first glance, the realm appeared full of poetic imagery, but after a while, it started to feel somewhat eerie, as if this world was an illusion.

It was quiet to the point of being frightening. After walking for a while without seeing a single soul other than their own group, no other sounds reached their ears apart from their talking.

Occasionally, they passed by a medicinal garden where all the herbs had vanished without a trace, the soil turned upside down, not even a leaf left to be found.

A once vast lake had been drained clean by someone wielding Great Divine Power, leaving only a bare, gigantic pit.

Li Xiaobai’s expression darkened. Although he was prepared, seeing this scene still stung.

Others might think that these treasures were taken away by cultivators who had come in earlier, but he knew all too well that it was Sect Leader Ou Yezi’s doing—the small world was emptied out months ago.

The place was plundered thoroughly. It had indeed been picked clean like a plucked goose. Nothing was left but soil and weeds; not a trace of any treasure to be seen.

“Damn it, this has been dug up too completely, not even leaving a single root hair behind for us!”

Yu Sanbian’s face turned ashen. After learning about the small world, he had willingly given up the resources of the outside world and rushed here as fast as possible, only to find that someone had already beaten him to it.

With such swift and efficient methods, they were surely habitual plunderers.

Suddenly, Yu Sanbian narrowed his eyes, “There are sounds of a fight up ahead.”

“`

Chapter 160: Chapter 161 Automatic Payment for Life-Preserving Fee Succeeds

Yu Sanbian’s hearing was very keen, probably because it had not been used to see for a long time, and he could hear the sound of metal clashing from a great distance away.

Following the path, there was a mountain cave up ahead, and the sounds of fighting were coming from inside.

Li Xiaobai frowned, feeling that something about this place was not right. Logically, the location from where the fighting sounds were emanating should have been on the outskirts of the cave, and all the treasures should have been taken by Ou Yezi. There shouldn’t be anything worth fighting over.

Why would there be a fight in such a place?

As everyone entered the cave, they found it somewhat dark inside. There was a faint red glow flickering, which seemed out of place compared to the pristine natural environment outside.

“Was this also constructed by the Saint of the Confucian Path?”

Li Xiaobai asked with a frown. Despite having read little, he could tell this place was not in line with the Confucian Path at all; it wouldn’t be too much to say it was associated with the Demon Path.

“Impudent ones, wanting to steal my treasure, go to hell!”

A crazy roar came from inside the cave as several cultivators were fighting fiercely, killing one another.

One of the cultivators was wielding a longsword, paying no heed to the injuries on his body, swinging wildly and chopping the surrounding cultivators to pieces.

“Ha ha ha, they’re all dead, they’re all dead, the treasure is mine alone!”

The cultivator laughed maniacally, seemingly in a frenzy, as he dropped his longsword and walked toward an empty space on the ground.

He was rummaging through the air, as if searching for something.

Li Xiaobai could see clearly that it was just an empty space; there was nothing but pebbles.

“Is this fellow pitting his wits against thin air?”

Ji Wuqing was quite puzzled.

“Brother Ji, this seems to be some kind of illusion. They are all trapped in an illusion, mistaking this place for having treasures, and therefore killing for them. There must be something here that is disturbing their minds,”

Yunkun explained timely. Since Ji Wuqing was Li Xiaobai’s pet, he was also someone Yunkun wanted to please.

“Such trifles of illusion, I have never taken them to heart.” Ji Wuqing felt flattered by the deference shown by Yunkun.

“No, I smell the scent of Flesh Mountain,” Yu Sanbian’s nose twitched.

“This is Demonic Qi, which has the power to erode the minds of people. If we stay here for too long, we will also be affected,” said Little Monk Liaowang.

“Are you also here to steal my treasure?”

“Die!”

Hearing the conversation of the group, the cultivator clutched a stone tightly to his chest.

Bending down to pick up the longsword, he charged toward Li Xiaobai’s position with a loud shout, his eyes crimson and his face ferocious.

Monk Liaowang's expression changed, fearing that Li Xiaobai might react. He swiftly intercepted the cultivator, forming a hand seal that enveloped him in a faint golden halo. The cultivator's crimson eyes slowly closed, and he fainted.

"Amitabha, this person's mind has been overtaken by Demonic Qi. He must be sent out quickly," Liaowang said.

"No need for that trouble; nothing cannot be resolved with a single Huazi," Li Xiaobai said lightly, taking out a Huazi, lighting it up, and placing it in the cultivator's mouth. A few breaths later, the cultivator coughed violently and took a deep inhale of the Huazi, slowly coming to.

"Cough cough, what happened?"

"It was me, I killed them all!"

The cultivator regained his senses, dropping the stone in his hand, and looked at the corpses on the ground in panic.

"Lucky one, tell us what exactly happened here. Why did you all suddenly become so frenzied?" Li Xiaobai asked.

"My fellow disciples and I followed the leaders into this place. At first, there was nothing wrong, but gradually someone here lost their mind and became extremely violent. The leaders also became aware that this place was not safe to stay long, and they wanted to find the treasure quickly and then leave."

"Where are they then?"

"They should still be deep inside the cave."

"I saved your life, so it's not too much to ask for some reward, is it?" Li Xiaobai asked with a smile.

"Not at all, this life was saved by young master, here in this Space Ring is all my belongings, I entrust them to you, may I ask for your esteemed name?"

"Li Xiaobai, happy to help."

The cultivator nodded, willingly handed over the Space Ring, and then fled the cave without looking back.

Li Xiaobai took inventory and nodded in satisfaction, noting that there were quite a few good things inside the ring; worthy of a cultivator seeking treasure, his foundation was solid.

“So this Huazi actually has such a function, if we wait here, we might be invincible.”

Yu Sanbian lit a Huazi and said calmly.

Everyone agreed, puffing smoke, unaffected by the Demonic Qi invading their minds.

“Master Li, saving a life is worth more than building a seven-level pagoda; we can use these Huazi to rescue everyone in this cave, what do you think?” Monk Liaowang asked.

“You’re right, saving a life is worth more than building a seven-level pagoda. Today, many cultivators are in trouble, and I, Li Xiaobai, who loves to help, must rescue them from their misery!”

Li Xiaobai patted his chest, filled with heroic spirit.

Monk Liaowang felt a bit unsure inside, as his experience suggested that Li Xiaobai was definitely up to something.

...

The group continued on their way, with Huazi on hand there was no worry of losing their minds, and several captives also turned misfortune into a blessing; swallowing some Huazi, they felt their cultivation levels and understanding of Cultivation Techniques had improved beyond their previous state.

In just a few breaths’ time, they had saved at least half a month of arduous cultivation. These Huazi truly were miraculous!

In that moment, they secretly wished they could stay by Li Xiaobai’s side indefinitely.

Along the way, all the cultivators they encountered were in a state of mental disarray, acting insanely.

Some were hacking at each other with knives, others were matching wits with the air, looking very abnormal.

Li Xiaobai’s eyes lit up as he stepped forward to block the attacks of the cultivators, inserting Huazi into their mouths; their eyes gradually became confused as their consciousness began to slowly return.

Taking advantage of their dazed state, Li Xiaobai very considerately relieved them of their Space Rings.

He drew his Longsword and left a message on the ground.

“Li Xiaobai, happy to help, no need to thank me. Your payment for life has been automatically processed, please leave early.”

Monk Liaowang’s expression darkened, he knew this guy was going to pull something; what was a noble act of saving people turned into a money-making opportunity in his hands, no wonder he was so proactive all the way. He really didn’t know what to say.

But in the end, they did save lives, and naturally, life was more important than wealth.

As they delved deeper into the cave, they encountered more cultivators, and the cultivation levels kept getting higher.

Li Xiaobai stuck to the script, first checking everyone’s account balance, then saving them, and finally, automatic payment.

The whole process was smooth as flowing water; in his words, that was the mark of true professionalism.

It was then that a battlefield appeared before them once again, but this time, the one surrounded was a woman.

She was dressed in a black skirt, her long legs constantly dodging, her sexy red lips slightly pursed, and her alluring eyes like silk.

“People of the Demon Sect, a Demonic Woman, everyone has the right to execute her!”

“Seems like having a bit of fun first is okay, right? After all, there’s no one else here, no one will know, hehe...”

**I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense
#Chapter 161: 162 The Demonic Woman of the Demon
Sect, Su Mei’er - Read I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll
Max Out My Defense Chapter 161: 162 The Demonic
Woman of the Demon Sect, Su Mei’er**

**Chapter 161: Chapter 162 The Demonic Woman of the
Demon Sect, Su Mei’er**

“Brother is right, this demonic woman is best at flirting and seduction, today I shall taste the flavor of this demonic woman, hehehe!”

The Taoist-looking cultivator eyed the beauty before him, his mouth salivating.

The monk beside him also wore a similarly sleazy smile, launching aggressive attacks, eager to overcome this woman in the black dress.

“Hehe, the so-called righteous cultivators are nothing but a bunch of fame-seekers, drooling over Grandma’s beauty while putting on a saintly façade, truly disgusting.”

The woman in the black dress sneered, her enchanting smile further unsettling the men, making them even more impatient.

“Hehe, demonic woman, soon you will know just how manly I am!”

“Us brothers are paragons of integrity – I’ll take my turn from behind!”

“No problem, hehehe...”

The cultivators’ explicit conversation divided the woman among themselves, their Primordial Spirit Phantoms materializing behind them, ready to forcefully suppress the opposition.

The woman’s expression changed; although her cultivation was at the Divinity Transformation Stage, her adversaries were no easy opponents. If they combined their attacks, she feared she might not withstand them.

She steeled herself for a desperate struggle, resolving to commit suicide rather than be humiliated should she be defeated.

It was at that moment that a lazy voice sounded.

“Giggle, lad, what’s the count here? It seems there is one who’s still sane.”

Before Xiaobai could respond, Monk Liaowang by his side suddenly charged forward, his palms waving, and a golden Buddha manifested, staunchly blocking the combined assault of the men ahead.

“Miss, do not panic, this humble monk has come to your aid!”

Monk Liaowang’s face was as still as water. He had heard the foul language they used earlier, and he felt it his duty to step forward, especially since some of the culprits were cultivators from the Buddhist Sect.

Xiaobai wore a look of surprise. The normally amiable little monk had taken the initiative to strike, proving that even a hero finds it hard to resist a beautiful woman.

“Another monk comes, you monks, all of you are the epitome of hypocrisy, pretenders fishing for fame, with inner ugliness a thousand times greater than that of ordinary people. Grandma despises your so-called rescue.” The woman in the black dress spoke indifferently.

“The lady misunderstands. The reason they act thus is because their minds have been consumed by the Demonic Qi within this cave, driving them mad. Once this humble monk restores their clarity, the lady will naturally be safe,” Liaowang answered.

“Little monk, you are wrong. Indeed, there is Demonic Qi in this cave, but it merely amplifies one’s desires. The darker and more agitated one’s heart is, the more insane they become after amplification. These men may appear as gentlemen, but behind closed doors, they have certainly engaged in filthy deeds!”

The woman scorned.

Xiaobai noticed the fluctuations in the woman’s emotions growing more intense, as her eyes began to shimmer with a red glow. Clearly, she was not entirely immune to the Demonic Qi of the cave and was also affected to some degree, albeit slowly.

Monk Liaowang realized this as well and wasted no time, putting the Huazi in his mouth into the black-dressed woman’s.

Caught off guard, she inadvertently inhaled, and a moment later, a look of bliss crossed her face. Her organs felt purified, her mind completely stabilized, and even her cultivation level slightly improved.

“Miss, this humble monk believes our brothers from the Buddhist Sect would never commit such acts; it must be the invasion of the Demonic Qi,” Liaowang insisted stubbornly, unable to accept that his fellow disciples could harbor such vile thoughts.

“Birds of a feather,” the woman sneered.

Liaowang said nothing more, turning instead to face the men, ready to subdue them.

“Hehe, turns out you’re a kindred spirit. Do you also wish to sample the flavor of this demonic woman?”

“This demonic woman is from the Hehuan Sect, an expert in the art of seduction, guaranteed to give you the time of your life!”

“Given we’re all disciples of the Buddhist Sect, I’ll agree, but I’m going first. How about we take turns?”

Their vulgar words made Monk Liaowang frown deeply.

“You gentlemen are renowned experts of the righteous path, and even if affected by Demonic Qi, you shouldn’t act this way, tarnishing the reputation of our Sects for no reason,” Liaowang said.

As these words were spoken, the eyebrows of several righteous cultivators immediately shot up.

“Fellas, this one’s here to steal our woman!”

“Damn it, this monk actually wants to enjoy the demonic woman all to himself, let’s take him down!”

“Hand over the demonic woman!”

“Meet your death at the hands of this poor Taoist!”

The few were furious, their faces contorted, and behind them, several Primordial Spirit Phantoms suddenly launched an attack on Monk Liaowang.

“Be careful, these few are all at the Divinity Transformation Stage of cultivation!”

The demonic woman behind couldn’t help but speak out to remind him, feeling that this monk was very different from the righteous individuals she had encountered in the past.

“Thank you for the information, benefactor. Dharma Golden Body!”

“Eighteen Arhats Array!”

In the void, the golden Buddha phantom formed seals with his hands, the golden Buddhist light shone forth, and eighteen golden Arhats rose from the ground, taking up positions throughout the spacious cave, firmly trapping the several cultivators in the middle.

Two or three Arhats grouped together, tightly restraining the frenzied cultivators.

Afterward, Monk Liaowang took out a pack of Huazi, stepped forward, and one by one, placed them into the mouths of everyone present, lighting them.

The fierce aura in the void instantly vanished, and the several cultivators began to look dazed, their consciousness slowly returning.

Recalling the recent events, the woman in the black dress blushed slightly; this monk clearly had treasures he had not yet used, but he chose to place the used ones directly into her mouth.

Li Xiaobai took the opportunity to step forward and, as if it were the most natural action, relieved the cultivators of their Space Rings.

Watching Li Xiaobai proceed as if he were in his own territory, Monk Liaowang felt helpless. Although the others' attacks were not strong, their resilience was freakishly high; even he was unable to do anything about it.

The several cultivators gradually regained their consciousness, and the sparkle returned to their eyes.

"Who are you?"

"What do you intend to do here?"

The cultivators looked around blankly, their gazes surveying the area until they saw the woman in the black dress not far away, their eyes lighting up.

"This is the demonic woman from the Hehuan Sect, Su Mei'er, fellow brothers, hurry and assist me in capturing her!"

"We need to escort her back to our Sect to report!"

Watching the few ready to make their move, Su Mei'er looked disdainful and scoffed, "Still the same virtue, hypocrites."

"Where's my Space Ring?"

"Mine's gone too!"

The cultivators attempted to retrieve their Magic Treasures to capture Su Mei'er, only to suddenly realize that all the treasures on them had vanished, leaving them momentarily stunned.

"Did you take my ring?"

"Do you know who I am?"

Li Xiaobai frowned, "Perhaps you are mistaken about something. We certainly did not save you without reason. The treasures on you have automatically served as payment to spare your lives. Do not cause unnecessary trouble, and leave at once!"

"Automatic payment?"

"Payment to spare our lives?"

The cultivators were taken aback, hearing these new terms for the first time, but then they became furiously enraged, “You took advantage of our misfortune, hand over the rings immediately!”

Chapter 162: Chapter 163 I Don't Even Know If You're Pretty

Several righteous characters became enraged, although they had been attacked by Demonic Qi, they had not realized the severity of the issue.

In their eyes, there was only the Demonic Woman before them and the Space Ring taken by Li Xiaobai.

“Gentlemen, your lives were saved by us, and the Space Ring has already automatically compensated us for that. As for this Demonic Woman, she has nothing to do with you, so please leave quickly,” Li Xiaobai patiently explained once again.

“Could it be that you are in collusion with this Demonic Woman, that you are actually all in it together?”

The monk-looking cultivator's eyes flashed with a sly glint. They had the upper hand with more people on their side and were all experts from the major sects, not afraid to take action.

The others also discreetly glanced at the woman in black, their throats unconsciously moving, stirring up feelings of agitation once again.

Although the intention was to capture this witch and bring her back to their sect, how she was dealt with along the way was entirely at their discretion.

The Demonic Women of the Hehuan Sect were notoriously difficult to capture, and this woman was the saintess among them, possessing seductive powers that no man could resist.

“Amitabha, this monk came to rescue others today. Just now, the donors joined forces with the intention of indulging in base deeds. This monk thought that you were affected by the Demon Qin and had a lapse in judgment. Please leave quickly,” said Monk Liaowang.

“Enough, we righteous cultivators have always stood firmly against demons and monsters. Today, this Demonic Woman must come with me. As for you, I've taken note. I will report back to our sect and investigate you thoroughly!”

The Taoist could not hold back any longer, his eyes faintly reddening as his figure flashed once more, charging towards the woman in black.

The others followed closely behind, as several Primordial Spirits in the void once again manifested, unleashing an overwhelming presence, pressing against the crowd.

Monk Liaowang's expression changed slightly, not expecting that the other party would remain unreasonable even after regaining clarity.

His hands formed seals, and eighteen Golden Arhat Statues swelled with the wind, equal with the golden Buddha Primordial Spirits in the void, their light shining on all, firmly withstanding the advance of the cultivators in front.

"This is the Eighteen Arhats Golden Body, created from the External Incarnations of Dharma Form Manifestation!"

"Just who are you, monk? Even this poor monk has not mastered such ability!"

The expressions of the onlookers changed drastically, and the monk was especially astonished. The Eighteen Arhats Golden Body was an ultimate art within Buddhist Sects, almost a secret not passed outside the temples.

To master the Eighteen Arhats, one must fully comprehend the Buddhist scriptures corresponding to each Arhat. Then, with the scripture as a guide, the Primordial Spirit Power would be used to form the Arhats.

Through a repeated process, the Eighteen Arhats Golden Body is akin to having eighteen additional Primordial Spirits.

This is not merely a testament to formidable strength and cultivation level. The opponent's understanding of Buddhist Law far surpasses ordinary people, reaching a level even many esteemed masters are unable to achieve, and they can use it casually.

A trace of envy flashed in their eyes. Such an unknown Buddhist prodigy, to them, was more a bane than a blessing.

"Amitabha, this monk is from the Lotus Sutra Temple in the Western Desert. Gentlemen, please cease your actions," said Monk Liaowang.

The monk-like cultivator's heart relaxed. "So you are from the Lotus Sutra Temple. You shield a Demonic Woman of the Demon Sect, and I, Ling Jue, have taken note. Upon my return, I will surely report to the Thousand Buddha Temple to properly rectify this!"

The Lotus Sutra Temple was not a large temple in the Western Desert; on the contrary, it was a small, inconspicuous temple with few followers and monks; he was not afraid of them.

“Indeed, you openly shield a Demonic Woman of the Demon Sect. Especially you, as a disciple of the Buddhist Sect, are entangled with the saintess of the Hehuan Sect. I will most certainly report the situation here truthfully upon my return!” said the Taoist with a ferocious expression, scanning everyone with a fierce gaze.

“Just you wait...”

Several righteous individuals looked at Monk Liaowang with some fear and hurriedly left the place.

The cultivation strength of the other party was far above theirs. Although they were all at the Divinity Transformation Stage, the gap between them was too great.

“This...”

“A monk should act with propriety and sit with straightness, even if the great masters of Thousand Buddha Temple were here, I would have nothing to be ashamed of,” the young monk said.

Monk Liaowang spoke earnestly. The Buddhist Sect had always been strict; his master had taught him from a young age that those who could walk out of the Buddhist Sect were people of sufficient character and cultivation level, with great abilities.

He himself was concerned for the world, with righteousness in his heart, fearing no form of scrutiny.

“Master, you’ve already saved their lives; there’s no need to pay attention to these petty individuals,” Li Xiaobai said indifferently.

Monks are just too fussy. If it were him, he would have made them grovel directly.

However, the Huazi that group had mentioned was running low, and it was estimated they would find it difficult to leave the cave.

“That’s right, you’re a decent monk, but too foolish. Those people are all of ill intent. By saving them, you’re only allowing more people to suffer at their hands, increasing their sins,” Su Mei’er said with a seductive smile.

Monk Liaowang chanted a Buddha’s name and said no more.

Li Xiaobai sized up the woman in front of him, flipping through the rankings. The name Su Mei’er was quite familiar; it seemed to come up often.

Beauty rankings.

Fifth place: Su Mei’er, a hundred times more beautiful than Xi Yao.

“Young man, by looking at me this way, could it be that you recognize me?”

Su Mei'er's smile was enchanting. The Cultivation Technique she practiced was the art of enchantment, and every move was naturally captivating.

“Are you the Su Mei'er who is a hundred times more beautiful than Xi Yao?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“Indeed, it is I, but now I am a thousand times more beautiful than Xi Yao. All these cats and dogs around you were once pursuers of mine!” Su Mei'er cast a flirtatious glance at Yunkun and the others, speaking in a coquettish tone.

Yunkun and the others blushed, silent and embarrassed.

Without asking, it was clear that something had happened between these people, but Li Xiaobai didn't care and didn't want to know.

“We just saved your life, shouldn't you show some gratitude?”

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Li Xiaobai got straight to the point. This was a Demonic Woman from the Demon Sect; surely she had a wealth of treasures, and he had every intention of extracting a hefty fee for her life.

“But it was this little monk who saved me just now, what does it have to do with you?”

“The Huazi in your mouth was given to him by me, and besides, we're a team. Committing crimes together, sharing resources, don't you understand?”

“How about I keep you company for drinks and moon gazing tonight, brother?”

Su Mei'er's smile was blooming like a flower as she cast a sidelong glance at Monk Liaowang. Monk Liaowang, as if in deep meditation, remained completely unmoved.

She couldn't help but think to herself that he really was a block of wood.

Li Xiaobai frowned. “What's the matter with you? How much is drinking and gazing at the moon worth? Just now those people had to give up a Space Ring in exchange for their lives. Don't joke around; hurry up and take out your treasures.”

Su Mei'er was stunned. “Am I not beautiful?”

Li Xiaobai shook his head. “There might be a lot of people who say you're beautiful, but to tell you the truth, I'm face blind. I didn't save you because you're beautiful; I don't even know if you're pretty or not.”

Su Mei'er: “...”

Chapter 163: Chapter 164: Encountering the Misty Peak Routine Again

Su Mei'er was a bit dazed; this opening didn't quite match what she had envisioned.

In the past, men were always rushing to grovel at her feet, willing to pay out of their own pockets just to gain a smile from a beauty. Some would even fight over her—yet this man in front of her seemed a bit off?

“Young man, I am the Hehuan Sect's saintess—am I worth less than mere mortal trinkets?” she asked.

“I've got a whole bunch of Saint Heirs here,” he replied. “I don't fancy a saintess; I prefer mortal trinkets. Give me your mortal trinkets, and you will have completely evolved into an Immortal.”

Li Xiaobai took a drag from his cigarette, unmoved by Su Mei'er's charm, his gaze fixed on the Space Ring in her hand—the most captivating thing about this woman.

Su Mei'er was frustrated. There really were men in the world who were completely indifferent to her charms, and they seemed to come in droves.

Whether it was the monks or the man in front of her, or even the fellow beside her refusing to open his eyes, all of them were oblivious to her stunning beauty. She couldn't help but wonder if she had become ugly or if her allure had faded?

No, impossible. She was Su Mei'er, a thousand times more beautiful than Xi Yao—it had to be these men's problem.

Perhaps they weren't interested in women at all, but rather, they were comrades who enjoyed 'the love of dragons.'

Taking off her Space Ring, she tossed it to Li Xiaobai. The ring contained resources—although precious, they were nothing extraordinary.

Li Xiaobai caught the ring, nodded with satisfaction, and after a cursory inspection, his complexion became ruddy with excitement—the resources inside were incredibly abundant.

The least valuable were top-quality Spirit Stones, along with all sorts of exquisite herbs. This woman's treasures even surpassed the combined wealth of the cultivators they had encountered before, making her like a mobile treasury.

Seeing the gleam in Li Xiaobai's eyes, Su Mei'er was even more speechless—this man definitely had issues.

“Little monk, what's your name? With such cultivation, why has your sister never seen you before?” Su Mei'er continued to pester Monk Liaowang.

“Amitabha, this humble monk is Liaowang. I wander everywhere on normal days, and my understanding of the Buddhist Law is not profound; I am not well known,” Monk Liaowang replied.

“But you can summon the Eighteen Arhats Golden Body. Many powerful figures in the Buddhist Sect can't achieve that. You are being too modest.”

Su Mei'er persistently inched closer to Monk Liaowang.

“Amitabha, this lowly monk's cultivation is insignificant, and I dare not compare myself to the great ones. Men and women should not touch hands; please do not proceed this way,” he said.

Liaowang dodged like a frightened rabbit, continuously chanting scripture.

Li Xiaobai found this very amusing—it seemed even monks had their fears. This was quite interesting.

...

The group continued on their way. The interior of the cavern was shockingly vast, not at all corresponding with the outside world. Su Mei'er suspected that a separate small world was concealed within.

As for what exactly was inside, that remained unknown.

After walking some distance, sounds of battle coupled with a few shouts could be heard. Li Xiaobai recognized them and signaled everyone to stop.

Ahead, five people lay in pools of blood, while a female cultivator wielding a huge hammer laughed maniacally as if she were insane.

At least dozens of cultivators surrounded the scene, their eyes bloodshot as they stared at the woman in front.

“Hahaha! Mere Nascent Soul Cultivators daring to compete with me for treasures are courting death! The treasures can only be mine!” she proclaimed.

Having said that, the female cultivator put away her hammer and casually picked up a stone from the ground, as if intending to leave.

At the same moment, the myriad cultivators surrounding her, with ferocious expressions, swarmed towards her.

“Kill her!”

“The treasure can only be mine!”

“Get lost, only I am worthy of the treasure!”

Seeing the frenzy of the crowd, Li Xiaobai recognized the female cultivator—it was his Senior Sister Su Yunbing. Not only had his senior brothers and sisters entered this place, but they had also made it into this small world. However, looking at the current situation, it seemed they too were affected by the influence of the Demonic Qi.

Monk Liaowang prepared to move forward to rescue someone but was stopped by Li Xiaobai, who felt that something was amiss.

A ripple echoed through the void; a cultivator appeared soundlessly behind Su Yunbing and suddenly struck her in the back with his palm.

“Ah!”

Su Yunbing screamed and fell slowly to the ground as if unconscious.

Monk Liaowang: “...”

Li Xiaobai’s forehead creased with black lines. Was Senior Sister putting on an act?

Using herself as bait to lure a large group of cultivators to kill for treasure, then pretending to be defeated, the remaining cultivators would turn on each other over these fabricated riches. This tactic of using others to eliminate one’s enemies was quite cunning.

Although he didn’t know why they weren’t affected by the Demonic Qi, now that he had stumbled upon them, he would claim their Space Rings for himself.

He put Huazi in everyone’s mouths and then smoothly took their Space Rings as an automatic payment.

“Senior Brothers and Senior Sister, your Junior Brother is here, so you can stop the act.”

“So it’s Junior Brother. Senior Sister has attracted quite a few experts with great difficulty, and it seems you’ve reaped the benefits.”

The group got up from the ground, each with a Huazi in their mouth, evidently having narrowly escaped disaster just like him.

“Junior Brother seems to have made quite a few friends outside.”

Ye Wushuang looked Su Mei'er up and down. In terms of beauty, they were equally matched, with Ye Wushuang exuding a quiet and elegant aura, while Su Mei'er oozed a seductively enchanting charm.

“What are you looking at?”

Su Mei'er rolled her eyes, seeing for the first time a woman whose looks matched hers and immediately there were two, which irritated her immensely. No wonder Li Xiaobai was indifferent to her, he must be used to such sights.

Serves him right for being face-blind.

“Junior Brother, there are Transcendence Tribulation Stage masters here. Aren't you being a bit too reckless with those engravings?”

Liu Jinshui's expression changed when he saw Li Xiaobai's actions.

“What's there to fear? Even those at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage should repay kindness. I, Li Xiaobai, enjoy helping others; it's like saving their lives.”

Li Xiaobai spoke indifferently.

His defensive power was about to advance, and he no longer held the same reverence for those in the Transcendence Tribulation Stage as before.

“Are you planning to go deep into the cave, Junior Brother?”

“Have Senior Brother and Senior Sister been there before?”

“Yes, we have. There's something truly terrifying inside. We'll do a few more jobs and then we have to leave. Junior Brother, I advise you to leave quickly too. We are not a match for that thing,” Fourth Senior Brother Yang Chen said.

“What's inside?” Li Xiaobai asked curiously.

“A heart, a real Demonic Divine Heart.”

Third Senior Brother Lin Yin, who had been silent, spoke with deep wariness about the item inside the cave.

“Thank you, Senior Brother, for the information, but I still want to take a look,” Li Xiaobai said. There was still one Blood Sacrifice Fragment left nearby, and if it was likely to be anywhere, it would be deep in this cave.

Moreover, according to Lin Yin, although the object was terrifying, it was not dangerous for the time being, so exploring a bit shouldn't be a problem.

“It seems Junior Brother is just like us, someone who won't stop until he sees the coffin. Go if you want, but do not touch that heart. It's very sinister, and if it awakens, it might lead to catastrophe.”

Chapter 164: Chapter 165: The Heart of Flesh Mountain

The few from Misty Peak departed; they still needed to continue their ruse and rob several waves of cultivators to accumulate wealth.

However, it was all in vain for them; all the space rings of the cultivators they encountered had automatically made payment along the way.

Now, seeking trouble with them wouldn't yield a single benefit.

Watching the group's departing figures, Li Xiaobai felt his fellow disciples were somewhat mysterious, seemingly stumbling upon all sorts of treasure lands whenever they met, their cultivation levels would have also increased hugely, and they always managed to escape unharmed from danger.

Shaking his head, everyone has their secrets, and he was not one to gossip; the task at hand was what mattered.

He continued leading everyone deeper into the cave.

Along the way, they still encountered many cultivators killing each other, and the deeper they went, the more corpses they found, all dead by their own people's hands.

Monk Liaowang chanted sutras to liberate the souls along the way, wishing to escort them peacefully to the afterlife.

“Little monk, these people died because of their own greed and desires; they're not worth liberating,” Su Mei'er said.

“Amitabha, everyone has the chance to go to the Western Pure Land,” Monk Liaowang remained unmoved.

“How old are you, little monk?”

“I have spent my years idly; I am already twenty-one,” Liaowang replied.

“Not bad, I’m about the same age as you this year, I’m eighteen,” Su Mei’er said with a smile.

Li Xiaobai glanced at her, thinking the woman had quite the thick skin; looking at her mature and enchanting appearance, he’d believe her if she said she was thirty.

Su Mei’er sensed Li Xiaobai’s gaze and suddenly became furious, “Boy, what does that look mean? Are you doubting the real age of this lady?”

“Heaven forbid, the lady is forever eighteen,” Li Xiaobai replied distractedly, half-heartedly.

“That’s more like it.”

Su Mei’er’s expression softened, but she somehow felt something was off about that statement.

“There is a strong Demonic Qi up ahead.”

Yu Sanbian said, his nose was particularly keen, and after inhaling Huazi, his bodily senses had become even more acute.

“Seems like we’re about to reach the end.”

...

At the same time.

Inside the cave.

The cultivators in various parts of the cave slowly regained their composure, involuntarily taking a couple of inhalations of Huazi, their Spiritual Platforms clear, their minds instantly alert.

“Was I possessed just now?”

“My God, I actually killed so many!”

“Who saved us?”

The cultivators were shocked to their cores; the mountain of corpses and sea of blood before them filled them with horror. Killing fellows was a capital offense, especially since so many had died.

If someone were to find out, they would not escape blame.

Examining the Huazi in their mouths carefully, it was this little thing that had restored their senses.

Not only that, but after inhalation, they felt their cultivation levels and grasp of cultivation techniques were on the verge of breaking through to a new realm.

“Sss, this thing is truly miraculous!”

“Who was it that put this in our mouths? When I return, I must report it to the Sect to properly thank this person!”

“Yeah, to save us, they used such a treasure, truly, what a good person!”

“Eh, my Space Ring is gone, there are words on the ground!”

After a short burst of excitement, the many cultivators recovered their composure, began to inspect their belongings, and immediately noticed the space rings they always carried were missing.

At the same time, they saw a line of writing on the ground.

“A good Samaritan, Li Xiaobai, here; your ransom has been paid automatically. It’s not safe to stay longer in the cave, therefore please leave as quickly as possible!”

“Don’t thank me, I’m just a kind-hearted citizen!”

Sss!

The cave fell into a brief silence, only to erupt violently moments later.

“While we lost our senses, this person stole our Space Rings!”

“Li Xiaobai, this person is audacious to the extreme, I’m a cultivator from Fire Qilin Cave, and the Space Ring holds the secrets of our sect, how dare he take it?”

“We must find this person, all of our sect’s secret knowledge is stored within the Space Rings, if he looks into it, it could lead to a disaster!”

“Let’s get out of here first, the treasures in our mouths are about to burn out!”

The inscriptions on the ground sent the cultivators into a rage.

They wanted to immediately pursue Li Xiaobai, but after noticing that the Huazi in their mouths were nearly burned out, they decisively chose to evacuate.

This person is truly talented, ransom money, yet automatically paid, how did he come up with that, he's simply a business genius.

"Let's block the entrance to the Secret Realm, he's bound to show up!"

...

Deep within the cave, where the Demonic Qi was so dense it couldn't be more intense, Li Xiaobai couldn't feel it, but it was clear that the color was draining from the faces of the others.

Despite the Huazi protecting them, they were still struggling to cope with this breath.

There were no living people around here, only corpses. Many powerful beings at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage had also perished here, with twisted and fierce expressions on their faces, their minds had suffered greatly before death.

"Thud!"

The sound of a heartbeat came, emitted by the Demonic Divine Heart hidden in the darkness.

Li Xiaobai, as usual, started looting the corpses, never leaving empty-handed, as the resources inside these big shots' Space Rings were unimaginably plentiful.

"Is this the Demonic Divine Heart?" Yu Sanbian, unable to see the scene, asked.

"Why do I feel like this is a Flesh Mountain instead?"

Su Mei'er spoke, the existence of Flesh Mountains was not a secret, it's just that the ones typically seen were intentionally domesticated by sects.

The heart before them, both in shape and breath, greatly resembled a Flesh Mountain, and the breath that eroded people's minds was also similar to that of a Flesh Mountain.

"The monk also thinks it's quite similar," Monk Liaowang nodded in agreement.

Li Xiaobai stepped forward to examine closely, it was a huge chunk of flesh, pulsating slowly; two huge, fleshy tendrils extended from the chunk's ends, merging with the surrounding stone walls.

“This indeed resembles a Flesh Mountain, is this fleshly body also a living being?”

“A Flesh Mountain shouldn’t count as a living being; it’s a state without consciousness, acting only on instinct.”

Monk Liaowang explained, having seen many Flesh Mountains during his travels, but he had never seen one so large, and besides, it was pulsing like a heart, which was quite out of the ordinary.

He reached out and touched it lightly, a streak of light swept past, entering Li Xiaobai’s forehead.

[Attribute Points +10000...]

[Achievement: Trouble Maker (4/108)]

Allocate all to defense.

[Defensive Power: Fleshly Saint (2000/1000000) Upgradeable.]

The defensive power upgraded, a layer of faint golden tattoo patterns spread across the body, and the Primordial Aura erupted, sweeping through the entire cave.

Feeling this ancient aura, everyone was deeply alarmed.

“Brother Li, what is this...”

Yu Sanbian’s expression showed disbelief, he felt an overpowering force awakening.

“Heh, I’ve made a breakthrough,” Li Xiaobai said.

The Flesh Mountain heart seemed to be stimulated by this aura, its body trembled, and it, too, emitted an incredibly powerful breath that came crashing down.

This breath was extremely sinister, as if composed of countless negative emotions, making those within it feel as if they were in an ice cave.

Simultaneously, the entire cave began to quake violently, boulders rolled, and dust filled the air.

“This is bad, the Flesh Mountain is reviving, the cave is collapsing, let’s get out of here!”

Chapter 165: Chapter 166: The Sudden Appearance of the Beggar

Instantly, the mountain rocks split apart, the mountain body crumbled, and strands of meatball-like tentacles twitched wildly.

“Benefactor, be careful!”

Monk Liaowang pushed Su Mei'er beside him and a golden light burst forth, trying to block a massive tentacle that was rapidly shooting towards them.

But in an instant, the Monk's protective golden light shattered, he coughed up blood, and was sent flying.

“Little Monk!”

Su Mei'er was startled and rushed forward to support Liaowang, stuffing a handful of elixirs into his mouth.

“This humble monk has Buddha's blessing, benefactor need not waste elixirs.”

Liaowang coughed a few times and slowly said, although he was internally injured, fortunately, his injuries were not serious.

These tentacles were all part of the massive Flesh Mountain's body. Everyone in the cave had only seen a very small part of the heart pulsating, but in reality, the roots of the Flesh Mountain extended into every corner of the cave.

Now awakening, the rocks clinging to the Flesh Mountain's body framework kept collapsing.

A chillingly cruel aura rampaged, turning everyone's faces as pale as death.

“Brother Li, we've screwed up!”

“Benefactor, you shouldn't have touched it.”

“Stop talking and start running!”

As the heart of the Flesh Mountain continued to revive, the ancient Divine Demon's oppressive might descended, causing Li Xiaobai's breath to catch, his Attribute Points skyrocketing.

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +2000...]

[Attribute Points +3000...]

...

With the revival of the Flesh Mountain, the air grew thick, and the powerful oppressive force caused people's blood qi to surge. Li Xiaobai's face was equally pale, though he found the rapid increase of Attribute Points exhilarating.

But if this thing were to strike even once, he would surely be dead or severely wounded. The might of the Flesh Mountain far surpassed any cultivator he had ever seen. Even cultivators at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage were like infants before it.

By accidentally releasing a super boss, could it lead to a major disaster?

It was at this moment that in an inconspicuous corner, a withered corpse was hit by a falling rock from above and suddenly jumped three feet high.

"No good, the big brute is waking up; run for your lives!"

An aged figure whirled by like a tornado, sprinting madly away.

"Cackle, playing dead, and out comes an old steamed bun!"

Ji Wuqing was ruffled. A "corpse" suddenly fleeing in panic would startle anyone.

Li Xiaobai squinted his eyes; he had suspected he'd seen this old man before when entering the inner world, and now upon seeing his face, he recognized him immediately. This guy was the old beggar who had bathed with him back in Ancient Moon City.

This old beggar was indeed no simple character to have snuck in here to play dead.

"Damn, there's also a crafty old guy hidden here; don't tell me he was lying in wait for us?"

Everyone watched, dumbstruck.

"Brother Li, is it time to release our cultivation levels? Without our powers, we can't run at all!"

Yunkun and others were terrified to their core. They all came from powerful backgrounds with deep foundations and had some speculations about the massive heart of the Flesh Mountain. If it was indeed like the things recorded in their family archives.

It would be a catastrophe for the Immortal Spirit Continent, and they must report this to their clans as soon as possible!

Li Xiaobai's wrist flipped, and a Lamborghini appeared in an instant, attracting everyone's gaze with its flashy style and iron-blood aura.

"Brother Li, this is..."

"No time to explain, get in the car!"

Li Xiaobai opened the car door and pushed everyone inside. The Lamborghini had an odd design, but its interior was spacious, easily accommodating everyone present.

Patting the seat next to him, they were made of genuine leather, ultra-thin, translucent, soft, and comfortable, making it irresistible to lean against them and relax.

"What kind of beast is this mount, to have its own space inside, and it's so comfortable!"

"Since we are sitting inside it, could it be that the things beneath us are its internal organs?"

Everyone was very curious about the Lamborghini, mainly because of its sleek design and powerful performance. Although it looked strange, it felt incredibly cool and charming.

Li Xiaobai floored the accelerator, and the Lamborghini roared off.

The rocks falling along the road didn't affect the hard exterior of the car at all. The sports car was very fast, and soon Li Xiaobai saw the old figure sprinting madly ahead once again.

The old beggar was staggering with every step, but each one flashed him forward tens of meters, sometimes even hundreds of meters. Wherever his toes touched, runes flickered, mysterious and unfathomable.

Monk Liaowang was shocked, "This is the true art of shrinking the earth, the Supreme Great Divine Power, reaching the ends of the earth!"

"What do you mean?" Li Xiaobai asked.

"It is said that this Divine Skill originates from the Upper Realm, requiring a very high cultivation level and comprehension. Step out one step, and you reach the ends of the earth in an instant. Our Buddhist Sect's version of shrinking the earth is a modified version of this skill, a simplified one," explained Monk Liaowang.

Li Xiaobai casually threw two more top-quality Spirit Stones into the mailbox, and the roar of the car exploded. The wheels rubbed against the ground, sparks flew in all directions, and it turned into a bolt of lightning chasing after the old beggar.

The old man was indeed running fast, but his speed seemed unstable, sometimes covering a thousand meters in a blink and at other times stomping in place. Li Xiaobai couldn't understand his maneuvers.

He drove up next to the old beggar.

"Old man, it's been a long time. I've missed you!"

Li Xiaobai rolled down the window and said with a smile, this old fellow was unscrupulous—he had first bumped to death and then, upon facing danger, turned and ran, clearly harboring ill intentions.

"Boss Ye, what a coincidence!"

The old beggar appeared very surprised.

"I'm called Li Xiaobai now."

"Boss Li, your bathhouse is really nice. After soaking there, my back doesn't ache and my legs don't hurt. Everything is just perfect."

"Old man, what brings you here?" Li Xiaobai asked directly, cutting to the chase.

"Here to make a little money."

"Have you made any?"

"Not yet."

"What is that thing behind you?"

"Flesh Mountain, a piece of meat mountain accumulated with resentment over the years. It was awakened by the Iron-blood Aura on Boss Li's body. Boss Li, you truly are a Divine Demon!"

The old beggar gave a thumbs up, revealing a mouthful of big yellow teeth.

Li Xiaobai's face darkened; he felt the old man was insulting him in a roundabout way.

"Giggle, kid, watch out, that monster has started attacking again!" Ji Wuqing had been keeping an eye on the situation behind them all along and suddenly reminded them.

Li Xiaobai looked in the rearview mirror and saw that many stone walls at the back were starting to move eerily. The once wind-eroded Flesh Mountain tentacles were slowly waking up, one by one separating and spreading out from the mountain body.

Some cultivators were running too slowly and got caught by the tentacles, which dragged them into the mountain walls.

“Boss Li, the entire cave is formed by leeching onto the body of that Flesh Mountain. Only by escaping the cave can we be considered truly beyond its control,” the old beggar said.

“However, Boss Li is a Divine Demon. You certainly have no fear of such small fry. This old beggar has no strength to truss a chicken, so I won’t make trouble for you.”

“The old beggar is leaving too!”

Chapter 166: 167 There's no time to explain, let the old man get in the car quickly

Chapter 166: Chapter 167 There’s no time to explain, let the old man get in the car quickly

The old beggar let out a long howl and instantly vanished from his spot.

Li Xiaobai was stunned. That old man was too fast, even a Lamborghini couldn’t catch up to him.

However, it was quite obvious that the old man was sly and cunning, intending to use him as bait to draw the attention of Flesh Mountain, thereby buying time for his own escape.

Immediately, he threw several top-quality Spirit Stones into the mailbox, and the car sped wildly down the road, shattering any tentacles that tried to block its path, crushing the rocks into dust, and forcibly blazing a trail out of the mountain cave.

[Attribute Points +100...]

[Attribute Points +300...]

[...]

The other cultivators inside the cave were invigorated as if they saw hope.

“Quick, follow the mount up front!”

“With the Divine Beast leading the way, we will definitely be able to escape successfully!”

“Damn it, how can there be so many tentacles here!”

The cultivators displayed their Divine Skills, all following closely behind the Lamborghini. Despite being much slower, the giant stones and tentacles were all broken by the car, making it much safer for the people behind.

Li Xiaobai shook his head and sighed, “These could’ve all been opportunities to make a fortune, but I acted too hastily and didn’t consider things thoroughly. If I had negotiated the price for saving our lives in advance, it would have been another windfall!”

Liaowang: “...”

Su Mei’er: “...”

Yu Sanbian: “...”

Captured talents: “...”

The sports car burst out of the cave, and there was a bright light outside, returning to the beautiful scenery of clear mountains and waters, which contrasted starkly with the gigantic tentacles waving wildly behind them.

After continuing to run for a while, Li Xiaobai stopped the car, turned around, and observed the situation of the cave.

At this glance, he immediately got goosebumps all over. The stones and dirt on the cave had completely fallen off, revealing its true appearance.

The densely packed huge flesh balls and tentacles were slowly wriggling, forming a massive cave entrance stretching over hundreds of miles, with a rotten and foul smell spreading all around. The heart of Flesh Mountain was fully revived, and its powerful heartbeat was making people’s eardrums buzz.

Most of the tentacles seemed to still be in the adaptation stage, trying to rise, their movements sluggish.

However, at this moment, a considerable number of tentacles were attacking the people nearby.

This Flesh Mountain was very different from those seen in the sect; it might lack intelligence, but it was crazed, and its tentacles shot out, stabbing at the cultivators fleeing in panic.

“This seems to be...”

Someone from within the car, among the talents, wanted to say something but was silenced by a look from Yunkun.

“Boss Li, this mount of yours is quite something. What breed is it?”

Before he knew it, the old beggar had leaned in closer again.

“One of a kind in the world,” Li Xiaobai said, annoyed.

“Hehe, Boss, you truly are a rare talent. Not only are you an expert at bathing, but your beast taming skills are top-notch as well,” the old beggar flattered, sticking his head closer to the car window, sniffing excitedly, clearly attracted by the Huazi fragrance inside.

His gaze locked on Ji Wuqing: “This chick’s got something, it even has an automated feeding function.”

“Cluck, cluck, you old fart, you’re the chick, your whole family are chicks!”

Ji Wuqing bristled, pecking fiercely at the old face that was poking into the window, but instead of retreating, the old beggar seemed to enjoy the sensation even more.

Moving closer, he could feel that refreshing scent even more intensely.

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Inhaling a puff of the smoke actually cleared his Spiritual Platform and temporarily sharpened his insight; it was truly magical.

“Hehe, kiddo, what’s that in your mouth? Give this old beggar a lick too?”

“Old man, what is your cultivation level? Your strength is astonishingly powerful,” Li Xiaobai passed over a Huazi and asked.

“The sun rises from the east, and only I am invincible!”

The old beggar copied the gesture, lit the Huazi, took a small puff, and looked exceedingly comfortable.

“Giggles, dare to claim invincibility before me? Since the heavens and earth were created, I have never known defeat. You mere mortals dare to show off your meager skills before me! I, Ji Wuqing, am the first to challenge you!”

Ji Wuqing selectively forgot about the previous experience of being killed. After dying once, it seemed to have gained an even greater mysterious confidence, perhaps because of the increase in strength.

Li Xiaobai pulled him aside and continued to ask, "What realm is the Flesh Mountain in?"

"Petty thugs, I can extinguish you with a flick of my hand!"

The old beggar savored the Huazi, rubbing his gums arrogantly, with complete disdain.

Li Xiaobai was speechless; just now, you were the one running away the happiest.

This old guy was also the type who bragged without drafting his tale.

Behind them.

The colossal Flesh Mountain fully awakened, its countless tentacles waving, lifting the core heart area and heading towards the location of Li Xiaobai and the others.

At the same time, a terrifying blood-red mist instantly spread throughout the Tianbei Secret Realm, containing centuries or even millennia of collected resentment and negative emotions.

Enveloped by the Blood Qi, the cultivators felt a chill in their hearts and became irrationally irritable.

"Not good, this is the Flesh Mountain's miasma that corrupts people's minds!"

"Quick, escape! There is such a massive Flesh Mountain hidden here; we might need to mobilize the core strength of our families to eradicate it!"

"Indeed, report to our families immediately. This matter concerns the safety of the divine spirits on the Immortal Spirit Continent and must not be left to roam freely!"

The cultivators fleeing in all directions seemed to have angered the heart of the Flesh Mountain. In the void, the large chunks of flesh quivered. The flesh ball tentacles, with tricky angles, pierced accurately into the bodies of many cultivators.

The tentacles wriggled wildly, and bodies turned into piles of white bones in an instant.

Meanwhile, a mass of tentacles suddenly burst from the ground, aiming their pungent odour directly towards where Li Xiaobai was.

"Take this from your old beggar, one club strike!"

The old beggar howled, pulling out a huge Wolf Fang Club from God-knows-where. It swelled in the wind and with one sweep, he shattered all the nearby tentacles.

Li Xiaobai's face darkened; the old beggar's place of hiding his weapon was truly unique and extraordinary.

"Damn, my strength has waned."

The old beggar muttered to himself,

As swathes of tentacles fell, the distant Flesh Mountain sensed the anomaly here and began slowly moving toward Li Xiaobai's location.

"Old master, well done, let's quickly finish off these night crawlers and show them the true power of a senior master!"

Li Xiaobai was very excited; he saw many cultivators had perished on the ground, their Space Rings now belonged to nobody and awaited someone fated to find them.

The old beggar was formidable; as long as he could hold off the Flesh Mountain, Li Xiaobai could sweep through the battlefield in the shortest time.

"Just a mere Flesh Mountain, not worth mentioning!"

The old beggar was still arrogant, swinging his club at the incoming tentacles, but this time, the expected scene where the tentacles snapped off did not occur. Instead, the old beggar was sent flying through the air and crashed onto the body of a Lamborghini.

Watching the swiftly encroaching tentacles, the old beggar turned around abruptly and frantically pounded on the car door.

Amidst everyone's astonished gazes, he panted, "No time to explain, let the old beggar get in the car!"

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Chapter 167: Chapter 168: The Ruthless Ou Yezi

Li Xiaobai wordlessly opened the car door, and the old beggar got inside, continuously urging, "Boss, start the car, let's go!"

"What was that you said just now, about that monster being obliterated in the blink of an eye?"

"I was contemplating a supreme immortal technique, which caused my cultivation level to fluctuate between the tangible and intangible. To the me back then, Flesh Mountain

indeed could have been wiped out with a flick of my wrist, but at this moment, my cultivation level is in an illusory state, unsuitable for confronting an enemy head-on.”

The old beggar said this with a straight face, without a hint of embarrassment.

Li Xiaobai’s forehead blackened with frustration, thinking, what is this fluctuation between the tangible and intangible? Isn’t that just a fancy way of saying that your power fails when it’s needed most?

Can’t you be straightforward? What’s the point of all these fancy phrases?

The tentacles had already entwined around the Lamborghini, and threads of blood-red smoke coupled with a nauseating fishy smell began to waft through the gaps in the windows.

Li Xiaobai quickly took out more than ten top-grade Spirit Stones and threw them all into the fuel tank, then floored the accelerator and jerked the steering wheel harshly.

The ground trembled, the engine roared, and two blazing flames shot out of the exhaust, burning off the tentacles wrapped around the car. The Lamborghini sped off like a wild horse that had broken free of its reins.

Feeling the car’s lightning speed, the old beggar let out a long sigh of relief.

“It’s no wonder they say this is the age of the young. When it comes to critical moments, you kids are more reliable.”

The old beggar fiddled with the leather seats next to him, clicking his tongue in amazement.

“Old man, with your level of cultivation, why do you hide your identity and live in Ancient Moon City?”

Li Xiaobai had a belly full of questions about the old beggar.

“The old beggar has been living in Ancient Moon City for about a decade, just to find a certain something. As for hiding my cultivation level, I’ve never concealed it. Every time I tell the truth, you young folks never believe me.”

Li Xiaobai had no words. The old beggar always claimed to be the greatest in the universe, the number one under heaven—other than an idiot, probably no one would believe him.

“Then what are you looking for in Ancient Moon City, old man? My shops have spread throughout the city by now; maybe I could help you look for it,” Li Xiaobai said, attempting to pry some information.

“Heh, you won’t find it. That thing is within Zhenyuan Country, and as for what exactly it is, even the old beggar doesn’t know.”

The old beggar’s eyes flickered towards Ouyang Shuanger, as if hiding something.

This old man was shrewd and not easily fooled; Li Xiaobai noticed that ever since the old man got in the car, everyone inside had automatically remained silent, no longer speaking.

Even Su Mei’er from the Hehuan Sect, who was usually playful and mischievous, was unusually quiet, not making a peep.

Li Xiaobai thought back to a rumor he’d heard a month ago about Elder Tianwu. At the time, Li Family’s young master, Li Ya, had said that the old man bore a striking resemblance to Elder Tianwu—it was either him or his descendent.

At the time, Li Xiaobai didn’t believe it, but now, considering the old man’s unfathomable cultivation level and the tip of the iceberg he had revealed of his abilities, it seemed not without possibility.

The old beggar seemed to have also noticed the silent, oppressive atmosphere in the car and took the initiative to speak up: “Boss Li, the people you have here are quite interesting, from all corners of the world, and even a monk living in peace with a witch—that’s quite the comprehension.”

“Senior flatters me; this humble monk is dull-witted and has yet to grasp the threshold of Buddhist Law,” Monk Wang said hurriedly.

“Monks are just hypocrites.”

The old beggar picked at his toes and said casually.

“You dirty old man, your vulgar acts have degraded the quality of our ride!”

Ji Wuqing’s face was full of disgust, he could already smell the pungent odor coming from the old beggar’s feet.

“This is to promote blood circulation and is beneficial for one’s health, what would a mere chicken like you understand?”

The old beggar said disdainfully, eyes fixed outside the car.

Outside, streaks of light flashed through the void, aiming straight for the heart of Flesh Mountain in the void—the survivors from the Secret Realm were making their move.

However, at most they were cultivators at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage; they stood no chance against Flesh Mountain.

The massive lumps of flesh trembled lightly, and the thick Blood Qi erupted from them, striking down several experts, while the resentment contained in the Blood Qi released by Flesh Mountain itself grew denser. At such close proximity, one's mind and spirit would be corrupted in an instant.

When Flesh Mountain had yet to awaken, many experts at the Tribulation Crossing Stage already perished in its caves; now its power was increasing exponentially, these experts alone were far from enough to withstand it.

It was a pity, though, for the Space Rings in their hands, such abundant resources were now out of his reach.

At that moment, another part of the sky in the Secret Realm suddenly roared with thunder.

The sky turned purple-red, thunder brewing and spreading a terrifying aura that could make one shiver; it was an aura more formidable than that of Flesh Mountain, signifying destruction.

"This is Heavenly Tribulation!"

"Someone actually chose this critical moment to undergo tribulation!"

"Anyone capable of Tribulation Crossing is an extraordinary talent. Judging by the power of this Heavenly Tribulation, this person's cultivation level is unfathomable. If he intervenes, perhaps he could stop Flesh Mountain!"

Watching the dreadful thunder brewing in the sky, the cultivators were terrified.

A single Flesh Mountain had already scared them witless, and now there suddenly appeared an expert undergoing Heavenly Tribulation. This divine punishment was sacred and inviolable, representing the most powerful force in the world. If they were caught in the crossfire, not a single cultivator in the Secret Realm would survive.

Thin silver serpents of lightning flashed, the small world began to collapse, and the sky became like a shattered mirror covered with cracks.

The thunder was converging on the location of Flesh Mountain; clearly, the cultivator who triggered the Heavenly Tribulation was planning to use it to eradicate Flesh Mountain.

The Blood Qi within Flesh Mountain was of a sinister nature, while the heavenly thunder was the purest form of masculine energy, the perfect counter to Flesh Mountain. The

aura of Heavenly Tribulation spread, instantly melting away the blood-red fog that pervaded the Secret Realm.

Many cultivators, previously insane with fear, slowly calmed down and regained their senses.

The violent tendrils that slaughtered cultivators rapidly retracted, guarding beside the heart of Flesh Mountain, as Heavenly Tribulation posed a threat to it.

A streak of escaping light soared up, and a figure flickered, wrapped in thunderous fury as it crashed down upon the body at the heart of Flesh Mountain.

Blinding electric flashes pierced through Flesh Mountain's massive body; within the huge chunks of flesh, foul juices splattered, and countless tendrils in the void surged toward that figure, enveloping it tightly.

The old beggar praised, "That cultivator is something, undergoing the Mahayana Realm's Heavenly Tribulation and still being able to focus enough to use the Heavenly Tribulation to break through Flesh Mountain—that's some boldness."

Li Xiaobai's eyes showed surprise, he was well aware of the direction from which the lightning had come—it was Ou Yezi who had refined many cultivators.

It seemed the Sect Leader's plan had succeeded, forcing the refinement of all cultivators within the artificial small world, now amidst a breakthrough that had drawn the Heavenly Tribulation.

Using the power of Heavenly Tribulation to face off against such a terrifying entity was fierce indeed.

Countless tendrils formed a mass, tightly enveloping Ou Yezi within, while thunder roared in the void, slicing across the sky, striking at the massive lumps of flesh...

Chapter 168: Chapter 169: I Am Invincible, You Do As You Please

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Flesh and blood splattered as the thunder, with the force of a bamboo-splitting momentum, effortlessly broke through the line of defense formed by the tentacles.

In an instant, Flesh Mountain was battered into pieces.

The tentacles broke inch by inch, revealing Ou Yezi, now enveloped in lightning, resembling a celestial being descending to earth. He didn't need to lift a finger, just sticking close was enough. Heavenly thunder would obliterate the enemy into dregs.

Flesh Mountain sensed the danger, its body shook, and the severed limbs on the ground rapidly gathered to form several bizarrely shaped legs, carrying it as it fled for its life.

It moved incredibly fast, and along the way, the thick blood-tinged aura was so dense it could not be dissipated, deterring any cultivators from trying to stop it.

In the void, the brewing lightning flickered, the robust thunder dragons roared, and they suddenly collided with Ou Yezi, binding him tightly, preventing him from breaking free to stop Flesh Mountain's escape.

"Not good, the big shot is trapped by the Heavenly Tribulation!"

"That Flesh Mountain has absorbed negative energy for years and years, to have evolved such an ability... If it gets out, it will be a catastrophe!"

"Hurry, let's get out of here; if that thing gets loose, the Northern Region will be the first to suffer. We must head to Central Province quickly, we might just save our lives!"

The cultivators stared at the fleeing mass of flesh in the distance, shock filling their hearts.

Until now, cultivators hadn't paid much attention to strange creatures like Flesh Mountain. Although it could affect one's mind, the effect wasn't strong. Occasionally encountering groups of Flesh Mountain in dangerous places, they could quickly detect and destroy them on the spot.

In general, Flesh Mountain had the ability to influence one's mind, but it lacked any attack power and couldn't withstand attacks from cultivators, so few people took it seriously.

But at this moment, they realized they were wrong, and egregiously so.

The monstrous Flesh Mountain before them overturned their understanding. Compared to this heart-shaped mass of flesh, the ones they had previously encountered were merely child's play.

For the first time, people came to regard this monster seriously and posed a question from the bottom of their hearts: Where did this creature come from?

Inside the Lamborghini, Li Xiaobai sighed. Even the Heavenly Tribulation of the Great Crossing Realm cultivators couldn't kill it; Flesh Mountain had indeed become a

considerable threat. Ou Yezi was now focused on resisting the Heavenly Tribulation and couldn't be distracted, the situation was beyond saving, there was no need to stay any longer.

Casually, he tossed a few Spirit Stones into the fuel tank, preparing to leave the scene quickly.

A wrinkled hand suddenly reached over and held the steering wheel, the scruffy man's face was flush with excitement.

"Boss, let this old beggar out, I suddenly feel invincible again!"

The old beggar was shouting, making a fuss, and insisting on getting out of the car, Li Xiaobai swore under his breath, you're always the one with issues!

Opening the car door, the old beggar's body became ethereal, turning into specks of starlight that rapidly disintegrated and vanished from everyone's sight; in the void, light burst forth, and the old beggar instantly appeared in front of the rampaging Flesh Mountain.

"Eat my grand hand palm!"

With both palms pushing forward, an immense surge of Immortal Spirit Qi burst forth. This was a force different from the spiritual power of cultivators, ethereal immortal energy enveloped in supreme might, it fiercely struck the gigantic Flesh Mountain ahead.

Enveloped in divine light, the old beggar resembled a god in the mortal realm, and Flesh Mountain's makeshift limbs and severed arms stood no chance, pulverized to dust.

The heart-like massive chunk of flesh was struck and flew away, landing precisely next to Ou Yezi.

The purple-black Heavenly Tribulation in the sky seemed provoked by this interference. Tribulation Crossing was meant to be a challenge for an individual, and if anyone attempted to intervene and take the tribulation for another, it would be seen as challenging Heaven's authority, and the power of the heavenly punishment would exponentially target that person.

Now that Flesh Mountain had intruded into the Heavenly Tribulation, it clearly attracted its attention. A wisp of energy drifted onto the massive chunk of flesh, and within the thunderclouds, lightning flashed and thunder roared, evolving into living creatures.

"Hiss, who is that old man, able to unleash such formidable power!"

"`

“This person must be a senior powerhouse to actually fight the Flesh Mountain barehanded. Too strong!”

“The Heavenly Tribulation is even evolving living creatures, probably provoked by the Flesh Mountain. The difficulty has jumped more than just one level!”

“Are those the Heavenly Soldiers and Generals? According to legend, only heaven’s chosen can bring about such Heavenly Punishment!”

Many cultivators were horrified, their eyes glued to the Heavenly Tribulation in the sky. Thunder rolled, lightning took human shape, clad in armor and wielding long spears, with silver serpents dancing wildly around them, a dangerous aura overwhelming the hearts of all cultivators.

They had never seen such a level of Heavenly Tribulation in their lives. Compared with this one, the tribulations their elder ancestors and Elders had crossed were child’s play.

Li Xiaobai was astonished. The lightning could actually take human form, and judging by the looks of it, its fighting strength was off the charts.

From amongst the Heavenly Soldiers, a humanoid lightning slowly emerged, brandishing its long spear that shockingly aimed straight at the Flesh Mountain below.

A streak of cold light arrived first, followed by a spear thrust like a dragon. The humanoid lightning seemed not to see Ou Yezi at all, passing over him directly, its spear transforming into a silver dragon that thrust straight into the giant chunk of flesh below.

“Puchi!”

The silver lightning, like entering a realm with no defenses, shredded the feelers of the flesh ball upon contact with its surface, the silver dragon piercing through the Flesh Mountain’s body without resistance.

A huge hole appeared in the giant heart, scorched by the Heavenly Tribulation, unlikely to recover anytime soon.

Hisss!

This Heavenly Tribulation is fierce!

Li Xiaobai thought to himself, if this spear were to strike him, it would undoubtedly be an instant kill, rendering any System or points added to defensive power utterly useless.

It seemed that even though he had attained a saintly physical body, compared to the true ruthless figures, he still had a long way to go. At least, the cultivators of the Great Crossing Realm were not within the scope of his provocation.

Ou Yezi's performance today was outrageously strong, with the audacity to blood sacrifice a powerful chosen one to break through to the Great Crossing Realm, then using the Heavenly Tribulation to fiercely fight the Flesh Mountain, tearing it apart.

To cultivate to this step, none was an easy opponent.

In the void, Ou Yezi's eyes condensed slightly. He had thought that he could easily pass the Heavenly Tribulation, but now it kept evolving, even stirring up the legendary transforming Heavenly Tribulation. Today, he feared it would be a bloody battle.

The old beggar rubbed his teeth and came to Ou Yezi's side, his face full of disdain: "Just a transforming Heavenly Tribulation, I'll take care of it for you."

Since the Heavenly Tribulation's escalation was due to him, it was only natural he should resolve it for the others, especially as he felt in better shape than ever. Not flexing his invincible demeanor would be a disservice to himself.

"Senior, you are..."

Ou Yezi was astonished. It was his first time seeing the old beggar, and he was immediately taken aback; this person closely resembled Elder Tianwu from the legends.

"Don't bother guessing about me, I am but a legend."

The old beggar waved his hand nonchalantly: "Your talent is not bad, what do you plan to do about this Heavenly Tribulation?"

"I will leave it to the senior's discretion."

Ou Yezi was shockingly moved. He had made a judgment; this person was the spitting image of the one in the portraits hanging in his sect. Having disappeared and fallen silent for nearly a century, this man was now walking the world again. It seemed that something big was about to happen on the Immortal Spirit Continent.

His eyes turned more reverent as he looked at the old beggar.

The old beggar didn't care at all about what Ou Yezi was thinking. He casually picked his nose with his pinky finger and snorted lightly, "I am invincible, do as you please."

Chapter 169: 170: Plain and Simple Super Double

“What’s a little Heavenly Tribulation?” said the ragged old beggar, overflowing with arrogance. “Watch as I crush it!”

The ragged old beggar was in an extremely arrogant mood, feeling better than he had in many years. His cultivation level was unstable, flickering in and out of existence, leaving him with just a sliver of spiritual power to use on ordinary days. Yet at this moment, he could access a trace of the primordial power from his peak period.

He had to seize this opportunity to strike a posture brimming with style, especially with so many onlookers below.

“Senior is mighty!”

Full of veneration, Ou Yezi dared not act rashly and focused entirely on the chance to observe the ragged old beggar’s techniques.

Lighting up a cigarette, the ragged old beggar appeared indifferent, casually beckoning to the Heavenly Soldiers and Generals formed from the thunder and lightning above: “Come at me, I’ll teach you a lesson on how to be human!”

Heavenly Tribulation represented the authority and sanctity of the Heavenly Dao, inviolable and beyond provocation. Amidst the lightning, another humanoid bolt stepped forward.

This humanoid bolt was clad in armor, wielding a long spear, and mounted on a steed that neighed fiercely, fixing its torch-like eyes on the ragged old beggar. At this moment, the void trembled with the destructive aura of the tribulation sweeping across, causing the cultivators below to feel as if their bodies were splintering and blood gushing out.

Shocked to their core, they quickly retreated from the site.

An encounter of such magnitude was beyond their comprehension to witness. Merely by catching a glimpse, their physical bodies almost shattered; it was too powerful.

Li Xiaobai, too, did not dare to dally. He floored the accelerator, ready to leave posthaste, for the brief glimpse he caught of the lightning had almost scared him witless when the System panel popped up with attribute points.

[Attribute Points +20000...]

The Heavenly Tribulation was too strong; just looking at it caused one’s body to feel on the verge of collapsing. Should one continue to watch for any longer, death was certain.

Although the increase in Attribute Points was tempting, Li Xiaobai did not dare to gamble on it.

Just then, the humanoid lightning in the void charged forward, the sound of its hooves as fierce as a real horse, rushing towards the ragged old beggar.

The ragged old beggar, full of confidence, slightly raised his hand and, without even looking at the opponent, reached out into the void: "Too weak."

But the next second, he couldn't laugh anymore because nothing happened—he had grasped nothing but air.

The humanoid bolt was upon him in nearly the blink of an eye, lunging forward with its spear, sending the ragged old beggar flying with a single strike.

"Come on, you can't be serious. My big move hasn't even been unleashed yet!" the ragged old beggar cried out as he bolted toward where Li Xiaobai was located, sensing that the unbeatable force within him had suddenly disappeared again.

"Boss, no time to explain, let the ragged old beggar hop in!"

Ou Yezi: "???"

The spectators: "???"

Li Xiaobai: "..."

Li Xiaobai slapped his forehead. Whether it was his ragged beggar appearance from back in the day or his current guise of an unequalled master, there was always an air of unreliability about him.

This was a dangerous character, one to avoid in the future.

"Boss, drive! The Heavenly Tribulation is catching up!"

The ragged old beggar leapt into the car, urging incessantly, the humanoid bolt of lightning pursuing relentlessly on horseback.

Li Xiaobai, scared out of his wits, floored the accelerator, and the Lamborghini tore off, vanishing from the spot in an instant.

In the void, Ou Yezi stood there, dumbstruck.

What's going on? Weren't you supposed to be able to wipe it out effortlessly?

And now, after doubling the power of the Heavenly Tribulation, you just dust off your hands and leave like that?

Watching the gathering tribulation clouds above, Ou Yezi started to get a bad feeling, wondering if he had been tricked.

“Boom!”

The colossal thunderbolt pillar crashed down, enveloping Ou Yezi within it; the entire secret realm rapidly collapsed.

“Elder Tianwu, I’ve lost my thunderous mother…”

Ou Yezi wanted to curse, but he was quickly swallowed by the vast sea of thunder and lightning.

“Run for it!”

“The power of the heavenly tribulation has doubled again!”

“Just now, that old fellow ran off, and today, this powerful being is truly screwed by the tribulation!”

“Be careful not to get contaminated by the heavenly tribulation…”

The cultivators sprinted wildly, the breath of destruction was no laughing matter; the heavenly tribulation had completely turned into a sea of lightning, even more terrifying than the previous Flesh Mountain. Now, the only thing on everyone’s mind was to preserve their own lives.

They swore in their hearts that they would never come to the Northern Region again!

No one noticed that the previously shattered huge Flesh Mountain, struck by the heavenly tribulation, had now silently vanished from the ground.

Inside the sports car.

The old beggar patted his chest, looking visibly shaken, “Scared to death, I was. Almost game over.”

Li Xiaobai was covered in metaphorical black lines, this old guy was just too much, enhancing the power of someone else’s heavenly tribulation, then turning tail and running, an absolute pitfall.

“Giggle, old man, you can’t even posture properly without any real ability. You just don’t cut it; follow me from now on,” Ji Wuqing said with a dismissive sneer.

“Humph, the old beggar just wasn’t in good form. If not for that, what’s a mere tribulation? Even that sea of lightning, the old beggar could tear it apart!”

The old beggar turned red-faced and blustery; that recent event had indeed been a bit shady. He had thrown the Flesh Mountain into the heavenly tribulation causing its power to double, then he himself provoked it, easily doubling its power again. In total, the heavenly tribulation’s power had increased at least fourfold, and it was uncertain whether the lad could withstand it.

The most embarrassing part was that it was utterly humiliating. He had boasted to the skies, but when the crucial moment came, he dropped the ball. Even with his thick skin, he found it unbearable.

“Such big talk, did you eat celery or something?”

Ji Wuqing scoffed coldly.

“Stop bickering, that heavenly tribulation is still following us, and it’s not slow. It looks like it might be quite difficult to shake it off. Old man, when will you be ‘in the mood’?”

Li Xiaobai kept an eye on the humanoid lightning behind them, somewhat regretting letting the old beggar get in the car.

“Well, you can’t force that kind of thing, it comes when the moment is right,” said the old beggar.

“Boss, don’t worry; this humanoid lightning can’t stray too far from the sea of thunder. The farther it gets, the weaker its power becomes, and it will dissipate on its own eventually,” the old beggar explained.

Li Xiaobai nodded. It looked like he needed to push the speed. He had already made up his mind; if they were caught by the humanoid lightning, he would simply kick the old beggar out of the car, since the lightning was after him, anyway.

The Lamborghini’s speed was astoundingly fast; they broke out of the Tianbei Secret Realm in the midst of conversation and sped away, Li Xiaobai preparing to head back to Holy Demon Sect first.

Behind them, the humanoid lightning flashed and thundered, sweeping across everything in its path, turning the surrounding flora to dust. Occasionally, streaks of lightning brushed past the sports car. Watching the numbers jump on the system panel, Li Xiaobai’s heart pounded with fear.

[Attribute Points +5000...]

[Attribute Points +10000...]

This thing was absolutely not to be trifled with. Only Great Crossing Realm Cultivators were probably qualified to contend with this kind of humanoid heavenly tribulation; those at the Tribulation Crossing Stage would simply be courting death.

He took out several top-grade Spirit Stones and threw them into the fuel tank.

Top-grade Spirit Stones were the best spirit stones on the Immortal Spirit Continent, and thrown into the fuel tank, the engine roared, screeching tires screamed as they tore down the road even faster.

Li Xiaobai felt somewhat pained; these were all pure and valuable Spirit Stones, and he would have to find a way to get them back from the old beggar.

Chapter 170: 171: Racing with Lightning

The sports car kicked up dust, taking secluded paths deep within the dense forest.

Attempting to use the trees to block the pursuit of the Heavenly Tribulation proved futile. The anthropomorphic lightning, like the car, was not impeded by these obstacles at all. Whatever it encountered, it obliterated with a sweep of its spear, reducing mountains, rocks, and vegetation to dust.

“Old man, the ride is out of fuel, and we’re about to be caught,” Li Xiaobai said dryly.

“The ride needs fuel?” the raggedy old man found this astonishing.

“It needs Spirit Stones to run, or any item that contains immense Spiritual Power. Do you have any, old man?”

Li Xiaobai casually asked, but his gaze was fixed on the wine gourd hanging from the old man’s waist. That wine was still a treasure to him even now. With just one sip last time, he gained ten thousand Attribute Points.

Absolutely a gem.

With this jug of wine down his throat, the Attribute Points would start at a bare minimum of one hundred thousand.

The raggedy old man sensed Li Xiaobai’s intention, somewhat reluctant, and asked tentatively, “What if the raggedy old man doesn’t have any either?”

“Ah, then to ensure the safety of everyone else, we’d have to ask the old man to get out of the car,” Li Xiaobai shook his head and sighed with a face full of regret.

The raggedy old man cursed in his heart; this guy was really something, planning to use him to distract the Heavenly Tribulation to buy time for escape.

In the back seat, Monk Liaowang felt somewhat bad. He groped all over his body, hoping to find a few Spirit Stones, but besides a few Buddhist scriptures, he had nothing else on him.

Su Mei'er quietly stopped his movements and shook her head. They had already recognized the old man's appearance. What they needed to do now was to stay alive and report back to the family.

"How about a sip of wine?" The raggedy old man relented, taking off his wine gourd.

"Ten sips." Li Xiaobai blinked and said.

"Impossible. With ten sips, it would nearly be gone. At most, one and a half sips!" the raggedy old man refused flatly.

Li Xiaobai had heard for the first time about this one and a half sip deal; it sounded rather novel.

"Let's meet halfway, five sips then. After all, this is about escaping with our lives. A little sacrifice is worth it."

"One point eight sips, I can't give any more!"

The raggedy old man firmly insisted. To him, a sip of this wine was worth more than a thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, and he was dearly pained to part with it.

After a bout of haggling and squabbling, they finally settled on the price of two sips. Li Xiaobai had come to understand this old man's stinginess; the bargaining started at point one of a sip, and after all his talking, he had only managed to argue for one extra sip.

Live and learn, he had certainly gained some new insights.

He uncorked the gourd and gulped down two sips.

[Attribute Points +10000...]

[Attribute Points +10000...]

[Attribute Points: 118000.]

All points to defense.

[Defensive Power: Flesh Sanctification (120000/1000000) Upgradable.]

Having spent less than a day in the Secret Realm, he had gained one hundred and twenty thousand Attribute Points, an impressive rate of growth. Going on adventures was indeed a blessing for the System.

“Boss, wasn’t it for the ride...”

The raggedy old man, quick as a flash, snatched the gourd back, rolling his eyes.

“I need to be spirited to put energy into refueling it,” Li Xiaobai said nonchalantly, as he tossed a few top-grade Spirit Stones into the fuel tank.

Beggar: “...”

Come on, at least pretend a little, is it really okay to be so brazen?

The humanoid lightning behind them began to move more sluggishly as if it had sensed its own strength waning. It changed its strategy from incessantly pursuing to initiating attacks.

A long spear, composed entirely of lightning, was thrown, tearing through the sky and shooting towards the Lamborghini.

Li Xiaobai didn’t dare to confront its sharpness head-on, considering it was heavenly lightning, and the Lamborghini was quite an expensive ride; damaging it would be a problem.

He yanked the steering wheel hard, making a sharp turn to dodge the lightning spear.

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +2000...]

Even a graze from the lightning bolt could add a substantial amount of Attribute Points.

The sudden move caught the passengers unprepared; they lost their balance and toppled to one side.

“Hehe, kid, drive properly, safety first. You’re even worse than Ergouzi!”

Ji Wuqing was tumbling around inside the car, dizzy and discontented.

The passengers each had their own thoughts. The old beggar leaned casually onto Yu Sanbian next to him, his hands moving stealthily to pilfer the other’s Huazi, which he had coveted for a long time.

Su Mei'er let out a squeal, falling into Monk Liaowang's arms next to her, clinging to him desperately, causing the monk to blush furiously.

Ouyang Shuanger was the least noticeable of everyone in the car, cowering in a corner with several captured elite cultivators, shivering in fear. The captives had their cultivation sealed and thus had no ability to resist the Heavenly Tribulation, their only option being to silently hope for its quick dissipation.

The vague presence of annihilation made their hearts tremble in terror, like a massive boulder pressing down on their souls.

Without its spear, the humanoid lightning was left with only a steed beneath it to continue the frenzied chase. Li Xiaobai gradually got used to the speed, the force and speed of the lightning were decreasing, and it would dissipate in a short while.

...

Along the way, birds and beasts retreated in droves, and many cultivators locked in bloody battles felt a sudden release in pressure. Before they could react to what was happening, all the savage Demonic Beasts were fleeing like startled rabbits.

Within the Tianluan Mountain Range, several young men and women covered in blood had reached the end of their tether.

"Junior Sister, I didn't expect we'd still fail to break out. Now we can't give an explanation to our master."

"It's okay, Senior Brother, we've killed so many Demonic Beasts, we've already made enough. If we're going to die, then so be it."

"It's just a pity to lose so many materials from the Demonic Beasts. Rest assured, Junior Sister, even if we die, your brothers will make sure you're the last one to go."

"Keep fighting, we earn with every kill!"

The young men and women's faces were ferocious, ready for one last desperate fight. At that moment, the vast number of Demonic Beasts encircling them suddenly stopped their movements, pricking up their ears as if listening intently to something.

The air became heavy for a few seconds, and then all the Demonic Beasts scattered and fled simultaneously.

"Roar!"

The earth-shaking roar of a beast rang out, its fear palpable. It seemed to be warning all the creatures in the forest to run away quickly.

The cultivators were taken aback, looking around, they saw nothing unusual.

“What’s happening, why are they running away?”

“There must be an even more powerful being approaching. Demonic Beasts have much stronger senses than humans.”

“These are Nascent Soul Stage Demonic Beasts, among them some are at the Great Perfection Realm, how could they be so afraid? Could it be that the comer is at the Divinity Transformation Stage?”

“Whatever the case, we’re saved. Let’s take this chance and get out of here!”

I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 171: 172 Return to the Sect - Read I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense Chapter 171: 172 Return to the Sect

Chapter 171: Chapter 172 Return to the Sect

They wanted to leave quickly, but after only a few steps, their ears were blasted by a deafening roar.

It was a powerful booming sound, accompanied by intense vibrations. The ground trembled, and horror choked their hearts.

What kind of creature was this?

“Quick, hide to the side!”

In a frantic scramble, a thick scent of death enveloped them, throwing their minds into turmoil.

From the woods, they saw a strangely shaped mount charging through, causing towering ancient trees to crash down, while a human-shaped lightning bolt chased it, flashing by without so much as a second glance at them.

“This...”

Their eyes were dull, unable to comprehend what was happening before them.

“Was that lightning?”

“I think I saw a few figures inside the mount.”

“Let’s follow them. That figure being chased by lightning must be a senior with great power. There are footprints of the mount on the ground; let’s seek guidance from the senior, perhaps we could receive pointers!”

The female cultivator’s eyes were firm as she followed.

...

Inside the sports car.

Li Xiaobai completely relaxed. The power of the Heavenly Tribulation was dissipating at a speed visible to the naked eye, and the horse beneath him had vanished, unable to catch up with the sports car.

One morning, the human-shaped lightning disappeared, and the sports car arrived at the foot of the Holy Demon Sect.

The people in the car each had their own thoughts. After the human-shaped lightning vanished, they went their separate ways to report what they had witnessed to their clans.

Little Monk Liaowang also had to return to the Western Desert to report on the Flesh Mountain matter. Although he wanted to continue influencing Li Xiaobai, this was more urgent. Su Mei’er stuck close to him, and they left together.

The old beggar, with nothing else to do, entered the sect with Li Xiaobai. To have such a deity in the sect, even if he was unreliable, meant they need not fear anyone for the time being.

If those cultivators who automatically made payments came seeking revenge, they could just push the old beggar out.

They led a group of captives up the mountain.

The sect remained the same as ever, but Misty Peak had completely transformed in just a few days.

With various bathhouses and shops and a dense flow of cultivators, everyone had a Huazi dangling from their mouths, puffing clouds of smoke. Some more unrestrained cultivators even wrapped themselves in a bath towel and leisurely strolled around.

After the shops opened, the sect disciples tasted the sweet life. There was no need to cultivate; soaking in the baths increased their cultivation level several times faster than using Spirit Stones.

Whenever they needed to understand Cultivation Techniques or moves, they would just smoke a Huazi, convenience taken to the extreme.

Within the sect, they no longer had to strive; soaking in baths and chatting every day, their cultivation levels soared.

In just a few days, Misty Peak had become the number one peak within the Holy Demon Sect.

Whether True Disciples or Sect Elders, all gathered here, and the Service Disciples, once scorned and looked down upon, suddenly became the object of respect for all sect disciples.

As natives of the peak, the Service Disciples also began to receive more and more respect.

The way disciples spoke to each other became more polite, an unprecedented experience that fulfilled their vanity to a great extent.

“There’s even Tangneng First-class here, and shops selling Huazi!”

The old beggar’s eyes shone brightly, swiftly slipping into the Tangneng First-class establishment.

A group of people returned to the mountain silently, overhearing many Sect Disciples’ conversations.

They were all discussing the Tianbei Secret Realm animatedly.

“Have you heard? Monsters have appeared in the Tianbei Secret Realm, said to be relics from the ancient times.”

“Yeah, I heard quite a few cultivators died. In the end, it took a powerful senior who summoned Heavenly Tribulation to defeat it.”

“It seems our Peak Master went too, I wonder if he encountered any issues.”

“The Peak Master is wise and shrewd. He single-handedly, in cooperation with the Sect Leader, rooted out the sect’s traitors. He should be fine.”

“Haven’t you seen the ranking? Our Peak Master is now ranked among the top 200 prodigious experts, and Immortal Spirit Daily even published a special report on this.”

After the excursion to the Tianbei Secret Realm, Li Xiaobai’s fame skyrocketed. With his Sword Imprisonment technique, the moniker Demon Sword Li Xiaobai had spread

widely. After all, it was with this very stroke of the Demon's Wicked Sword that Li Xiaobai had slain too many cultivators.

Essentially, he had climbed ranks by stepping on the corpses of other cultivators.

"The Peak Master is back!" Yuan Fang exclaimed excitedly upon seeing Li Xiaobai.

"Hmm, not bad, the mountain is well-managed and thriving. How are the laborers doing?" Li Xiaobai asked.

"The construction work for Misty Peak has nearly concluded. Besides the regular cleaning of the latrines, we've added diverse tasks such as planting Spiritual Medicines for the sect, building roads, and transporting Cultivation Technique scriptures."

"Now they've completely acknowledged their wrongdoing and have wholeheartedly joined this big family."

Yuan Fang said with a smile, as he had worked tirelessly for the construction of Misty Peak during this period. With the Peak Master placing so much trust in him, he had to give his all.

"Very good. Here are the new laborers; arrange for them. Let them reflect on life for two days and do some training," said Li Xiaobai, pointing to several captive prodigies by his side.

Yunkun's face fell. He had a very bad feeling, having cooperated so actively before just to flatter Li Xiaobai, hoping for better days to come.

"Brother Li, just release the news and my Clan Leader will redeem me at the first opportunity. There's no need to go to the trouble for us."

"Indeed, Brother Li, it would only take a day or two for our family elders to arrive. It'll be very quick."

"Yes, indeed..."

The others were also somewhat panicked. Judging from the situation, it was clear their captor intended to discipline them. Now powerless, they were anonymous in this sect, and a single misstep could mean death.

"Of course, this matter must be settled. The prices will need to be discussed at length. Before you regain your freedom, stay here for the time being."

Li Xiaobai waved his hand dismissively, and Yuan Fang, understanding the situation, dragged the captives away.

“Miss Shuanger, what do you think? I have enough Spiritual Medicines, all kinds of attributes. When shall we exchange them for Spirit Stones?” Li Xiaobai inquired, knowing that exchanging his resources for Spirit Stones was of utmost importance right now.

“Anytime is fine. However, I don’t have many Spirit Stones on hand. If you are interested, I can report directly to my father, and Zhenyuan Country can purchase the Spiritual Medicines from you,” Su Mei’er proposed, having spent days on edge among powerful figures, feeling as if she were dreaming. Now finally safe, the thought of returning to her father made her so excited she was almost in tears.

Li Xiaobai nodded; although he wasn’t particularly fond of Zhenyuan Country, who could resist Spirit Stones? The resources of an entire kingdom were undoubtedly substantial. If Zhenyuan Country was willing to buy, he could probably clear out his considerable inventory in one fell swoop.

However, before that, he had to deal with the captives quickly.

Chapter 172: 173 Immortal Spirit Daily

Every day on the Immortal Spirit Continent, extraordinary and unusual events occur, giving rise to a special kind of reading material—the Immortal Spirit Daily.

It is said that the Immortal Spirit Daily was created by Elder Tianji, a top expert from the Central Province. Elder Tianji can glimpse into the secrets of heaven. He is well-versed in astronomy and geography and is the wisest person on the continent.

With special methods, he is able to learn about most events occurring across the mainland. Every day, he records these events and compiles them into the Immortal Spirit Daily for distribution.

Over time, this Immortal Spirit Daily has become an important channel for cultivators to stay informed about worldly affairs.

After all, being founded by the second-ranked expert on the Heavenly List, its authority and impartiality are beyond doubt.

Now, Li Xiaobai had such a newspaper in his hands. With so many events having recently occurred, and having become famous himself, he needed to see if there was any important information.

Today’s headline: “Unrest arises again in the Northern Region; Flesh Mountain fully revives, a great calamity is imminent!”

This news came from the Tianbei Secret Realm. According to Elder Tianji, the heart-shaped Flesh Mountain had not died that day but had escaped using a secret technique. At the same time, all the suppressed Flesh Mountains across the Immortal Spirit Continent showed signs of awakening, warning cultivators not to venture into these remote frontier lands.

To think that Flesh Mountain was actually so powerful that not even the Mahayana Realm's Heavenly Tribulation managed to obliterate it outright. However, it seemed to be wounded and likely wouldn't emerge for some time.

Continuing to browse, Li Xiaobai found quite a bit of information about himself.

"Sword Imprisonment, the Demon's Wicked Sword emerges in the Northern Region, slaying over a thousand geniuses in a single day, soaring up the ranks by nine thousand places!"

"Demon Sword Li Xiaobai captures geniuses from various factions of the Central Province, powerful forces call out across the distance, demanding the release of their disciples and sons within three days or they will flatten the Northern Region!"

"The enigmatic figure of the Northern Region, Ou Yezi, performs a blood sacrifice of hundreds of strong individuals in a single day, forcefully breaking through to the Mahayana Realm cultivation level, elevating the Holy Demon Sect from mediocrity!"

"..."

The report was well-written, vivid, delicate, moving, and profound.

Yet, its content made Li Xiaobai frown. Such secretive matters within the Secret Realm could not be kept hidden from Elder Tianji; everything was exposed.

Even Ou Yezi's acts of trapping and blood-sacrificing geniuses to break through were uncovered. There was no such thing as privacy. The force behind this Immortal Spirit Daily was indeed terrifying.

The rest of the report was filled with trivial matters, basically stuff like a certain sect's fresh young talent starting to sell products live on air, hoping everyone would support the event.

At the end of the Immortal Spirit Daily, Li Xiaobai found a miniature Formation with a line of small characters beneath it.

Looking for extraordinary news, submissions welcome.

This was an audio transmission Formation which could be activated with a trace of Spiritual Power. Li Xiaobai took out a Spirit Stone, crushed it, and placed it on top of the

Formation. Threads of Spiritual Power infiltrated the Formation, which emitted light, and the projection of an old man with a white beard appeared before Li Xiaobai.

This must be Elder Tianji, able to meet a vast audience in such a form—an advanced move indeed.

“Welcoming extraordinary news submissions, Old Man Tianji Zi here, at your sincere service.”

This was a strand of Elder Tianji’s Primordial Spirit Power, tasked specifically with collecting submission letters.

Without a second thought, Li Xiaobai said, “I am Li Xiaobai, and I wish to call out to the various powerful factions of the Central Province across the distance. Their disciples and sons are in my hands. If they want them to live, they must pay a ransom of one million high-grade Spirit Stones per person.”

After consideration, he had settled on this price, which he believed was within the limits of what these factions were willing to bear. High-grade Spirit Stones were not as rare as top-grade Spirit Stones and were not a scarcity.

The old man in front of him instantly perked up, nodding continuously. Clearly, he knew Li Xiaobai, and openly extorting the Central Province forces was most certainly big news.

“Not bad, not bad. Anything else you want to say?”

“Uh, that’s all for now. Please don’t exaggerate.”

Li Xiaobai felt that the old man enjoyed stirring up excitement and was a bit uneasy, so he reminded him, since being so bold was possible only because Ou Yezi was at the Mahayana Realm, and because the old beggar was on the mountain. In the next few days, he should find him and get him into shape; then, they could tie up those troublemakers and sell them for money.

“Alright, I welcome your next submission. If you provide major news ten times in a row, you can become a premium member of Immortal Spirit Daily. At that time, you will receive free benefits.”

Elder Tianji nodded and slowly disappeared.

...

Meanwhile.

In the latrine of Misty Peak.

Several captive prodigies looked sullen. The cultivators cleaning the latrine were working enthusiastically, covered in filth, yet their faces strangely brimmed with smiles.

“You can rest for the next couple of days. This batch of newbies is handed over to you. They are completely clueless, being new to the place, so teach them well,” Yuan Fang said indifferently.

“No problem, Senior Brother Yuan. I have been diligent and thrifty these days and have saved up another hundred points. Do you think I could possibly...” said one of the latrine-cleaning cultivators with a fawning face.

“Go on, go on, but only after you’ve properly guided the newcomers,” Yuan Fang said impatiently, waving his hand and leaving.

“Don’t worry, we will definitely get the job done!”

The men were excited and turned their eyes to appraise the captive prodigies, who were dressed extravagantly and carried themselves with an extraordinary air, clearly from reputable backgrounds.

They were likely disciples of some major power, and these seasoned laborers particularly enjoyed dealing with such disciples. To make these proud and rebellious geniuses face reality was an undeniable duty for them as menial workers.

“Are you guys new here?”

“Yes, yes, yes, Senior Brothers. We are disciples of Fire Qilin Cave from Central Province. We are new here and ask for your guidance. Here’s a little token of appreciation for you to accept with a smile,” Yunkun said cheerfully, taking out a few Spirit Stones he had earlier hidden in his shoes and handing them over.

“Don’t flash your status at me. It doesn’t work here, you know?”

After taking the Spirit Stones, the old cultivators’ faces softened considerably. Pointing to the latrine, they said, “From today on, you are responsible for cleaning this place. I’ll tell you some rules in advance to prevent you from being punished later.”

“Cleaning the latrine is a top priority within the sect. Only when the disciples feel comfortable in body and mind can they maintain a proper attitude to life. We, in the service industry, must do our best to avoid any mishaps.”

“Usually, no one carries a roll of tissue paper on them, so when there’s no paper in the latrine, we need to greet the disciples like a gentle spring breeze and resolve this issue for them promptly. This is the most common problem and the one that’s most likely to occur. Pay close attention to this.”

“Then, you must ensure that the cleaning of the latrine is thorough, including the entrance, the corners—these blind spots are the focus of rigorous cleaning and should not be neglected in the slightest. Got it?”

The seasoned cultivators explained all the details of cleaning the latrine, which were the accumulated experiences of their seniors, to the newbies with a stern expression.

Yunkun and the others knew they couldn’t avoid this tribulation; they pinched their noses and nodded, indicating their understanding.

“You novices are lucky, arriving late. You haven’t even seen the worst state of the latrines. Do a good job; I have high hopes for you...”

Chapter 173: 174: Mountain Protection Array

Central Province, Fire Qilin Cave.

A dozen or so Elders sat grimly perusing the Immortal Spirit Daily, their expressions enraged.

“This Li Xiaobai has gone too far, not only kidnapping a disciple from our cave but also openly challenging the authority of our Fire Qilin Cave. He’s just a minor sect from the Northern Region; let me go and exterminate him!”

“It seems that our Fire Qilin Cave has not been active in the outside world for many years, these upstart brats have lost their respect for us. I suggest we take this opportunity to assert the might of our Fire Qilin Cave!”

“Indeed...”

The anger of the Elders was uncontainable. This was a matter of face; as an ancient sect, most would retreat three feet at the sight of them. Yet someone dared to kidnap their disciples—it was tantamount to courting death.

“There’s no need to rush. Other powers are probably even more anxious. Elder Chen has brought back a Qilin Divine Beast, so currently all affairs within the cave prioritize the Divine Beast. As for that junior, Elder Yun can take a trip. Yunkun is your disciple; you bring him back.”

“If anyone obstructs, show no mercy!”

From the throne, the Cave Master spoke indifferently.

“Understood!”

“Also, regarding the recent alliance marriage with Zhenyuan Country, Elder Yun, you will handle that too. Just find any handyman; our Qilin bloodline cannot be mixed with mere mortals.”

“Understood!”

Similar incidents were emerging among several major powers in Central Province. Sect Disciples were captured, and their captor openly demanded a ransom of one million Spirit Stones, causing them to lose face in front of everyone. They had to teach Li Xiaobai a bloody lesson.

Even without communicating, various sects unanimously sent Sect Elders to the Northern Region to capture Li Xiaobai, to wash away their shame before all the world.

...

Atop Misty Peak, Li Xiaobai made his rounds inspecting the cultivation of his disciples. The bathhouse had opened more than a dozen establishments, fully catering to the disciples' cultivation needs; meals and all other daily necessities were taken care of.

Li Xiaobai was very satisfied; only with such spirit could the bath culture be promoted and flourish.

He had received letters from his senior brothers and sisters the day before, mentioning they had set out early for Central Province to look for a breakthrough opportunity. They wouldn't return to the sect for a while, likely spurred on by the scene of Ou Yezi's breakthrough.

Searching the bathhouse, he found the old beggar since Ou Yezi had not yet returned to the sect. If their enemies came knocking, they would have to rely on this old man.

“Old man, when will you be in form? Our enemies will be at our door any moment now.”

Li Xiaobai brought the Immortal Spirit Daily up close to the old beggar's eyes.

After squinting at the paper for a while, the old beggar's complexion suddenly changed, “Oh my goodness, I, this old beggar, cannot manage this. You even dared to bind someone from Fire Qilin Cave; I have nothing to do with this. I still have some business to attend to, I'll be leaving first.”

Li Xiaobai grabbed him back: “Don't go, old man. I'll help you find your state, and you help me tie up this group of people; how about it?”

“Fire Qilin Cave is not easy to provoke; this is a life-threatening business,” the old beggar said with a worried look.

“So, what about it?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“There need to be extra charges!”

“Old man, with your sky-high cultivation, Spirit Stones and such worldly possessions are surely beneath you. I have here an Inner Armor that belonged to the saintess of the Hehuan Sect, which is her personal clothing. How about...”

“Deal! It’s just the Fire Qilin Cave; if it comes to a fight, the old beggar remains invincible!”

The old beggar’s eyes gleamed as he eagerly stashed away the Inner Armor, glancing around like a thief to make sure no one noticed before he finally relaxed.

Li Xiaobai twisted his wrist and produced a bottle of medicine, an item exchanged from the System Mall.

[Mall]: One bottle of ‘Stand Tall’, two bottles of ‘Immortals Beware’, three bottles and you won’t be able to handle it. If the state isn’t right, come straight back to Mall. (Thirty top-grade Spirit Stones.)]

[Note: Can temporarily increase state, enhance combat power, but the body will enter a weakened state after the medicine’s effects wear off.]

“Old man, this is Divine Medicine. Take one bottle and you’ll see immediate results, absolutely full of vigor. Drink no more than three bottles at a time,” Li Xiaobai said.

The old beggar sniffed the small bottle, “This scent is quite strange, not like that of a Spiritual Medicine.”

“Whatever it is, as long as it’s useful, that’s all that matters,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Don’t worry, if those people come, leave them all to me, I’ve got it covered.”

The old beggar talked big without hesitation. He didn’t believe for a minute that the potion could help him recover, but bragging was free, and he could just put on a show when the time came. If he didn’t feel up to it, he could just grab his bedding and run off immediately.

Having made up his mind, the old man felt secure.

Li Xiaobai continued to wander around the mountain peak. The Holy Demon Sect needed to enhance its defensive power—at the very least, it should withstand the attack of a Great Crossing Realm Cultivator.

The System Mall offered Sect Formations, albeit pricey, yet he could currently afford them.

Now, with abundant resources in hand, although he couldn't buy out the entire System Mall, getting whatever he wanted was no issue.

[Golden Light Formation: a Mountain Protection Array that can absorb the faith power of Sect Disciples, capable of withstanding a full-strength strike from a Great Crossing Realm Cultivator. (One hundred thousand top-grade Spirit Stones)]

[Note: Once the Formation is activated, it consumes one thousand top-grade Spirit Stones per hour.]

This was certainly one of the most expensive items. Not to mention the price of one hundred thousand top-grade Spirit Stones, just running the Formation would cost one thousand top-grade Spirit Stones per hour—roughly the price of a sports car.

But being able to withstand a full-strength strike from Great Crossing Realm Cultivators made it worth it.

This thing couldn't be left on all the time, it should only be used at critical moments.

Confirm purchase.

The Spirit Stones he had shrank by a large amount in an instant. He had taken quite a few Space Rings from cultivators, and the total amount of Spirit Stones inside was substantial. However, faced with the System Mall's huge demands, it seemed like a drop in the bucket.

Still, he needed to resolve the troubles quickly and go to Zhenyuan Country with Ouyang Shuanger to conduct the trade.

He mapped out the Formation around the terrain of the Holy Demon Sect. From now on, as long as he activated the Formation, it would operate on its own.

In the meantime, Li Xiaobai used the Teleportation Formation on the mountain peak to check on the Immortal Feather Sect. Everything was on track, and the sect's construction was even better than before. After leaving behind a batch of resources, he teleported back.

The Teleportation Formation made it very convenient to connect the two sects.

All preparations were in place, now it's just a matter of waiting for the big shots to come knocking.

Check the System's value panel.

[Host: Li Xiaobai.]

[...]

[Defensive power: Flesh Body Sanctification (128000/1000000) can be advanced.]

[Attribute Points: 0.]

[Skills: Hundred Percent Enmity Pull, Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch, Drunken Immortal, Muscle Flaccidity...]

[Mall: Opened.]

[Achievements: Trouble-Making Machine (4/108).]

[Pudong Rooster: Death count (1).]

This stage of defensive power improvement requires one million Attribute Points, and the numbers needed will only get larger later on. The Northern Region offers limited opportunities for him to increase his strength.

The Immortal Spirit Continent is vast, and the strength of the Northern Region is fairly mediocre.

Once things here are settled, it's time to explore other territories.

Chapter 174: 175 Your Disciple is in My Hands

The next day, early morning.

The Northern Region was shrouded in a layer of gloom, an invisible pressure weighing on every cultivator's shoulders.

Recently, one significant event after another had occurred, almost every person holding a copy of the Immortal Spirit Daily in their hands.

They saw a piece of news that filled them with dread.

Before today, they had never heard of Li Xiaobai from the Holy Demon Sect. But after today, it's likely that the entire Immortal Spirit Continent will come to recognize him. After all, he's the person daring enough to abduct disciples from the Central Province powers and even bold enough to go head-to-head with Fire Qilin Cave.

Such a ruthless individual is someone they would need to avoid at all costs.

Currently, the two parties haven't yet come into contact, but on the Immortal Spirit Daily it's as if they're exchanging blows in a heated battle, with the masses of cultivators hoping only that Fire Qilin Cave does not unleash its wrath and involve the innocent.

What they don't know is that besides these several great powers, there are also hundreds of cultivators heading towards the Holy Demon Sect, all of whom were swindled by Li Xiaobai, their entire fortunes automatically "donated", narrowly avoiding passing out from rage.

Reading the account on the Immortal Spirit Daily, Li Xiaobai produced yet another lengthy report.

Now, over half of the cultivators on the Immortal Spirit Continent are paying attention to this matter. As the reports increase, they find themselves unable to see through the events occurring within the secret realm.

Originally, they thought it was just a conflict among geniuses, but now it seems it's not that simple.

Better to just be a bystander munching on melon seeds for now!

All eyes are now focused on Li Xiaobai of the Holy Demon Sect, and they are very eager to know what kind of confidence he has to go against the Central Province powers. One should know, during this time, the Holy Demon Sect's secrets had been thoroughly investigated.

The Sect Leader is only at the Tribulation Crossing Stage, the Supreme Elder at most a half-step Mahayana. Such cultivation levels wouldn't even cause a ripple in the Central Province.

In comparison, even the awakening of Flesh Mountain, such a significant event, had been overshadowed.

It has been many years since anyone dared to publicly challenge the major powers. They all hope that this Li Xiaobai can hold on for a bit longer.

In the Central Province, atop Tianji Peak.

An old man and a young Daoist boy stood with their hands clasped behind their backs.

"Great chaos is imminent, and the emergence of the Immortal Spirit Qi is close at hand. The Immortal Spirit Continent is about to get lively," Tianji Zi said indifferently.

"Master, out of chaos comes heroes. The greater the ability, the greater the responsibility. Shouldn't we descend the mountain now?" the young Daoist boy asked.

“Why descend? Upon the arrival of chaos, there will surely be endless news from all corners. This is a golden opportunity for our Immortal Spirit Daily to shine. Li Xiaobai is a living example; just this one story is enough for us to serialize for several days.”

“In the future, we must spare no effort to discover more events and publish them. I believe it won’t be long before our Immortal Spirit Daily’s circulation will lead by a wide margin!”

Tianji Zi’s eyes gleamed with the vision of a mountain of gleaming Spirit Stones.

“Master, are we straying off topic? Shouldn’t we be saving people in this chaotic world?” the young Daoist boy asked.

“No deviation. In times of chaos, the common people need to be saved, and demons must be eradicated. But the most important thing is to make a profit ethically. Look at those Bald Donkeys in the Western Desert; if trouble really breaks out, they’ll surely be the first ones to stand up, crowdfunding for the temple under the pretense of providing protection for the common people.”

“They have been expanding their real estate projects without spending a single penny, and they’ve done this kind of thing more than a few times.”

The young Daoist boy: “...”

...

Li Xiaobai looked at the dark clouds in the sky with some unease, and went to find the old beggar several times to make sure he would not fail him before he felt assured enough to leave.

Ouyang Shuang was in a panic at this moment.

She had thought that once she came out and reached the sect, nothing serious would happen again.

To celebrate her survival, she even indulged herself in a luxurious Tangneng First-class bath, blowing smoke rings in the bathhouse and admiring the abs of the male cultivators, which made her feel that life was beautiful.

However, just now, her dream was shattered.

An edition of the Immortal Spirit Daily completely destroyed her illusions, plunging her into a feeling of falling into an icy cave.

Li Xiaobai blatantly challenged the powers of the Central Province and even had a tough battle with the Fire Qilin Cave. Now that they intended to level the Northern

Region and slay Li Xiaobai, just the thought of it made a chill run down Ouyang Shuang's neck.

What happened to the promise of safety?

Getting targeted by the Central Province powers for seemingly no reason—what was that about? She just wanted to buy the spiritual medicine and spirit grass from Li Xiaobai, then return to Zhenyuan Country to live quietly as a little princess, forever away from worldly strife...

But now, suddenly, she was told that she was being watched by countless mighty beings, the feeling being like a roller coaster ride, way too thrilling.

The female cultivator beside her saw what she was thinking and said with a smile, "Little sister must be new to the sect, don't worry, there will be no trouble here. Sect Master Li will take care of everything. We just need to stay quiet and soak like salted fish in our bath."

Ouyang Shuang couldn't help but give a wry smile; these disciples had never been to the Central Province, they had no idea what a terrifying existence they were about to face.

Although Li Xiaobai was capable, he was just a drop in the ocean compared to these established powers. Not to mention him, even Zhenyuan Country was nothing in front of the Fire Qilin Cave, they could only bow their heads in submission, and at the end, they should thank them for giving the chance to be their errand boys.

Above the Northern Region.

A Fire Qilin covered the sky and sun, roaring heavenward, its scorching breath instantly enveloping the Holy Demon Sect, and dozens of figures appeared—it was the various powers from the Central Province.

The cultivators of the Northern Region trembled and hid in their homes, afraid to show themselves, fearing that the powerful ones might summarily execute them on a whim.

Leading a group of people, Yun Yan, a master from the Fire Qilin Cave, flew toward the Holy Demon Sect.

"This kid is audacious as the heavens, daring to kidnap disciples of the Fire Qilin Cave. He's utterly ignorant!"

"Indeed, the Fire Qilin Cave is a renowned signboard of our Central Province. This child has openly provoked us, and he will certainly pay a bloody price."

The cultivators all flattering Yun Yan, considering the interests of the Fire Qilin Cave and displaying loyalty.

They all knew that today Li Xiaobai was doomed, and that rescuing their family disciples was a foregone conclusion. Thus, the focus was not on the rescue but on how to befriend this expert from Fire Qilin Cave—it was a rare opportunity.

“Gentlemen are so considerate. On behalf of my unworthy disciple, I thank you all for your concern,” Yun Yan thanked them with a cupped fist gesture, speaking in a noncommittal tone.

As they spoke, the group had already arrived above the Holy Demon Sect.

Yun Yan waved his hand, and the Fire Qilin by his side stepped forward and roared, “Li Xiaobai, come out and face your death!”

The searing breath mixed with a hint of destructive power swept across the entire sect. The formidable pressure made the cultivators behind him click their tongues. It was truly a Demonic Beast with Qilin bloodline, with such a presence that it could rival cultivators in the Mahayana Realm.

Chapter 175: 176: I'll Give You a 40 Meter Head Start

Visible to the naked eye, a red firelight surged into the sky, transforming into towering angry waves that assaulted the Holy Demon Sect.

A layer of golden light gleamed around the Holy Demon Sect, firmly blocking the red firelight outside.

“Hmm?”

“The Mountain Protection Array, quite interesting.”

Yun Yan’s expression was somewhat surprised; such a small place had a Mountain Protection Array, and by the looks of it, it was not low level—it should withstand the attack of Great Crossing Realm cultivators.

The expressions of the other cultivators also showed some peculiarity.

A complete Mountain Protection Array was a rare item, able to attack and defend. To have it in the Northern Region seemed somewhat wasteful.

Inside Misty Peak, Li Xiaobai slightly furrowed his brows as he looked at the figures in the sky.

“Old man, it’s time for you to show what you can do.”

The beggar elder took out a certain treasure, poured it into his mouth, and already made up his mind—if it worked, he would go for it; if not, he would run. It was that simple.

In the void, Yun Yan had already spotted Li Xiaobai, and the killing intent in his eyes surged as he reached out towards the Holy Demon Sect, preparing to forcibly break the Sect’s grand array.

The Mountain Protection Array was rare indeed, but to Fire Qilin Cave, it was not essential.

The Sect trembled violently, as the ground shook and the mountains swayed.

Inside the bathhouse.

Ouyang Shuanger’s face was as white as paper. It was too late, her enemies had come to kill her, and there was no escape.

However, the disciples inside remained as calm as Mount Tai, soaking in the bathhouse, smoking Huazi, their expressions indifferent.

“Senior Brother Xu, please snuff out the fire. The intense heat from outside is perfect for a soak.”

“Alright, that’s comfortable.”

Inside the latrine.

Yunkun was excited, and the other peers also felt they had seen hope. The Sect had finally come to rescue them. They had not been living like humans these past two days.

The peers supported each other, becoming the Holy Demon Sect’s most outstanding manure boys.

Every day, cleaning up excrement hundreds of times, sometimes getting so numb that one would fall straight into it—indeed, it was an unspeakably bitter experience.

“It’s the master, I can sense the master’s aura. We’re saved!”

“Yeah, with experts from Fire Qilin Cave leading the way, we’re set this time!”

“Once I get out, I’m going to muster the troops and wipe out the Holy Demon Sect!”

/div>

“And that Li Xiaobai, truly detestable. I want to torture him slowly; I won’t let him die that easily!”

...

Atop Misty Peak, the beggar elder’s eyes bulged roundly. The unknown potion truly had an effect. After one bottle, he felt like he had found the feeling of youth, very green and a little innocent.

What was crucial was that he had regained his strength, the power within his Dantian capable of destroying heavens and earth had reappeared.

“Damn, what kind of potion is this, it actually works!”

The beggar elder’s face was full of excitement, Li Xiaobai was speechless—having long felt the old man had agreed too easily, as if he hadn’t taken the potion seriously at all.

“Old man, we’re short on time, isn’t it time for you to make a move?”

“Of course, the Fire Qilin Cave, with their cultivation just entering the Mahayana Realm, dares to show off in front of the beggar elder!”

The beggar elder slightly raised his hand, and also made a grasping motion toward Yun Yan above.

But in an instant, Yun Yan’s complexion changed drastically: “Blaze, aid me!”

“Roar!”

The Fire Qilin by his side roared furiously, positioning itself in front of Yun Yan, opening its mouth to spew out a sky full of purple-red firelight, seeking to completely incinerate the Holy Demon Sect.

“

“What’s going on, what happened?”

“It seems like that old man down there is attacking?”

The rest of the cultivators were at a loss, as the shabby old beggar was only targeting Yun Yan, with no one else sensing anything amiss.

Li Xiaobai noticed that the power used by the shabby old beggar didn’t seem to be Spiritual Power, but rather a more advanced power. What it was exactly remained unknown. This old man indeed harbored a great secret.

“Qilin Bloodline, transform into Kylin!”

The shabby old beggar’s grip tightened, Yun Kun’s face turned beet red, and he quickly activated his Qilin Bloodline to forcibly break free from the shabby old beggar’s restraint.

His eyes widened with a look of sheer horror on his face. How could there be such a powerful cultivator in the Northern Region? His cultivation at the Mahayana Realm was being toyed with in the palm of the old man’s hand!

“Qilin Secret Technique, symbiosis!”

“Inferno!”

Ignoring the cultivators beside him, Yun Yan’s body erupted with flames. Behind him, a gigantic Primordial Spirit materialized, taking the form of a Kylin Divine Beast, looking indifferent and as if it didn’t take anything seriously.

The Primordial Spirit formed a hand seal, and an enormous amount of Primordial Spirit Power transformed into a giant hand that covered the sky and fiercely struck down towards the Holy Demon Sect. The massive fire-red palm stretched for thousands of miles and was clearly visible across the entire Northern Region.

Feeling the temperature emanating from the giant palm, the shabby old beggar picked his nose, “Want to arm-wrestle? The shabby old beggar will humor you!”

With an outstretched hand, a similarly vast hand that obscured the sky appeared, stretching tens of thousands of miles, truly overshadowing the sun and cloaking the entire Northern Region in its shadow in an instant.

Compared to this palm, the fire-red Kylin handprint was like the tender hand of a child. With a light squeeze, it exploded with a bang.

“Pfft!”

Yun Yan turned ashen, blood spewing from his mouth.

“Impossible, there’s no one like you in the Northern Region. Who are you really, and why do you pick on Fire Qilin Cave deliberately? Why are you our enemy?”

“The shabby old beggar has never considered Fire Qilin Cave a rival. I’m not targeting you; I just want to say that everyone present is trash.”

The shabby old beggar spoke indifferently with his hands behind his back, thoroughly enjoying this moment.

The effects of that certain treasure were truly impressive, one bottle and he was unstoppable, in such good form!

At this point, the faces of the other cultivators changed as well. If they couldn't see the situation clearly now, then they had no place in this world.

No wonder Li Xiaobai was so confident. It turned out there was an exceptional master hidden within the sect. Yun Yan was a high-level Mahayana cultivator of Fire Qilin Cave. Even if he had just entered the Mahayana Realm, claiming he was invincible among his peers would not be an exaggeration.

Yet even so, he was no match for the opponent, who casually toyed with Yun Yan leading to his miserable defeat. What was the level of that old man's cultivation?

Above the Mahayana Realm?

The threshold touched by legends who reached the Immortal Realm?

They dared not imagine.

The people looked at each other, all seeing a flash of fear in each other's eyes.

"How dare you hurt a master of Fire Qilin Cave. You're all dead!"

"That's right, we cultivators have a sense of righteous pride. Elder Yun Yan, rest assured, we won't stand idly by!"

Yun Yan's expression turned to surprise. Something was off with these people. Shouldn't they be thinking about running away right now?

What was with this sudden burst of passion?

But soon he understood. The crowd was full of bluster, yet their bodies were honest, quietly retreating.

Then, they suddenly turned and transformed into streaks of light, quickly fleeing away from the Holy Demon Sect, trying to escape the reach of the giant hand that covered the sky.

"I..."

Yun Yan cursed his luck; if you're going to run, then run! Why the dramatics?

"Elder, they're running away..." Li Xiaobai reminded.

“Don’t worry, let them run for nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine miles. The shabby old beggar will wrap things up at ten thousand miles. Let them taste despair.”

I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 176: 177: Take Them All Away - Read I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense Chapter 176: 177: Take Them All Away

Chapter 176: 177: Take Them All Away

Dozens of cultivators vanished in an instant into the distance, their speed incredibly fast.

Yun Yan, in the sky, was very sensible, knowing he couldn’t escape, so he stayed in place and didn’t move.

The old beggar took out a Huazi, squinted his eyes, and seemed to be watching the people scatter and flee into the distance.

With a casual wave of his hand, a gigantic hand that stretched for tens of thousands of miles emerged from the void and pressed down thunderously, causing the people at the edge of the Northern Region to feel a tightness in their bodies, unable to move.

The massive palm grasped down, scooping up the cultivators in one move and tossing them back to the Holy Demon Sect.

“Senior, it is we who were blind to your greatness. Please spare us, for the sake of Fire Qilin Cave’s dignity!”

Yun Yan’s complexion was ugly, the pressure from the other party was no less than from the Cave Master, this was definitely a top-tier expert from the Mainland.

“Fire Qilin Cave has no dignity.”

The old beggar looked relaxed, reached out his hand, and imprisoned everyone, grabbing them up to Misty Peak.

Li Xiaobai seized the opportunity and forcibly fed everyone with elixirs that restricted their cultivation level.

Yun Yan’s face turned the color of earth, he was planted, his cultivation sealed, and like his precious disciple, he became a prisoner.

“You are that person!”

Now that he was closer, Yun Yan could clearly see the old beggar's face. His eyes were filled with shock, and the cultivators from the other forces, mustering their courage, took a glance at the old beggar and were immediately stunned. He bore too strong a resemblance to the character from the legends.

"Don't speculate, brother, I am just a legend."

The old beggar said smugly, enjoying this act a lot, having not felt so spirited and high-spirited in many years.

"Li Xiaobai, do not compound your mistakes. If you release us now, we can forget about past grievances. Even with senior here, the might of Fire Qilin Cave cannot be stopped."

"Yuan Fang, take them all away, let them help clean the latrines, to cultivate their minds."

Li Xiaobai waved his hand impatiently, and Yuan Fang eagerly dragged the new labor force away.

In his view, Misty Peak was unmatched. Those daring to oppose Sect Master Li could only end up one way, becoming a burgeoning labor force, immersed in the construction work of the Holy Demon Sect.

"In life, it is most important to know oneself. Gentlemen, come with me."

The old beggar looked at the two remaining bottles in his hand as if they were treasures.

This thing made him feel young again, and that invincible sensation from the past had returned.

"Boss, do you have any more of this stuff? Old beggar here is willing to trade wine for it!"

"This is a very precious Divine Medicine. I don't have much left, but if the old master can answer a few of my questions, I might be able to part with another bottle despite the pain."

"You ask, the old beggar knows everything!"

/div>

"Just now I noticed that the power you used wasn't Spiritual Power, what was it?" Li Xiaobai asked.

"Immortal Spirit Power, the force from the Upper Realm."

“Has the old master been to the Upper Realm?”

“I’ve been there. In the past, the old beggar was unrivaled throughout the Upper Realm. Loneliness at the height, the void of life made me return to the Lower Realm, to hide my skills and fame, and just be a quiet, beautiful man.”

Li Xiaobai had streaks of black lines across his forehead: “How can one acquire this power?”

“Every hundred years, the Upper Realm releases Immortal Spirit Qi, and the drop location is in Central Province. To get it, one can only rob it. However, there isn’t much point to this thing. Cultivators from the Lower Realm cannot grasp this force and forcibly possessing it will result in one ending up like the old beggar, with cultivation level fluctuating between substance and void,”

said the old beggar.

Li Xiaobai understood this meant the old man had stolen the Immortal Spirit Power, which was why his cultivation level was unreliable. Yet the old man was truly powerful at his peak.

“When will the next release of Immortal Spirit Qi be?”

“Next spring might be a bit later.”

“Are you Elder Tianwu?”

“All just empty titles, now I’m just an ordinary person who’s invincible in the world, that’s all.”

The old beggar lit a Huazi, his eyes full of vicissitudes, as if he were recalling the bygone years.

Li Xiaobai: “...”

There was no denying it, this old man was Elder Tianwu, the legendary figure who once dominated an era.

Only now, in his old age, he had turned into a greasy old man, an adept at bragging and farting around, with an air of unreliability all around him.

He casually took out a bottle from somewhere, and threw it to the old beggar.

He would still need to rely on this old man in the future.

“Senior really is formidable, an invincible aura revealed in every move you make.”

A faint voice came from behind, and as Li Xiaobai turned around, there stood Ou Yezi, relaxed and smiling.

“When did the Sect Leader return?”

“I’ve been back since morning.”

Li Xiaobai’s face darkened, realizing that Ou Yezi had been hiding and watching all along, waiting for the old beggar to take care of the enemy before making his appearance; he was truly a sly old fox.

“You’re not bad yourself, even the supercharged Heavenly Tribulation didn’t grind you to death. You have a promising future,” the old beggar nodded in approval.

Ou Yezi’s expression was as dark as thunder. He would never forget in this lifetime how the old man had challenged the majesty of heaven with oaths and vows, only to turn around and run, leaving him to clean up the mess.

“Thanks to Senior’s blessing, I pushed beyond my limits and was lucky to survive.”

“Hm, not bad, a good mindset, a bright future ahead!” the old beggar said cheerfully.

Ou Yezi: “...”

At the same time.

In the latrine.

A few youthful prodigies were brimming with confidence, promptly tossing their brooms and rags aside. The elders from their families had arrived, and even if Li Xiaobai was domineering, he’d still have to behave.

In their hearts, they were already planning how they would pay back twice the hardships they’d endured these days.

However, when they saw Yuan Fang leading a row of experts from major forces, their smiles stiffened.

“Master, why are you here?”

“Elder, you came too?”

“Quiet now, quiet. These are our new laborers. Seems like you all know each other, which is good; no need for introductions. From now on, take the newcomers under your wings, serve the people diligently. Where are your tools for labor?”

Yuan Fang frowned, looking at the several broken broom handles on the ground, he said, "It seems you have yet to recognize your situation. There are only so many janitorial tools. If there are no rags, then clean with your hands. Work hard and don't think too much."

"Young man, I am an Elder from the Fire Qilin Cave with cultivation at the Mahayana Realm. Treating us with such humiliation isn't appropriate, is it?" Yun Yan's face was an ashen hue.

With a kick, Yuan Fang knocked him to the ground: "Stop with the pretentiousness. All that family background doesn't work here. Work honestly, as you're all free labor now. If you want out, wait until your seniors bring Spirit Stones!"

The faces of the crowd turned as white as sheets, realizing even their higher-ups had been defeated and were sent here to clean latrines.

Now their cultivation was sealed, and they were no different from ordinary mortals, subject to anyone's whims.

"Master, we should just listen to them and endure less hardship. Your disciple will do your share of the work," Yunkun said with determination in his eyes.

Seeing his cherished disciple covered in mud and exuding an odd odor, Yun Yan's eyes reddened: "Kun'er, you've grown up!"

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 177: 178 The Organization Hasn't Abandoned Us - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 177: 178 The Organization Hasn't Abandoned Us

Chapter 177: 178 The Organization Hasn't Abandoned Us

"Elder, let me teach you the basic operation of cleaning the toilet."

"Master, in the past two days, I have also summarized the advanced techniques in cleaning latrines. They are quite easy to learn."

Defeated by the circumstances, the prodigies began to personally teach their own elders the use of various tools and how to handle the various emergencies that tend to occur in latrines.

The masters from powerful forces watched the proud smiles on their children's faces and felt an inexplicable twist of heartache.

Their offspring were becoming proficient at something that truly pained the heart.

“Old Li, I hadn’t thought that at our age, we would have to do such humiliating work, and in front of our younger generation too—our late reputation is ruined!”

“Ah, quit it. Did you see Elder Yun Yan from Fire Qilin Cave? He’s also scooping manure. Just relax. In this latrine, everyone is equal.”

Atop Misty Peak.

Li Xiaobai had just penned another report.

“All the cultivators from several major forces who came to attack have been captured. To retrieve your disciples and sect elders, it’ll cost 1.5 million top-grade Spirit Stones per person!”

As soon as this message was released, Central Province erupted into chaos. Within a day, all their top masters had been captivated, Li Xiaobai brazenly taunted them, and the ransom had skyrocketed to 1.5 million stones.

It was an outcome that no one had anticipated. The masters of Fire Qilin Cave had been defeated. This Li Xiaobai was formidable!

“A giant hand that covers the sky appears in the Northern Region, suppressing all attacking cultivators with a single move!”

“Li Xiaobai shouts from afar, no tearing of tickets, but the price has gone up!”

“The forces in Central Province are keeping silent. Does this mean they are considering a compromise? Is the power structure of the Immortal Spirit Continent about to change?”

One news story after another flew everywhere, thrilling the onlookers with excitement.

They had all seen the image of the giant hand that covered the entire Northern Region, its cultivation level so incredibly high that one hand could cover an entire region. With such power, it was enough to dominate the Immortal Spirit Continent.

Perhaps only a few people on the heavenly rankings were qualified to battle against it?

In the Fire Qilin Cave, an eerie silence prevailed.

The Cave Master tapped his fingers lightly: “That giant hand that covers the sky, what do you all think?”

Great Elder furrowed his brow: "There was a faint trace of Immortal Spirit Qi on that giant hand."

"Immortal Spirit Qi, could it be 'that person'?"

The other elders were astonished, having never encountered such power, only having heard tales of it.

"Besides him, who else could it be? In nearly a hundred years, only he has successfully obtained Immortal Spirit Qi and vanished without a trace for so many years. We thought he was dead, but now he has reappeared in the Northern Region."

The Cave Master's eyes flickered with a chilly light, as he subtly touched his empty left sleeve. The battle from a hundred years ago had been quite brutal.

"There's less than a year left until the next dispersal of Immortal Spirit Qi. This person showing up at this critical juncture, could it be that he wants to get involved in the struggle for Immortal Spirit Qi again?" the Great Elder pondered with a frown.

"This time, there's no share of Immortal Spirit Qi for him."

"I'll go take a look. If it is indeed that person, I wouldn't be at ease sending others." the Great Elder said.

"Bring some Spirit Stones and first get Yunkun and Yun Yan out, then probe that person's background. Fire Qilin Cave has had many issues recently, and it's not advisable to start more, especially with the imminent Divine Beast Struggle and the trifling matters of marriage alliances that must be resolved within the next few days," the Cave Master said calmly.

Great Elder nodded: "Understood. My mind is made up. The affairs of Fire Qilin Cave take precedence. I will choose a more clever servant disciple to handle the marriage alliance."

...

At Misty Peak.

Li Xiaobai was supervising the laborers at their work.

These people weren't bad, quite perceptive, learning to use their hands to work. Although a little dirty, the joyful smiles on their faces showed Li Xiaobai that his labor reformation was right. These people had grasped the true essence of life.

"Truly a group of hard-working and simple folks!" Li Xiaobai exclaimed.

“Indeed, all this could be attributed to the Peak Master’s great wisdom and his excellent leadership,” Yuan Fang looked at Li Xiaobai with great admiration, for he was his mentor.

Yun Yan, Yunkun, and others nodded and bowed, scurrying about, all smiles on the surface but cursing in their hearts. If it weren’t for fear of being put at a disadvantage, they wouldn’t bother putting so much effort into cleaning up a manure pit!

“Work hard and don’t always think that someone will come to rescue you. The only way you can get out is if someone pays to redeem you. If no one redeems you, you’d best give up hope,” Yuan Fang said with a stern yet restrained tone.

Yun Yan forcefully suppressed the rage in his heart as he trembled while cleaning the dung pond.

“Master, will we ever have a day to get out? Does Fire Qilin Cave have no intention of redeeming us?” Yunkun couldn’t help but ask.

“Not at all, my good disciple. We are the backbone talents of Fire Qilin Cave. They won’t abandon us; just wait a little longer, we will definitely get out!”

Yun Yan said.

Similar questions haunted every laborer: would their sect really spend Spirit Stones to rescue them?

One and a half million top-grade Spirit Stones was no small amount.

“Just hold on for a few more days. We must trust the organization; it will not abandon us!”

...

A day later, outside of the Holy Demon Sect, another group of people gathered. This time, the most authoritative figures from various sects arrived.

Many elders from other sects also watched from a distance, joining in the excitement, eager to see the true face of the owner of the giant hand that covered the sky.

“Li Xiaobai, I am the Great Elder of Fire Qilin Cave, the Fire Element Saint Hand, Lin Tian. Today, I am here to redeem the disciples and elders of our sect.”

At these words, the whole crowd was astir.

Fire Qilin Cave had actually chosen to redeem their people. Was this a sign of submission?

However, this was also within the expectations of everyone since the sect had top experts in house, and it was unwise to create conflicts. It was just unexpected that Fire Qilin Cave would act so directly, showing no intention of provoking that expert.

Today's drama, it seemed, wouldn't be too dramatic.

Inside the sect, in the bathhouse, the disciples were quite calm.

"Another group has come."

"No worries, let's see how the Peak Master handles it."

"This bunch looks pretty good, they have a positive attitude."

Li Xiaobai didn't expect the newly arrived group to be so sensible, willingly paying up and following the rules.

He picked out Yun Yan and Yunkun from the latrine.

"You two, Fire Qilin Cave has come to redeem you. Follow me."

Upon hearing this, the two were overjoyed. Indeed, the organization had not abandoned them; their days of anxious waiting had paid off.

"Sect Master Li, what about us?"

The other laborers looked anxious. They had been detained together, working hard, and now that their companions who had shared their lives day and night were being taken away, the latrines suddenly lost their appeal.

"Unfortunately, it seems that your tribes have no plans of redeeming you. It looks like you'll have to stay here a bit longer."

Li Xiaobai didn't want to waste words and left with the two men.

A group of laborers with pale faces was left behind, staring blankly at the dung pit. Their worst fear had come true.

Outside the sect,

The old and young of Fire Qilin Cave had a tearful reunion; Yun Yan and Yunkun were filled with internal joy at finally seeing their kin.

Chapter 178: 179 Elder Tianwu

Lin Tian's face was twisted with discomfort. At this moment, the appearance of Yun Yan and Yunkun was disheveled and dirty, covered in mud, and they exuded an indescribable foul odor. The face of Fire Qilin Cave, completely lost.

The faces of the other cultivators weren't looking great either. After all, their clan's younger members had also been captured. Yet by their terrible state, it wasn't hard to imagine the hardship their kin must have endured.

"One and a half million top-grade Spirit Stones per person, non-negotiable."

Li Xiaobai lit a Huazi and spoke indifferently.

Lin Tian flicked his hand, and a Space Ring floated in front of Li Xiaobai.

"Three million top-grade Spirit Stones in total. I'll take these two with me."

"Swift and decisive, truly a master from the Fire Qilin Cave. Your straightforward and generous behavior is indeed unlike these stingy fellows," Li Xiaobai said.

The other experts' faces darkened. They had originally thought that Fire Qilin Cave would dispatch a strong force to fight directly, to uphold the might of the Qilin. Instead, the opposition simply chose to resolve the crisis with money, without hesitating or dragging their feet, leaving the other cultivators feeling like they were punching cotton—utterly powerless.

The leading brother's straightforward payment made them feel quite awkward, being penniless themselves.

"I am Lin Tian. It's been decades since I parted ways in a hurry with Elder Tianwu. Do you still remember me, senior?"

After retrieving the disciples of Fire Qilin Cave, Lin Tian no longer had to worry about their safety and turned to the old beggar to ask.

"I don't recognize you. Knowing full well you are my junior, why aren't you kneeling to pay your respects?"

The old beggar picked his nose and spoke lightly.

"He is Elder Tianwu!"

"The peerless genius from over a hundred years ago, who single-handedly dominated several regions, suppressing an entire era!"

"Wasn't it said that he inexplicably disappeared decades ago? How did he show up in the Northern Region?"

“It’s him, the spitting image of Elder Tianwu from the portraits in my home!”

The cultivators’ faces were filled with shock and awe, and it was only after Lin Tian’s inquiry that they realized the identity of the old man with such immense strength—one that could be counted on one hand across the Mainland.

Upon close inspection, his visage was indeed identical to that of the legendary figure displayed in their sects—Elder Tianwu had reappeared!

“It is really you. A century ago, you ambushed our Family Head. Thirty years ago, you appeared at a critical moment and stole our opportunity. As the Great Elder of Fire Qilin Cave, I cannot simply overlook your actions. Please, allow me to learn from your distinguished techniques!”

Lin Tian had long recognized the old beggar. Behind him, a colossal Fire Qilin Primordial Spirit soared into the sky, letting out a heaven-shaking roar.

He wanted to test the old man’s strength on behalf of the Cave Master. The vegetation around him burst into fierce flames and turned to ash. The Qilin’s giant claw swooped down, shattering the Mountain Protection Array in an instant, and the scorching heat that could pierce through a Primordial Spirit thundered down.

Li Xiaobai’s expression changed. The Mountain Protection Array was supposed to withstand a full-force attack from Great Crossing Realm Cultivators, but it was effortlessly torn apart by the old man’s Primordial Spirit.

Scorching heat swept through, turning Misty Peak into a raging inferno in an instant.

[Attribute Points +10000...]

[Attribute Points +10000...]

Li Xiaobai felt a pang of anxiety as his body’s moisture evaporated, with slight cracks appearing on his skin. This old man’s combat power was off the charts.

“Old man, drink some Baobao quickly. Our sect is about to be burned to the ground!”

“Sure thing!”

The old beggar took a modest sip of Baobao, trying to save some—after all, it wasn’t easy to get.

The power inside him surged once again. The old beggar’s eyes shot out sharp glints of light, sending two divine beams straight into the void at the Fire Qilin.

It was then that a roar like thunder came.

“Creating havoc within the Holy Demon Sect without asking me, the Sect Leader?”

A flash of light streaked across, striking at the Fire Qilin that obscured the sky. Ou Yezi was infuriated and struck with all his might, repelling the Fire Qilin.

The flames on Misty Peak gradually died down, and the burnt grass and trees grew once again, emanating a breath of life.

“Creation of life, Third Layer of the Great Crossing Realm, there still exist such characters in the Northern Region, what’s your name?” Lin Tian was slightly surprised.

“I am Sect Leader Ou Yezi!” said Ou Yezi.

“It’s you!”

“Ou Yezi, that one from the Earth Rankings!”

“In the Tianbei Secret Realm, you sacrificed hundreds of cultivators’ blood, among them not lacking in prodigious talents, damn it, my sect’s genius was brutally killed by your hand!”

“My son, the Golden Spear Overlord, was slain by this man!”

“Please, Elder Lin Tian, take action and execute this man with the justice he deserves!”

The cultivators were in an uproar, another figure whose enmity was maxed out, the Immortal Spirit Daily had already reported on it; in the Tianbei Secret Realm, there was a cultivator named Ou Yezi who used a created miniature world to deceive cultivators, sacrificing over a hundred promising talents to forcibly break through to the Great Crossing Realm cultivation level.

Many cultivators present had their juniors blood sacrificed by Ou Yezi, now facing their nemesis, their eyes instantly turned red.

But alas, the man was of the Great Crossing Realm’s cultivation, even at the third layer, these Tribulation Crossing cultivators didn’t dare to act rashly.

“Hmph, the Sect Leader kills with his own ability, it’s your disciple’s foolishness, bringing themselves into the trap, who else can you blame?”

“Instead of troubling the Sect Leader, you’d be better off going back and teaching your disciples more, flowers grown in a greenhouse, can’t survive long in the outside world.”

Ou Yezi completely disregarded these people, his attitude arrogantly to the extreme.

“Good, I didn’t expect you to be from the Holy Demon Sect, truly like Sect members through and through, all with the style of bandits, without a shred of dignity, you can die now.”

Lin Tian pointed casually, and the void rippled, a fiery red light pierced the sky, aiming straight for Ou Yezi’s heart.

Putch!

The firelight easily pierced through Ou Yezi’s body, but there was no blood splatter; Ou Yezi’s figure slowly dispersed, turning into starlights that faded away between heaven and earth.

“An External Incarnation?”

Lin Tian’s face darkened with rage, for he had been tricked.

“Heh, thinking of killing me? Did you ask my elder, Elder Tianwu? A mere flick of Elder Tianwu’s finger is enough to crush you all, come fight if you disagree!”

Behind the old beggar, Ou Yezi slowly walked out, gesturing at Lin Tian with a hooked finger, his face full of a faint smile.

Li Xiaobai looked on with an odd expression; it seemed Ou Yezi was maliciously taking revenge on the old beggar, drawing tremendous enmity towards him just as the old beggar had done to him previously.

“Today, I will kill you, not even Elder Tianwu can stop me, mark my words.”

Lin Tian’s face was grim.

“Elder, these people are disrespecting you, go up and fight them!” Ou Yezi incited from the side.

The old beggar had black lines all over his forehead: “Uh, this old beggar doesn’t carry this pot...”

“Qilin Secret Technique, Samadhi True Fire!”

Lin Tian formed a Seal Spell with his hand, and in the void, the fire of a giant Fire Qilin surged wildly, turning from red to almost black, and its claw, enveloped in black flame, came crashing down heavily.

“Going for another arm wrestle?”

The old beggar chuckled, stretching out a giant hand that covered the sky, grabbing the claw of the Qilin, exerting a slight force, and directly ripping off the entire left half of the Fire Qilin's Primordial Spirit.

"Puh!"

With his Primordial Spirit injured, Lin Tian coughed up blood profusely, falling rapidly like a kite with a broken string.

"What kind of power is this, you weren't this strong thirty years ago!"

Chapter 179: 180: Come to Central Province, Let This Old Man Kill You

"Nonsense, with our level, even if we turned back thirty years, I would still beat you bloody," the old beggar said with disdain.

"You have mastered the Immortal Spirit Power!"

Lin Tian ignored the old beggar's boasting and started to think seriously, displaying a shocked expression.

The other cultivators listened, confused and unsure of what the two were talking about.

Immortal Spirit Power is the most top-secret force in the Immortal Spirit Continent, a power that ordinary forces have no chance to access, available only to the most elite.

Lin Tian came this time to probe Elder Tianwu's depths, but the results left him feeling somewhat desperate, the gap was simply too wide.

"It's just Immortal Spirit Power, if I, the old beggar, want to use it, it has to obediently listen and be used by me," he boasted, hands behind his back.

Li Xiaobai's expression darkened, feeling that the old man had become a bit too inflated with arrogance ever since he drank some mystery potion, so much so that even he couldn't stand it.

"I respect the Elder's cultivation level; the Spirit Stones have been paid, and I will now take the person away."

Lin Tian forcibly suppressed his internal injuries, cupped his fists in salute.

The old beggar nodded and did not obstruct him.

Li Xiaobai wanted to say something, but the old beggar stopped him.

“What about you all?”

The old beggar’s gaze shifted, looking towards the other cultivators in the sky.

“Elder, we will go back and gather Spirit Stones immediately, and bring them by tomorrow!”

The cultivators, with hairs standing on end, accepted their defeat since Lin Tian was beaten, none dared to act rashly.

“Since you have no Spirit Stones, just stay behind then, tomorrow someone will naturally bring Spirit Stones to redeem you.”

The old beggar sneered, a gigantic hand covering the sky crashing down, overwhelming everyone and sending them back to Misty Peak.

“I...”

The cultivators were terrified, their courage shattered; they hadn’t even managed to plead for mercy before being thrown into the latrine.

Early in the morning, Yuan Fang had been waiting here, and upon seeing another large group of cultivators tossed in, his face immediately brightened.

“Excellent, excellent, more fresh blood so soon, come on, take your medicine obediently.”

The cultivators, unable to move, watched as Yuan Fang tossed some unknown pills into their mouths, which they swallowed slowly.

After carefully sensing for a moment, their expressions changed dramatically: “Where is my cultivation level?”

“My cultivation has been suppressed, it must be because of that pill!”

“What kind of elixir is that, to be able to seal the cultivation level of someone at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage?”

“No wonder all the captured bigshots are resigned to their fate, it’s because of this elixir!”

The faces of the numerous sect force experts turned as white as paper, completely drained of color, their cultivation sealed, they lost their reliance, now, they were nothing.

What was key was that most of the experts were merely there to spectate the excitement, purely victims of an undeserved calamity.

“Brother, we were just here to watch, surely there must be some mistake here?”

Yuan Fang sneered and gave them a few kicks, knocking everyone to the ground: “Stay put, all of you, stop all that blabbering. Dare to come and spectate our Peak Master’s commotion, you must be ready to accept reformation through labor!”

“I am an Elder of the Devil Cloud Cave, you little wretch, how dare you bully me!”

“I refuse to accept this, I demand to see Elder Tianwu!”

An elder with an angry face, his status lofty and mighty, revered wherever he went, how could he be bullied at will?

“The one being bullied is you. It doesn’t matter who you are; here, everyone is equal. Follow the rules, keep it honest, and you’ll suffer less physical pain.”

Yuan Fang kicked him again, causing the old man so much pain that tears nearly came out. Without his cultivation level, he was just an ordinary person.

“Elder Mo, spare us a few words, will you? As long as you’re obedient, it’s actually quite easy to get by here.”

“Yeah, look around – many big shots from the sects have been captured. Compared to them, us small fries aren’t that embarrassing.”

“Elder, let me teach you how to clean the toilets,” the disciple said.

“We have to get up early tomorrow to fight for brooms, or we’ll have to clean with our hands.”

Watching the cultivators around him persuading him with words of encouragement, the elder from the Devil Cloud Cave felt his eyes moisten. When was the last time he was punished to wash toilets? It seemed like it was when he had just joined the sect and was punished and picked on by his senior brothers.

Pleased with the reaction of the laborers, Yuan Fang nodded, “Good, keep it up; accumulate a hundred points, and you can go experience Tangneng First-class. Our treatment here isn’t bad.”

Elsewhere.

Li Xiaobai continued to publish articles in the Immortal Spirit Daily.

“Fire Qilin Cave’s Great Elder states, spending a million Spirit Stones to redeem his disciples; other sects please hurry.”

The projection of Elder Tianji in the void was very satisfied. The recent grudges between Li Xiaobai and the various sect powers had become the hottest topic, bringing a lot of popularity to the newspaper.

“I didn’t expect Elder Tianwu, that old horse, to actually be your helper. Not bad. When you come to Central Province, let this old man kill you,” Elder Tianji said with a smile on his face, as Li Xiaobai instinctively shrank his neck – the dialogue between these bigshots was a little terrifying.

“You, not good enough!”

The old beggar picked his nose and, with a flick of his finger, Elder Tianji’s Primordial Spirit Projection dissipated.

“Old geezer, I’ll be waiting for you in Central Province!”

“Old man, what exactly is your cultivation level? Why isn’t your name on the Heavenly List?”

Li Xiaobai asked. The Fire Qilin Cave’s Great Elder wasn’t an average cultivator; to be beaten to vomiting blood in one encounter meant that the old beggar was extraordinarily strong.

“Hasn’t the old beggar told you? My cultivation level is unmatched, supreme above all things!” the beggar said.

“As for the Heavenly List, that old geezer Tianji Zi is settling private scores, he’s removed my ranking,” the old beggar said, taking a drag of his Huazi cigarette and seeming a bit depressed.

“Then why did you let the Fire Qilin Cave’s Great Elder go just now? Wouldn’t it be better to capture him and have them pay another heap of Spirit Stones?”

“Fire Qilin Cave has too deep a foundation. The old beggar was worried you’d offend them too harshly and get obliterated by them,” he explained.

Li Xiaobai was speechless; it was clearly you who were scared, yet you use me as a shield.

“What exactly is in the Fire Qilin Cave? Shouldn’t those above the Mahayana Realm ascend? The rest should be just Mahayana cultivators, right?”

“In theory, you’re correct. Those who can stay in the Immortal Spirit Continent are at most at the Mahayana Realm, but the reality is not so. Even within the Mahayana Realm, there are many levels.”

“Starting from the fourth layer, every other tier represents a drastic change in strength. Those at the peak of the Mahayana Realm, even reaching the Half-step Human Immortal Realm, could annihilate lower-tier cultivators with a single glance; they’re truly invincible. Powers like the Fire Qilin Cave would certainly have ancient monsters who have been buried and sealed for who knows how many years. Just one of them emerging could instantly change the Mainland’s landscape,” the old beggar explained with rare seriousness, his gaze drifting as if he was reminiscing.

“Are there many of these masters?”

Li Xiaobai asked, which was related to his future acquisition of Attribute Points.

“There are three verified Half-step Human Immortals in Aolai Country of the Eastern Sea, one old Buddha in the Western Desert who is just one step away from ascension, and other old powers like Fire Qilin Cave tend to have a few masters stored away.”

“Why would these masters be sealed away instead of ascending to the Upper Realm?”

Chapter 180: 181 Secrets of the Immortal Spirit

“Most of those who were sealed aren’t from this era. They couldn’t break through the spatial barriers on their own, so they sealed themselves away, waiting for an opportunity to come. There were also some old monsters whose lifespans were limited, and they just wanted to live a few more years,” the raggedy old man explained.

“Opportunity, you mean Immortal Spirit Qi?”

Li Xiaobai recalled what the old beggar had previously mentioned.

“Exactly, Immortal Spirit Qi is the power of the Upper Realm. Even obtaining a sliver of it would be enough to break the spatial barriers. It’s the opportunity that many old monsters are waiting for,” the raggedy old man nodded.

“Has the old gentleman been up there?”

“Of course, I have been to the Upper Realm. Otherwise, how could I be invincible in the universe?” the raggedy old man said proudly.

Li Xiaobai was speechless; this bragging skill had become second nature to the old beggar.

A day without a boast, a day without comfort.

...

At the same time, the Immortal Spirit Continent experienced a great earthquake.

Cultivators in Central Province trembled as they held the Immortal Spirit Daily in their hands, their faces filled with shock.

“Elder Tianwu Emerges in the Northern Region, Subduing Everyone with One Move!”

“Li Xiaobai Challenges Powers of Central Province From Afar, ‘The territory of Holy Demon Sect is small, please redeem your Disciples and Elders promptly.’”

“A Hundred Years Ago He Dominated an Era, Elder Tianwu Returns from Seclusion, Is This the Precursor to Chaotic Times?”

“Elder Tianwu, it’s actually Elder Tianwu!”

“After so many years in hiding, he’s finally reappeared. My family’s old master was defeated by him, a leg severed, and to this day, we haven’t found a way to heal it!”

“Indeed, back then how many talented youths were crushed by him, this Immortal Spirit Continent is no longer peaceful.”

“However, this Li Xiaobai has actually captured all the cultivators who came against him. The powers of Central Province are unlikely to let this go.”

“With Elder Tianwu backing him up, who would dare touch him?”

The cultivators were astounded; the instigator of this major event, Li Xiaobai, was backed by none other than Elder Tianwu, a symbol of invincibility. With such a monstrous figure supporting him, he could now walk sideways across the Immortal Spirit Continent.

Numerous sects called urgent meetings, and in family sects, those old monsters who had been quiet for a long time began to slowly awaken because of this newspaper.

“We originally thought he was just a youngster seeking attention, but instead, he has drawn out a giant crocodile.”

“The younger generation from Fire Qilin Cave have already crossed hands with him. Upon preliminary assessment, he commands the Immortal Spirit Power!”

“Less than a year remains until the next dispensation of Immortal Spirit Qi. This time, we must stick to the plan, and absolutely cannot allow him to interfere!”

“Rest assured, I have already notified the few from the Eastern Sea. This time, the Immortal Spirit Qi will be divided equally among us, and if anyone dares to meddle, their claws shall be chopped off, no one is an exception!”

“Let the younger generation make contact with this Li Xiaobai, probe his background and see what the relationship between him and Elder Tianwu really is.”

“Understood, Ancestor!”

...

That day, several more reports were released through the Immortal Spirit Daily.

“

“Shocking, faced with Demon Sword Li Xiaobai’s coercion, the forces of Central Province actually opted for delay tactics. Is this a twist of human nature or a decline in morality?”

“Elder Tianwu emerges, the ancestors from various powers awaken together – is this a golden age or an age of chaos?”

Elder Tianji, who understood everything in the world, had a grasp on the movements of these old monsters like the back of his hand. Any stirrings were promptly published in the Immortal Spirit Daily.

Everything started with circulation figures, with no regard for maintaining the secrecy of these major forces.

After a series of events, the cultivators’ reliance on the Immortal Spirit Daily reached an all-time high.

They were just ordinary cultivators, originally unconnected to such lofty figures, but the existence of the Immortal Spirit Daily allowed them to clearly know the daily activities of those high figures they couldn’t normally reach.

Especially this time, the name of the Holy Demon Sect from the Northern Region spread far and wide in a battle, and the cultivators of the world almost regarded it as a sacred place.

Through a series of follow-up reports by the Immortal Spirit Daily, they found that the usually aloof big shots were not as unreachable as they thought, and sometimes they were quite down-to-earth.

For example, master and disciple Yun Yan from Fire Qilin Cave, worked as manure cleaners for a few days, and felt they had significantly refined and restrained themselves.

Inside the Holy Demon Sect's grand hall, several uninvited guests arrived – called uninvited because among them was a man Li Xiaobai recognized: it was Chen Kun, the Elder of Tianwu Sect, whom he had met in the Divine Beast Mountain Range.

There was no need to ask why they were here – it must have been for Elder Tianwu.

The old beggar from Tianwu Sect was thus named Elder Tianwu, and now that he had emerged, the entire Mainland knew of it, naturally, it couldn't escape their notice.

For Tianwu Sect, if they could persuade Elder Tianwu to return to the sect, it would certainly ascend to the ranks of top forces on the Mainland.

Ou Yezi was currently receiving the guests.

"I understand your intentions," Ou Yezi said, "but Elder Tianwu wasn't invited by me. He has some ties with Li Xiaobai, which is why he is temporarily residing within the Holy Demon Sect. We should respect the elder's wishes."

"Nonsense, Elder Tianwu is an elder of our sect; he naturally ought to return to the sect. What business does he have staying at the Holy Demon Sect?"

The Sect Leader of Tianwu Sect frowned. He and Ou Yezi had been openly and secretly competing for many years and was well aware of what the other had in mind.

Elder Tianwu was among the strongest people on the Mainland, and having him in the sect had numerous benefits. Even if he did nothing, his mere presence would deter petty individuals, and if he were to offer guidance, cultivation levels would undoubtedly skyrocket.

"You are mistaken," Ou Yezi said with a light smile. "Tianwu Sect and Holy Demon Sect are not far from each other, yet Elder Tianwu has not set out, which implies something. I shouldn't need to elaborate further; you can understand what it means."

"Rubbish, you're clearly just intentionally preventing us from welcoming our ancestor. Step aside, we need to speak with our ancestor!"

Chen Kun became furious, mentioning Li Xiaobai angered him. On that day, Li Xiaobai had tricked him out of nearly half his assets, and now, to his surprise, upon their next meeting, Li Xiaobai was on good terms with his sect's ancestor.

"The old man was invited by me; it has nothing to do with the Holy Demon Sect. The reason he passes by your door without entering is naturally that you are unworthy, who would want to meet with incompetent descendants?"

Li Xiaobai entered the hall, his eyes darting around, calculating whether capturing these people could get a million Spirit Stones as ransom from Tianwu Sect.

“Li Xiaobai, you set a trap to deceive us that day; this grudge, I have always remembered it!” Chen Kun’s face twisted, and a fierce look flashed in his eyes.

“Oh, you want to take action in front of me, the Sect Leader?” Ou Yezi looked at Chen Kun with a mocking smile; Chen Kun took a sharp breath, knowing that Ou Yezi was no longer the same Sect Leader he used to be.

Having successfully advanced to the Mahayana Realm, Tianwu Sect no longer qualified to compete with him.

“Ou Yezi,” said Chen Kun bluntly, “let’s not beat around the bush. We cannot leave empty-handed. No matter what, allowing us to meet with our ancestor is not an unreasonable request, is it?”

**I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense
#Chapter 181: 182: You always want to freeload, it makes
things difficult for me - Read I Don’t Want to Get Hurt,
So I’ll Max Out My Defense Chapter 181: 182: You
always want to freeload, it makes things difficult for me**

Chapter 181: 182: You always want to freeload, it makes things difficult for me

“Not too much, but it’s very embarrassing for me, the Sect Leader, to just let you wander around the sect with a word from your mouth,” Elder Tianwu said.

Ou Yezi smacked his lips, showing a troubled expression.

“I understand the rules.”

The Tianwu Sect Leader threw out a Space Ring, his expression not looking too good. Giving a gift to his own rival, this was the first time in more than a decade.

“Hmm, not bad, not bad, worthy of being the Tianwu Sect Leader, sensible, and on the right path.”

Ou Yezi quickly scanned through the items in the ring, nodded in satisfaction, and stood up to lead everyone up to Misty Peak.

Along the way, the cultivators of the Tianwu Sect were shocked beyond belief. Misty Peak was completely different from the other peaks, far more prosperous in many ways.

All the Sect Disciples were soaking in baths, puffing on Huazi.

Each disciple exuded a subtle aura, and occasionally a disciple would breakthrough, their bodies overflowing with radiant light, their vitality and spirit reaching the pinnacle.

The visitors were astounded. Compared to their own sect disciples, the disciples of the Holy Demon Sect had much stronger cultivation levels. Overall, they were a whole level above those of the Tianwu Sect.

Unbeknownst to them, the Tianwu Sect had been surpassed yet again.

The scent wafting from the Tangneng First-class bathhouse and Huazi kiosks intoxicated the cultivators of the Tianwu Sect. Merely breathing in the fragrant smoke seemed to greatly enhance their comprehension, resolving all the perplexing issues that had plagued their cultivation and suggesting the potential to break through their current restraints.

“Is this a Spiritual Spring?”

“To think there are so many Spiritual Springs! And what is this smoke that the disciples are exhaling? Just a moment of breathing it in seems to have granted an indication of a breakthrough in my cultivation level!”

“It’s somewhat like Enlightenment Tea Leaves.”

“Could all this be the work of our ancestor?”

Chen Kun’s face was filled with amazement; these miraculous treasures could greatly enhance the overall strength of the sect’s disciples.

The rest all shared the same thought. Ou Yezi had only just advanced to the Mahayana Realm and didn’t have this capability; the only explanation must be the masterpiece of Elder Tianwu.

“All this was built by Misty Peak’s Peak Master, Li Xiaobai,” Ou Yezi declared.

“Demon Sword Li Xiaobai!”

“He actually has such ability?”

The Tianwu Sect Leader was surprised. Such treasures were not just for increasing an individual’s cultivation level—they could enhance the overall strength of a sect and drive its development. That such a contribution came from a junior cultivator was astonishing.

“In the future, Tangneng First-class and Huazi will be marketed across the Mainland, and the cultivators of the Tianwu Sect will also be able to make purchases.”

Li Xiaobai said cheerfully. The people from the Tianwu Sect had already been deeply attracted by the bathhouse and Huazi; these were all his potential customers, guaranteed to be repeat buyers.

The crowd fell silent; they couldn't see through Li Xiaobai.

Atop the peak.

An old beggar was soaking in the bathhouse, emitting clouds of smoke, in front of him the cultivators of the Tianwu Sect stood in a row, looking very much like disciples being punished by their master.

"Stop standing there like fools, come in and soak."

"Our ancestor is bathing; our place is but to serve!" The Tianwu Sect Leader said fearfully.

"You are now the Tianwu Sect Leader, what is your name?"

"Answering to the elder ancestor, this junior is a martial cultivator, currently serving as the Sect Leader of Tianwu Sect," the martial cultivator clasped his fist in salute and earnestly said, "I hope the elder ancestor could take some time to visit the sect and offer some guidance to the juniors on their cultivation."

"The cultivation techniques of this old beggar are not something you can learn; the path of cultivation relies heavily on self-comprehension. This old beggar, in this lifetime, has always explored the path on his own, remained dedicated, and after years of relentless practice, has ultimately obtained invincible power."

The old beggar's expression was calm, with an imposing air filling the surroundings. Li Xiaobai knew that the old man had begun to show off his prowess without form or substance.

What does he mean by exploring on his own? The old man doesn't even fully understand the power within himself, let alone have the spare time to guide others.

However, the people from Tianwu Sect didn't understand the old beggar, and they listened intently, nodding frequently, taking their notes very seriously.

"It is truly worthy of Elder Tianwu, his path to cultivation is different from ordinary people."

"Yes, our Tianwu Sect having an ancestor of such an unparalleled character is indeed a fortune for our sect!"

Hearing the genuine compliments from the disciples, the smile on the old beggar's face grew wider, relishing the feeling and the sense of accomplishment.

"You have some discernment. The old beggar understands your intentions. There's no need to return to the sect. The old beggar has some relationship with Boss Li, and in the future, when your sect comes to purchase Huazi, I believe Boss Li won't refuse," the old beggar said.

"Always welcome."

Li Xiaobai held no sect prejudices, as long as he could earn Spirit Stones. Selling to anyone was the same, intending to eventually establish a chain throughout the Mainland.

The people from Tianwu Sect wanted to prolong the conversation, but the old beggar sent them off, telling them to hurry back to cultivate instead of wasting time on such worldly matters.

"Why doesn't the elder wish to return to the sect?" Li Xiaobai asked.

"There's nothing worth returning for; in the cultivation path, no one can be relied upon. The only one to rely on is oneself. If the old beggar were to return, I'm afraid the disciples would become complacent thinking they have someone to depend on."

The old beggar smacked his lips and lit another Huazi.

"The senior is truly considerate. I believe the martial cultivators will understand," Li Xiaobai said appreciatively.

Ou Yezi chuckled, regardless of the reason, he was pleased to see Tianwu Sect at a disadvantage, knowing that with the current prosperity and renown of the Holy Demon Sect, it wouldn't be long before they completely outpaced the other.

"You've blood-sacrificed the geniuses of the major forces in Central Province; you're in big trouble. After the old beggar leaves, a continuous stream of people will come looking for you."

"The senior is leaving?"

"The old beggar likes to wander around and won't stay here for too long."

"Where does the elder plan to go? Let's go together," Li Xiaobai moved closer.

"Heh, the place the old beggar is going to is not somewhere you can go. Chaotic times are about to begin, and as a strong man with invincible power, the old beggar must save the world. The greater the power, the greater the responsibility, as the saying goes."

The old beggar spoke softly with his hands behind his back, displaying yet another round of invisible grandstanding.

Li Xiaobai: "..."

Ou Yezi pondered thoughtfully, "Could it be because of the issue with Flesh Mountain?"

"Not exactly, the revival of Flesh Mountain is just a beginning. The old beggar has sensed the life essences of several old fellows reappearing in the world; it's time to get moving and have a chat with them," the old beggar said.

Li Xiaobai felt that the old man was bragging again; this old man was incredibly unreliable. To say that he cared for the common folk and wanted to ensure peace for all generations was something Li Xiaobai would not believe for a single word.

"It's just that there are indeed issues with my cultivation level. If only I could have a few more bottles of a certain treasure, then the old beggar could seek more blessings for all living beings," the old beggar shook his head and sighed, his gaze inadvertently drifting towards Li Xiaobai.

"Elder, these things are very precious. You always think about getting them for free; it makes it very hard for me."

Chapter 182: 183 Heading to Zhenyuan Country

The next morning, the major powers from Central Province sent their people, who rushed over on fast horses to deliver the Spirit Stones, and this time, everyone had learned their lesson.

No cultivators came to join the excitement, and the representatives sent by the major powers were all cultivators with relatively low cultivation levels. After the previous two incidents, they didn't dare let high-level cultivators come anymore.

If another one got captured, it would certainly be a heavy loss. As for these cultivators with lower cultivation levels, if the enemy wanted to capture them, so be it.

Li Xiaobai was very disappointed; these people were generally at the Nascent Soul Stage, which he looked down on. Even if he captured them, their sects would not specifically spend Spirit Stones to ransom them.

After taking the Spirit Stones, he dug out the numerous young elites from the latrines.

Seeing the light of day again felt great. The young elites shed grateful tears, thanking the organization for not abandoning them and giving them another chance to start anew.

“Thank you, Peak Master!”

“Finally, I can go home. I will never come to the Northern Region again in this lifetime!”

“Brother Wang, you’re thinking too small. From now on, I won’t even go to secret realms or treasure sites. I’ve thought it through over these past few days. I’ll just be an honest Immortal Second Generation, and not engage in killing and robbing for treasure; it’s too risky.”

“Right, if I get caught again, I’m not sure the sect would spend Spirit Stones to ransom me.”

Li Xiaobai said with a beaming smile, “Gentlemen, although we only spent a few days together, I have greatly admired your talents as young elites. The gates of Misty Peak are always open to you. I look forward to the day when we can drink and chat merrily once again.”

Upon hearing this, the young elites felt a pang of fear, with tears streaming down their faces, they saluted Li Xiaobai with clasped hands, “There’s no need for that, from now on, we won’t appear in the Northern Region again. We wish the great one an early ascension!”

Just kidding, if it were possible, they’d prefer never to see each other again in this lifetime.

Looking at the sect servants in front of them, holding Spirit Stones, they felt a sense of closeness they had never felt before, never finding these subordinates so pleasing to the eye.

“Uncle Wang, you are Uncle Wang, aren’t you!”

“Sixth junior brother, oh, it’s like seeing a relative!”

“I’m sorry, senior brother. I’ve always prided myself on my superior cultivation level and looked down on you. It was my fault. From now on, I will surely treat you with the respect you deserve!”

Seeing the young elite masters who used to be haughty and arrogant now being so approachable, and even somewhat flattering, these average servants with humble talents felt overwhelmed and flattered.

On ordinary days, no matter their experience, those with lower cultivation levels could only be sullen servants, never having enjoyed such treatment. To be treated with courtesy by these lofty geniuses was truly an unprecedented event.

“Young master, please don’t be like this, it’s all just part of this old servant’s duties.”

“Indeed, indeed, the Sect Leader has been very concerned about you, senior brother. When we return to the sect, there will surely be a grand feast to calm your nerves!”

“Yes, let’s leave first.”

“Right, right, right, let’s talk after we get out!”

The young masters hurried along with the servants, not daring to linger a moment longer at Misty Peak. The experience of scooping manure would be unforgettable for them.

Watching the crowd depart in a grand procession, Li Xiaobai sighed. It was a lucrative deal, but unfortunately, it was a one-time business. Finding another dangerous place to capture young elites wouldn’t be easy.

Suppressing the urge to capture the group of young elites again, Li Xiaobai turned and headed back to the mountain.

This business venture was a bloodbath of profit: each cultivator was worth one and a half million top-grade Spirit Stones. This time, at least a dozen people were taken away directly. The total amount of top-grade Spirit Stones reached an unprecedented ten million, almost touching the corner of the Divine Artifact prices within the store.

...

On Misty Peak, Li Xiaobai found Ouyang Shuanger, who had become addicted to the Premium Soup Product bathhouse these days.

At first, she was fearful of the high-level cultivators who came to cause trouble, but after discovering that wave after wave of these cultivators were embarrassingly captured and thrown into the latrine, her mood, like the other disciples, remained unchanged even as mountains crumbled before her, and she developed a mysterious confidence in Li Xiaobai.

Not to mention, the feeling of soaking in a bath while smoking Huazi was simply too delightful, and she had vaguely accumulated enough foundation to break through to the Nascent Soul realm.

“Miss Shuanger, it’s time to set off for Zhenyuan Country,” he said.

“So soon?”

Ouyang Shuanger was somewhat reluctant to leave, which was exactly what Li Xiaobai wanted. The girl had already been conquered by the Premium Soup Product and Huazi, so she would undoubtedly do her utmost to protect his business if he were to set up a shop in Zhenyuan Country. With the royal family’s assistance, it could save him a lot of trouble.

“Miss Shuanger, you seem unwilling to part with the Premium Soup Product; rest assured, I will open a branch in Zhenyuan Country,” he said.

“Really?” Ouyang Shuanger’s eyes lit up, her face expressing surprise and delight.

“Of course, if I can get your help, Miss Shuanger, I believe things will go very smoothly. I can make you the franchisee in Zhenyuan Country, in charge of all Premium Soup Product shops there,” explained Li Xiaobai with a beaming smile.

“Don’t worry, my lord. Although my cultivation level isn’t very impressive, with my princess status, opening a few shops will be a piece of cake,” she said, her face alight with excitement. She could already envision herself counting piles of spirit stones in the bathhouse.

“Let’s go, we should set off. The sooner we arrive, the sooner we can get things done!”

Li Xiaobai deftly summoned a Lamborghini, grabbed Ji Wuqing and Ouyang Shuanger, and headed out. There had been a lot on his plate recently, so he needed to handle matters one by one swiftly.

First, he would take care of the thorny heads in the Northern Region to ensure his sect had no concerns from behind, allowing him to explore Central Province with peace of mind.

Tianwu Sect was no match for the Holy Demon Sect, and with the previous advice from the old beggar, they likely wouldn’t target the Holy Demon Sect in the future. The only concern left was Zhenyuan Country.

From his previous encounters, he knew the cultivators there were quite arrogant, considering themselves descendants of the Great Immortal Zhenyuan and possessing an innate sense of superiority. While there were no remarkable masters apparent, in such an old and powerful force, it was possible for an old monster to emerge unexpectedly.

His current defensive power could withstand attacks from cultivators in the Tribulation Crossing Stage, but it couldn’t hold off an attack from a monster of that level, so it was best not to be too reckless.

On the road, Li Xiaobai discussed the situation in Zhenyuan Country with Ouyang Shuanger to get a better understanding.

“Hehe, kiddo, it’s just Zhenyuan Country, what’s there to fear? Let’s open a Premium Soup Product right in the Imperial City. If anyone dares to object, we’ll just grab them and send them to clean the latrines!” Ji Wuqing had become outrageously arrogant these past few days, bullying the proud cultivators in the latrine whenever he had the chance, much to their dismay.

It was becoming incredibly complacent.

“Zhenyuan Country isn’t like the Holy Demon Sect; we don’t have the Sect Leader here, so let’s try to keep a low profile, and don’t cause any trouble,” Li Xiaobai said, feeling uneasy about the potential consequences.

“Hehe, I, the mighty one, have traversed the universe, undefeated by any in this world. Who dares to challenge me?” Ji Wuqing casually lit a Huazi, speaking indifferently.

Li Xiaobai was speechless. This damn chicken had gotten too full of itself just from bullying the proud youths in the latrine for a few days. He couldn’t imagine what Ergouzi was up to in the Fire Qilin Cave; that one must be living the life of a pampered second-generation Immortal, right?

Chapter 183: 184: The State Preceptor in Power

Although Zhenyuan Country is located in the Northern Region, its coverage is very broad, encompassing many subordinate cities.

In the Northern Region, the Holy Demon Sect selects disciples quite strictly, and the Tianwu Sect may not refuse comers, but this is limited to disciples with potential, whereas Zhenyuan Country is different, developing the surrounding subsidiary countries as a nation.

Therefore, the size of Zhenyuan Country itself isn’t large, but including its subsidiary countries, the borderlands are very vast.

The Ancient Moon City, where Li Xiaobai briefly stopped earlier, is a tributary of Zhenyuan Country, and Li Xiaobai wanted to first visit Situ Yanyu to upgrade her cultivation technique. However, at this time, Ancient Moon City was heavily guarded, the city gates were closed tight, clearly indicating something significant had happened.

Li Xiaobai’s heart tightened, could something have gone wrong?

“Miss Shuanger, what do you think?”

“Young Master, something must be afoot. I have never heard of Ancient Moon City before, as it is not a place of importance. Yet now that it is heavily guarded, something big must have occurred. The guards here are clad in golden helmets and armor, not common soldiers, but Imperial Guards from the Imperial City.”

Ouyang Shuanger frowned as she spoke.

“Why would the Imperial Guards come here?”

Li Xiaobai was puzzled. The Imperial Guards were the personal protectors of the Emperor, why would they come to such a minor place?

“I’m not sure, but the Imperial Guards are always with my father. If the Imperial Guards are here, it definitely means my father must have been to this place as well,” Ouyang Shuanger explained.

“Let’s go in and see.”

Li Xiaobai packed away the car and walked into the city with Ouyang Shuanger.

“Halt, who goes there!” the guard at the city gate shouted sternly.

“Princess of Zhenyuan Country, Ouyang Shuanger!”

Li Xiaobai spoke with an air of arrogance. Ouyang Shuanger, as a princess, deserved to carry herself with presence, but her demeanor didn’t quite command authority, and she couldn’t hold her ground in such situations.

“The Little Princess?”

“Who are you, and why is the Little Princess with you?”

The Imperial Guards looked at each other with doubt in their eyes. They were always by the Emperor’s side and didn’t know much about the female members of the royal family. Apart from the Eldest Princess, they had little recollection of the other princesses and were temporarily uncertain as to who was genuine.

“Don’t ask what you shouldn’t. Tell me, what has happened here to warrant such a military deployment?”

Li Xiaobai’s wrist spun, and he produced Ouyang Shuanger’s identity token.

The royal token, emblazoned with Dragon Qi, could not be faked. To see the token was as good as seeing the person herself. The Imperial Guards immediately knelt on one knee and saluted, “Greeting the Little Princess, all affairs big and small within Ancient

Moon City are currently managed by the Eldest Princess. Please allow us to report your arrival.”

“What report? Do servants like you need to mediate a meeting between sisters?”

Li Xiaobai’s attitude became exceedingly insolent. When dealing with others on their turf, one must assert dominance.

However, given the situation, Ouyang Shuanger’s status didn’t seem as high as expected; otherwise, a guard would never dare to bar her way.

“This subordinate dares not. I will lead the way. The Eldest Princess is in the City Lord’s Mansion,” said the leader of the Imperial Guards.

“Hm, lead the way,” Li Xiaobai huffed.

On the way, every post was manned by Imperial Guards. All shops were closed, the streets deserted, and all the citizens were confined to their homes, not allowed to go out. Tangneng First-class was no exception, with its doors firmly shut. Li Xiaobai felt a rising sense of foreboding.

Pointing at Tangneng First-class next to Moon Watching Tower, he asked, “What happened to the owner of this shop, and why are all the shops in the city sealed up? What exactly has happened here?”

“You will naturally find out once you’ve seen the Eldest Princess,” the Imperial Guard commander was reluctant to say more.

The City Lord’s Mansion was eerily quiet too, but there were many more tents nearby, and the patrolling soldiers were all well-equipped cavalry. Even though their cultivation levels were not high, they appeared to exude a strong iron-blood aura.

“The little princess will wait here, while we go in to report to the Eldest Princess.”

The commander of the Imperial Guards bowed and turned to enter the City Lord’s Mansion.

“Miss Shuanger, does the Eldest Princess hold a very high position?” Li Xiaobai asked after the commander of the Imperial Guards had walked away.

“My emperor father has no sons, only seven daughters, and the Eldest Princess has always stayed by father’s side to assist with the affairs of Zhenyuan Country, so she enjoys high prestige,” Ouyang Shuanger said.

“How is her relationship with the other princesses?”

“It should be quite good, I guess. Big sister always praises me for being smart,” Ouyang Shuanger said somewhat uncertainly.

Li Xiaobai sneered inwardly. Within this royal family, where was there genuine sisterly affection? It seemed this little princess had not yet grasped the situation and didn’t understand the power struggles within the royal family.

“I am Zhang Danquan, the State Preceptor of Zhenyuan Country, and I have seen the little princess. The Eldest Princess invites you,” he said.

The man who came out was a dapper young master. Seeing his cultivation level wasn’t high, it probably didn’t exceed the Nascent Soul Stage, about the same as Li Shejin’s previously.

Within Zhenyuan Country, as long as one’s cultivation reached the Golden Core Stage, one could become a State Preceptor, enjoying a stipend, which was also a kind of implicit binding method.

Li Xiaobai walked towards the mansion, but Zhang Danquan stopped him.

“The Eldest Princess only invited the little princess to enter. Since the gentleman’s identity is unclear, and he is not a cultivator of our Zhenyuan Country, it’s better to wait here,” Zhang Danquan said with a smile, but there was a mocking look in his eyes.

“State Preceptor Zhang, Young Master Li and I came together. You cannot be so rude. I will explain everything to my elder sister,” Ouyang Shuanger frowned and expressed her dissatisfaction. This State Preceptor had no discernment, daring to hinder the steps of a VIP.

“Little princess, our Zhenyuan Country is a great nation; how can a mere mortal meet the Eldest Princess? It would simply lower the Eldest Princess’s status,” Zhang Danquan said, without any intention of stepping aside.

“You...” Ouyang Shuanger’s complexion changed. Such words shouldn’t be rashly spoken. If she angered the VIP, there could be trouble, and she didn’t want her imperial father to be caught cleaning the latrines by the VIP.

Just as she was about to say something, Li Xiaobai stopped her.

Li Xiaobai understood that the other party wanted to show dominance to someone foreign to them. The innate arrogance of the cultivators of Zhenyuan Country, when faced with an outsider like himself, would definitely want to put on airs and demean him.

However, the timing for showing off wasn’t right. With Tangneng First-class sealed and no news from Situ Yanyu, Li Xiaobai had no patience for this braggart.

“Young Master Li, don’t trouble yourself to act; let this young lady handle it..”

Ouyang Shuanger’s expression shifted drastically. Li Xiaobai was about to resort to violence, reminding her of those geniuses dominated by latrine duty.

“No need, you’re too slow. We still have much to do; we shouldn’t waste time on such minions. You need to be clear about your identity; you’re a princess, and he’s just a servant. How can he tell you what to do?”

Li Xiaobai shook his head. This little princess, having recently encountered only VIPs, had lost all her haughtiness.

“Who did you call a minion? I am the State Preceptor, who has accompanied the Eldest Princess for many years. Who in Zhenyuan Country doesn’t recognize me, Zhang Danfeng?”

Zhang Danquan was enraged, his pride deeply wounded.

“Muscle Flaccidity.”

Li Xiaobai slightly stretched out a hand and placed it on the other’s shoulder, activating his skill. Zhang Danquan’s body slackened, and he collapsed to the ground in an instant.

“I’ll be damned...”

Chapter 184: 185: Eldest Princess, Ouyang Yue'er

Facing Muscle Flaccidity, Zhang Danfeng had not a hint of resistance and directly collapsed on the ground, sprawled at Li Xiaobai’s feet.

He felt his mentality had crumbled, full of disbelief on his face.

“How is this possible? Who exactly are you, and why do you have such methods? What is your purpose in approaching the little princess?” he demanded.

“How could you, a State Preceptor who has not even reached the Transcendence Tribulation Stage, possibly understand the world that we are in contact with daily?”

Li Xiaobai shook his head, taking Ouyang Shuanger by the foot to walk into the mansion.

“Young Master Li, big brother Li, let’s prioritize peace. My sister and father are really nice people, very knowledgeable and very polite,” Ouyang Shuanger said, looking terrified, fearing that if the other party carelessly got rid of royal family members, she would be the one to blame.

“Don’t worry, it’s all good,” Li Xiaobai reassured her.

Inside the City Lord’s Mansion, the servants led the two into the main hall, where, seated on the throne of the City Lord’s Mansion, was a woman in white dress and gown, wearing a phoenix crown and cloud boots, with a very delicate face expressing an air of unwavering command and a touch of imperial dignity.

Seated beside her was the original City Lord of Ancient Moon City.

“How audacious! Who are you, daring to gaze upon the Eldest Princess’ face?” one of the guards shouted angrily, extremely irritated.

Li Xiaobai found it rather absurd in his heart. Was there even a rule about not looking upon a face?

“Big sister, this is my friend Li Xiaobai. He came to Zhenyuan Country for business,” Ouyang Shuanger said hurriedly, preempting Li Xiaobai’s response, and signaled the guard with her eyes to stand down.

“Li Xiaobai?” the Eldest Princess frowned slightly, feeling the name was somewhat familiar as if she had heard it somewhere but couldn’t recall it in the moment.

“Hmph, a mere mortal in common clothing, what business could he possibly have?”

“The little princess must have been deceived by someone,” she suggested.

The City Lord, not recognizing Li Xiaobai and only perceiving him as an ordinary mortal, looked contemptuous.

In the past, Li Xiaobai had worn Ye Liangchen’s Human Skin Mask in Ancient Moon City, and now that he had removed it, no one recognized him.

“It’s true. Young Master Li could provide Zhenyuan Country with a large amount of precious herbs, of very high grades,” Ouyang Shuanger said, stealing glances at Li Xiaobai from the corner of her eye, relieved to see no abnormality from him.

“A mere mortal, what fine Spiritual Medicine could he have unearthed? Daring to deceive the little princess—the audacity! Guards, bind him!” the City Lord ordered, waving his hand as a number of Imperial Guards rushed out, spears pointing directly at Li Xiaobai.

“Wait!”

Li Xiaobai’s wrist turned over, and a Fire Lotus flower appeared in his hand. The scorching heat washed over everyone, startling them. They all recognized it as a fire-

attributed Spiritual Medicine, able to eliminate impurities from the body and even sculpt the Primordial Spirit.

“That’s a Fire Lotus!”

“How could you just bring it out like that? The Fire Lotus must be stored in jade containers; exposed like this, much of its effectiveness will fade—quick, put it away!” the City Lord exclaimed, his heart aching at the sight.

Li Xiaobai let out a chuckle and put away the Fire Lotus, “Can we have a proper talk now?”

“I am Ouyang Yue’er, the Eldest Princess of Zhenyuan Country. I wonder who you, Young Master Li, have studied under to possess such skills at such a young age. Quite extraordinary indeed.”

Atop the high platform, the Eldest Princess who had been silent all this time, finally spoke.

Li Xiaobai said indifferently, “I am Li Xiaobai, self-taught.”

Until now, the Eldest Princess had been playing the role of a bystander, allowing the City Lord to challenge him as she saw fit, probably to test his mettle. Now that she took the initiative to speak, it was clear that she had a great desire for the Fire Lotus.

“How many Fire Lotus flowers do you have?” the Eldest Princess asked with a frown.

“I have dozens, and countless other Spiritual Medicines of the same tier. If it comes to trading, the Spirit Stones would likely amount to tens of millions. Forgive my bluntness, but I would rather negotiate directly with the King of Zhenyuan Country. Despite your remarkable power and influence, Eldest Princess, I fear you may not have the final say,” Li Xiaobai said.

“How dare you! The King is busy with myriad affairs; how could he stoop to trade with a nobody like you!” the City Lord roared in anger, pointing at Li Xiaobai as he rebuked.

A strange light flickered through the Eldest Princess’s eyes.

“Indeed, if you truly possess such an amount of Spiritual Medicine, I indeed am not in a position to decide. This matter must be reported to my father, the King, for a decision. In two days, you will have an update. For this evening, I shall host a banquet and invite you and my younger sister to join me. How about that?”

“Thank you, Eldest Princess.”

Li Xiaobai bowed with his hands clasped, though somewhat puzzled. This opening move seemed off. The people of Zhenyuan Country shouldn't be so easy to talk to, especially a princess. How could she possibly invite the King over to trade with him just because of a single Fire Lotus flower?

There must be some trickery involved, but having the opportunity to have a detailed conversation over a banquet was precisely what he wanted.

Right now, more than trading Spirit Medicines, he wanted to know what had happened in the city, why it was heavily guarded by soldiers, and the current situation of Situ Yanyu's family.

"Someone, take Young Master Li to the guest room. Yue'er, stay with me and let's chat. I've missed you terribly after all these days apart!"

Ouyang Shuanger felt her heart lift with tension; she wasn't foolish and knew that Ouyang Yue'er was trying to separate them.

She wasn't worried about Li Xiaobai; she was concerned about the Eldest Princess and the Imperial Guards of Zhenyuan Country. Li Xiaobai was capable of standing his ground against those in the Transcendence Tribulation Stage, and he even had the backing of that old beggar, a legendary figure. However, in the Secret Realm, she had taken an oath with her Daoist heart, forbidding her from revealing Li Xiaobai's matters. Even if she wanted to warn him, she couldn't speak openly now.

"Hehe, sure, Lady Shuanger. It's a rare chance for sisters to meet; enjoy your time together," Li Xiaobai cheerfully left, a cold glint flashing in his eyes. Today was not going to be peaceful.

"Young Master Li is really perceptive. We can discuss the details of the Spiritual Medicine at the banquet this evening."

Ouyang Yue'er smiled in greeting, but in her eyes, a trace of murderous intent flashed by. Anyone daring to act up in her presence only had a one-way path to their demise.

Wanting to trade with the royal family isn't merely about the ante; the innocent are not guilty until they possess a jade of great value, a principle she hoped the other party would comprehend in the netherworld.

"Big sister, aren't you planning to harm Young Master Li? He's quite powerful. It would be better to honestly trade with him."

Ouyang Shuanger looked somewhat anxious.

"How powerful? Does he have the backing of any sect forces?" Ouyang Yue'er inquired.

"I can't say," Ouyang Shuanger said, her expression conflicted since she'd taken an oath.

"Little sister, always remember that you are royal blood of Zhenyuan Country, a descendant of Great Immortal Zhenyuan. How can we allow a nobody to make trouble? This youngster has some resources; I'll find a way to get them. You need not worry. You must be tired from your trip to the Tianbei Secret Realm, so rest well," Ouyang Yue'er said.

Ouyang Yue'er shook her head, not believing Ouyang Shuanger's words. Although she felt the name Li Xiaobai sounded somewhat familiar, the man himself was an individual with no cultivation level to speak of; there was no need to take him seriously.

He didn't have the standing to trade with Zhenyuan Country.

Chapter 185: 186: Evil Sect Cultivators

The servant led Li Xiaobai to a private room and then left.

Li Xiaobai checked his attribute panel; today was not peaceful, it looked like the Eldest Princess intended to make a move against him.

[Host: Li Xiaobai.]

[...]

[Defensive Power: Fleshly Body Saint (175000/1000000) can advance.]

[Attribute Points: 0.]

[Skills: Hatred Hundred Percent, Muscle Flaccidity, Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch, Drunken Immortal, Reflect...]

[Mall: Opened.]

[Achievements: Trouble Maker (4/108).]

[Pet: Pudong Rooster (Death Count: 1).]

Recently, the growth of his defensive power had been too slow, mainly because the troublemakers these last few days were all powerful experts he could not afford to offend. If he were to take a solid hit from them, he'd probably kick the bucket immediately, so there weren't many opportunities for him to gain any benefits.

However, his wealth in Spirit Stones had increased substantially, and he could now unlock almost all the items in the mall, only the expenses were frighteningly high.

A Godzilla required tens of millions of top-grade Spirit Stones, and if he were to purchase one, he'd nearly become a pauper.

As for the row of Divine Artifacts at the very top, they were temporarily unpurchasable, requiring supreme-grade Spirit Stones, and the price was terrifying.

“Whoosh whoosh whoosh!”

A fine rustling sound came through, Li Xiaobai's spirit lifted; the sound was familiar, the noise of hidden weapons piercing through the air.

Several poisoned needles burst forth, slicing through the sky, aiming for Li Xiaobai's heart.

[Attribute Points +200...]

[Attribute Points +200...]

Reflect activated, the poisoned needles shattered, falling to the ground.

Looking at the added numbers on his attribute panel, Li Xiaobai shook his head and sighed, “How dear these Attribute Points are.” He remembered that two hundred points should be within the attack range of a Golden Core Stage cultivator.

The assassins arranged by the Eldest Princess really weren't anything special.

Along his journey, Li Xiaobai had encountered all kinds of geniuses and big shots, often those with Transcendence Tribulation Stage cultivation, and had met several experts of the Mahayana Realm; he had almost forgotten about the existence of the low-level realms like the Golden Core Stage.

Now reminded by these poisoned needles, Li Xiaobai recalled that in terms of overt strength, Zhenyuan Country was comparable to the Tianwu Sect and Holy Demon Sect, only because they were descendants of the Great Immortal Zhenyuan, the Sect had some heritage.

That was why there were more cultivators of the same level; of course, it didn't rule out the possibility of old monsters indulging in pleasures, but clearly, such old monsters wouldn't crawl out of their coffins to intervene in the squabbles of the younger generation.

Looking at it openly, Zhenyuan Country at best had a few masters in the Transcendence Tribulation Stage; they were incapable of harming him.

Several shadows flickered outside the door, and another batch of poisoned needles was shot in, mixed with crossbow bolts, with bursts of whooshing through the air.

But the power was not at all impressive.

[Attribute Points +300...]

[Attribute Points +300...]

He reached out one hand, directly crushing the incoming crossbow bolts.

Li Xiaobai said calmly, "The Eldest Princess seems to have underestimated me too much, sending only a handful of small fry. I won't kill you, now scam!"

Several shadowy figures outside the door clasped their fists and bowed, slowly fading away, disappearing outside the door.

At the same time, within the grand hall of the City Lord's Mansion.

Ouyang Shuanger was brought into the Eldest Princess's room by the Imperial Guards, ostensibly to rest, but in reality, she was under house arrest.

The City Lord asked, "Eldest Princess, how should these two be dealt with?"

Ouyang Yue'er flicked her hair and said indifferently, "Lock up Shuanger, do not release her for the time being. As for Li Xiaobai, he should be dead by now."

"The Eldest Princess is wise. A mere mortal daring to negotiate terms with Zhenyuan Country is simply seeking death," the City Lord sneered.

"Enough, everything should focus on that matter. We must now find the one named Ye Liangchen and uncover the secrets of Tangneng First-class. That's the top priority. Eliminate all unstable factors to avoid any complications."

"That Li Xiaobai has some good things on him. Make him disappear without anyone noticing, the treasures of heaven and earth would be put to good use by me alone."

Ouyang Yue'er's expression remained calm, snuffing out a mortal like squashing an ant, leaving her heart undisturbed.

The City Lord nodded in agreement; this was a resource delivered to their doorstep. Within Zhenyuan Country's territory, they could manipulate the opponent at will.

"Report, experts from the Evil Sect request an audience outside the hall!" a servant came to report.

"Let them in!"

Ouyang Yue'er was in a good mood, knowing that what she desired was within reach.

“Announce them!”

Several figures in black robes entered the hall, their expressions downcast.

“Have you acquired the item?” Ouyang Yue’er smiled slightly, the allure of the Fire Lotus was still very strong to her.

“Eldest Princess, we failed. That person’s cultivation level is far above ours. We were defeated before even making a move,” said the leading figure in a black robe.

“How could a mortal have any cultivation level?”

The City Lord looked suspiciously at the figures in black robes, and Ouyang Yue’er wore the same expression. Were these people deceiving her, trying to hoard Li Xiaobai’s Space Ring for themselves?

“The information provided by the Eldest Princess is incorrect. That man’s cultivation is immeasurably deep, not someone we can afford to offend. Our mission in Zhenyuan Country is now complete, and we will take our leave to return to our sect. I’d like to remind both of you that although Zhenyuan Country once had Immortals, it has ultimately fallen into decline,” said the leading figure.

“What do you mean by that?” Ouyang Yue’er’s eyebrows shot up, the air inside the hall suddenly tensing with a dangerous aura.

“Some people should not be provoked!”

The figure in the black robe bowed with clasped hands, then their figure turned and disappeared within the hall.

Ouyang Yue’er and the City Lord were left looking at each other in consternation.

Seeing that these Evil Sect Cultivators were not faking, could it be that they had misjudged? Was Li Xiaobai not just an ordinary person, but a genuine expert?

“What does the Eldest Princess think? These Evil Cultivators are almost at the Nascent Soul Stage realm, yet they’ve directly fled in terror. Could Li Xiaobai truly be a big shot?” the City Lord asked, puzzled.

These Evil Cultivators came from the Evil Sect of Central Province, with formidable strength. His own Golden Core Stage cultivation was far from a match. Now they were telling him that the cultivator he had dismissed earlier was actually a super expert, something he found hard to believe.

“It seems I will have to meet him personally tonight. Although these Evil Cultivators claim to come from Central Province, in the end, their cultivation is merely at the Half-

step Nascent Soul Stage. We can't entirely trust what they say. Also, have someone investigate what these Evil Cultivators have been up to in Zhenyuan Country. Even the Emperor is unwilling to reveal it, too mysterious," she mused.

Uncertainty flickered in Ouyang Yue'er's eyes. She couldn't understand either Li Xiaobai or the recent influx of Evil Cultivators into the country.

Even the secrets of the small Ancient Moon City were beyond her grasp. For the moment, too many mysteries in Zhenyuan Country were laid out before her.

"Understood. I will arrange for someone to follow up with an investigation," the City Lord nodded in acknowledgement.

Ouyang Yue'er nodded slightly, "Summon someone to invite Master Fang here. Tonight, he will accompany me to the banquet!"

"Moreover, spread the word about what happened today to those young masters so they too come over."

Chapter 186: 187: The Banquet at Hongmen

That evening, Li Xiaobai waited briefly before leisurely heading to the banquet, led by a servant.

No one tried to sneak in and assassinate him that afternoon; it seemed that the other party was also aware that such petty tricks were useless against him.

There's no fine wine at a banquet, nor is there a good feast; by the time he arrived, the City Lord's Mansion was already crowded.

Ouyang Yue'er had gathered all the influential masters in the city who were accompanying her, all of them cultivators from the Eldest Princess's faction, invited here clearly aiming at him.

Ouyang Shuanger had been arranged to sit at the dining table early on, and now a group of young talents were surrounding her, chatting up a storm, resembling nothing so much as fawning dogs.

"Princess Shuanger is indeed a beauty that could overthrow cities and states, with a face that eclipses even the moon; indeed, her reputation does not do her justice!"

"The princesses of Zhenyuan Country are all as beautiful as flowers, like goddesses descended to earth!"

"Brother Guo, I've heard that your father has been promoted recently, now holding great power over life and death in the military—congratulations are in order!"

“You flatter me too much, Brother Wang. I’ve heard that you recently express yourself so eloquently, turning words into poetry in seven steps—an authentic talent. When you rise in rank, don’t forget me and the others!”

“I dare not presume...”

Ouyang Yue’er looked somewhat nervous and distracted, more concerned about how far the conflict between Li Xiaobai and her sister had escalated.

Watching the numerous young masters engage in high-spirited conversation, Li Xiaobai shook his head with a wry smile; these people may look like scholars, but they lacked the substance of one—a reason why Zhenyuan Country could not stand shoulder to shoulder with the major powers, as their minds were preoccupied with trivial matters.

“Young Master Li!”

Upon seeing Li Xiaobai, Ouyang Shuanger immediately stood up, appearing somewhat constrained, knowing that her sister was targeting him and fearing that he might lose his temper and do something to Ouyang Yue’er.

Even though Ouyang Yue’er was at the Nascent Soul Stage, she couldn’t make any waves in front of Li Xiaobai—after all, he was someone who even dared to kidnap masters from the Transcendence Tribulation Stage. And the old beggar behind him was among the top masters on the mainland; whether anyone in Zhenyuan Country could be a match for him was still unknown!

She needed to calm him down.

“Hmm, not bad, today I’ll settle matters, and the oath you made can finally be resolved,” Li Xiaobai said with a chuckle.

“If possible, please, Young Master Li, do not harm my elder sister,” Ouyang Shuanger couldn’t help but speak up to remind him.

“Well, you should advise your elder sister not to trap herself,”

Li Xiaobai waved his hand and said indifferently.

“Is this the famous Young Master Li, the one wanting to make a deal with Zhenyuan Country?”

A few young talents nearby, displeased and with a hint of ridicule in their eyes, came over to strike up a conversation.

“It’s not me trading with Zhenyuan Country,” Li Xiaobai said, shaking his head slightly.

“At least you have some self-awareness. Our Zhenyuan Country is a Confucian holy land, not just any Tom, Dick, or Harry can come here. Being acquainted with the little princess is already a fortunate occurrence for you in three lifetimes; don’t be ungrateful!”

The young talent nodded, his expression arrogant.

“It is Zhenyuan Country that is trading with me,” Li Xiaobai said as he lit a Huazi, speaking nonchalantly.

The other cultivators were furiously enraged, perceiving his words as a contempt for the dignity of Zhenyuan Country.

However, they were immediately stunned because the smoke exhaled by Li Xiaobai cleared their minds, resolving all sorts of doubts and problems they had, and even their constrained cultivation levels showed signs of a potential breakthrough.

What kind of treasure was this, capable of enhancing one’s cultivation level and improving insight? Its effect seemed quite similar to that of Tangneng First-class.

“

“The Eldest Princess has arrived!” a guard at the door called out.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please, no need for formalities. Young Master Li, please take your seat,” the Eldest Princess said.

Ouyang Yue’er slowly walked into the hall, gesturing for Li Xiaobai to sit down. Her beautiful eyes fixed intently on the Huazi dangling from his mouth.

The other cultivators all prostrated themselves on the ground, not daring to stand up, with only Li Xiaobai standing and meeting her gaze.

The atmosphere was tense for a moment before Li Xiaobai chuckled, “Then I shall take my seat first.

After speaking, he casually pulled out a chair and sat down with a carefree attitude.

The prostrating crowd broke out in a cold sweat. How could anyone dare to sit before the Eldest Princess had taken her seat?

It was but a courteous offer, yet Li Xiaobai actually sat down. It was audaciously bold.

“Is Young Master Li satisfied with the accommodations we’ve arranged for you?” the Eldest Princess stepped forward, also pulled out a chair to sit down, and asked with a laugh.

“I am extremely pleased with the Eldest Princess’s room, it’s just that there seem to be quite a few mice. I don’t like to kill, so if the Eldest Princess has time, maybe you can clean it up a bit,” Li Xiaobai said with a smile.

Their simple exchange was full of sarcasm. Ouyang Yue’er’s gaze suddenly sharpened, the air became still, and the murderous intent was palpable on the table. The prostrating people didn’t even dare to breathe.

After a few breaths, Ouyang Yue’er suddenly giggled, “It seems I have been remiss in my hospitality, startling Young Master Li. I will punish myself with a drink.

The pressure in the room eased, and the crowd slowly stood up, taking their seats. They were there today to suppress Li Xiaobai. Previously, the Eldest Princess had announced that an arrogant individual had become very close to the little princess, and had even intended to conduct Spiritual Medicine trade with Zhenyuan Country.

Of course, they could not agree to this. Not to mention the little princess issue, the families behind these young talents were responsible for a large part of the resource expenditure of Zhenyuan Country.

Now, with an outsider wanting to intervene and sell Spiritual Medicine to Zhenyuan Country, it was tantamount to competing with them for business. This was absolutely intolerable, whether for personal reasons or for the sake of their families. They had to remove the outsider.

“As I walked here from within the city, I noticed that all the stores were closed due to sickness. May I know the reason?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“Young Master may not be aware, but a few days ago in this city, some troublemakers sought to rebel. I led troops here to subdue them. The criminals have been thrown into the Celestial Prison, and in a few days, the city will return to its former order,” Ouyang Yue’er answered smoothly, as if she knew Li Xiaobai would pose this question.

Li Xiaobai didn’t believe a word of what she said. The idea that Ancient Moon City, which didn’t even have a Nascent Soul Stage cultivator, was plotting a rebellion was absurd.

“I have a good friend named Situ Yanyu. Does the Eldest Princess recognize that name?” Li Xiaobai continued to inquire.

Upon hearing this name, Ouyang Yue’er’s expression changed. It wasn’t just her; the rest of the crowd was also shocked, none expected Li Xiaobai to know that woman.

“I do not know her. Perhaps if the Young Master could provide a description, I might be able to offer some assistance,” Ouyang Yue’er said, shaking her head.

“Never mind if you don’t recognize her. I have many friends, and Boss Ye, Ye Liangchen from Tangneng First-class, is also a good friend of mine,” Li Xiaobai said, continuing to probe, with a guess already forming in his mind that the trouble might be related to Tangneng First-class.

Upon these words, the table suddenly quieted down. Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to look at Li Xiaobai, as if by some unspoken agreement.

A white-haired elderly man at the side flipped his wrist and took out a scroll. It had a portrait of Ye Liangchen on it.

“Is this the man?”

“

Chapter 187: 188 I am Li Xiaobai

“Indeed, do you know him? Your painting skills are mediocre at best; you’ve rendered him quite unattractively. That innate charm and temperament are completely missing from your work. Your painting technique still requires a lot of improvement,” Li Xiaobai nodded as he spoke.

The old man was infuriated, his cultivation level at the Nascent Soul Stage, and he had long mastered the Confucian ink and brush techniques. Although his painting skills were not necessarily masterful, they were certainly sophisticated enough for him to be considered highly skilled. To his surprise, his abilities were belittled so by Li Xiaobai.

This kid really had a sharp tongue.

“Does Young Master Li know where Ye Liangchen is?” Ouyang Yue’er asked with some urgency.

“Of course, I do.”

“Where is he!” The old man also asked anxiously.

Li Xiaobai flipped his wrist and pulled out a Human Skin Mask, “Far away in the horizon, yet right before your eyes, but I wonder what business the Eldest Princess has with Liangchen?”

Once these words were spoken, silence befell the crowd.

“You are Ye Liangchen, the owner of Tangneng First-class?”

Ouyang Yue'er's mind was in a muddle. Li Xiaobai was Ye Liangchen, the elusive owner of Tangneng First-class who they had been searching for all along, was right before their eyes.

“Liangchen dislikes idle talk. I came here today for two reasons: first, to resolve the matter of the Spiritual Medicine, your princess has sworn with her Dao heart to pay fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones for each plant, and second, to deal with Situ Yanyu. The Tangneng First-class bathhouse was created by Liangchen and is unrelated to others—surrender Situ Yanyu, and that will be the end of it,” Li Xiaobai said indifferently as he put on the Human Skin Mask, his personality subtly influenced and once again becoming lackluster.

“Nonsense, Master Fang, seize this scoundrel!”

Ouyang Yue'er's voice was chillingly cold.

“Big sister, no!” Ouyang Shuanger paled with fright, wanted to step forward but was stopped by the other cultivators.

“Shuanger, do not be deceived by him. This man is a major criminal our Zhenyuan Country has been pursuing. Quickly step aside!”

Ouyang Yue'er waved her hand, and Master Fang's figure flickered, instantly rushing forward. He struck the top of Li Xiaobai's head, rendering him immobile, and at the same time, he picked up a wine pot from the table and poured it into Li Xiaobai's mouth.

Li Xiaobai was completely compliant, not moving an inch, swallowing the entire pot of wine.

[Attribute Points +30...]

[Attribute Points +30...]

This was poisoned wine, but it didn't seem to be very effective. It seemed that from the moment he entered the banquet, the Eldest Princess and her entourage had already decided to do away with him.

A cold gleam flashed in his eyes, but Li Xiaobai stayed still, not making any moves.

“Reporting to the princess, I have subdued this young man, he is at the Eldest Princess's disposal,” reported Master Fang, hands behind his back and with an indifferent expression. His actions instilled fear into the cultivators watching, their respect for the formidable powers of a Nascent Soul Stage master was evident. They hadn't even recovered from the shock when they saw that Li Xiaobai had already been subdued.

“Master Fang, truly a Nascent Soul Stage power to be reckoned with, laying down the law with just a strike!”

“Indeed, Ye Liangchen is the owner of Tangneng First-class. With him in our grasp, we’ll be able to uncover the secrets of the bathhouse!”

“When we interrogated that wretched Situ Yanyu before, she refused to speak a word. This time, let’s bring this man before her and torture him severely to see if she remains silent!”

“With the State Preceptor capturing Ye Liangchen, the secrets of Tangneng First-class will soon be unraveled. This is a great merit; the King’s reward will no doubt be very generous. Let us offer our early congratulations to the State Preceptor.”

The surrounding young talents watched Li Xiaobai, who sat silently in his place, and laughed heartily.

They gathered in this small town precisely because of the affair of the Tangneng First-class bathhouse. Now that the manufacturer had been caught, they could unravel the secrets within. This would be an opportunity for the entire Zhenyuan Country.

Ouyang Shuanger’s complexion was also pale, but her focus was different from the rest. She kept her gaze fixed on Li Xiaobai’s figure.

She knew that neither the cultivators at the Nascent Soul Stage nor that pot of half-baked poison would cause the slightest harm to Li Xiaobai. After all, he was someone who could bathe in lava and withstand the Heavenly Tribulation; how could he possibly be subdued by such simple means?

Moreover, she had clearly seen Li Xiaobai wink at her, signaling her not to act rashly.

Obviously, he had a plan and wanted to show off his moves.

The Eldest Princess moved with lotus steps, approaching Li Xiaobai. She removed the Human Skin Mask from his face and examined it closely.

“This mask is indeed finely crafted, even capable of altering one’s temperament, quite extraordinary. I didn’t expect Ye Liangchen to be a fabricated character. But now it doesn’t matter, as this child has consumed the Soul Severing Soup, his consciousness has been erased. Once I refine him into a puppet, the secret of the Tangneng First-class will be under my control.”

“How should we deal with Situ Yanyu and the others in the dungeon?” The City Lord asked from the side.

“She’s of no use. She was originally just a tool for extracting information about Ye Liangchen.”

“These past few days, disciples from the Fire Qilin Cave have come to propose a marriage alliance with a princess of our Zhenyuan Country. As a gesture of reciprocity, our Zhenyuan Country naturally must send a beauty to the Fire Qilin Cave to serve their disciples. Situ Yanyu looks good enough; let her be part of the dowry and send her over,” Ouyang Yue’er said indifferently.

“Hehe, understood. Situ Yanyu does indeed have a good appearance, and her figure is also nice. I reckon the master of the Fire Qilin Cave will be pleased,” the City Lord said with a laugh.

“Fire Qilin Cave is forming a marriage alliance with Zhenyuan Country, but which sister are they marrying? Why have I never heard about this?” Ouyang Shuanger asked from the side.

“Little sister, you’re not so young anymore and should learn to take on the responsibilities of a princess. The disciple from Fire Qilin Cave is exceptionally talented. With your perfect match of talent and beauty, you are very suitable. This time, the marriage has been decided by our father the King. He plans to marry you off to the Fire Qilin Cave. You must know many women dream of such a husband; you should cherish this opportunity,” Ouyang Yue’er said.

“Eldest sister, how can this be? Why was I not consulted before making such a decision? I don’t want to get married yet!”

Ouyang Shuanger’s expression changed. Family alliances fundamentally meant giving one’s daughter away to forge relationships. She had been sold.

“This is the wish of Zhenyuan Country, you need to think of the bigger picture. Go rest now, tomorrow I will take you to see our father the King.”

Ouyang Yue’er gestured dismissively. The City Lord, understanding the hint, immediately stepped forward to drag her away and continued to keep her under house arrest.

As for her oath sworn upon her Daoist heart, no one cared. She just had to be married off obediently as a bridge solidifying the friendship between the two families. Cultivation level was something that was optional.

“And what about this Li Xiaobai?”

The State Preceptor asked, in his view, the other party had been completely controlled by the Soul Severing Soup.

“I will perform the refining myself.”

Ouyang Yue'er stepped forward, preparing to cast a spell with a series of Seal Spells. The Puppetry Technique could control the puppet's entire life in the shortest time and reveal all about him.

The rest of the young talents wore sneers, eyeing Li Xiaobai with a look of ridicule.

“This person is really foolish. Knowing that this place is heavily guarded, yet he still walks into the trap. He deserves to become a walking corpse.”

“Indeed, once the Eldest Princess grasps the secrets of the bathhouse, our lineage is bound to rise rapidly, crushing the other princesses!”

No one noticed that Li Xiaobai's eyelids involuntarily twitched.

Chapter 188: 189 Too Weak

The Eldest Princess stretched out her fair hand and gently placed it on Li Xiaobai's head. Behind her, a Confucian Path Primordial Spirit Phantom appeared, and circles of white mist spread out, enveloping Li Xiaobai.

“Puppetry Technique!”

In the void, the pale Primordial Spirit Phantom holding a scroll emitted a soft, enchanting sound. The minds of everyone present swayed; this was an attack from the Primordial Spirit. Even though it wasn't targeting the other cultivators, they still felt an irresistible pressure.

“Not bad, the Eldest Princess's skills have improved again,” Master Fang nodded with a smile, full of praise.

“Indeed, the Eldest Princess is so young yet already at the Nascent Soul Stage, truly a heaven-given talent of Zhenyuan Country, a testament to our royal authority!”

“Truly a role model for our generation!”

The young talents looked on with longing, their eyes filled with envy. They were of the same age, so why was she so outstanding?

Li Xiaobai blinked, feeling the power transmitted from above his head.

[Attribute Points +800...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

The increase in Attribute Points is so-so, should be at the Nascent Soul Stage, but far from those heavenly gifted talents.

“Hehe, these past few days in the Tangneng First-class have been quite fruitful, for which I must thank Young Master Li. Once I obtain the secret of Tangneng First-class, I will open it to everyone, allowing you all to experience it!” said Ouyang Yue’er with a light laugh.

“Thank you, Eldest Princess!”

A few people’s faces lit up with joy, aware of the wonders of Tangneng First-class. The effects of this bathhouse were comparable to a Spiritual Spring, and there were many. After being discovered by the royal family, it was tightly controlled. Without significant achievements, one wouldn’t be permitted entry.

Should they manage to soak there for a day, their cultivation level would skyrocket, a fact known by looking at the natives of Ancient Moon City.

“No matter, this child is already under my control, the secret of Tangneng First-class is within easy reach,” said Ouyang Yue’er, brimming with confidence, as she withdrew her hand, ready to inquire about the secret of the bathhouse.

It was at this moment that a hand, swift as lightning, reached out and grasped her wrist.

Li Xiaobai suddenly looked up, his eyes flashing coldly, and said in an icy tone, “So that’s how it is—you covet Tangneng First-class, which is why you’ve captured the Situ Family. Zhenyuan Country truly has ruthless methods!”

“You... You were clearly stripped of your intellect by me, how can you possibly be clear-headed again?” Ouyang Yue’er exclaimed in shock, her voice trembling.

Master Fang was equally shaken. Even he couldn’t be completely immune to the Soul Severing Soup in that wine pot, and just now, he had used the power of the Nascent Soul Stage. Yet, the other party was unharmed—how could this be possible?

“Trying to erase the consciousness of the one beneath you, with just the cultivation of the Nascent Soul Stage? You’re getting a bit carried away,” scoffed Li Xiaobai.

“How dare you disrespect the Eldest Princess, you impudent child! Take this!”

Master Fang hastened his palms towards Li Xiaobai, and behind him, the Primordial Spirit Phantom manifested, the sound of the Confucian Path empowering him, looking down upon the world with a domineering aura that overwhelmed all the surrounding cultivators, leaving them gasping for air.

Li Xiaobai didn't dodge or evade, letting the State Preceptor's palm strike his chest, activating Reflect.

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +1200...]

Stronger than Ouyang Yue'er by a bit.

"Puh!"

Master Fang was sent flying backward, blood spurting from his mouth.

"Who exactly are you, concealing your cultivation level? What are you planning to do in Zhenyuan Country?" Master Fang asked with a fearful gaze.

"I am Li Xiaobai, and I don't like to talk nonsense. Hand over the Situ Yanyu Family, and I will discuss the trade with your King myself," said Li Xiaobai, his hands clasped behind his back, his voice indifferent.

"Arrogant! Our Zhenyuan Country, with thousands of years of heritage and the land where the Confucian Path is held sacred, is not a place where you can run wild!"

Ouyang Yue'er's voice was fierce, and as she flipped her wrist, a longsword materialized in her hand, its Sword Qi rampant.

Li Xiaobai thrust his head forward: "Come, chop at me, right here. If you can make a cut, I'll consider it my loss!"

Clang!

Without the slightest hesitation, Ouyang Yue'er activated her divine skills and the glorious light of the Dao. She thrust directly at Li Xiaobai's glabella.

Reflect activated, Sword Qi shattered, and the entire blade instantly turned to dust.

"Pfft!"

Blood spurted from Ouyang Yue'er's mouth as she, too, flew backward and collapsed next to Master Fang.

[Attribute Points +1000...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

"Eldest Princess, you're too weak," Li Xiaobai shook his head.

Ouyang Yue'er's face was as white as paper, and the entire scene was petrified. Who could have imagined that a mere mortal, previously like a sitting duck, suddenly transformed into a high-level cultivator? The contrast between before and after was striking.

Two Nascent Soul Stage cultivators couldn't even breach his defenses – what kind of cultivation level was this, Divinity Transformation Stage?

The faces of the young elites paled with fear. They had spoken impertinently to a major figure without recognizing him, and if he held a grudge, they would die unsightly deaths.

"I am the Eldest Princess of Zhenyuan Country, Ouyang Yue'er. My father, the King, and several high ministers are cultivators at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage. Your behavior within our country's borders is excessively arrogant and domineering," said a listless Ouyang Yue'er. The Reflect had caused her considerable injury.

"Is the Tribulation Crossing Stage so impressive? I'll ask again, where is Situ Yanyu!"

Li Xiaobai didn't want to waste words. His own were being held in prison by others – this was something he could not tolerate. Besides, Tangneng First-class was his establishment; since when did Zhenyuan Country get to call the shots?

"You will regret this!" Ouyang Yue'er's face was dark, her eyes filled with venomous resentment.

"I never regret. Since you're unwilling to speak, you can't blame me for resorting to certain methods."

Li Xiaobai casually drew his longsword, holding it high above his head.

An anxious Ouyang Shuanger said from the side, "Elder sister, please answer Young Master Li quickly. There must be some misunderstanding. Young Master Li, please don't be in such a hurry!"

"Get lost, you double-dealing thing. I should have sent you to Fire Qilin Cave long ago to expand the power of Zhenyuan Country!" Ouyang Yue'er roared furiously, looking ferocious. In her eyes, Ouyang Shuanger was just a useless low-level cultivator who actually had the audacity to speak for an outsider, causing her to lose all face that day.

"No worries, I especially enjoy dealing with people who think they are superior. If you feel you have the strength to play with me, I don't mind indulging you," said Li Xiaobai.

With that, the sword came down from Li Xiaobai's hand – Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch!

In an instant, everyone in the hall uncontrollably rushed towards Li Xiaobai, kneeling on the ground, hands raised high attempting to catch the blade of his sword.

Being the closest, Ouyang Yue'er clasped her hands together and caught the blade, performing the most standard Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch.

The crowd's expressions changed drastically as they finally remembered who their opponent was. Kneeling on the ground, unable to move, they felt a strong desire to catch the blade – they were familiar with this tactic, as it had been the talk of the town in the Immortal Spirit Daily not too long ago.

“Sword Imprisonment, Demon's Wicked Sword!”

“It's Li Xiaobai, that very Li Xiaobai, who trapped and killed hundreds of exceptional young cultivators, openly challenging the major powers of Central Province – the Demon Sword prodigy!”

“To think that a master ranked in the top hundred of the People's List is here!”

Ouyang Yue'er's body trembled, sweating profusely. She finally remembered why the name sounded so familiar – this time, she had truly kicked an iron plate.

Chapter 189: 190 Ascend to the Imperial City

“Since you recognize it, that makes things easier. Tell me, what exactly is the story behind Ancient Moon City?”

Li Xiaobai lifted Ouyang Yue'er's chin and spoke indifferently.

Ouyang Yue'er's beautiful eyes trembled. As a member of the royal family, a descendant of the eminent Confucian Path, she was born superior to others. Yet, now she was kneeling before another, a great irony and humiliation.

“Stop, do not be rude to the Eldest Princess!”

Master Fang shouted sternly. He was equally immobilized but as a cultivator aligned with the Eldest Princess's faction, it was imperative to show his stance at this moment.

“What's so special about the Eldest Princess? On ordinary days, I wouldn't even bother speaking to someone with the cultivation level of Nascent Soul Stage, let alone qualify them to clean the toilets in my sect. While I'm still speaking politely, confess quickly. Otherwise, it's not just you; if I decide to, I can capture your King as well!”

Li Xiaobai's face turned fierce, and he casually summoned the Blood Demon Transcendental Venerable. Although this Primordial Spirit wasn't particularly powerful, it looked quite intimidating.

The Blood Demon Primordial Spirit stood tall, with blood qi swirling around its body, and its crimson eyes fixated intently on Ouyang Yue'er.

"Ancient Moon City was sealed because of the elixirs from your Tangneng First-class. After Father learned of this, he ordered the city to be locked down and started investigating the secrets within the bathhouse. We interrogated many people and finally learned that the owner of Tangneng First-class is named Ye Liangchen and that he built the bathhouse."

Ouyang Yue'er assessed the situation and recounted the events in detail.

"So you captured Ouyang Yue'er's family?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"In the Imperial City's Celestial Prison, personally interrogated by Father Himself!"

A glint of something peculiar flashed in Ouyang Yue'er's eyes. She was unaware of Li Xiaobai's exact strength, but she knew that his cultivation level wasn't as high as rumored and that the grand spectacle was only due to Elder Tianwu standing behind him.

Now that she saw the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit, she felt even more convinced of her thoughts. Although the other party had overwhelmed her, judging by the size of the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit, it wouldn't exceed the cultivation of Divinity Transformation Stage.

Her father and several great protectors were all at the Tribulation Crossing Stage. If she could bring the other party before her father, they wouldn't be able to stir up any trouble.

"Had you spoken earlier, it would have been easier. Tangneng First-class is my shop. If you wish to use it, you simply need to pay with Spirit Stones. Why bother to delve into its origins? In the future, we still have opportunities to cooperate."

Li Xiaobai spoke calmly. He was planning to visit the Imperial City anyway. To discuss trade, he still had to involve the King of Zhenyuan Country and could use this opportunity to get them to release the prisoners.

"Young Master Li, my father has not treated you unfairly. Please, spare him..."

Ouyang Shuanger was utterly disoriented at this moment. Everything was vastly different from what she had envisioned. She had assumed that, being a princess, she could simply discuss some business on behalf of Zhenyuan Country owing to her status, but ever since she had seen her elder sister, nothing had gone smoothly. The

big shot was not leaving her alone and continued to treat her as if she were transparent. Now, she was even being pressured and beaten by him.

Moreover, the talk of a marital alliance left her mind in chaos, and she couldn't concentrate.

Her father was the ruler of a country, and now all she hoped for was that Li Xiaobai wouldn't make him kneel.

"Little sister, Young Master Li has come for a transaction. It's inevitable for him to meet with Father. He has his own decisions to make. You need not say more!"

Ouyang Yue'er looked displeased and was quite annoyed inwardly. Her little sister always spoke in favor of outsiders, and now she even doubted their father's strength. Could it be that a Tribulation Crossing Stage cultivation couldn't handle a mere Li Xiaobai?

How short-sighted. Not only is her cultivation weak, her vision is also narrow.

"I..."

About to say more, Ouyang Shuanger was choked with frustration, but Li Xiaobai interrupted.

"Right, seeing your father is a must, since the quantity of Spiritual Medicine I have is enormous. And Miss Yan Yu will require his release. Tribulation Crossing Stage, is it? I hope he knows what's best."

Li Xiaobai pried open the mouths of everyone present one by one, feeding them elixirs that sealed their cultivation level.

Ouyang Yue'er sneered inwardly, "Go ahead and be arrogant now, but if you can still smile once you enter the Imperial Palace, then she'd admit defeat."

"Did you say earlier that people from Fire Qilin Cave are also here?" Li Xiaobai suddenly asked.

"Fire Qilin Cave has already formed a marital alliance with my younger sister, and they have arrived in the Imperial City these past two days. But don't worry, Young Master, Fire Qilin Cave won't interfere with the affairs of Zhenyuan Country,"

Ouyang Yue'er said, worried that Li Xiaobai would be afraid of the Fire Qilin Cave and wouldn't want to take risks lightly.

As it turned out, she was overthinking it. Li Xiaobai's expression was somewhat odd at the moment; he had just sent away the people from Fire Qilin Cave and now he was

about to encounter them again. He wondered what their mood would be next time they met.

“I have some connections with Fire Qilin Cave, so this trip will be a good opportunity to catch up,” Li Xiaobai said cheerfully.

“We shouldn’t delay, shall we set off for the Imperial Palace now?”

...

Half an hour later, a Lamborghini gained an Eldest Princess as a passenger.

Ouyang Yue’er was astonished by the Lamborghini, “What kind of mount is this, that it can move with such Godspeed? With such a cultivation level, it must have surpassed the Nascent Soul Stage, right?”

Li Xiaobai gave her a glance, poverty had limited her imagination.

Ji Wuqing crawled out of the mailbox, having swiped quite a few Spirit Stones.

Ouyang Yue’er jumped in fright, “What is this thing!”

“Cluck cluck, you’re the thing, your whole family are things!” Ji Wuqing preened its feathers, displaying a look of disdain.

“Kid, where did you get this girl with the dazed look on her face, so jumpy at every turn, just like Ergouzi!”

“You’re a chicken that can talk!”

Ouyang Yue’er was shocked. In Zhenyuan Country, they also kept Demonic Beasts, and there were a few at the Nascent Soul Stage, but none could speak. Now, this ordinary-looking chicken could actually speak human language, and it seemed quite intelligent at that.

“Cluck cluck, as expected, long hair but short on insight. I am Ji Wuqing, of the Immortal Divine Phoenix Bloodline. Are all the people from Zhenyuan Country as short-sighted as you?”

Ji Wuqing said indifferently.

Ouyang Yue’er was seething with anger inside. However, her cultivation level was restricted, so she had to endure it. Once she reached the Imperial Palace and saw her father, she would make sure these scoundrels suffered under the lash!

Li Xiaobai lit up a cigarette, puffing away leisurely.

As he billowed out smoke, Ouyang Yue'er felt a storm surge in her heart. Even just by breathing in the second-hand smoke, she could feel a clarity in her body, her Primordial Spirit was purified, and her cultivation level seemed to subtly strengthen as well.

What was this? Its effects were stronger than a bathhouse's, and it was just too magical!

"Young Master Li, what is that in your mouth that can enhance one's comprehension and breakthrough cultivation level?" Ouyang Yue'er asked.

"Cluck cluck, bumpkins will be bumpkins, not even recognizing a Huazi,"

Ji Wuqing mocked first, equally lighting up a cigarette and puffing away.

The smile on Ouyang Yue'er's face froze. Even a chicken was living better than her, casually possessing treasures that could enhance cultivation. Her mind felt a slight imbalance.

She kept reminding herself that once she saw her father, she could deal with this man and chicken as she pleased. By then, any secrets they had would have to be revealed.

"This item is called a Huazi. Originally, I was thinking of opening a Huazi specialty store in Zhenyuan Country, but after seeing the situation in Ancient Moon City, I think this matter needs more consideration..."

Chapter 190: 191 The King of Zhenyuan Country

"Young Master Li need not be swayed by this humble one. It was my ignorance that offended you this time. I believe Father will definitely adore the treasure Young Master Li has brought," said Ouyang Yue'er.

"I hope so."

Li Xiaobai responded nonchalantly, knowing that this Ouyang Yue'er was obviously all smiles on the surface but cursing in her heart. From her gaze, it was not hard to tell that this woman harbored some thoughts about him.

She would probably turn on him and bite hard the moment they arrived in the Imperial City and faced the King of Zhenyuan Country.

It wasn't far to the Imperial City; in less than half an hour, the Lamborghini had entered the foot of the Heavenly Throne.

The Imperial City was heavily guarded, starkly different from the other cities along the way.

The city gates were wide open, the atmosphere was grand, and there was an endless stream of visitors and pedestrians.

Dragons and phoenixes were carved onto the city walls, with dense Dragon Qi swirling around them, visible to the naked eye. This was the exclusive Dragon Qi of the royal family and the location of a nation's fortune, which only a truly historic and profound great country could possess.

As the group alighted from the car, they were greeted by a sense of historic vicissitude. This was a genuine ancient capital of several dynasties, in existence since a thousand years ago. From the rise and fall of dozens of dynasties, through the extraordinary contributions of Confucianism Masters from generation to generation, came the Zhenyuan Capital of today.

The Imperial Palace was even more majestic, resplendent in gold, and from a distance, one could feel the deep royal majesty and a sense of solidity.

"Young Master Li, please allow this humble one to arrange for you to rest briefly in the palace. I will immediately report to Father and set up a banquet so that we may have a conversation," said Ouyang Yue'er.

"Hmm, go ahead."

Li Xiaobai nodded his agreement, and Ouyang Yue'er, along with Ouyang Shuanger, hurried away.

The surrounding attendants stepped forward to set up tea and fruit platters, treating him very appropriately. After all, he was a guest personally brought by the Eldest Princess and the younger princess. With unclear backgrounds, they didn't dare to neglect him.

Recently, many important figures had visited the Imperial Palace, and this young master was probably one of them.

Li Xiaobai sat in the room, while Ji Wuqing on the side was ravenously devouring the fruit platter, enjoying the food to the fullest.

"Giggle, boy, these fruits aren't bad, barely palatable," she said.

Li Xiaobai was speechless: "Aren't you the ancient Phoenix? How can you still eat these mundane things?"

"Giggle, I am testing for poison with my own body, to see if these people have played any tricks, boy, you should be grateful to me," Ji Wuqing said indifferently, swallowing a

whole banana in one go. Li Xiaobai was flabbergasted by the speed; despite her small body, she had quite an appetite.

“Eat slowly, no one is competing with you...”

At the same time.

In the Imperial Palace, before the grand hall, Ouyang Yue'er was weeping as she made her case.

“Father, you must seek justice for your daughter. That Li Xiaobai is too bullying, relying on the support of powerful backers. He treated your daughter so harshly, and in Ancient Moon City, he even made your daughter kneel before him. This humiliation must be repaid twice over!”

Atop the throne, the middle-aged man's face was livid with rage, “Is that truly the case? That Li Xiaobai dare cause trouble in my Zhenyuan Country?”

“It's absolutely true, please, Father King, order his capture!” Ouyang Yue'er's eyes shimmered with vengeance.

“Father King, you mustn't. Li Xiaobai is the owner of Tangneng First-class, and within the Tianbei Secret Realm, he saved your daughter's life multiple times. This time, his visit to Zhenyuan Country, firstly, was to request Father King to purchase Spiritual Medicine from him to repay his kindness, and secondly, Young Master Li intends to open a branch of the Tangneng First-class bathhouse here. It's an excellent opportunity for Zhenyuan Country!”

Ouyang Shuanger offered her advice from the side. She had thought it through on the way; even if it meant opposing her elder sister, she had to persuade Father King not to follow the same disastrous path as those sect overlords.

“Little sister, why do you speak on behalf of Li Xiaobai again and again? Did you not also kneel to him at the banquet? This is a contempt for the millennia-old history of our Zhenyuan Country. As princesses of the royal family, our every word and deed represents the face of Zhenyuan Country. If word of this spreads, what would outsiders think?”

“Furthermore, this Li Xiaobai is currently within the Imperial City, at the feet of the heavenly son. He is at our disposal, are you suggesting, little sister, that Father King and the several sponsors cannot deter him?”

Ouyang Yue'er spoke with a contained ferocity, her dissatisfaction clear in her voice. She was but a tool used to consolidate the royal family's position, and after just one trip outside, she repeatedly defied herself, without any semblance of respect for rank.

“But...”

Ouyang Shuanger was frantic with urgency. She wanted to tell the truth yet didn't dare; Father King's authority was unmatched, and even as his daughter, there were words she didn't dare to openly utter.

But the problem was, they truly didn't intimidate him; Li Xiaobai had brazenly withstood the Heavenly Tribulation and slain cultivators at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage, with her standing right by his side.

“Enough, what you both have said is not without merit, considering the welfare of Zhenyuan Country. Let there be no more quarreling.” From behind the curtain, a magnetic female voice chimed in.

The middle-aged man's gaze shifted, “My lady, what insight do you have?”

“Husband, Yue'er is not wrong. Li Xiaobai is arrogant and overbearing, as can be seen in the Immortal Spirit Daily. He holds precious resources now and has mastery over the Tangneng First-class secret recipe that we have been researching. I believe we must obtain it,” the woman behind the curtain spoke slowly.

“However, he has saved Shuanger's life, and she has promised to trade with him. If we were to directly take his life, it would provoke unnecessary gossip. Better to invite him to tomorrow's banquet. Let's talk first. If he willingly hands over the treasures, all shall be well. If not, then we can make other plans.”

“This is also an opportunity for those from the Fire Qilin Cave to be present, let's all meet and thereby solidify Shuanger's affair.” The woman behind the curtain continued.

At these words, Ouyang Yue'er's eyes sparkled with joy — her mother was on her side. However, Ouyang Shuanger's complexion turned utterly pale; she was truly going to be wed to the Fire Qilin Cave. These words from her mother meant that it was already a done deal.

“Mother, must Shuanger truly be married off? Why has no one ever spoken to Shuanger about these things?”

“A man comes of age to wed, and so does a woman. It is only natural, and more so since you are a princess of Zhenyuan Country. Getting married is only a matter of time,” said the woman.

“But Shuanger has never met the man, how can marriage be decided so rashly?” Tears trembled in Ouyang Shuanger's eyes.

“That man is a disciple from the Fire Qilin Cave, an established force in the Central Province with profound foundations. Marrying there, you would benefit in every way

without harm. It is an opportunity many people seek but cannot obtain,” said the woman flatly.

“Shuanger, do not make a fuss. Within the royal family, when has a marriage ever been decided by one’s self? Everything must prioritize the interests of Zhenyuan Country first!” the middle-aged man said sternly.

“My lady is right. No matter what, Li Xiaobai has indeed saved Shuanger’s life. We should first meet, civilities are still necessary. Yue’er, handle this matter, and as for Shuanger, after experiencing the trials outside for a while, you must have been quite frightened. You should return to the palace and rest.”

“Thank you, Father King!”

I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 191: 192: Which Big Shot is from Your Family? - Read I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense Chapter 191: 192: Which Big Shot is from Your Family?

Chapter 191: 192: Which Big Shot is from Your Family?

Early the next morning, Li Xiaobai prepared to set off for the Imperial Palace to attend the banquet.

Ouyang Yue'er had informed him yesterday that today the King of Zhenyuan Country would hold a grand banquet, inviting him to discuss cooperation matters in detail and to thank him in person for saving Ouyang Shuanger.

Li Xiaobai was speechless, finding the family's approach lacking in originality; they all tried to secure his presence first, then invited him to a feast. Ouyang Yue'er had already played this card once; couldn't the King of Zhenyuan Country come up with something new?

There were many rules within the Imperial Palace, and security was tight. To meet the King, one needed to bathe and burn incense, all under the supervision of attendants.

Li Xiaobai was led into a small room to soak in a bath and change clothes.

"Meeting the King involves so many formalities, and they're all waiting for me to attend the banquet!"

"Young Master Li, you mustn't speak so carelessly. Bathing and burning incense are matters of etiquette. Being able to meet the King is indeed a supreme honor!"

The attendant was startled by these bold words.

At the same time, inside the palace, in front of the hall.

On both sides, the banquet was fully prepared, with officials and dignitaries arriving early, and even the people from Fire Qilin Cave had arrived. The only one missing was Li Xiaobai.

The King of Zhenyuan Country frowned. Li Xiaobai was somewhat disrespectful; for such a grand occasion, to be late was outright disregard for him.

"My lords, your presence here today honors me, Ouyang Di. I toast to you all!"

A moment later, the King of Zhenyuan Country raised his cup, and everyone drank up, marking the beginning of the banquet. Ouyang Shuanger felt anxious inside. Here she was, like an outsider, and with Li Xiaobai failing to show up on time, her confidence was dwindling.

"This must be the young Princess Ouyang Shuanger; truly a sight to behold. This marriage alliance with a distinguished disciple from Fire Qilin Cave is indeed a happy occasion!"

Many officials and dignitaries offered their flattery.

"I thank all the uncles and elders for your kindness."

Ouyang Shuanger forced a smile and glanced at the people from Fire Qilin Cave across from her; they were all eating and drinking, completely indifferent to her.

“May I ask which paragon of Fire Qilin Cave is setting this marriage agreement with our Miss Shuanger, is it perhaps the young hero Yunkun?”

An elderly man stroked his beard and asked with a smile. He was one of Zhenyuan Country’s retainers, with the cultivation level of the Transcendence Tribulation Stage.

Upon hearing the elder’s question, the group from Fire Qilin Cave also put down their bowls and chopsticks, answering with a grin, “Our young disciple is nothing special, barely a paragon. The one getting married is this young man Zhang Wei.”

Yun Yan pointed to the disciple beside him. The retainer had a cultivation level similar to his, so he responded sincerely. In this world where strength spoke, only the strong were respected.

Ouyang Shuanger looked towards the disciple and her complexion grew even paler. This was obviously just an ordinary disciple, whose cultivation level probably hadn’t even reached the Nascent Soul Stage, weaker than herself. To be married off to such a man meant she truly had become a sacrificial piece for the royal house.

The faces of the crowd also showed traces of awkwardness. This disciple might not even be an official outer disciple, just a menial worker, and yet he was chosen to marry the princess of Zhenyuan Country. Fire Qilin Cave was being rather overbearing.

However, the elder retainer didn’t care about these details. For Zhenyuan Country, it was just the label of allying through marriage with Fire Qilin Cave that mattered. Whomever the other side sent for the alliance was inconsequential.

“Heh heh, not bad at all. The disciple of Fire Qilin Cave is truly outstanding. To achieve such cultivation at a young age is indeed admirable, with a promising future!”

The nobles were inwardly speechless, thinking the elder’s ability to speak such blatant untruths was unmatched, but outwardly they continued to smile and toast amiably.

“Shuanger, when will your friend arrive? Today your father the King and the retainers are here, as are the esteemed guests from Fire Qilin Cave, yet he persistently fails to show up. Isn’t he taking things a bit too lightly?”

After three rounds of drinks, Ouyang Yue’er mockingly said, an extreme dissatisfaction towards Ouyang Shuanger brewing in her heart.

“Eldest sister, our father the king hasn’t even spoken yet. What’s the rush?” The second princess poured and drank her own wine, speaking indifferently.

“Indeed, today, my marriage is the most important event for us all. It seems you haven’t offered your blessings yet, elder sister?” The third princess’s smile concealed a knife.

Being the Eldest Princess invited envy and unwelcome attention, with the other princesses relishing any opportunity to needle her.

“As the elder sister, I was too hasty. Younger sister, on the day of your betrothal, I wish you happiness and fulfillment!”

Ouyang Yue’er’s eyes flickered with cold light as she said this with a forced smile.

“And we have another guest to come. I wonder who it might be?”

Having eaten his fill, Yun Yan from Fire Qilin Cave asked idly, bored with nothing else to do.

“It’s a big shot. Father, Shuanger doesn’t want to get married. After the big shot takes care of things, he will take me away!”

Ouyang Shuanger suddenly stood up and declared.

As soon as these words were out, the room fell into stunned silence. They had not expected the always compliant little princess to be so bold, publicly refusing the marriage alliance with Fire Qilin Cave, courting trouble for Zhenyuan Country!

After all, the envoys from Fire Qilin Cave were sitting right there. Couldn’t you have discussed your thoughts privately with your royal parents later?

Uttering such words in front of them could turn ugly if they were displeased—it might even lead to upheaval in the Imperial Palace today.

“Nonsense, Elder Yun, Shuanger has had too much to drink. Please don’t take it to heart. This king apologizes to you,” Ouyang Di said as he downed his glass in one gulp.

“Younger sister, how can you be so thoughtless? Marrying into Fire Qilin Cave is for your good. Hurry and apologize to Young Master Zhang Wei!” Ouyang Yue’er demanded with intensity.

“Shuanger, you mustn’t be rude. It is a fortune for our Zhenyuan Country to have a marriage alliance with Fire Qilin Cave. Don’t be temperamental like a child. Someone, take the young princess to sober up!”

Behind the curtain, a woman spoke out.

“Madam, hold on. The Miss Shuanger has quite the personality, which I quite admire. However, what I’m more curious about is the identity of the ‘big shot’ that Miss

Shuanger mentioned, who seems to give you such confidence,” Elder Yun interjected, halting the approaching servants with a smile, though the threat in his eyes was unmistakable.

“The big shot is very strong. I shared trials and tribulations with him in the Tianbei Secret Realm. You’re bullying me like this—he won’t just stand by and watch!”

Ouyang Shuanger said with a trembling voice, near tears. She was extremely scared, but for the sake of her future, she was ready to risk everything.

“Who is he!”

Yun Yan’s demeanor turned cold as he stared intently at Ouyang Shuanger, infuriated by the slight from a declining Confucian Taoist Kingdom that dared to belittle the dignity of Fire Qilin Cave.

The atmosphere in the room instantly tensed, everyone feeling their breath catch and their hearts pounding.

Ouyang Di and the woman behind the curtain were too afraid to speak, seething with annoyance. Ouyang Shuanger could potentially ruin the carefully built relations with Fire Qilin Cave—such a rebellious girl!

Tears welled up in Ouyang Shuanger’s eyes as she experienced such a situation for the first time. The men from Fire Qilin Cave in front of her seemed like hungry tigers coming down from the mountains, ready to tear her to pieces at any moment. She began to regret her words, fearing that she might indeed lose her life today.

It was precisely at this moment that a chilling voice likewise came from outside the hall: “It’s me!”

Chapter 192: 193: Young Master, did I do the right thing?

Li Xiaobai walked leisurely from outside the hall. He should have been there earlier, but the bathing and dressing process was overly intricate; it always felt like the servants had a multitude of operations purposely designed to stall time.

After getting rid of Muscle Flaccidity, he headed straight over, not expecting to hear Ouyang Shuanger’s crying as he arrived.

This man acted as the boss of the house; naturally, he had to step forward, especially with so many familiar faces sitting at the banquet.

“Li Xiaobai, you have finally come. You’ve made the esteemed guest of the Fire Qilin Cave wait for so long. You should hurry over and apologize!”

Ouyang Yue'er, like a victorious rooster, gleamed with excitement in her eyes, having already thought of a dozen tortures to employ on him.

"Cackle, you woman, with an idiotic look on your face, don't you dare look at me!" Ji Wuqing said indifferently.

Yun Yan's eyes glittered with a cold light as he looked towards the newcomer from outside the hall, but in a flash, he was so frightened that his heart and courage shattered. Yunkun, initially ready to reprimand, trembled uncontrollably when he realized who had arrived, and his wine cup shook out of his hand.

Originally, the Great Elder had brought them to arrange a marriage, but the marriage was not an affair worth the Great Elder's personal visit. Thus, Yun Yan and his disciple took on the task, running errands on behalf of the Great Elder as a way to repay the Fire Qilin Cave for redeeming them.

Who would have thought they'd actually encounter Li Xiaobai here!

At this moment, both of them deeply regretted their decision. Had they known this would happen, they should have brought the Great Elder. Without him, they had no confidence in resisting Li Xiaobai. They had only been redeemed a short while ago; if they were captured again to clean latrines, they'd lose all face.

For a moment, the people from Fire Qilin Cave were frozen in place, reminded of the terror of being dominated by latrines, the memories of scooping excrement from the cesspool for points.

The rest of the crowd, naturally noticing their abnormal reactions, didn't recognize Li Xiaobai and couldn't figure out his background. But seeing the pale faces of the elders from Fire Qilin Cave, was this man perhaps a remarkable and ruthless character?

Ouyang Shuanger's face lit up with joy: "Big Boss, you've finally come! They're forcing a marriage, you've got to save me! I want to go to the Holy Demon Sect, I don't want to stay here!"

Li Xiaobai sat down nonchalantly at his seat and waved his hand dismissively: "Small problem."

His gaze shifting, Li Xiaobai stared at the people from Fire Qilin Cave, his eyes emitting a chill, "Elder Yun Yan, Young Master Yunkun, what a fate that has brought us together again. How about coming over to my place for a visit?"

"No, no, no, Young Master Li, it is my fault. Forcing a marriage is immoral indeed, and I have always promoted freedom in marriage. I utterly disdain arranged marriages!"

Yun Yan shook his head like a rattle-drum, sweat pouring down his forehead, truly afraid of Li Xiaobai dragging him back to clean the latrines at the Holy Demon Sect.

Those old comrades who had suffered together, he never wanted to see them again in his life.

“Yes, yes, Young Master Li, let’s have a drink. I really didn’t expect to meet you here. I like you the moment I set eyes on you. We must have been brothers in a past life, or father and son—you, the father, and me, the son!”

Yunkun approached Li Xiaobai’s table with a flattering smile, scurrying to pour wine for him and Ouyang Shuanger as well.

“Hehe, Miss Shuanger, I apologize for startling you.”

This display dropped jaws all around, leaving Ouyang Di speechless and hastily drinking wine to calm his nerves.

Ouyang Yue’er was instantly petrified. The senior she had tried so hard to ingratiate herself with was now groveling before Li Xiaobai. Wasn’t he bold and arrogant because he had Elder Tianwu backing him up? Now that Elder Tianwu had left the Holy Demon Sect, why were the experts from Fire Qilin Cave so fearful of him?

Hmm, they must not be aware of this news yet!

“Senior, this Li Xiaobai is merely at the Nascent Soul Stage and yet dares to show such disdain for Fire Qilin Cave. Now that Elder Tianwu has left the Holy Demon Sect, there’s no need for senior to worry about anything. I will send someone to capture him for you immediately!”

Ouyang Yue’er cried out in alarm, ready to send people to seize Li Xiaobai. She wanted to remind those from the Fire Qilin Cave that the current Li Xiaobai was nothing more than prey at their mercy.

“Silence!”

“How clamorous. You, a mere woman, what could you possibly understand? Hurry up and apologize to Young Master Li, and you, come here and apologize to Miss Ouyang Shuanger!”

Yunkun and Yun Yan’s expressions changed drastically upon hearing this. How could this woman be so oblivious to the atmosphere? They knew very well what Li Xiaobai’s cultivation level was – Nascent Soul Stage? It was a complete joke!

This Eldest Princess really had long hair but short sight, leading the rhythm astray. If Li Xiaobai took an interest in them, they would be unable to bear the consequences. At this moment, they were extremely afraid.

Watching the anxious and furious expressions of several people, Ouyang Yue'er was stunned. She could not understand what was happening. It was apparent that they were not just afraid of Elder Tianwu, but genuinely feared Li Xiaobai himself.

But considering the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit from before, Li Xiaobai was indeed just at the Nascent Soul Stage!

The Fire Qilin Cave lackey disciple responsible for the arranged marriage was utterly confused. Since leaving the sect, he had been perplexed, suddenly set to marry a princess out of nowhere. Before he could even rejoice, he now had to pour wine and apologize.

Things had changed too fast; the power games among the big shots were far too complicated. All he wanted now was to return to the Fire Qilin Cave and continue his life as a lackey disciple.

The outside world seemed too much for him to keep up with!

With a bitter face, he stepped forward and poured a cup of wine for Ouyang Shuanger, saying, "My apologies, Miss Shuanger, for startling you. We are both unfortunate souls under the heavens, and I am here to offer my apologies."

Ouyang Shuanger was somewhat at a loss, as the adults suddenly treated her with utmost respect. She was also a bit out of sync, accepting the wine cup in a daze, "Thank you, young master, for your understanding."

"And you!"

Yunkun turned toward the dazed Ouyang Yue'er, and in an instant, she felt an overwhelming pressure bear down on her, causing her knees to buckle, leading her to kneel involuntarily.

Watching the harmonious scene unfold before him, Yun Yan said cheerfully, "Young Master Li, do you think we've done the right thing?"

"Well done, now there is peace," Li Xiaobai nodded and said with a smile.

"Elder Yun Yan, what is the meaning of this? Yue'er is an Imperial Princess of our royal family. How can she kneel to an outsider so casually!"

Ouyang Di was quite annoyed. All seven of his daughters carried Dragon Qi, and their every move was closely related to royal prestige. With Ouyang Yue'er's kneel within the

Imperial City, he could clearly feel the Dragon Qi of Zhenyuan Country thinning considerably.

Even the Fire Qilin Cave couldn't bully people like this.

"Ouyang Di, your daughter has offended Young Master Li. Having her kneel is letting her off lightly. If the young master wished to execute her on the spot, I would be the first to lift a hand!" Yun Yan said indifferently.

Ouyang Di's breath hitched; he hadn't expected Li Xiaobai's energy to be so immense.

From behind the curtain, a woman's voice came again, "Now that Yue'er has apologized, can we discuss serious matters with Young Master Li?"

Chapter 193: 194: Four Million and Five Hundred Thousand Spirit Stones

“

"It is natural that I come here solely for the transaction, yet your Eldest Princess has repeatedly created difficulties for me, making it very hard to proceed."

"This time, I have two matters. First, release all the employees of Tangneng First-class that you have imprisoned; Tangneng First-class is my enterprise, and all these cultivators are my employees. Second, in the Tianbei Secret Realm, Ouyang Shuanger had already agreed to trade each stalk of Spiritual Medicine for fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones. I have a total of more than three hundred stalks of Spiritual Medicine here. Please, King, consider giving me a light discount."

Li Xiaobai flicked his wrist and threw out a Space Ring.

Ouyang Di caught the ring and quickly glanced inside. His complexion became flush with excitement, and he started breathing rapidly. The more than three hundred stalks of Spiritual Medicine within the ring were all treasures. Even if he were to use them, they would have some effect. If the younger generation of Zhenyuan Country were to consume them, their cultivation level would definitely skyrocket.

He handed the ring to a woman behind the curtain. The curtain trembled slightly, and the woman also fell silent. Such Spiritual Medicine was not expensive at fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones each.

"What do you think? Do these Spiritual Medicines meet your approval?" asked Li Xiaobai.

"Someone, pour wine for the young master!" Ouyang Di called for the attendants.

“Giggle, pour some wine for this sovereign as well!” Ji Wuqing cried out from the side.

“Young Master Li, the Spiritual Medicine is indeed a fine thing. However, fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones is truly a bit pricey, and given such a large quantity, shouldn’t there be some discount?” the woman from behind the curtain said softly.

“The price of fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones per stalk was sworn upon by your little princess with her Daoist heart. If the price drops, aren’t you afraid that your little princess will stagnate from now on?” said Li Xiaobai.

“It’s all right. This matter is of great importance to Zhenyuan Country. My little girl has been sensible since she was young; I believe she understands what to choose and what to sacrifice,” said Ouyang Di.

Upon hearing this, Ouyang Shuanger was filled with shock, staring disbelievingly at the man upon the throne. Was this the same man who had flown kites with her as a child, who had patiently explained the texts of the Confucian Path to her?

She had never felt that her father could be so unfamiliar, to use a woman as a sacrifice for the benefit of Zhenyuan Country.

“Cough cough, may I say something? If Zhenyuan Country can’t afford the price, Fire Qilin Cave can. Since the oath is to be broken anyway, you might as well sell the Spiritual Medicine to me. I assure you, not a single Spirit Stone will be missing,” Elder Yun Yan interjected, having sensed a large amount of the fire element within the Space Ring, which also tempted Fire Qilin Cave.

“Hold on, Young Master. You came here to trade with Zhenyuan Country, and that is a trust in us. After the death of the Confucian Path’s greatest sage, Zhenyuan Country will not betray that trust. We will follow the price set by Shuanger, fifteen thousand top-grade Spirit Stones per stalk, not one less!” said the woman quickly from behind the curtain, with Fire Qilin Cave’s depth and power far exceeding that of Zhenyuan Country, if they were to reach a deal, she would have nowhere to cry. There was no sense in greedily seizing a small advantage now only to lose such precious resources.

“Yes, after all, my daughter has made a vow with her Daoist heart, and I implore Elder Yun Yan to understand the predicament of us as parents,” Ouyang Di added, smiling broadly.

“Fine, then I will not covet what others love,” Yun Yan nodded, glancing at Li Xiaobai, the meaning clear: Young Master, do you see I’m doing right?

Li Xiaobai gave a slight nod in approval, as the old man was sensible and even knew to speak for him. Very cooperative. This time, he would spare them from being sent to clean the latrines of the Holy Demon Sect.

Seeing Li Xiaobai's approving look, Yun Yan and Yunkun both sighed in relief, it seemed that this crisis had passed for today.

"The King of Zhenyuan Country cherishes his daughter and spares no expense, that too could become an admirable tale."

"

Li Xiaobai nodded and smiled, "Now is the time for business, and businessmen do not indulge in sentimentality," he said. The Ouyang Di couple embodied this principle quite perfectly.

Off to the side, Ouyang Shuanger's heart was thoroughly chilled. The hypocrisy of her own parents made her extremely uncomfortable. They were no longer the couple she knew; they were more like demonic beasts wearing human skins. Every word and action of theirs sent chills down her spine.

"Hahaha, Young Master Li is indeed a frank person. Here are four million five hundred thousand high-grade Spirit Stones for your perusal," he said.

Ouyang Di put away the Spiritual Medicine, a strange glint flashing across his eyes. An attendant stepped forward, holding up a tray and presenting the Space Ring to Li Xiaobai.

Li Xiaobai suppressed the excitement in his heart, counted the Spirit Stones, and couldn't help but breathe a bit more heavily.

A full four million five hundred thousand high-grade Spirit Stones! And this was just the price offered by one family in Zhenyuan Country. According to his plan, the price he could fetch for the other resources he had left would only be higher, not lower than this number!

"Now that the transaction is complete, bring forth the people detained in the Celestial Prison, including Situ Yanyu. Let Young Master Li take them away!" Ouyang Di quietly ordered an attendant standing by his side, a glimmer of coldness in his eyes. With the experts from Fire Qilin Cave here, he did not dare to act rashly. He just needed to wait for Elder Yun Yan to leave, and then Li Xiaobai would be nothing more than a fish on their chopping block.

A mere junior, no matter how monstrously talented, could not withstand the onslaught of a Transcendence Tribulation Stage powerhouse.

Daring to act wildly within Zhenyuan Country, even with the backing of Elder Tianwu, what would it matter? Once the body was destroyed and all traces eliminated, no one would know what had transpired within Zhenyuan Country. The Fire Qilin Cave was unlikely to be loose-lipped about it either.

“Elder Yun Yan, what about the marital affairs of those two families?” a woman asked from behind the curtain.

“Miss Shuanger is exceptionally talented; our Fire Qilin Cave is unworthy of her. It would be better to select another princess to marry into our disciple’s family,” replied Elder Yun Yan indifferently, his gaze, however, constantly strayed toward Li Xiaobai.

He had to accomplish the task given by Fire Qilin Cave, and since Ouyang Shuanger and Li Xiaobai were acquainted, she absolutely could not be harmed.

“That would be very good. May I know which princess has caught Elder Yun Yan’s eye?” Ouyang Di said with a smile, fearing nothing more than the failure of this political marriage. Opportunities to bond with the Fire Qilin Cave were rare, and he had to seize this one.

“The Eldest Princess Ouyang Yue’er is quite appealing to me,” Yun Yan said with a chuckle. “She is beautiful and intelligent, understands strategy, and is quite capable of managing household affairs. I believe she would make an excellent wife for my disciple.”

Yun Yan laughed. He had clearly noticed earlier how the Eldest Princess had been giving Li Xiaobai a hard time. Sending her to the Fire Qilin Cave would also be a way of taking revenge on Li Xiaobai’s behalf.

Upon hearing this, Ouyang Yue’er, who was kneeling on the ground, turned deathly pale. As soon as Yun Yan spoke, she knew she could not escape.

“That would be excellent. My eldest daughter is quite capable, and I hope Elder Yun Yan will take good care of her in the future,” Ouyang Di said, nodding. All that mattered to him was marrying off his daughter; he did not care to whom.

“Father, Yue’er is the princess guarding the country, in charge of affairs both within and outside the Imperial City. If she were to leave, it might lead to chaos. Please reconsider, Father!” Ouyang Yue’er said with a trembling voice.

“Sister, don’t worry. After you marry over there, as your sister, I will take good care of all the affairs of Zhenyuan Country on your behalf,” Ouyang Shuanger reassured her.

Chapter 194: 195: Then Just Marry the Eldest Princess

“Indeed, we sisters may not compare to our elder sister, but we’re also willing to dedicate ourselves to the prosperity of Zhenyuan Country,” they said with a unified intent.

“After sister leaves, I will dedicate myself wholeheartedly to the development of Zhenyuan Country. When elder sister returns next time, she will surely be astonished,” they promised.

“Elder sister need not worry about anything. We sisters will manage all the affairs of the Imperial City on your behalf,” they affirmed eagerly.

Before Ouyang Di could speak, the other princesses rushed to express their thoughts. The prospect of the Eldest Princess marrying off was a dream come true for them.

With the Eldest Princess out of the picture, the power dynamics among the princesses could return to an equilibrium where each could wield power, rather than one dominating over the others.

“Hehe, King, your princesses really put one’s mind at ease, a testament to your excellent upbringing,” Elder Yun Yan said with a chuckle.

“Elder Yun Yan flatters me too much. The princesses supporting each other has become the norm. With the Eldest Princess’s marriage, they only have advise in their hearts. Yue’er, you can leave with peace of mind. The matters big and small in Zhenyuan Country will be personally managed by me,” King Ouyang Di declared.

Ouyang Yue’er felt ashen-faced. Within the royal household, where covert battles never ceased, no one would speak on her behalf; they all were wishing for some misfortune to befall her!

Previously, she had scorned Ouyang Shuanger as nothing but a royal tool for marriage alliances. Yet within just a day’s time, the situation turned on its head, and Shuanger had transformed into a high-and-mighty figure. In contrast, she was abruptly cast aside by her father, becoming the royal tool for marriage alliance she once mocked.

Now, she truly understood Ouyang Shuanger’s feelings. The irony was not lost on her.

“Very well, today, I, Wang Wei, disciple of Fire Qilin Cave, formally take Ouyang Yue’er, the young princess of Zhenyuan Country, as my bride. From this day forward, our families will be united in marriage, supporting each other and advancing together,” Elder Yun Yan announced solemnly, his gaze flicking towards Li Xiaobai.

Li Xiaobai clearly understood the intricacies at play. The Elder of Fire Qilin Cave was cunning indeed, knowing full well the close relationship he had with Ouyang Shuanger, hence the attempt to court favor in return.

Unfortunately, the elder had miscalculated, overlooking the one figure he continually underestimated—King Ouyang Di, who harbored no intentions of peaceful coexistence. At this moment, the king only wished for the Fire Qilin Cave contingent to swiftly take

Ouyang Yue'er away from Zhenyuan Country, so as to carve out room for his own agenda.

Four million five hundred thousand top-grade Spirit Stones was not an insignificant sum, even for Zhenyuan Country, especially considering that Li Xiaobai also controlled the secret recipe of the Premium Soup Product.

Of all those present, Wang Wei was the most clueless, being but a menial disciple. He understood nothing of the situation, blindly following orders, and inexplicably found himself with a new wife, which felt oddly surreal.

“Congratulations, Your Majesty, on this doubly joyous occasion. Not only have you acquired so many precious Spiritual Medicines, but you have also successfully formed a marital alliance with Fire Qilin Cave. Such a cause for celebration!”

“Indeed, the Eldest Princess is not only dignified and virtuous but also well-versed in knowledge. She will surely make an excellent daughter-in-law for Fire Qilin Cave!”

“Hereafter, Zhenyuan Country shall only grow stronger.”

“Wang Wei and Princess Yue'er are truly a match made in heaven, both talented and beautiful—naturally a perfect pair!”

Only now did the other dignitaries dare to speak up, offering their polite congratulations one by one.

With the matter settled and the Eldest Princess married off, their interests might have been slightly compromised. However, compared to the marital alliance with Fire Qilin Cave, it was a small sacrifice.

Watching these high officials and nobles offering perfunctory congratulations, Ouyang Yue'er felt her anger ready to burst. Damn your congratulations, she thought, could they not at least show some sincerity? These very words were used for Ouyang Shuanger just half an hour ago, and now they blandly recycled them for her, too casually by far.

All of this was because of Li Xiaobai and Ouyang Shuanger. If it weren't for their untimely return, stirring up trouble at this critical juncture, she wouldn't have ended up in such a plight. If an opportunity ever presented itself, she vowed to ensure that they would never recover!

Overcome with indignation, her vision darkening, Ouyang Yue'er's neck tilted, and she fainted away.

“Well, with the Eldest Princess in such a condition, I will take my leave with her now. The bridal gifts will be sent in a few days,” Elder Yun Yan said with a smile, bowing and preparing to leave with Ouyang Yue'er.

“Of course, of course. Elder Yun Yan need not go to any great expense,” King Ouyang Di responded amicably.

Ouyang Di was also all smiles as he spoke, “My daughter is now married off, finally fulfilling a major concern in my heart.”

“Young Master Li, I shall take my leave now,” Elder Yun Yan said.

“Elder Yun, please take care,” Li Xiaobai replied with a smile, appreciating Elder Yun Yan’s good performance today, which had given him full face.

Watching the people from Fire Qilin Cave depart into the distance, Ouyang Di clapped his hands and ordered, “Bring over the staff from Premium Soup Product for Young Master Li to verify.”

“Yes!”

The people from the Celestial Prison had already been waiting outside the grand hall, and within a few breaths, the servants brought Situ Yanyu and the others into the hall, including the family head of Ancient Moon City and his disciples, totaling over a hundred people—all captured.

In the crowd, Li Xiaobai’s gaze swept over all too familiar faces.

The family head of the Xia Family, Xia Jiuquan, knelt down with a thud, “Your Majesty, Your Highness, I too was threatened by Ye Liangchen; I know nothing about the Premium Soup Product, I beg for your mercy!”

“The ruler of Zhenyuan Country turns out to be a man of narrow-mindedness, I, Situ Yanyu, will never beg for mercy!”

At the moment, Situ Yanyu was covered in bloodstains, her body showing signs of whipping, her legs trembling, her lips pale, and her breath weak, with her eyes full of defiance and anger.

“That’s right, our Situ Household may be poor but our spirit is not; Young Master Liangchen has shown us kindness, and we can never betray him!”

Elder Situ Kong also said, similarly bearing scars all over his body.

“Hehe, do you see who that is beside you?” the King of Zhenyuan Country pointed towards Li Xiaobai and said.

“Young Master Liangchen!”

Situ Yanyu exclaimed with joy, she and Elder Situ Kong had seen Li Xiaobai's true appearance and did not expect him to appear in the Imperial City now, unharmed.

"Young Master Liangchen, I did not betray you, and they have even whipped me; you must avenge me!" Elder Situ Kong cried out and threw himself into Li Xiaobai's arms, sobbing loudly.

Li Xiaobai's carefully mustered feelings of sorrow instantly vanished in that moment, as the plot took an unexpected turn—wasn't it supposed to be Miss Yan Yu who would throw herself into his embrace?

Why was there now an old man in his arms?

"Ahem, Elder, Miss Yan Yu, now that I have returned, you are safe," Li Xiaobai said somewhat awkwardly, trying to push the old man away from his embrace.

"Young Master, I knew you would come to save us. Zhenyuan Country, posing as a great faction of the Confucian Path, ordered Ancient Moon City to be sealed off after hearing about the wonders of Premium Soup Product; they captured all of us and threw us into Celestial Prison, where we have suffered daily beatings!" Situ Yanyu's eyes also reddened.

The other family heads and disciples felt somewhat uneasy; in fact, to lighten their own sentences, they deliberately pinned all the blame on Situ Yanyu and Elder Situ Kong, who were the first to meet Li Xiaobai and certainly knew more.

As a result, they often received 'special attention' from the prison guards.

However, no matter how strong Ye Liangchen was, it was impossible for him to cause trouble within the Imperial City, so they all promptly and unanimously expressed their loyalty.

"Your Majesty, this man here is Ye Liangchen, the boss of Premium Soup Product; this is an opportunity for Zhenyuan Country, we suggest capturing him immediately!"

Chapter 195: 196: Seeing the Fragments Again

"Young Master Li, I've brought the people, what do you say?" Ouyang Di looked at Li Xiaobai with a somewhat playful gaze.

Li Xiaobai knew the King wanted to make trouble, and the Fire Qilin Cave expert who could have deterred him had already left. Now, his mind was becoming more active.

"You've injured my people, a simple compensation of one or eight hundred thousand will do," said Li Xiaobai.

“Surely you jest, Young Master. You first came here to leverage the power of the Fire Qilin Cave to press us into submission and boasted of your might afterwards, making quite the display. But have you considered the consequences?”

Behind the curtain, the woman spoke again, her voice cold and detached.

“Are you suggesting that you want to make a move against me?”

Li Xiaobai said indifferently, hands clasped behind his back.

“Indeed, Young Master is a clever person. You have a great secret on you; surely you don’t think you can leave the Imperial Palace so easily?” Ouyang Di said with a smile, sensing that the other retainers had already taken their positions.

“Father, no, Young Master Li he...”

“Silence!”

Ouyang Di rudely interrupted Ouyang Shuanger: “Since it’s you who brought him back, I will not deal with you. Just stay out of this and hold your tongue!”

Ouyang Shuanger paused, then edged closer to Li Xiaobai: “Big brother, can you let my father off the hook?”

“Now it is he who wants to make trouble, not me,” Li Xiaobai replied, shaking his head lightly.

“After ascending to the pinnacle of the Confucian Path, one truly becomes the epitome of hypocrisy. King, make your move. If I can’t stand against it, I’ll concede defeat!”

“Grand Array of Immortal Spirit Zhenyuan!”

Ouyang Di’s eyes bulged with rage as he bellowed, and instantly, a dazzling white light filled the hall. Patterns of the great Dao crisscrossed the ground, enveloping the entire palace.

In the void, a figure materialized, dressed in white and holding a scroll, muttering something under his breath.

Behind him roared torrential rivers, transforming into a sea of characters that suppressed the void. In this small world, everyone felt an immense pressure that rendered them immobile.

“This is the complete Liturgy Defiance Chart!”

“Your Majesty, what are you trying to do?”

“This formation draws on the royal family’s fate and can harness Dragon Qi. Your Majesty, we have always been loyal to Zhenyuan Country, please don’t do this!”

“Yes, Your Majesty, please spare us...”

The many dignitaries present recognized the origin of the figure in the void and were petrified with fear. This was a Slaughter Formation created by Great Immortal Zhenyuan; although it was from his earlier years, it was certainly not something they could withstand.

The oppressive sensation alone was unbearable, even for those at the Tribulation Crossing Stage.

“My dear ministers, rest assured, you are all wise men of Zhenyuan Country. I, of course, will not kill you. Sit quietly for a moment, and once I have captured this man, I will retract the Formation and Divine Skills,” Ouyang Di stated.

“Li Xiaobai, you are far too presumptuous. Even though you are a genius, there is no possible escape from this formation. I am always cautious in my actions. This is a formation left by Great Immortal Zhenyuan from his time, manifested through the dignified energy of the Confucian Path, capable of suppressing everything. Even those at the Tribulation Crossing Stage would be trapped.”

“I’m not afraid to tell you that there are several Tribulation Crossing Stage experts outside the palace, all of whom are retainers of Zhenyuan Country. Knowing you are a genius, I take action with equal caution. You won’t be able to fly away today!”

Li Xiaobai gestured for the Situ Family to move closer to him.

Feeling the values flashing on the System panel, a smile appeared on Li Xiaobai’s face.

[Attribute Points +2000...]

[Attribute Points +3000...]

[Attribute Points +5000...]

Quite good, in just a few breaths’ time, the Attribute Points in my System have already increased by ten thousand.

Worthy of being a formation by Great Immortal Zhenyuan, very effective. However, thinking it could break through my defenses is impossible; if it could withstand attacks strong enough for those at the Tribulation Crossing Stage, then naturally, I can withstand them too.

He exchanged several high-grade Golden Body Talismans from the store and tossed them to a few people.

Golden light surrounded them, blocking the formidable power of the formation from the outside.

“Your Majesty, wait, we haven’t exited yet!”

“We are all your loyal subjects!”

The Family Heads of Ancient Moon City were deathly pale with shock. They were only at the Golden Core Stage, and such beings were beyond their wildest dreams. The power of the grand array was too immense, and within it, they felt their very Flesh Mountains cracking bit by bit.

“Since you are my good subjects, then make a contribution to Zhenyuan Country. Once I obtain the secrets of Tangneng First-class, I will compensate your descendants!”

Ouyang Di’s eyes flashed with cold light, his hands constantly forming Seal Spells, activating the array within the entire hall completely.

The white silhouette in the void sighed, hitting everyone’s hearts like a sledgehammer. In an instant, the people of Ancient Moon City spat out fresh blood, their faces listless as they fell at Li Xiaobai’s feet.

“Young Master Liangchen, I know you have a kind heart, give me one more chance, save my life!”

“Yes, yes, Young Master Liangchen, I’ll be your ox and horse, please save me!”

The many Family Heads, like grabbing at the last straw, screamed desperately and frantically at Li Xiaobai.

Situ Yanyu turned her head away, unable to bear the sight.

“I will take good care of your children.”

Li Xiaobai sighed, saying that these people had to pay the price for their actions.

“You...”

“Even as a ghost, I will not let you off...”

The Family Heads’ faces were fierce, and they howled madly as the silhouette in the void exerted force, turning these people into a mist of blood in an instant.

Li Xiaobai was speechless. It was someone else who wanted to kill you, so why curse me? These people really were servile, not daring to resist Ouyang Di to the very last moment.

The scarlet mist clung to the silhouette in the void, and the previously pure figure instantly turned into a blood-colored silhouette.

Even the eyes were filled with a bloodthirsty glow.

Li Xiaobai was taken aback, was this the true meaning of Liturgy Defiance? Did this Formation replicate an experience of the Great Immortal Zhenyuan from the past? Did this paragon of the Confucian Path also have such moments of madness?

“Destroy him!”

Ouyang Di’s face was emotionless as he spat out these few icy words.

The blood-colored silhouette made a move, reaching toward Li Xiaobai with a shaking grip. Li Xiaobai felt a tightness all over as his body began to show signs of cracking. At the same time, strands of Blood Qi started to invade his body frenetically.

This feeling was somewhat familiar, similar to the Evil Sect Cultivation Technique of the straw-cloaked man from that day. It too had the power to erode with Blood Qi, except the power of this Formation was far too strong, and if this continued, his fleshly body would likely fail to hold up first.

[Attribute Points +3000...]

[Attribute Points +6000...]

[Attribute Points: 30000.]

Put them all in defense.

[Defensive Power: Flesh Sanctification (210000/1000000).]

[Blood Sacrifice Fragment: Four Pieces.]

A series of data flashed across the System panel, and Li Xiaobai sharply noticed the words Blood Sacrifice Fragment.

When these items were close by, the System would provide a prompt. He hadn’t expected to encounter them within Zhenyuan Country, and there were as many as four pieces.

Could it be that these fragments were somehow related to Zhenyuan Country?

Chapter 196: 197 Double Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch

“Li Xiaobai, this is the Confucian Killing Formation. If you seal your cultivation level and willingly hand over the secrets of the Tangneng First-class, I, the King, will spare your life!” Ouyang Di laughed heartily.

“Your Majesty, time and again I have offered you opportunities, yet you seem intent on courting death. Well, it seems I, Li Xiaobai, shall have to oblige you.”

A cold light flashed in Li Xiaobai’s eyes; the fragment must be in this great hall. First, he would kill Ouyang Di, then search for it.

Flipping his wrist, a longsword appeared in his hand, slowly being raised above his head.

Ouyang Shuanger’s expression turned bitter, and she closed her eyes. She knew that once this sword came down, everyone present would be doomed, just like that day in the Tianbei Secret Realm; no one would be spared.

She wanted to advise against this, but her royal father was like a man possessed, obsessed with capturing Li Xiaobai. It was all her eldest sister’s doing; had it not been for her poisonous words before their father, he wouldn’t have been so easily convinced that Li Xiaobai was merely a Nascent Soul Cultivator.

“Li Xiaobai, don’t overexert yourself. If you hand over the secret of the Tangneng First-class, I, in my authority, promise you your life,” said the woman behind the curtain.

“Giggle, and who the hell are you? A mere hiding, tail-showing rat, yet you dare to be arrogant in front of your lord Ji Wuqing?”

“Kid, swing your sword. Take her down!”

Ji Wuqing burst forth in fury, for it hated people showing off in its presence the most.

“You’re given a face yet you want no face. Don’t say I didn’t give you an opportunity. In this world, there are some people you simply can’t afford to provoke!”

Ouyang Di formed a Seal Spell with his hands, and the light from the Formation within the great hall surged violently. In the void, a blood-colored shadow transformed into a dense blood mist that merged into the Formation, a ferocious aura sweeping across the entire place.

The Formation began to operate in full-swing. The ground cracked inch by inch, and tables, chairs, and benches were reduced to powder.

Li Xiaobai chuckled softly, and the longsword in his hand swung slowly downward.

Hundred Percent Barehanded Blade Catch!

In an instant, Ouyang Di's face drastically changed. He felt the vast Spiritual Power within him being forcibly suppressed in a moment, and the Cultivation Technique he was wielding was aggressively halted.

At the same time, a strong impulse to catch the sword surged in his heart.

He involuntarily charged toward Li Xiaobai, knelt on both knees, raised his hands high and caught the longsword firmly in his hands.

Most critically, he had charged toward the center of the Formation. Now that the Formation was fully activated, with his body unable to perform any movement technique, he couldn't hold out for long at all!

The rest of the cultivators did the same, charging uncontrollably toward the core of the Formation. Their faces were filled with horror: "Sword Imprisonment, the Demon's Wicked Sword, it's that Li Xiaobai who's been causing such a stir recently!"

"I have a third of the cultivation of the Transcendence Tribulation Stage, and even I can be controlled?"

Ouyang Di's eyes were filled with shock. How powerful must one be to control even those in the Tribulation Crossing stage?

Even the prodigies of Central Province couldn't possibly do this, could they?

The curtain stirred, and a beautiful woman let out a cry as she, too, rushed toward Li Xiaobai like a gust of wind, kneeling down and firmly fixing herself at the very center of the Formation.

"What is happening?"

"How can I be pinned down, when I am but a prodigy? How could I possibly be subdued by him!" complained the beautiful woman in disbelief. She struggled frantically in her mind, but her body couldn't move an inch.

The affair of Li Xiaobai was known to them through the Immortal Spirit Daily, yet none had imagined he could control them—how could a young genius possibly subdue long-standing powerhouses?

"A mere Tribulation Crossing cultivation level doesn't catch my eye. You're all nothing but frogs at the bottom of a well. If the old monsters of Zhenyuan Country were revived, perhaps I would have a thing or two to worry about. As for you? Just two words: random slaughter," Xiaobai stated indifferently.

The moment the sword made contact with Ouyang Di, he received a prompt from the chat group.

[Achievement: Trouble Maker (6/108).]

[Blood Sacrifice Fragment: 2.]

Ouyang Di's Space Ring released two inconspicuous streams of light that shot into Li Xiaobai's forehead.

[Attribute Points+10000...]

[Attribute Points+10000...]

Two fragments remained.

"Heh heh, when I roamed the universe, none of you had even been born yet, mere Transcendence Tribulation Stages, only in this remote corner can you be so complacent!"

Ji Wuqing said with a mocking expression.

Ouyang Di felt panic inside. The other party was right; he truly couldn't move. Not even a little, as long as that sword was there, he had to keep kneeling on the ground, unable to do anything.

Passively enduring the torture of the Formation, his flesh rapidly dissolved in a time visible to the naked eye.

At the same time, the bodies of many cultivators who rushed over uncontrollably cracked and blood splattered everywhere.

"My body!"

"Your Majesty, quickly stop the Slaughter Formation!"

"This humble official's cultivation level is too low, I can't hold on much longer!"

"Li Xiaobai is also in the core of the Slaughter Formation, why is he unaffected?"

The nobility screamed and shouted, hoping to get a response. Their cultivation levels were even more vulnerable than those in the Transcendence Tribulation Stage; they couldn't withstand the running Slaughter Formation at all, as their bodies disintegrated piece by piece.

Unfortunately, at this moment, Ouyang Di had already been controlled and couldn't make any movements.

Moreover, as the king of a nation, every action was closely related to the kingdom's fate. This kneeling dissipated almost half of the Dragon Qi that had accumulated above the Imperial City in an instant. The combined kneeling of several princesses and Ouyang Di's couple almost eradicated more than half of Zhenyuan Country's qi luck.

For a long time to come, Zhenyuan Country would be greatly weakened!

Ouyang Di was filled with fear and roared loudly, "Supreme ones, Wuhua, someone protect me!"

Several figures exploded outside the palace, transforming into streaks of light rushing straight towards Li Xiaobai.

"How dare you! You made the King, the Queen Mother, and the various princesses and ministers of Zhenyuan Country kneel down!"

"Li Xiaobai, right? No matter what powerful force is backing you, today you're undoubtedly going to die!"

The several attendants, upon hearing Ouyang Di's call, immediately rushed into the hall, and seeing the scene inside, their faces were filled with rage. The ruler of the nation had actually knelt down—what a humiliation!

They had already sensed the rapid disappearance of the Dragon Qi within the Imperial City, and the kingdom's fate was swiftly fading.

Li Xiaobai must be killed quickly!

"Don't come near him, he has the Demon's Wicked Sword which can control anything, fight from a distance!"

Ouyang Di roared.

But it was already too late.

"Oh, there are still some that slipped through the net. You must be the several attendants of Zhenyuan Country, right? You've brought me some good heads, saving me quite a bit of time."

Li Xiaobai's wrist flicked, and another longsword appeared in his left hand, casually waving it towards the direction of the rushing attendants.

In an instant, the divine light flowing around the attendants dissipated like melting snow, and their bodies uncontrollably charged towards Li Xiaobai, knees hitting the ground, hands raised high, firmly kneeling at the feet of Li Xiaobai.

“What the hell...”

“What’s this? You can control someone with a cultivation level of the fourth layer of Tribulation Crossing?”

“What exactly is this sword?”

Chapter 197: 198 I, Ouyang Di, Am Willing to Pledge My Loyalty

The four stewards knelt before Li Xiaobai, their eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets in sheer terror.

They were venerable powerhouses of the Transcendence Tribulation Stage who had made a name for themselves decades ago. Now, they found it unbearable to be kneeling before a junior.

The sword seemed to possess some kind of magical allure that invoked within them an overwhelming urge to kneel and accept it.

It was difficult to determine whether this was due to the sword itself or the technique employed by the opponent, too eerie indeed!

“Sword Imprisonment, Demon’s Wicked Sword, I have heard of it. Just what is your cultivation level?”

“You’re just in your early twenties, how can you be so powerful? We are at the Tribulation Crossing Stage yet we can’t fight back at all in front of you!”

Having somewhat recovered their senses, the stewards realized something was amiss. Nearly all the experts within the Imperial City were now under control, kneeling before Li Xiaobai. At this moment, the fate of Zhenyuan Country was in the hands of the adversary.

“What does being at the Tribulation Crossing Stage matter? Not to mention you, even the experts of Fire Qilin Cave willingly clean toilets within my sect,” said Li Xiaobai indifferently.

His defensive power had already reached the stage of fleshly sanctification. The power of his skills had also improved significantly. Now, his Barehanded Blade Catch at a hundred percent could completely control the masters of the Tribulation Crossing Stage.

However, this was only control. Having allocated all his Attribute Points to defense, he could only rely on the power of the Formation to kill these great masters.

Unfortunately, these elites were unaware of this fact and were extremely panic-stricken upon seeing themselves effortlessly controlled.

From the Space Ring of one of the stewards, two inconspicuous streaks of light passed through the Formation and entered Li Xiaobai's forehead.

[Attribute Point +10000...]

[Attribute Point +10000...]

[Achievement: Trouble Maker (8/108).]

All the Blood Sacrifice Fragments within Zhenyuan Country had been collected by him, instantly adding several tens of thousands of Attribute Points.

All on defensive power!

[Defensive Power: Fleshly Sanctification (250000/1000000) Advanceable.]

Feeling their bodies disintegrate piece by piece, everyone was in great panic. Several princesses, with severely insufficient strength and at the stages of the Golden Core and Nascent Soul, struggled briefly before emitting screams and bursting to death.

Watching the cultivators burst continuously and blood gushing into the void, the woman behind the curtain was stricken with fear, lost and in turmoil. She was just at the Half-step Tribulation Crossing Stage and couldn't withstand the mighty power of the Formation.

The erosive power of the Blood Qi had already begun to corrode her flesh. Her internal organs had suffered significant injuries, and in a short while, she would dissolve into the Formation like those cultivators of lower cultivation levels.

"Husband, save me!"

The beautiful woman's face twisted in pain and ferocity.

"My empire, my Zhenyuan Country, my Dragon Qi!"

"Li Xiaobai, you've won. Let us go, and name your terms!"

With each passing moment, Ouyang Di's heart was tormented. His kingdom was rapidly declining, the Dragon Qi fading swiftly; in just a few breaths' time, the fortunes of Zhenyuan Country had regressed by at least ten years.

Furthermore, being immobilized, he couldn't use his skills to resist the attacks of the Formation. His arms were already mangled into a bloody mess by the power of the Formation.

At this moment, he finally remembered what his youngest daughter had said: Li Xiaobai was a big shot, someone they couldn't afford to provoke!

Ouyang Di's eyes brimmed with resentment; it was all Ouyang Yue'er's fault. His eldest daughter had actually made such a critical mistake in intelligence, severely underestimating the enemy's strength. Did they really make such big news just because of Elder Tianwu?

Now it seemed, with or without Elder Tianwu, the situation was the same; they were simply no match for a powerhouse who didn't even fear cultivators at the Transcendence Tribulation Stage!

"What's with your Zhenyuan Country, descendants of the sage of the Confucian Path, stooping so low? I spoke to you politely to negotiate, yet you plotted to kill me. Must we have it this way before we can have a proper discussion?" Li Xiaobai said indifferently.

"Young Master Li, please spare the lives of my father and mother. They were just confused at the moment!"

Ouyang Shuanger cried out from the side, unable to bear the sight of their suffering.

"Yes, yes, Shuanger, please persuade your Young Master to spare the queen mother!" the beautiful woman shouted.

"Young Master Li, I offer Shuanger to you, please spare our lives!" Ouyang Di also said.

In their view, there was nothing in this world that couldn't be traded. Their own daughter seemed to have a deep connection with Li Xiaobai, who had repeatedly taken her side, giving them a glimpse of hope. Without any hesitation, they opted to offer Ouyang Shuanger to him.

At this moment, Ouyang Shuanger turned even paler; she could never have imagined that her parents would resort to selling her off again so abruptly.

For that so-called benefit, could they really sacrifice anyone at will? Was she, their daughter, really just a pawn used by Zhenyuan Country to garner benefits?

"To spare you is simple. Each of you must swear an oath with your moral hearts, henceforth to pledge loyalty to me and never to defy my demands," Li Xiaobai said lightly.

“Hehe, and you, Ji Wuqing, must swear loyalty as well!” Ji Wuqing edged closer and yelled.

“You must be dreaming!”

Enraged by the words, Ouyang Di felt a surge of fury. Zhenyuan Country was the foundation established by his ancestors, built upon by the contributions of dozens of generations to achieve today’s glory. As the ruler of the nation, pledging loyalty to another was tantamount to handing over a thousand years of foundation, especially to a junior.

“Then you lose your life,” Li Xiaobai shook his head and said.

“Wait, we are willing to swear the oath. My husband, life is the most important. I, Hua Niang, swear with my moral heart, from now on, to be loyal to Li Xiaobai and never harbor a second heart!”

Seeing Ouyang Di’s temper flare up, the beautiful woman’s face changed, and she hastily apologized and made her moral heart oath to Li Xiaobai.

With her leading the way, the remaining cultivators issued their moral heart oaths very straightforwardly.

“I, Kong San, pledge my loyalty to Young Master Li!”

“I, Zhang Tianfang, pledge my loyalty to Young Master Li!”

“I, Wang Xian, pledge my loyalty to Young Master Li, and will never betray him in this life!”

Who wouldn’t want a chance to live? Trapped within the Formation, they stood no chance of survival; even a Transcendence Tribulation Stage expert would die in time within the Formation, let alone them.

One by one, they made their moral heart oaths quite resolutely.

As he watched his vassals swear their oaths one after the other, even the several retainers not being an exception, Ouyang Di felt as if he had aged decades in an instant.

With a sigh and a defeated tone, he said, “I, Ouyang Di, pledge my loyalty to Young Master Li!”

He knew that from today, Zhenyuan Country existed in name only.

“Very well, rest assured, I will not interfere with you. Zhenyuan Country will still be governed by you, but you need to vigorously develop and promote my enterprises.”

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 198: 199: Actually, I Just Want to Open a Shop - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 198: 199: Actually, I Just Want to Open a Shop

Chapter 198: 199: Actually, I Just Want to Open a Shop

Li Xiaobai's objective was clear: to earn Spirit Stones.

He had no interest in royalty or power; only Spirit Stones and Attribute Points were his true pursuits.

To quickly earn Spirit Stones, it was necessary to start up Premium Soup Product and First-class Stores. As long as these people swore loyalty to him, incidents like the one in Ancient Moon City would not happen.

Earning Spirit Stones safely and resolving his concerns in the Northern Region was the ultimate strategy.

“Would the young master put away his sword first so that I can deactivate the Formation?”

Ouyang Di spoke, his face devoid of color.

“No problem.”

Li Xiaobai's wrist twisted, sheathing the longsword, and deactivated the skill.

Everyone felt a relief of pressure as the inhibited Cultivation Technique in their bodies started functioning once again, regaining control over their bodies.

“Spirit Army Transformation, disband!”

“Defying the natural order, disperse!”

Ouyang Di, frantic, performed the Seal Spell as the crimson aura enveloping the hall slowly dissipated, the traces of the Formation's Dao patterns gradually faded, and the bloody silhouettes in the void vanished, easing the oppressive atmosphere within the hall.

Feeling suddenly lighter, everyone hastily consumed Healing Pills, beginning to repair their continuously injured bodies.

This was Great Immortal Zhenyuan's Formation, which also contained the Blood Demon Corrosion Force, endlessly corroding their flesh and internal organs; they dared not neglect it.

The noblewoman gasped for air, her face full of fear from the close call. She was already seriously wounded, and if it had been a few breaths later, she would have certainly died a gruesome death.

Ouyang Di collapsed on the ground. In this last exchange, five princesses had died, along with Zhenyuan Country's important officials, the king and queen, and several high-ranking ministers, all of whom had knelt down.

These people were almost the central pillar of Zhenyuan Country, and each of their actions was closely linked to the fate of the nation.

With this kneeling, the Dragon Qi was fractured, imperial authority lost, and the country's fate diminished by two-thirds, setting back the national power and Dragon Qi by twenty years.

To recover, it would take at least several years. As the king, his strength, including his cultivation progress, was intrinsically linked to Zhenyuan Country. If the country prospered, he would be powerful; if it weakened, his strength would be far less than cultivators of the same level.

"Ouyang Di, can we now sit down and have a calm discussion? My main purpose for coming here was actually to talk business," Li Xiaobai said with a smile.

"If the young master has any requests, I have already sworn the oath of Dao heart, and I will not break it," Ouyang Di said weakly.

"Rest assured, Your Majesty. I have no interest in Zhenyuan Country; the realm is still yours. However, I have the Premium Soup Product and First-class Store, and I want you to set up my stores within a month, in the territory of Zhenyuan Country!"

"Once they're operational and dumping stock to the outside world, I will leave a large inventory of goods. If the stock runs low later on, go directly to the Holy Demon Sect's Misty Peak for resupply. All profits are to be handed over in full. Understood?" Li Xiaobai stated.

"What did you say?"

Ouyang Di's eyes widened in disbelief.

“What? You don’t agree?”

Li Xiaobai frowned, feeling that his request was not excessive, and after all, he had shown mercy by sparing everyone; it was the epitome of benevolence and righteousness.

“No, no, no. I agree. There’s no need for a month; everything will be in place within a week!”

Ouyang Di hurriedly spoke, his face etched with bitterness. His emotions were very complex; opening shops wasn’t a big deal for him, even something he could do with ease.

Yet, it was because of such a trivial matter that he lost his throne, lost the Dragon Qi, lost not only the royal family’s dignity but even the face of the revered saint of the Confucian Path.

Moreover, it caused the entire Zhenyuan Country to lie heavily injured on the ground—all of this, merely due to his own greed.

“Alright, we’ve discussed everything that needs to be discussed, so I’ll take my leave now. You should hurry up with the matter; this is also an opportunity for your Zhenyuan Country.”

Li Xiaobai tossed a Space Ring filled with Huazi and construction materials to Ouyang Di and then turned to leave with several people.

As long as he was involved in the construction of the bathhouse, it would possess wondrous effects. Later, when he found time to come and fill the pool with water, the vast Zhenyuan Country would benefit greatly. If the shops were fully operational, making a fortune daily wouldn’t be a dream.

Inside the grand hall, everyone watched dully as Li Xiaobai’s figure departed, feeling internally shattered.

Swearing by their Daoist hearts, this was the end result they got. Damn it, after fighting for so long, it turned out the other party only wanted to open a few shops. They handled this a bit hastily!

The beautiful woman felt powerless: “So, he just left like that?”

She had always thought the other was merely an ant at her mercy. Although a genius, he was still just a bigger ant in the presence of the enormous Zhenyuan Country.

But reality harshly slapped her face—the other party had never taken Zhenyuan Country seriously at all. The powerful figures in her eyes couldn’t withstand even a

single move from his hands; his cultivation level and realm were far beyond her imagination.

No wonder the Fire Qilin Cave Elder was so wary of him before. She was the frog in the well.

“Why did we have to oppose him at every turn in the first place?”

“It was Yue’er who said it. His cultivation level isn’t high, yet he carries many treasures and also holds the secret of Premium Soup Product.”

“Being a leader doesn’t bring peace of mind. Fortunately, we’ve sent him away. Otherwise, I surely would have killed her myself!”

Ouyang Di’s eyes flickered with cold light, his face showing anger and helplessness.

“So what do we do now?” a few attendants asked.

“Hurry and set up the shops. We will take action ourselves; even if we have to use Great Divine Power to move mountains and fill the seas, we must get this done in the shortest time possible. Li Xiaobai’s cultivation is unfathomable. His not killing us this time probably means he never took us seriously at all!”

Ouyang Di said.

“Understood, we’ll get on it right away!”

At the same time, Li Xiaobai and his party left the Imperial City.

The scene was very different from when they had arrived. In just an hour or two, the once thick Dragon Qi above the Imperial City had become exceedingly sparse, floating lightly.

The majestic presence in the void also dissipated, the clouds were dense, and a cold wind blew in gusts. The citizens inside the city, not understanding what was happening, stood on the streets, looking up at the sky with some panic.

“Young Master Liangchen, I really owe you thanks this time. If it hadn’t been for you, my grandfather and I might have died here,” Situ Yanyu said, feeling very happy to see Li Xiaobai again.

“Miss Yan Yu, my real name is Li Xiaobai. This time it was I who dragged you into this. I hadn’t considered the consequences that Premium Soup Product could bring. From now on, follow me to the Holy Demon Sect. There, you can practice cultivation in peace and won’t encounter such problems,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Young Master, you shouldn’t say that. If it hadn’t been for you back then, I wouldn’t have achieved what I have today,” Situ Yanyu hurriedly replied.

“Besides, I saved your life that day, and now you’ve saved me in return. It must be fate!”

Chapter 199: 200 Demon Monk Liaowang

Li Xiaobai smiled and said that, indeed, it was fate. Had Ergouzi not cleverly found Situ Yanyu, he might not have recovered so quickly.

“By the way, Young Master, where’s Lord Ergouzi?” Situ Yanyu asked, as she had a good impression of the little dog constantly by Li Xiaobai’s side.

“Giggle, that silly dog played itself to death. Now, there’s no Lord Ergouzi, only Lord Ji Wuqing!”

Ji Wuqing bounced around on the ground, trying to catch Situ Yanyu’s attention.

“Ergouzi ran into a bit of trouble and was taken away by a major power in the Central Province. I’ll head to the Central Province in a few days to fetch him.”

Li Xiaobai said offhandedly.

Worry flickered in Situ Yanyu’s eyes. The powers in Central Province were not to be trifled with, and just the thought of Zhenyuan Country in the Northern Region already seemed insurmountable, let alone the major powers of Central Province!

But with Li Xiaobai around, Ergouzi should be safe.

Loading everyone into the Lamborghini, they headed towards the Holy Demon Sect.

“Young Master Li, how do you plan to deal with my father and mother?” Ouyang Shuanger asked.

“I only want to earn Spirit Stones. I don’t care about anything else. Whether they want to fight for power or strive to improve their strength, it’s none of my concern. As long as the shop operates smoothly and I get the Spirit Stones, that’s all that matters.”

Li Xiaobai said with a hint of helplessness. Nowadays, cultivators had complicated minds, thinking that the cultivation world revolved solely around killing. People had lost trust in someone like him, whose soul was purely devoted to Spirit Stones.

No words were exchanged on the road, and after a day, they arrived at the foot of the Holy Demon Sect.

Everything was normal in the sect. Li Xiaobai and the others ascended Misty Peak, which was growing stronger by the day. Almost every cultivator from the surrounding peaks loved to stay here. The two shops, Tangneng First-class and Premium Goods Shop, had already taken root in the hearts of the cultivators.

They couldn't live without their baths and smoking Huazi. These leisure activities had become essential parts of their lives.

"Young Master, there's even a Tangneng First-class here, how wonderful! This old man needs to soak every day, or else I feel uncomfortable. At my age, soaking is a must; otherwise, the skin ages too quickly!"

Old Master Situ Kong was overjoyed to see the Tangneng First-class shops of various sizes scattered around Misty Peak.

It seemed like his lifestyle habits wouldn't need to change after all. Truthfully, after getting used to improving cultivation through soaking, it became hard for him to earnestly cultivate on his own again.

Who would willingly train hard if they could lie down and increase their cultivation level?

After arranging accommodations for everyone, Li Xiaobai turned and left; there was still a heap of tasks waiting for him to handle.

Yuan Fang came over with a letter for him. It was sent by Sibeiyu Sanbian and had arrived three days ago, marked urgent.

"Brother Li, you've been quite the sensation lately. After one battle, you rose to fame. Congratulations are in order. Thanks to you, the matter with Monk Liaowang has not drawn too much attention yet. However, recent news about you has dwindled, and Monk Liaowang's issue has come to the forefront again."

"Monk Liaowang, having saved the Hehuan Sect's saintess Su Mei'er, is now at the center of rumors and gossip, made worse by the instigation of a few hypocrites from the righteous path. His matter has been pushed to the brink of a storm, and now, the righteous sects are verbally and literally attacking, wanting to execute him!"

"The Thousand Buddha Temple from the Western Desert has already taken action, attempting to capture Su Mei'er. Monk Liaowang stubbornly rescued her and ended up being captured by the Thousand Buddha Temple. Now, the Buddhist Sect is convening to discuss how to deal with Monk Liaowang."

"Other people from the righteous path are on their way there, and Monk Liaowang has no intention of fleeing. I am powerless to do much, so I implore Brother Li for aid!"

This was a personal letter from Yu Sanbian. Since he had gone with Monk Liaowang to the Western Desert, the situation seemed quite serious according to his letter.

Li Xiaobai was well aware of Monk Liaowang's stubbornness. Having rescued that demonic woman, the so-called righteous people were bound to call for retribution, possibly even tarnishing the reputation of the Buddhist Sect.

Li Xiaobai carefully looked through the most recent issues of the Immortal Spirit Daily, searching for information about the Western Desert.

"Shocking! A monk revered by the Buddhist Sect actually did such a thing in the valley of the Dark Secret Realm!"

"The appearance of Su Mei'er from the Hehuan Sect in the Western Desert, a Demon Monk from the Lotus Sutra Temple staunchly defends a demonic woman of the Demon Path—let's take a closer look at the story of Monk Liaowang and Su Mei'er that simply must be told!"

"As a disciple of the Buddhist Sect, he openly harbors the saintess of the Demon Sect. Is this a distortion of human nature or a degradation of morality?"

"The righteous sects of Central Province issue a shout across the distance to the Western Desert: Hand over the demonic woman Su Mei'er and the demon Monk Liaowang immediately, they must be severely punished!"

"Monk Liaowang speaks out: 'I, Liaowang, will never stoop to associate with the wicked!'"

...

After reading article by article, Li Xiaobai realized that it was those righteous cultivators he had encountered in the Tianbei Secret Realm who were up to mischief!

These people were hypocrites to the extreme, clearly coveting the beauty of Su Mei'er, yet they wove such a self-righteous lie and spread rumors everywhere. Such behavior was simply nauseating!

The affair between Monk Liaowang and Su Mei'er had been exposed. Now, to make a statement, the Buddhist Sect took the initiative to capture Monk Liaowang, awaiting the arrival of the righteous sects.

Li Xiaobai understood very well how the events had unfolded. If the Thousand Buddha Temple acted this way, it was likely no different from these righteous sects. Everything was prioritized for the benefit of their own sects.

Most crucially, Monk Liaowang had no intention of running away. Even though they were separated by thousands of miles, Li Xiaobai knew what was on Liaowang's mind.

This monk was a few bricks shy of a load and was probably pondering right now about how to present facts and reason after meeting the cultivators of the righteous sects and persuade them!

Li Xiaobai didn't dislike the monk, and Yu Sanbian was also considered half a friend to him. This was a favor that had to be done!

He went through the Immortal Spirit Daily again, activated the Formation, and summoned the clone of Elder Tianji's Primordial Spirit.

"Hello, Immortal Spirit Daily, sincerely at your service!"

"It's me, Li Xiaobai!"

"Yo, Young Master Li, you're quite the hotshot in the Immortal Spirit Continent these days!"

"Anything you need, just command!"

Elder Tianji seemed very enthusiastic, knowing that big news must be coming.

"Those reports on the Western Desert were written by you, weren't they?"

Li Xiaobai asked with a smile. Those articles were completely made up of clichés, all of which were leftovers from what he himself once said, the rich clickbait vibe wasn't something cultivators from this world could come up with.

"It's a small business, after all, we need to make a profit, think of it as a way to attract attention, inspired by what I learned from you, Young Master!"

Elder Tianji said in a dry tone.

Li Xiaobai: "Then what about this IQ tax..."

Elder Tianji: *cough cough* "Young Master, no need for formalities, just say what you need. Considering how well we know each other, we can skip over these pleasantries and get straight to the point."

Chapter 200: 201 The Invitation from Treasure Pavilion

"Write a few articles for me," Li Xiaobai said.

Before the army moves, public opinion takes the lead. With news from the Immortal Spirit Daily, he could keep an eye on the movements in the Western Desert at any time. This time, with many righteous masters heading to the Western Desert, it was a great opportunity to obtain Attribute Points.

After a moment's thought, he penned a few articles in quick succession.

"Tangneng First-class and Good Goods Store Now Fully Open, Good Fortune for the Cultivators of the Northern Region!"

"Demon Sword Li Xiaobai Selling Precious Spiritual Medicine in the Northern Region, Attracts Elder Yun Yan of Fire Qilin Cave in a Frenzy!"

"Li Xiaobai Calls Out to the Western Desert Across the Void, 'A Bunch of Hypocrites Have Become High Monks of the Buddhist Sect, Yet the True Living Buddha Has Been Captured. Release Monk Liaowang promptly, or else I'll flatten Thousand Buddha Temple!'"

"Li Xiaobai Calls Out to the Righteous People of the World, 'I, Li Xiaobai, Beg for a Death Sentence!'"

Promoting Good Goods Store and Tangneng First-class, businesses he owned, in the Immortal Spirit Daily was necessary. Currently, everything should prioritize earning Spirit Stones, and he still had a good amount of leftover Spiritual Medicine.

Only a portion had been sold to Zhenyuan Country, aiming to create a star effect, which set the stage for selling the higher-priced Spiritual Medicines later.

Using Zhenyuan Country and the Fire Qilin Cave as promotional gimmicks would be enough to inflate the value of this batch of Spiritual Medicines.

As for the Western Desert, he had to maximize his enmity to attract the focus of many righteous individuals to himself; as long as they rose up to attack him, his strength would soar with incredible speed!

Elder Tianji seemed quite excited. Li Xiaobai was already a focal point, and now, the reports he was providing were perfect for stirring up the current hot topics. This move would definitely maximize attention.

The circulation of the Immortal Spirit Daily would probably break new records.

"Young Master Li, you truly are young and promising, with justice in your heart. I am willing to make an exception and directly offer you membership in the Immortal Spirit Daily. You can enjoy many benefits from now on," Elder Tianji said.

Elder Tianji tossed over a small token engraved with symbols denoting the Immortal Spirit Daily.

“What benefits are there?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“From now on, any information released by Young Master Li can top the headlines of the Immortal Spirit Daily. Additionally, this token entitles you to a ten percent discount at certain auction venues. After all, this is Elder Tianji’s token; wherever you go, it will get you some face,” Elder Tianji said with a laugh.

“Furthermore, considering your special performance, you are now the first prodigy on the Man List.”

Li Xiaobai checked the rankings.

Man List.

First Place: Demon Sword Li Xiaobai.

Second Place: The First Beauty of Immortal Spirit, Xi Yao.

Third Place: Little Monk Liaochen.

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Three hundred and first Place: Demon Monk Liaowang.

Li Xiaobai was very pleased with these rankings; ascending directly to the top meant all cultivators automatically moved down one place.

It was just that both his and Monk Wang’s prefixes had been forcibly changed, probably Elder Tianji’s doing to make the topic hotter — truly a case of no merchant without cunning.

“How’s the situation in the Western Desert now, you should be quite clear, right?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“Monk Liaowang is detained in Thousand Buddha Temple awaiting disposition. Su Mei’er seems to want to save him, she’s been negotiating with the Demon Path sects. As for those righteous individuals, a considerable number should have already arrived. In another half-month or so, they should all have reached the Thousand Buddha Temple.”

“When the time comes, it will be Monk Wang’s turn to be dealt with.”

As for Li Xiaobai's questions, Elder Tianji was forthcoming, as Li was his Money Tree. By providing all the information clearly, Li could make better plans to create big news, which in turn would boost sales.

Li Xiaobai was calculating in his mind; judging by the situation, there were still a few days before dealing with Monk Wang. Going against the world would undoubtedly require powerful items from the mall, and Spirit Stones were essential.

After those articles were published, there should be people coming forward to trade proactively. The next few days would be a good time to clear out the inventory at hand and save up enough Spirit Stones before heading to Thousand Buddha Temple in the Western Desert.

Having made up his mind, Li Xiaobai nodded slowly, "Understood, rest assured, I'll return to the Western Desert, and it will certainly be big news."

"Haha, then this old man will eagerly await the good news from the young master, wishing you success and a safe return!"

Elder Tianji laughed heartily, then gradually disappeared.

Li Xiaobai sneered inwardly. A safe return was impossible; the Spirit Stones in his Space Ring were vast in quantity, and he had countless treasures at his disposal. Even if he had to do some smashing, he could create a huge hole in the Western Desert.

After replenishing the inventory for Misty Peak and Immortal Feather Sect, Li Xiaobai started sending people to continue building the Teleportation Formation.

This time the Teleportation Formation was to be connected to the Imperial Palace of Zhenyuan Country, allowing easy transportation and ensuring there were no worries about the supply and transportation of Spirit Stones.

In the Northern Region, several major locations had their own Teleportation Formation's presence, meaning from now on, wherever he wished to go in the Northern Region was just a thought away.

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He continued to wait at Misty Peak for a few more days.

The supply from Zhenyuan Country was fully in stock, and the Tangneng First-class and other shops were officially up and running.

During this time, Li Xiaobai inquired about the "old monsters" of Zhenyuan Country and learned about the beings that had sealed themselves away.

Most of these powerful forebears had limited lifespans or lived in an era with true supreme talents, which was why they had sealed themselves away, waiting for a chance to emerge.

Unless such an opportunity came, or the family was facing existential threats, these old monsters would not reappear in the world.

According to Ouyang Di, the so-called opportunity was the Immortal Spirit Qi. In about a year's time, the release of Immortal Spirit Qi would begin. When that time came, these family ancestors would likely reemerge to fight for the chance to ascend to the Upper Realm.

This point coincided exactly with what Elder Tianji had said.

It seemed like the Immortal Spirit Continent was about to get lively.

In this period, the news from the Immortal Spirit Daily had thoroughly spread out, and a continuous stream of people sent letters to Misty Peak.

Most of them were threat letters from righteous cultivators, including one from the cultivator he had saved that day.

“Li Xiaobai, you blatantly shelter a Demon Monk and a Demonic Woman; as righteous cultivators, we are bound to execute you in front of the Thousand Buddha Temple. Come to the Western Desert, we’ll be waiting for you!”

“Heh, foolishness.”

Li Xiaobai casually tossed the letter aside and pulled out another, this one from the Treasure Pavilion in Central Province.

“Treasure Pavilion will hold a large-scale auction in seven days, a fair and authoritative event. We are very interested in the Spiritual Medicine you possess, Young Master Li. If you are willing, we would like to cooperate. After the auction, Treasure Pavilion will take a cut, and the rest will belong to young master.”

Treasure Pavilion was a highly authoritative auction house on the Immortal Spirit Continent, dealing with various cultivation-related Magic Treasures. The Northern Region also had its branches, and this one in Central Province was likely the headquarters, bigger and more authoritative.

If he could sell the Spiritual Medicine in an auction, indeed, he could earn more Spirit Stones, and there would be no need to worry about being robbed like in Zhenyuan Country.

It was worth a try!

