

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

## **#Chapter 85 – 100**

### **Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 85**

Chapter 85

“It was the effect of that elixir just now, this silly goose actually has such good stuff; I should consider turning him into my personal cash cow.”

“Why did I speak my thoughts out loud? What was that elixir just now?”

The Pudong Rooster looked utterly confused.

“Woof, what an insolent chicken you are, daring to call yourself ‘the honored one’ in front of Lord Ergouzi!” Ergouzi bristled.

Li Xiaobai was somewhat perplexed. The evil elixir had gone down the Pudong Rooster's throat, yet it seemed to exhibit no unusual behavior, which was very different from Ergouzi's eagerness to do good deeds originally.

“Cluck cluck, I am the Undying Phoenix Ji Wuqing, you mangy dog dare to bark in front of me, don't you know how to write the word ‘death’?”

The Pudong Rooster's demeanor was arrogant, not even considering Ergouzi worth noticing.

“Woof, I, Lord Nicholas Ergouzi, am a superpower unparalleled in history, a pathetic chicken like you dares to be insolent in front of me!”

Ergouzi immediately exploded, unable to tolerate a chicken more arrogant than itself.

“Ji Wuqing?”

“Is that your name?”

Li Xiaobai found it very curious that a mount produced by the System actually had its own name.

“Call me Lord Ji,” Ji Wuqing glanced at Li Xiaobai indifferently, bowing his head to attentively groom his feathers.

“Woof, kid, this damn chicken is too arrogant, let’s stew it,” Ergouzi bared its teeth, an ill-intentioned smile on its face.

“Little chicken, what else do you remember?” Li Xiaobai ignored Ergouzi and continued to ask.

“Call me Lord Ji. Since my birth, I have never tasted defeat. I have contended with the sun, battled the Three-legged Golden Crow, slain deities across the heavens, and now I regard life and death with indifference, concealing my talents and renown, only wishing to be a quiet Undying Phoenix,” Ji Wuqing stood proudly, speaking with detachment.

Li Xiaobai was speechless, finding that this chicken too had an unreliable air about it—could it be that after consuming the Good-Evil Pills, all of them became unreliable?

“Woof, you blathering chicken, spouting complete nonsense. As someone versed in history and legend, I, Lord Ergouzi, can assert you are but a weakling, stop spouting such nonsense here!”

“Mounts should have the self-awareness of mounts, hurry up and get bigger, let Lord Ergouzi ride you!”

“Cluck cluck, you lousy dog, you lack manners!”

Ji Wuqing’s eyes blazed with fire as he pecked at Ergouzi.

“Woof, you dare peck at Lord Ergouzi!”

Ergouzi was instantly infuriated, pouncing to tussle with Ji Wuqing. For a moment, feathers and fur flew in the front passenger seat.

The two were evenly matched, a clear case of two scrappy fighters.

Li Xiaobai shook his head and casually turned on the car’s music.

“Quick, use the nunchucks, hoo-ha-hai!”

“Quick, use the nunchucks, hoo-ha-hai...”

With the music playing, the entire car resounded with an adrenaline-pumping song.

Both chicken and dog fought even more fiercely, feathers and fur swirling through the air, their clamor unceasing.

Above them, the cultivators grew even more excited; they had never heard this music before. Its melody and lyrics were strange and unfathomable, yet somehow delightful, stirring up intense fervor.

Boss Ye was truly a divine figure!

“Woof, there are not many in this world who can fight to a draw with me. As a chicken, you’re not half bad,” Ergouzi panted.

“Cluck cluck, I have never seen such a skilled fighter in my life. You are worthy to be my adversary, Lord!”

Ji Wuqing lowered his head to straighten his ruffled feathers, his small chest heaving dramatically. The fight left him feeling a bit drained.

“Sit tight, no more fighting!”

Li Xiaobai focused on driving, looking at the scenery outside the window. This forest was the very one that Situ Yanyu had taken him through before. The truck had gone deep into the woods, and to turn back to the main road would be time-consuming. So he simply decided to drive straight through the forest.

The shortest distance between two points is a straight line, which could save some time as well.

“Roar!”

Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing quieted down as the roars of beasts nearby reached their ears.

“Boss Ye, you’ve taken the wrong path. This area is frequently roamed by Demonic Beasts. We should return to the main road as soon as possible!”

“Yes, Boss Ye, this way is really too dangerous.”

“I’ve already seen several Demonic Beasts in the distance...”

“Not right, that fierce tiger in front is pouncing over!”

The cultivators appeared very panicked, continuously calling out to Li Xiaobai.

The back of the truck was open, and everyone was exposed. If the Demonic Beasts caught up, they would likely become their prey.

“Relax, it’s just some Demonic Beasts, nothing to be afraid of.”

Li Xiaobai said indifferently. He had naturally seen the tiger blocking the way, and he knew that the heavy-duty truck wasn’t famous for nothing. For that creature, attempting to stop it was nothing but a death wish.

He turned the steering wheel, shifted gears, and floored the accelerator. The truck roared forward.

The blocking tiger showed no fear. The windshield was transparent, and it had already seen Li Xiaobai through the glass.

The tiger silently calculated the distance, then its hind legs forcefully sprang up, leaping into the air. It planned to break through the windshield to get to the driver's seat and devour Li Xiaobai.

Unfortunately, wishes are beautiful, reality is cruel. The windshield was a bullet-proof reinforced toughened glass. Not just a Demonic Beast, even Magic Treasures and Spiritual Artifacts would not be able to break through.

The tiger smashed onto the windshield with a plop, blood splattered and its body instantly went limp, rolling off to the side of the road.

[Attribute Points +100...]

Hiss!

So even hitting something with his mount counted towards his Attribute Points? Was there such a good thing?

Li Xiaobai's eyes gleamed. He steered the wheel with one hand and floored the accelerator. The truck sped wildly.

The truck took sharp rights and veered around obstacles, with the front getting banged up repeatedly. Dust billowed in the forest as the surrounding Demonic Beasts fled in terror, not daring to deal with such a massive opponent.

The people on the truck were scared out of their wits, with continuous bumps raising their hearts to their throats. They didn't know what was wrong with Li Xiaobai's driving. It was too aggressive.

However, fortunately the truck was sturdy, and after a round of collisions it was still speeding wildly without any issues.

[Attribute Points +100...]

[Attribute Points +50...]

[...]

The System panel in front of him kept ticking, and Li Xiaobai was excited. He had found another way to level up. Damage to the mount also counted as his Attribute Points, which was much more comfortable than going into battle himself.

It seems that even becoming a road killer could be an option!

Taking the shortest route, the truck bulldozed straight through and quickly emerged from the forest, returning to the main road.

“Woof, that scared the hell out of me. Kid, how do you drive? Don’t you watch the road?”

Ergouzi was startled and very annoyed.

Ji Wuqing was also frightened, with their heart jumping wildly as the tiger had scared them half to death with its direct attack.

“Didn’t you see that I took the shortest route?”

Li Xiaobai said calmly. The numbers on the dashboard were slowly returning to zero; the Spirit Stones they had put in were running out. Indeed, this thing really burned through resources.

He slowly pulled the truck over to the side of the main road, taking out Spirit Stones to refuel.

Just then, several familiar shouts came: “I am a Disciple of Ancient Moon City’s Xia Family. The Family Head has always been on good terms with your leader. Please give us some convenience.”

## Chapter 86

Looking up, there were several figures in black robes blocking the way ahead.

The three Xia brothers and Wang Ruoxian were all stopped, and they appeared to be very cautious, not daring to make any rash moves.

The man in black was holding a portrait, discussing something with Xia Jian.

“Woof, kid, those people are the Evil Cultivators who fought Lord Ergouzi for three hundred rounds before, they’re here for you, take them down quickly!”

As soon as Ergouzi spotted the Evil Cultivators, it immediately perked up, its heart of justice pounding wildly, itching to leap into the fray, but it had the self-awareness to hold back in time.

Next to him, Ji Wuqing also perked up: “Hehe, kid, those people are looking for you, hurry up and get into the fight!”

“Let’s observe the situation first.”

Li Xiaobai opened the car door, got out, and the other cultivators also spotted the people in the distance and got out one after another.

“Boss Ye, what’s happened up ahead?”

“Isn’t that Young Master Xia and Immortal Wang?”

“Those people in black robes are Evil Cultivators, right? An Evil Cultivator blocking the way is big trouble.”

The crowd seemed somewhat panicked, fearing encounters with Evil Cultivators above all.

“My Li Family has some connections with the Evil Cultivators outside the city, I’ll go talk to them, they should give us some face,” Li Ya said.

“No worries, let’s see how things go first,” Li Xiaobai said.

Meanwhile, Xia Liu up ahead seemed to have noticed something, pointed in Li Xiaobai’s direction, and the other Evil Cultivators immediately walked over.

These Evil Cultivators and Zuo Da’s group were dressed the same, clearly belonging to the same organization.

“Don’t worry, Boss Ye, these honorable gentlemen are my superiors; I’ll go and have a word with them,” Zuo Da said cheerfully as he greeted them.

“Zuo Da greets Protector Liu!”

“Zuo Da, what are you doing here?”

The leading black-robed figure frowned, since the Zuo brothers were not on the personnel list for this area.

“To report to Protector Liu, my brothers and I have discovered a major clue related to Zhang Rui.”

“Let’s hear it?”

“Subordinate discovered an acquaintance of Zhang Rui within Ancient Moon City and was preparing to follow him to the Holy Demon Sect.”

“Where is he?”

Protector Liu’s eyes lit up, and he led a few men straight to Li Xiaobai.

The pressure from above was mounting by the day; if they still had no leads in the next few days, they feared that one of them would perform a blood sacrifice.

“Do you know Zhang Rui?”

Protector Liu came up to Li Xiaobai and asked, as the many cultivators watched apprehensively.

“You are...” Li Xiaobai tried to fish for words, wanting to see how far the other party had investigated.

“You need not know, just tell me Zhang Rui’s whereabouts,” Protector Liu said.

“I’m not sure myself, the last time I saw him was in the Divine Beast Mountain Range, it’s been a long time since we had contact. To find him will take some time, are you also his creditor?” Li Xiaobai asked.

“Indeed, the debt he owes is enough to justify his body being cut into thousands of pieces.”

“I’m on my way to the Holy Demon Sect, and I might just run into him, how about we go together?”

Li Xiaobai said, thinking he could still trick the Evil Cultivators into being his henchmen for a bit longer.

“How dare you, this is Protector Liu, a Nascent Soul Stage master, how could you travel with him? Boss Ye, hurry up and tell Protector Liu Zhang Rui’s whereabouts, don’t play tricks,” Xia Jian said frowned beside them, knowing the Evil Cultivators were not ones to be offended.

Protector Liu’s brows relaxed, the feeling of being flattered was rather satisfying to him.

Suddenly, an Evil Cultivator by his side seemed to have discovered something. He whispered a few words into Protector Liu’s ear, causing Protector Liu’s expression to drastically change. With a flick of his wrist, a Soul Summoning Banner appeared out of thin air, as if he were facing a formidable enemy.

“Damned fools, Zhang Rui is hidden among you!”

“That’s impossible, my lord, I know these people inside and out, and there’s absolutely no one by the name of Zhang Rui!” Zuo Da said, puzzled.

“Fool, you’ve been played and you still don’t realize it. Get lost to the side and watch closely!”

Protector Liu did not want to say more, and with a slap, sent Zuo Da and his brothers flying. Several Evil Cultivators instantly dispersed, surrounding the crowd in the middle.

“Protector Liu, what are you…”

Wang Ruoxian was baffled. These Evil Cultivators changed faces as quickly as flipping a page; it was too sudden.

“I’m sorry, Immortal Wang, but the cultivator we’ve been chasing all this time is hiding amongst you. He carries a trace we’ve been tracking. No one is allowed to leave until we find him.”

“I’ll count to three. If Zhang Rui doesn’t show up, I’ll kill everyone present!”

Protector Liu was enveloped in black fog, exuding a ghastly and sinister aura.

Several Evil Cultivators used their Divine Skills together, and the evil Qi from the Soul Summoning Banner burst forth. Dark and deadly Qi roamed about, forming a black barrier that firmly trapped everyone inside.

The chilling wind howled through the arena, accompanied by ghostly wails and wolfish howls, and within the deadly Qi, one could vaguely see tiny skeletal remains.

Clearly, there was no shortage of cultivators who had perished under this Soul Summoning Banner.

The cultivators’ hair stood on end, their hearts in a state of panic. Faced with Nascent Soul Stage cultivators—the level of their own families’ ancestors—if a killing spree were to start, there would be no hope for survival for anyone present.

“Protector Liu, our group has been conversing with you all along without any anomalies; we should be excluded, right?”

Xia Jian, drenched in cold sweat, cursed the cultivator called Zhang Rui to high heaven in his heart.

“Indeed, your families have some relations with us. Step aside.”

“Thank you, Protector Liu.”

The Xia brothers and Miss Wang swiftly moved to one side, each letting out a sigh of relief.



The remaining cultivators became frantic, each revealing their identities and claiming that both the Xia Family and Wang Family recognized them and could vouch for them.

“Lord Liu, I beg for mercy, I am from the Yang Family...”

“When I was a child, I even wet the bed with Young Master Xia...”

In a bid to save their lives, they no longer cared about losing face—anything and everything was said, spilling secrets from their childhood days in open-crotch trousers to the women they had fraternized with in the brothel just days earlier.

However, neither the Xia brothers nor Wang Ruoxian had any intention of helping them.

“I’m sorry everyone, although I’ve seen many of you quite a few times, our relationship isn’t that close. It’s difficult for me to testify for you. Rest assured, once Zhang Rui is found by Lord Liu, you’ll all be free,” said Xia Jian with a grin, while a mocking glint flashed in Xia Liu and Xia Chuan’s eyes.

“I have always stayed within the Xiao Cheng Sect and do not know you. It’s better to wait; I trust Lord Liu will give you justice,” Wang Ruoxian said with an indifferent tone, her cold voice adding to the crowd’s despair.

“Shameless, our family has been on good terms with yours for generations, how can you be like this!”

“Indeed, before we set off, your family elders clearly instructed everyone to support each other...”

“I even considered you two as the pride of Gu Yue, as targets I’ve always aspired to reach—pah, despicable!”

“Shameless, Xia Jian, you disgrace the Confucian heritage, bringing shame to it in your hands!”

The cultivators were outraged, their anger erupting amidst the fear of impending death, feeling both furious and helplessly despaired.

Only today did they realize that the two people who had always appeared perfect were, in fact, so hideous.

“Shut up, since Zhang Rui does not wish to come forward, I have no choice but to use some methods. Don’t blame me, blame Zhang Rui!”

“I will retrieve from your corpse the item you took from my master...”

## Chapter 87

Protector Liu gave an order, and the other Evil Cultivators immediately took action.

Activating their Cultivation Techniques, they spurred the Soul Summoning Banner into action, and in an instant, the sky darkened and evil spirits howled. Amidst the black malevolent aura, a faint red gleam flickered, making everyone feel a dramatic increase in pressure.

The overwhelming aura of the Nascent Soul Stage caused the ground beneath everyone's feet to crack and crumble.

This was a dark art; the malicious aura was of two types—one eroded the physical body, the other severed the Primordial Spirit.

The red gleam targeted the Primordial Spirit specifically. The opponents wanted to leave the bodies intact to search for the so-called treasure.

“Boss Ye, is Zhang Rui really here or not? Give us a straight answer!”

“Yeah, we can't just sacrifice the lives of all of us for just one person, can we?”

The cultivators looked towards Li Xiaobai; among those present, Li Xiaobai had become their mainstay.

“What Zhang Rui? You all grew up together from a young age. If outsiders don't understand, don't you know by now? This is clearly a trap they've set together to kill us!”

“Don't just sit there and wait to die; get in the vehicle quickly, Liangchen will drive you out!”

Li Xiaobai told a blatant lie with his eyes open, urging everyone to hurry onto the vehicle. The heavy-duty truck could definitely break through the cage of malevolent aura.

The remaining cultivators, upon hearing this, were all momentarily stunned. Right, they had lived in Ancient Moon City since their childhood and knew each other inside out; there was no such person as Zhang Rui.

Now it was clear that the Xia Family and Wang Family were refusing to help and obviously setting them up!

“Damn, the situation is too tense, I almost fell for it!”

“Yeah, if it weren't for Boss Ye's reminder, I wouldn't have thought of this!”

“These two have always appeared so upstanding, never would I have thought they were such people; I misjudged them!”

“If we survive today, we must demand an explanation from the Family Heads!”

“Compared to them, Boss Ye is a man of emotion. True colors show in times of trouble. Compared to Boss Ye, those two are far inferior!”

The people quickly got on the vehicle, crawling into the cargo hold and curling up their bodies as much as possible to avoid exposing themselves.

They had all witnessed the defensive power of the large truck before, and maybe it really could hold its own against the malevolent aura.

Li Xiaobai threw Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing into the passenger seat and then flashed into the driver’s seat, inserting dozens of medium-grade Spirit Stones. This time, there was no need to worry about running out of fuel midway.

“Woof, kid, if it wasn’t for you holding back Lord Ergouzi, that arrogant bastard would already be a dead man,” Ergouzi said, recovering his senses and barking furiously at the Evil Cultivators.

“Giggle, not bad, I was just about to make my move, but since you, kid, wanted to act personally, I did not compete with you for the chance. Fight well and don’t disgrace my name,” Ji Wuqing said, taking a few steps on the spot to ease the stiffness in his legs from the tension, and spoke confidently.

Li Xiaobai was speechless, “What are you pretending for at a time like this!”

Outside the prison of malevolent aura, the few Evil Cultivators manipulated the Soul Summoning Banner, closing in on the cultivators, aiming to sever their consciousness without harming their bodies, a task requiring precision.

The chilling winds blew incessantly, turning several miles of land into desolation.

“Begin.”

Protector Liu waved his hand, and the Evil Cultivators immediately started the annihilation.

The cage of malevolent aura began to contract, with red blood qi surging and flowing into the enclosed area, initiating the extermination of the cultivators’ consciousness.

Excitement flickered in Protector Liu’s eyes as he looked at a small glowing fragment in his hands—gifted by a superior, it could sense the aura of the piece taken by Zhang Rui.

At this moment, the fragment was shining brightly, indicating that the other piece taken away was among these people.

Kill these people, retrieve the fragment, and promotion and fortune would come today. If that great person were pleased, he might casually reward a Cultivation Technique, which could mean propelling to the Transcendence Tribulation Stage was not impossible!

The Xia brothers all had mocking looks in their eyes as Li Xiaobai, who had made it difficult for them to save face before, was now pitifully dying here, which was extremely satisfying for them.

They were eager to witness the despair on the other's face just before death.

Wang Ruoxian's expression was indifferent, like an ancient well without ripples. The people here today were as good as dead. She had seen for herself just how strong a Nascent Soul Cultivator could be.

Perhaps this time, you should understand the truth that there are always people better than you, right?

Unfortunately, it was already too late. There are some people in this world who should not be offended.

"Is Zhang Rui really hiding among those family descendants?"

"That shouldn't be possible, we know all these people, there couldn't be Zhang Rui among them..."

"I don't understand either, and I dare not ask..."

Zuo Da and his two brothers were still confused, staring blankly at the movements within the evil aura ahead.

Inside the truck, Li Xiaobai saw the blood-red breath coming at him. It was the Blood Demon Corrosion Force. If the cultivators inside the truck were touched by even a trace, they would be doomed without a doubt. He needed to get a talisman to protect everyone.

[Minor Golden Body Talisman: Can withstand a full-force strike from a Nascent Soul Cultivator. (One hundred medium-grade Spirit Stones).]

Note: Once the talisman is broken, it loses effect.

Protector Liu was a Nascent Soul Cultivator. One Minor Golden Body Talisman should be enough, but to be on the safe side, Li Xiaobai purchased two talismans.

Raising his hand and placing them inside the vehicle, the armored truck was instantly enveloped in a golden glow. Everyone inside was shrouded in golden light, keeping the evil aura outside, unable to break through.

The blood-red breath surged forward, enveloping the truck, completely obscuring the road ahead from the windshield.

With only his memory to rely on, he swung the steering wheel fiercely and floored the accelerator. The engine roared, the ground trembled, and the armored truck charged towards the direction where Protector Liu was.

The surrounding evil aura dissipated into nothingness at this charge.

“What kind of treasure is this?”

Protector Liu’s face changed, and he was shocked. He raised his hand and summoned the Soul Summoning Banner in front of him. His hands formed a sword technique and pointed at the speeding truck: “Thousand Souls Attraction!”

A large amount of black fog poured out from the Soul Summoning Banner, transforming into a sky-high hand, confronting the truck. Wherever the black giant hand passed, the ground crumbled, and stones turned to powder.

All of these were formed from gathered human resentment, possessing a corroding force. Anyone with an unstable mind would die upon contact.

“To possess such a treasure. Worthy of someone who could take the fragments. My lord underestimated you.”

“Unfortunately, even if you have divine weapons to assist you, you are ultimately just a cultivator with low cultivation. Today, I, Liu, will let you know what it means to be a mantis trying to stop a chariot!”

Li Xiaobai had a peculiar expression. The brain of this Evil Cultivator seemed not to be functioning well. Standing there and letting him ram into him, wasn’t he just asking to be handed a swift death?

Even for this big truck of his, not to mention a Nascent Soul stage, even a Transcendence Tribulation Stage being would probably be run over straight away.

He shifted gears, slammed on the gas, and burst forth, fiercely colliding with the Soul Summoning Banner.

“Crack,” went the sound.

The Soul Summoning Banner broke upon impact, the black giant hand shattered, and the black fog exploded outwards.

“Pfft!”

Protector Liu’s chest caved in where the truck struck him, blood spurted wildly from his mouth as he fell to the ground.

“This is impossible!”

Protector Liu was filled with horror, but sadly, he had no time left to ponder.

The Steel Behemoth in front of him retreated slightly, by about a meter, and then once more let out a thunderous roar. Dust billowed, and it rolled over Protector Liu...

## Chapter 88

“Blood Demon Primordial Spirit!”

Protector Liu suppressed the injuries within his body, frantically urging his cultivation technique. A towering blood-red shadow surged from the ground, with hands pressed together in prayer, it charged towards the rampaging Ironclad Behemoth.

In his heart, Protector Liu was shocked. The Soul Summoning Banner was his Life-bound Spirit Treasure, and it was augmented by the Spiritual Power of several other Evil Cultivators. Yet, even with such power, it was shattered by a single move. What level of strength was this?

“Quick, aid me, and stop this person at all costs!” Protector Liu urged, aware that the rider of the Ironclad beast possessed abilities far beyond his own, unrivaled within his knowledge.

The other Evil Cultivators snapped out of their shock and began rapidly channeling Spiritual Energy into the Blood Demon Primordial Spirit.

The blood-colored phantom swelled in size and slowly solidified, transforming the sky’s Blood Qi into one colossal claw that reached for the heavy-duty truck.

Piercing metallic friction echoed through the air as the void trembled violently, the might of a Nascent Soul Stage cultivator undeniably manifesting itself.

“Battle the Eight Directions!”

Protector Liu’s fists turned into blood-colored millstones, powerfully striking the heavy-duty truck in an attempt to flip the massive vehicle over.

[Attribute Points +800...]

[Attribute Points +1000...]

Li Xiaobai scoffed at the resistance of the Evil Cultivators. These additional Attribute Points were far inferior to those earned in the past encounters within the Divine Beast Mountain Range with other Nascent Soul Stage cultivators.

Flooring the accelerator, even if a Daluo Golden Immortal arrived, he would still ram and cripple them.

The Minor Golden Body Talisman safeguarded everyone from disturbances. Li Xiaobai immediately shifted into second gear, doubling the consumption of Spirit Stones and likewise doubling the truck's ramming force.

The moment the blood-colored giant claw came into contact with the truck, it shattered into pieces. The blood-colored primordial spirit was no match, and after a brief deadlock that lasted only a breath's time, faded into a wisp of blue smoke.

"Puh!"

As his Life-bound Spirit Treasure and Primordial Spirit were consecutively destroyed, Protector Liu spurted blood violently, his eyes bloodshot. A blood-colored talisman emerged, as he attempted to escape.

"Blood Demon True Resolution!"

Li Xiaobai wouldn't miss such an opportunity. A similarly towering blood-colored demonic phantom manifested, and the space around it instantly became imprisoned.

The blood-colored talisman in Protector Liu's hand lost its effect, igniting into flames and burning to ashes.

"How can this be!"

"This is the Blood Demon True Resolution, but who are you really!"

"Quick, help me stop him, contact Lord Liu!"

Protector Liu's heart split with dread, filled with terror. The Blood Demon True Resolution represented a genuine Evil Cultivator technique, one he had yet to fully comprehend. Who exactly was Zhang Rui, he was only supposed to be a mere Golden Core youngster?

The heavy-duty truck, radiating an icy, iron-blooded aura, didn't pause for a moment as it rolled straight over Protector Liu.

As the blood-colored phantom vanished, the bloody wheels kept turning, maintaining momentum, and charging once more towards the other Evil Cultivators.

The black smoke dispersed chaotically, spreading a malevolent energy in all directions.

Those nearby fled in all directions, but Xia Liu and Xia Chuan were a second too slow to react, tainted by the black miasma. Their bodies instantly turned pitch black and disintegrated.

“Ah, save me, elder brother!”

“Save me, Immortal of the Wang Family!”

“Little brother...”

Amid the mournful screams, Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian were pale with fright, unable to concern themselves with anything else as they watched the two Xia brothers dissolve into nothingness before their eyes, corrosive energy disintegrating them to the point where not even bones remained.

“Elder brother, third brother, I will avenge you!”

Xia Jian bit his tongue and spurted out a mouthful of blood essence onto a scroll, which conjured illusions and swiftly carried him away. Wang Ruoxian also didn't dare linger, flicking her Immortal Sword and also traversing through the air with agility.

Li Xiaobai's truck was exceptionally sinister, and staying any longer would mean certain death.

However, the other few evil cultivators were not so fortunate. The heavy truck swept across with graceful brutality, reducing several men to piles of shredded flesh. Limbs and arms hung from the wheels, creating a scene of indistinct carnage that was exceptionally ferocious and terrifying.

Zuo Da and the other two were thoroughly terrified by the scene before them, their legs weakened, causing them to collapse onto the ground.

“Boss Ye, we are all good citizens!”

“We abide by the law, please, spare us!”

Li Xiaobai got out of the truck and searched the body of Protector Liu, who was crushed beyond recognition, and he retrieved a small fragment.

At the moment he touched the fragment, it transformed into a streak of light that entered Li Xiaobai's body. At the same time, the system panel flickered.



[Attribute Point +10000...]

Just as he suspected, Li Xiaobai was inwardly startled. This fragment was identical to the one he had obtained in the Divine Beast Mountain Range. It could directly add ten thousand attribute points, and was undoubtedly a treasure.

[Host: Li Xiaobai.]

[...]

[Defensive Power: Indestructible Golden Body, Seventh Turn (3000/70000)  
Advancement possible.]

[Attribute Points: 0]

[Store: Now Open.]

[Unlocked Achievement: Trouble Maker. Current Progress: (2/108) Upon completion, reward can be claimed.]

His defensive power had finally advanced, fully resolving the negative effects of Blood Demon Corrosion. Li Xiaobai felt much lighter.

Moreover, he had unlocked an achievement, which had been triggered by the collection of the fragment. It seemed to be related to the fragment, and he had now obtained two fragments in total.

There were still one hundred and six fragments waiting to be discovered. Li Xiaobai's breathing became ragged with excitement. A single fragment meant ten thousand attribute points, and now there were as many as a hundred left. If all were found, his defensive power could soar off the charts in minutes.

“Um... Boss Ye?”

Watching Li Xiaobai drift into a daze, Zuo Da asked timidly, having not expected the bathhouse owner to be such a fearsome person, capable of slaughtering a Nascent Soul Cultivator with a single disagreement, his depth of power unfathomable!

“Brother Zuo, still considering looking for Zhang Rui?”

“No more, no more, from now on my brothers and I will retire and disappear into the mountains. What happened today, we will absolutely forget completely!” Zuo Da swore with conviction.

“Hmm, the three of you are not bad. Leave a way to contact you.”

Li Xiaobai said, returning to his senses. He was not a wanton killer. These three evil cultivators were foolishly endearing, and they might prove useful in the future.

“This is a Voice Transmission Token. Inside, there is a voice transmission formation engraved. Activate it, and you can speak with me.”

Voice Transmission Tokens are commonly used communication tools in the cultivation world. By pre-engraving a specified contact in the token, it allows for remote control and distance communication, which is very convenient.

“Alright, you can leave. If there’s anything, Liangchen will contact you.”

“Rest assured, Boss Ye, we will go through fire and water without hesitation when called upon!”

Zuo Da and his companions felt like they had been pardoned and hastily drew out a talisman. With a flash, they vanished on the spot.

The sinister wind dissipated, and the ghostly wails ceased. The place quieted down. The cultivators inside the truck quietly peeked their heads out, looking around.

In just an instant, everyone’s complexion turned pale as they leaned over the edge of the truck, unable to stop themselves from vomiting outward.

The ground had become completely red, covered with shattered bones and skin, many parts mixed with the wheels of the truck. Thick blood dripped down, and the pungent smell of blood made their stomachs churn violently.

“Boss Ye... A true god indeed!”

## Chapter 89

“

“Heh heh, just a Nascent Soul Stage, nothing to be afraid of, believe in Liangchen, he will take you flying.”

Li Xiaobai quickly took an inventory and stripped off all the valuables from the Evil Cultivator, stashing them away. His own accumulated wealth had become an ocean, only lacking conversion into Spirit Stones.

He casually picked up a broken sword and with his Sword Qi, wrote a few big characters on the ground.

“The killer is none other than Zhang Rui.”

“Zhang Rui always likes to pick on those who think highly of their own strengths. If you feel like you can play with Zhang Rui, he wouldn’t mind having a little fun with you.”

The same old trick, when you’re adrift in the jianghu, better save your own skin under a pseudonym.

No choice but to let Zhang Rui carry the big basket of trouble; what can you do when he’s the only enemy you know?

Sorry, brother, you must survive, so we can have more fun in the days to come!

“Boss Ye actually has such strength; indeed, none who are recruited by the Holy Demon Sect as true disciples are mediocre!”

“Yes, and Boss Ye is caring and righteous. Despite his strength, he did not think of leaving alone and instead confronted the Evil Cultivator for us—a true hero indeed!”

“Compared to him, Xia Jian and Wang Ruoxian are simply vile, all pretense and no substance. I can’t believe I once thought of fawning over them; truly selfish and despicable characters!”

“But with Xia Liu and Xia Chuan gone, how are we going to explain to the Xia Family afterwards...”

“Explain my ass, their deaths were well-deserved. In my opinion, it’s a real pity that Xia Jian and Miss Wang didn’t die. When we see the Xia Family Head, we should be the ones demanding an explanation!”

The cultivators steadied their hearts and calmed their excited emotions. The series of events just now had truly given them a thrill.

Li Xiaobai laughed heartily, “My friends, as fellow cultivators of Ancient Moon City, we should remain united, sharing both the good times and the bad. This way, no one will dare to bully us.”

“Yes, yes...”

“Thank you, Boss Ye...”

“From now on, I’ll follow Boss Ye...”

The cultivators were tearfully grateful. They may be debauched, but they knew this was an enormous favor.

“Thank you all, let’s get going!”

Li Xiaobai opened the car door, climbed inside, and with a push of the accelerator, the heavy truck roared off into the distance.

In the passenger seat, both Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing had also calmed down. The might of the big truck had left them shaking in their boots, the cold and ruthless atmosphere chilling them to the bone.

They'd thought it was just a means of transportation, but never expected it to be a killing machine as well.

"Kid, your performance just now wasn't bad, almost on par with the power of Lord Ergouzi himself. You didn't embarrass me."

Ergouzi stretched out a paw, patting Li Xiaobai on the shoulder with a grin on his face.

"Indeed not bad, barely matching a single phoenix feather of mine. As a human, you're pretty good," Ji Wuqing added, nodding slightly and speaking indifferently.

Li Xiaobai was unable to hold back his irritation—these two weren't much use at all, just better at talking big, truly grandmasters of lip service.

With a fierce turn of the steering wheel, he sent both the chicken and dog rocking back and forth, making them sit tight.

...

At the same time, at the entrance of the Holy Demon Sect, hundreds of male and female cultivators were gathered there, buzzing with discussion.

"Look, that's Immortal Qin Lan from Little Bamboo Peak, she's actually come too!"

"Truly divine beauty, that figure, that bearing—she's a goddess!"

"It's said that Immortal Qin Lan caught the eye of some genius in Central Province and went to cultivate there; unexpected that she would appear here."

"Isn't that the madman Sibeiyu Sanbian over there? Rumor has it he's adept in whip arts, once lashed a river in half with a single whip, and even holds a place on the rankings!"

"Who would've thought that we, the last batch of true disciples to arrive, would have the chance to see so many outstanding talents!"

“

Qin Lan's eyes flashed with disdain; being praised by this trash didn't make her happy at all.

"Miss, these lowly people even dare to discuss you; it's a stain on your ears. Let me teach them a lesson,"

the maid beside her said angrily, drawing the sword from her waist and ready to step forward.

"Forget it. There's no need to lower ourselves to the level of the vulgar. Don't shed your dignity over them," Qin Lan stopped the maid's action.

"Miss is right, it was the servant's impulsiveness," the maid admitted.

"Brother Yu, what do you think about this sect entrance test?"

Qin Lan tilted her head, smiling at the man beside her who was resting with his eyes closed. Among all the people present, he was the only one who caught her eye, a well-known powerful figure.

"With my eyes."

The man's face twitched along the ferocious scar, his words stiff, clearly not interested in engaging with her.

"Brother Yu, you're here for that spot as well, aren't you? If you and I join forces, we're sure to secure a place," Qin Lan suggested with an enchanting smile.

"You think you're worthy?"

The man snorted with laughter, touched the whip on his waist and walked away, never opening his eyes to look at her from beginning to end.

A shadow crossed Qin Lan's eyes.

"This Yu Sanbian is too arrogant. Miss, you are the partner of a True Disciple of the Xingtian Sect from Central Province, and he didn't even open his eyes to pay respect to you. What ingratitude!"

There was a flash of murderous intent in the maid's eyes.

Rumors say that Yu Sanbian had previously gone to the Western Desert and had not opened his eyes since returning. Some say he received a Monk's legacy and is practicing Great Divine Skills; others say he provoked someone he shouldn't have and had his eyes destroyed.

“This man has always been arrogant, not respecting heaven and earth, nor paying homage to teachers. I thought of giving him a chance but seeing how things are, if he can’t be of use to me, he can only be destroyed,” Qin Lan concluded.

...

Li Xiaobai drove the carriage smoothly; the road was tranquil, save for the occasional Demonic Beast challenging the monstrous vehicle.

Ergouzi sat beside him, covetously eyeing the steering wheel, always trying to scratch at it with his paws.

Even after giving him a Pudong Rooster, turning him into a mount seemed impossible.

The truck journeyed steadily along the official road, through mountain ranges, and arrived at the entrance of the Holy Demon Sect.

By now, quite a few people had already gathered there.

The rumbling noise immediately drew the attention of many cultivators below the cliff.

In just an instant, more than half of the disciples turned pale. The monstrous appearance of the truck was too terrifying.

The blood on the tires hadn’t dried; there were even arms hanging from the edges of the vehicle, looking as if it had come out of Hell, causing everyone to feel nauseous.

Who was this prodigy with such a terrifying conveyance?

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have arrived,”

Li Xiaobai opened the door and signaled for everyone to get off.

In front of them, the Holy Demon Sect’s entrance was not an actual door but a cliff. Carved in the middle of the cliff was the Holy Demon Sect in three golden characters, with the charm of Dao flowing around them, containing the universe.

The passengers from the truck were also somewhat puzzled, not knowing how to enter the Holy Demon Sect.

“This is the Holy Demon Sect indeed, truly magnificent!”

“Worthy of a great sect, this mountaintop shrouded in fairy mist and the characters on the cliff couldn’t have been created by any mundane entity,” they exclaimed.

“Indeed, but besides a cliff, there is no sect gate. How are we supposed to enter?”

“And why are all those disciples looking at us?”

Li Ya looked around and said, “Boss Ye, I’ll go and gather some information.”

## Chapter 90

Li Ya recognized some of the disciples in the crowd and went forward to chat with them.

Li Xiaobai greeted everyone to continue waiting on the chariot, observing the current situation, the sect’s gate must still be closed, with all the disciples waiting.

However, he didn’t see anyone from Misty Peak among the crowds, presumably, they had already entered the Holy Demon Sect.

A man walked by his side, not saying a word, just standing there.

This man’s eyes were tightly closed, a narrow scar ran across his face, making him look quite fierce.

He wore a short shirt, looking very capable, and the whip hanging from his waist was stained with dark red mottles, likely from blood that had set over the years.

Li Xiaobai thought for a moment and exchanged for a pack of cigarettes from the shopping mall.

[Huazi: Have a smoke, beats Qian, among fresh meats I’m the most divine, one drag clears the mind, refreshes the soul. (Ten Lower Grade Spirit Stones.)]

Note: Smoking is harmful to health.

“Fellow Daoist, care for a Huazi?”

Li Xiaobai didn’t know what else to say to the man with a fierce look, taking out a cigarette and passing it over.

The man appeared somewhat astonished, his nose twitching slightly: “What is a Huazi?”

“Huazi is a special product from my hometown. All the real men over there smoke these.”

“Let’s try.” The man spoke very tersely.

Li Xiaobai placed the cigarette in the man’s mouth, struck a match and lit it. The man couldn’t help but take a deep inhale, exhaling two dense white plumes from his nostrils.

“This tobacco is made from sandalwood!”

The man savoring it showed a hint of surprise on his otherwise unchanging face.

Pure sandalwood was not something everyone could get hold of, much less casually turned into such a trinket.

One drag and the Spiritual Platform became clear, thoughts were lucid as if it cleansed the marrow—all making it an addictive sensation.

He unconsciously took several more drags, burning the cigarette to the filter in an instant, his lips touching the hot cigarette end causing a slight tremble.

Discarding the cigarette butt, he took several deep breaths, seemingly reminiscing the flavor just experienced.

“Another one.”

After lighting another cigarette for the man, Li Xiaobai asked with a chuckle, “My name is Ye Liangchen. May I ask for your esteemed name, fellow Daoist?”

“Yu Sanbian from the northwest.”

The man took a small drag and said indifferently.

“So, it’s Fellow Daoist Yu.”

“Fellow Daoist Ye doesn’t know of me?” the man asked.

“Uh... are you famous?”

Li Xiaobai scratched his head, unsure of how to continue the conversation, sensing something off about the man in front of him.

“Not particularly famous—just killed a few nobodies, that’s all.”

“The top whip wielder of the northwest, a prodigy of the Northern Region, ventured alone into the Western Desert, traveling three thousand miles overnight, destroying more than ten sects, and openly rejecting the overtures of many great powers... it’s all just vanity,” Yu Sanbian said.

Li Xiaobai was speechless, mentally labeling the man as a narcissist.

Just vanity yet you still rattle off such a long list...

“Woof, kid’s got quite the act—open your eyes and see, Lord Ergouzi won’t stand for this!”



Ergouzi somehow popped out from the passenger seat, always the first to resent others showing off in its presence.

“Keke, kid, do you know what ‘circle’ means? As the saying goes, the value of the people around you determines your worth. You, a mere human, at most mingle with a few humans at the Nascent Soul Stage or Transcendence Tribulation Stage, whereas I have been accompanied by Phoenixes since my birth.”

“My playmates are all ancient Divine Beasts, adversaries like the Three-legged Golden Crow. When I dallied among mortals, Daluo Golden Immortals weren’t even born yet. Compared to me, what you’ve mentioned really just sounds like vanity indeed.”

“Yu has no habit of talking to chickens and dogs,” Yu Sanbian stated flatly.

Ergouzi became furious when he heard this and was about to charge forward, while Ji Wuqing also had an unpleasant look on his face.

Li Xiaobai grabbed them by the neck and tossed the chicken and the dog back into the passenger seat.

“Cough cough, Brother Yu, why do you keep your eyes closed all the time?”

“If I were to open them, the mountains and rivers would shatter before me.”

“...”

Alright, it seems this fellow has some issues with his thinking, better not engage with him any further.

At the same time, Li Ya had also gathered some information about the Holy Demon Sect’s training program and returned to everyone’s side.

“Boss Ye, I’ve just asked a few friends, and it turns out that to enter the Holy Demon Sect as a training disciple, one must go through numerous tests.”

“It is said that every year, thousands of training disciples seek to join the Holy Demon Sect for cultivation, but in the end, only two hundred are kept, making the competition extremely fierce.”

“The content of the assessment is divided into three parts, the first challenge is this high mountain right before us—the Holy Demon Sect doesn’t have a gate, so if you want to enter, you have to find a way to climb up on your own.”

“We are the last batch of training disciples to arrive here, and the test for the training disciples began half a month ago.”

Li Ya briefly reported her findings and curiously sized up Yu Sanbian beside her.

“I see.”

Everyone suddenly realized that getting through the sect gate was the first test, and with the cliff rising a thousand feet high and reaching into the clouds, climbing it would likely require profound strength and movement technique, or at the very least, a magic treasure.

This presented a challenge for the people from Ancient Moon City.

In small places, they were the wealthy elite, but they paled in comparison before a major sect.

“Do you think you can make it up there?” asked Li Xiaobai.

“We can’t.” they said unanimously.

“With a single wave of my arm, I can soar up ninety thousand miles. A mere small hill slope like this is nothing to be afraid of!” Ji Wuqing looked disdainfully at the cliff in front of him.

Li Xiaobai automatically ignored Ji Wuqing’s remark, thinking of strategies in his mind, hoping to not waste spirit stones in such a place if possible.

Suddenly, there was a disturbance in the crowd at the base of the cliff.

A stream of light descended from the sky, and a grey-clothed elder stepped out.

Li Xiaobai’s heart skipped a beat; he recognized the old man—it was none other than Elder Feng, whom he had encountered in the Divine Beast Mountain Range.

It was said he was a Great Elder of the Holy Demon Sect, and their mutual scheming that day had been quite memorable.

“Fellow cultivators, I am Feng Qingyang, the Great Elder of the Holy Demon Sect, responsible for this test of the training disciples.”

“You are the last batch to enter the Holy Demon Sect, but ultimately, only a small portion will remain. I can clearly tell you that more than two thousand three hundred disciples have participated in the test, and only about one hundred and fifty have successfully passed.”

“The testing is harsh, and competition fierce. I hope each of you will give your utmost effort.”

“The test is divided into three levels. The first level involves passing through the Blade Array, testing your cultivation level and your movement technique. The second level tests your heart and willpower, and the third level tests your cultivation level. Only by passing all levels can you train within the Holy Demon Sect.”

“However, all of this is contingent on your ability to successfully cross this cliff; otherwise, all talk is in vain.”

“The assessment starts now and will last one day. I will be waiting at the finish line!”

With that, Feng Qingyang turned around and transformed into a stream of light that disappeared into the sky.

The disciples immediately began climbing the cliff, for with only one day’s time, it was essential to ascend as quickly as possible.

In the distance, Qin Lan’s gaze shifted, noticing Yu Sanbian mingling with Li Xiaobai and the others, and a ripple passed through her beautiful eyes.

To be able to walk together with Yu Sanbian, these individuals must not be nobodies.

She approached Li Xiaobai with a smile on her face.

“My name is Qin Lan. How may I address you, brother?”

## **I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll Max Out My Defense** **#Chapter 91 - Read I Don’t Want to Get Hurt, So I’ll** **Max Out My Defense Chapter 91**

Chapter 91

Qin Lan sized up the heavy truck behind Li Xiaobai, noticing its blood and flesh muddled appearance, she was certain he was a ruthless character.

“I am Ye Liangchen.”

Li Xiaobai was in high spirits when the goddess the cultivators were discussing actively approached him, indicating that his charm must be boundless.

“So it’s Brother Ye. It’s my first time at the Holy Demon Sect, and I’m a bit timid. How about we join forces and go together?”

“Climbing this cliff is no easy task, does Miss Qin have any clever plans?”

Witnessing the cultivators struggling desperately on the cliffside, a mocking gleam flashed in her eyes as she drew out a silk ribbon and tossed it lightly, transforming it into a hundred-zhang long silk brocade that drifted in the wind.

“My lady is the spouse of a True Disciple from the Xingtian Sect in Central Province; her methods and vision are certainly not comparable to those of ordinary people.”

“Joining forces with my lady, we could easily sweep through this area. You should be grateful.”

The maid said dismissively.

Hearing this, Li Xiaobai’s eyes brightened. Immortal Qin Lan seemed like an expert, and following her might mean an easy victory.

Having a powerhouse carry you is always more comfortable than exhausting spirit stones to exchange for items.

“Then much thanks to Immortal Qin Lan. What are you waiting for? Hurry up and climb!”

Li Xiaobai called everyone to quickly jump onto the brocade; an opportunity to be carried by a big shot was indeed rare, “Yu Brother, will you join us? Immortal Qin Lan is giving us a lift.”

Yu Sanbian’s lips curled into a smile, but he did not move, enjoying the spectacle.

Qin Lan and her maid were shocked. What kind of man was this, so casually inviting a bunch of nobodies onto her magic treasure?

“Stop! My lady’s magic treasure is not something that lowly people like them can ride.”

The maid unsheathed her longsword from her waist and mercilessly drove the people away, sweeping her sword light without any concern for their lives.

Li Xiaobai’s expression changed, and he crushed the sword light with his hand.

[Attribute Points +200...]

“Didn’t you say we would join forces? These are Liangchen’s companions; why can’t we go together?” Li Xiaobai frowned.

“My lady values you, not these useless ones behind you, understand?” The maid said arrogantly, her face full of discontent.

“Boss Ye, you go with Immortal Qin. I will find my own way there.”

“Yes, Boss Ye, this is your opportunity; you must not miss it.”

“Don’t worry, Boss Ye, we have some skills too. We’ll definitely make it up there.”

The cultivators from Ancient Moon City said this, for Boss Ye had been good to them, and they didn’t want to drag him down.

“With just you guys, even if you make it up there, what can you do? Just go back honestly and don’t stir up trouble here.”

The maid spoke haughtily and even more maliciously.

“Woof, if Lord Ergouzi is a stirrer, does that make you the shit?”

“Cackle, Doggie, don’t get mad at shit, it’s not tasty.”

A chicken and a dog, who knows when, had bounced out from inside the car window again, appearing at any moment there was snobbery afoot.

“It seems Immortal Qin wants to spend time alone with Liangchen. Unfortunately, Liangchen never abandons his teammates.”

“These are all Liangchen’s companions, who have come together through trials and tribulations to this place, swearing to take root in the Holy Demon Sect together. How can Liangchen abandon them for selfish desires? Would that be human?”

Li Xiaobai spoke with fiery eloquence, stirring the blood of the many cultivators behind him.

Boss Ye was such a man of integrity, a true man, a deity in human form!

Qin Lan and her maid listened, their faces turning green. Weren’t these words criticizing them as selfish, heartless people?

“Young Master Ye is compassionate and righteous. Immortal Qin Lan admires you. Since that’s the case, I will not delay everyone’s time any longer and take my leave first.”

With those words, Qin Lan moved lightly, stepping onto the silk brocade. The brocade shone with a bright red glow, and waves churned as she rode the wind away.

A roll of silk brocade surged in the sky, a scene both beautiful and domineering.

Qin Lan, like an empress, wore a calm expression, hands clasped behind her back, and floated away. In the blink of an eye, she had turned into a streak of light and vanished.

“Young Master Ye, there will come a day when you’ll realize the grand opportunity you missed today!”

The maid beside her was visibly angry, summoning her Immortal Sword and following close behind, becoming a fleeing light that disappeared into the horizon.

The cultivators below watched with envy.

“Immortal Qin Lan is truly like a celestial being descending to the mortal realm...”

“Indeed...”

Many of the more skilled cultivators also displayed their Divine Skills, riding their Magic Treasures as they followed her departure.

Li Xiaobai watched the two disappear into the horizon, filled with emotion. It’s a pity; that bigwig was a bit too delicate. Such a large piece of brocade was really wasted on just one person sitting on it.

“Boss Ye, you are a true man!”

“That’s right, back in Ancient Moon City, I even opposed you. Boss Ye, I apologize, I was wrong!”

“Boss Ye’s magnanimity is greater than the mountains and broader than the ocean; it was us who held you back!”

“Indeed...”

The cultivators were moved to tears and overwhelmed with gratitude toward Li Xiaobai. First, he had protected their lives from the Evil Cultivator, and now, for their sake, he had turned down Immortal Qin’s invitation. They truly didn’t know how to repay him.

If they achieved success in their cultivation in the future, they would definitely want to travel the world with Boss Ye.

“Hehe, my friends, there’s no need for courtesy. Get on the vehicle; time is pressing. We will leave immediately and go beyond this mountain cliff!”

Li Xiaobai waved his hand, indicating that all these were trivial matters.

He jerked open the door and climbed into the driver’s seat, while the cultivators hurriedly followed, clambering into the truck.

“Eh, Brother Yu, are you coming along too?”

Unbeknownst to them, Yu Sanbian had quietly taken a seat in the passenger position, while Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing were forcibly stuffed under the seats, seething yet not daring to speak.

These two were the types to bully the weak and fear the strong, immediately cowering when faced with a tough character.

“Hmm, give me another Huazi,” Yu Sanbian said indifferently.

Li Xiaobai was speechless; this person had some quirks, constantly radiating an aura of showing off without warning, even outdoing him in pretense.

He pulled out a Huazi, placed it in Yu Sanbian’s mouth, and then struck a match to light it.

The inside of the driver’s cab was immediately enveloped in smoke, as Yu Sanbian leaned back comfortably in the passenger seat, puffing away. In less than half an hour, he felt he couldn’t live without Huazi anymore, “Brother Ye, how is this Huazi made?”

“Hehe, it’s a secret, a secret...”

Li Xiaobai started the engine, turned the steering wheel, and the truck roared like a monstrous beast.

The ground trembled suddenly, startling many cultivators who were climbing the cliff. They almost lost their grip and fell.

Cultivators with high cultivation levels could seamlessly walk on walls and leap to great heights with a mere tip-toe, but those with lower cultivation levels had to climb up earnestly.

He floored the accelerator, and the truck charged towards the mountain cliff ahead.

The many cultivators inside the truck’s cabin turned pale in an instant; the truck was continuously accelerating with no signs of stopping.

“Boss Ye, you can’t possibly be thinking of...”

“We’re going to crash into it; hold on tight!”

Chapter 92: 92: Just Do It Rashly

The cultivators within the carriage stared at the approaching cliff ahead with terror in their faces.

Clearly, the vehicle wouldn't stop; it was going to keep crashing forward—a case of the egg smashing against the rock.

“Boss Ye is too reckless!”

“Shut up, hold tight, and brace yourselves. We're about to crash into it—don't bite your own tongue.”

“Get down, get down!”

Inside the carriage, people were in a complete mess, their eyes tightly shut, clinging for dear life to the handrails, not daring to look ahead.

“Woof, kid, you're not really thinking of crashing into it, are you?” Ergouzi, who was in the passenger seat, saw the condition of the road ahead and immediately bristled.

Ji Wuqing was also so frightened that his fur stood on end: “No way, no way, you're not seriously going to crash into it, are you?”

“I want to get off; please open the door, Brother Ye.”

Yu Sanbian said indifferently, his hand involuntarily gripping the handle beside him.

“No big deal, just a small hill slope, nothing to be afraid of!”

Li Xiaobai floored the accelerator, jerked the steering wheel, and the truck lunged straight for the cliff.

An earth-shattering thunderous roar broke out as the front of the truck plunged into the cliff in an instant. The entire mountain trembled violently, startling the many cultivators who were carefully climbing it. They let go in terror, falling from above.

The heavy truck continued its relentless advance. Within just a few breaths, the entire truck had completely entered the mountain, forming an abyssal dark tunnel.

From the outside, the cultivators stood agape as they looked at the gigantic hole at the bottom of the cliff, never having dreamed that this test could be passed in such a way.

What kind of mount was that, and which tough guy was driving it?

This was simply the act of a brute. While everyone else was figuring out ways to get over the cliff, Brother Ruthless had actually decided to punch a hole through the base of the cliff and cross over—such a train of thought was beyond the imagination of an ordinary person.



But Li Xiaobai's trailblazing had saved the remaining cultivators a lot of trouble. Those with the guts decided to take a chance and enter the large hole opened up at the base of the cliff.

Theoretically, as long as Li Xiaobai could penetrate the entire mountain, they would be able to follow and get out behind him, thus effortlessly passing the test at the mountain gate.

"The mountain won't suddenly collapse, will it?"

"Even if it collapses, I'll accept it. This is my third time coming to the Holy Demon Sect as an apprentice. If I don't succeed this time, I won't have the face to go back to my hometown!"

"Right, take a chance; if a bicycle can turn into a motorcycle, then Brother Ruthless looks reliable—I believe in him!"

1

"No time to talk; let's hurry!"

With resolve, the other cultivators followed suit; it was too difficult to cross the mountain by their own strength.

Instead, they pinned their hopes on Brother Ruthless. His mount and his style clearly marked him as a big shot—a sure bet to pass the test. With him paving the way, their chances of getting through increased substantially.

Inside the cliff,

At this moment, Li Xiaobai, a little too excited from driving, took out a piece of the high-quality Spirit Stone that he didn't have much left of and stuffed it into the fuel tank of the big truck.

Dust filled the air, and rocks flew everywhere as the truck accelerated madly, charging forward regardless of consequences. The rocks were easily punctured by the hard front of the truck, barely posing any resistance as the truck raced along.

Everyone inside the carriage was scared out of their wits, with the truck diving deeper into the mountain.

They were cautious of the chunks of rock being smashed and flying forward and fearful that the mountain above them would suddenly collapse. The whole experience was nerve-racking, lying in the carriage barely daring to breathe.

"Woof, kid, let Lord Ergouzi take over for a bit!"

With the windshield for protection, the cliff posed no problem whatsoever. Ergouzi's fear slowly turned to excitement from the beginning.

It realized that driving a big truck through a mountain was truly exhilarating.

Its paws instinctively scraped at the steering wheel, trying to wrest control of the drive.

Ji Wuqing also came over, curiously examining the accelerator Li Xiaobai continuously stomped on, eyes twinkling with a sharp light, seemingly deep in thought.

"Shoo, shoo, go away, play with your Pudong Rooster!" Li Xiaobai shooed Ergouzi away.

"Woof, that lousy chicken is downright useless, doesn't even qualify as a proper mount. Lord Ergouzi demands a return and wants a cooler ride!"

"Cluck cluck, you shall address me as Lord Ji!"

Ji Wuqing's eyes blazed with anger, pecking ferociously at Ergouzi, causing the inside of the vehicle to erupt into chaos with chickens flying and dogs jumping.

Yu Sanbian turned a deaf ear to the commotion around him, single-mindedly savoring his cigarette, puffing it leisurely with extreme pleasure.

The atmosphere inside the car was quite bizarre — the carriage filled with suffocating fear, and the front of the car graced by ridiculous absurdity; fortunately, none of it hindered Li Xiaobai's driving.

The big truck surged forward, crushing through layers of rocks; the impact powered by the premium Spirit Stones was unimaginable.

The System panel's values kept jumping.

[Attribute Points +100...]

[Attribute Points +100...]

The increase was quite powerful; the rocks weren't very hard and to provide such Attribute Points was to perform well above expectation.

"What breed is this mount, Brother Ye?" Yu Sanbian asked.

"One of a kind."

"Does it have a name?"

“Heavy-duty truck.”

“There are quite a few cultivators following us from behind; they’re probably looking for leftovers. Brother Ye, are you not going to do anything?”

“Liangchen has always enjoyed helping others in his life. To be able to lead so many cultivators and overcome difficulties together is an honor,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Woof, that’s nice, doing good deeds without seeking recognition. Kid, you have a just heart, and Ergouzi is willing to lend you a helping hand!”

Ergouzi came forward once more, trying to wrest control of the steering wheel.

“Cluck cluck, a bunch of low-level cultivators thinking they can benefit, in my opinion, we should immediately collapse the mountain, and bury all those who want to pick up scraps right here!”

Ji Wuqing seemed a bit excited, the wickedness inside yearning to break free.

“As cultivators, we should uphold the virtue of righteousness when we walk the martial world. Out there in the mix, without righteousness, people will die.”

Li Xiaobai lit a cigarette for himself too and spoke indifferently.

“Woof, kid, offer Lord Ergouzi a cigarette!”

“Cluck cluck, give one to me as well!”

The two of them, a chicken and a dog, simultaneously lit up a cigarette, as the driver’s seat once again became shrouded in smoke.

The truck’s speed kept increasing, the quality of the wall of rock ahead deteriorating rapidly, making the Attribute Points even scarcer.

[Attribute Points +50...]

[Attribute Points +30...]

Clearly, the truck had traveled more than halfway, passing the hardest rock layer and gradually heading towards the edge.

In the darkness, a few faint rays of light seemed to filter through, and the big truck was about to break through from the inside of the mountain!

“We’re going out, everybody close your eyes, don’t get blinded by the light!”

## Chapter 93: 93: Following Brother Ruthless

The truck broke through the mountain's rocky confines without any hindrance and emerged.

Blinded by the sudden brightness, Li Xiaobai couldn't open his eyes, so he exchanged for a pair of sunglasses from the mall and put them on.

[Sunglasses: Can block strong light sources, protecting vision. (One Lower-Grade Spirit Stone)]

"Woof, kid, what's this? Lord Ergouzi wants one too!"

"Giggle, get one for this master as well!"

A chicken and a dog were instantly attracted to the cool look of the sunglasses.

Li Xiaobai, speechless, took out two smaller pairs of sunglasses and threw them to Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing.

Through the lenses of the sunglasses, everything looked grey, and objects appeared very clear; Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing were so enamored with them that they kept looking around non-stop.

The truck charged into a clearing where cultivators that had set out earlier were already waiting.

Seeing a large truck burst directly out from inside the mountain left them with their jaws on the ground, retreating continuously.

The truck's design was too ferocious; the blood remnants on it hadn't been cleaned off, and a strong smell of blood wafted towards them.

What kind of move was this, carving out a hole in the mountain? Was this something a human could do?

Elder Feng, who was waiting on the side, was also stunned speechless. He would never have imagined that someone would use such a method to pass the test, let alone that the Holy Demon Sect's sign, standing for hundreds of years, would have a great hole dug out of it today.

And from that massive hole, disciples were continuously pouring out; it was clear that Li Xiaobai had created a shortcut, and everyone else was following through it.

"Hey there, what are you doing?"

Feng Qingyang's eyes shot flames, and he flashed forward to question the driver near the big truck.

Li Xiaobai hit the brakes, turned off the engine, and opened the door, "Liangchen is passing the entrance exam of the Sect's gate."

"Who are you?"

"I am Ye Liangchen."

"Who allowed you to make holes in the mountainside? That's the face of our Holy Demon Sect!"

"Elder Feng, the rule only states that one must come from over the mountainside, it didn't specify that one had to fly over. Liangchen just wanted to be more down-to-earth," said Li Xiaobai.

"What about them? Because of you, the mountainside's test is virtually meaningless. Disciples that should have been eliminated all came through; how do you explain that?"

Feng Qingyang suppressed his rage and demanded an answer.

"It has nothing to do with Liangchen. If these cultivators hadn't made the effort to come out through the hole Liangchen made, they wouldn't have passed the test either," Li Xiaobai said.

"I..."

Feng Qingyang's blood pressure skyrocketed, his vision swimming with stars; if not for seeing potential in him, he really wanted to slap the life out of him.

"You lot in the back, hurry up and come here! The hole's already been made for you; what are you dawdling for!"

Feng Qingyang wore an unpleasant expression. He had intended to weed out the inferior disciples at the Sect's entrance, but now, not a single cultivator had been eliminated; they had all come through the hole. It seemed he would have to intensify the later tests.

At this moment, cultivators were successively entering the clearing from behind, their faces filled with excitement and joy.

They actually made it across!

"Brother Ruthless is too strong, he carried us all!"

“No more talk; I’m just following Brother Ruthless for the following challenges!”

“Brother Ruthless, your younger brother here bows to you!”

Many cultivators waved their hands and bowed to Li Xiaobai, immensely grateful. If not for him, they would have already been eliminated by now.

Li Xiaobai waved his hand, looking indifferent.

Seeing this scene, Feng Qingyang’s anger grew even more intense. Struggling to repress the impulse to explode, he walked to the edge of the cliff, stretched out his hand, and with a distant grasp, pulled all the cultivators out from inside.

Then, he formed a seal with his hands and extracted rocks from the roadside to fill the gaps in the mountain. The broken stones were uneven, and chunks of rock surged into the opening.

It was a crude fix, leaving obvious signs of tampering, and it looked a bit ugly.

“Consider yourselves lucky to have passed this round, but next is the Blade Array. This is not something you can get through just by being clever. Prepare yourselves.”

Feng Qingyang snorted coldly and disappeared from everyone’s sight.

As soon as Feng Qingyang left, the surrounding cultivators immediately crowded around, showering Li Xiaobai with endless thanks.

A flash of admiration shone in Qin Lan’s beautiful eyes. Even she had been stunned by such a unique way of passing the round. It was not something an average person could think of.

“Miss, this Ye Liangchen is way too reckless. Fortunately, the miss didn’t join him, otherwise we would definitely have attracted the attention of the sect,” said the maid.

“Ah Nu, you are mistaken. The Holy Demon Sect is different from other sects. They appreciate disciples with personality. Ye Liangchen’s behavior is actually to their liking,” Qin Lan said softly.

“It’s a pity the son-in-law didn’t come; he also has quite the personality...”

“His performance was acceptable, but there’s a hint of showboating. Compared to the son-in-law, he’s far from the mark.”

...

At the same time, atop a certain mountain peak.

Several elders laughed heartily, watching the test unfold below. Feng Qingyang's face was filled with dissatisfaction.

"Damn it, another damn talent!" Feng Qingyang downed a bowl of tea in one gulp, muttering to himself.

"This is the only disciple who made an impression on me since those six Loose Cultivators some days ago. He's got personality," said an Elder in white robes.

"Indeed, he's got ideas and the guts to act on them. The creativity was wonderful, but it's a bit costly for the sect," said another elder, who was meditating with his eyes shut, signaling Feng Qingyang to pour him a cup of tea.

Rushing to brew tea, Feng Qingyang said, "Senior Ouyang, this kid is even more outrageous than those six Loose Cultivators. Those six simply collected Spirit Stones and helped other cultivators pass the test without causing damage, but this kid went ahead and made a gaping hole in the cliff!"

Thinking of those six cultivators from before made Feng Qingyang grind his teeth with even more resentment. How could such shameless people exist in the world?

They brazenly profited under the guise of testing, right under his watch, forcing him to add another round to eliminate unsuitable disciples in the end.

Speaking of which, Li Xiaobai's approach was quite similar to that of those six.

"Let the gap be a gap. Since when did the Holy Demon Sect start to sweat the small stuff? If he's a genius, not to mention one cliff, even if it were ten, I'd bring them all here for him to demolish!"

"Senior Ouyang, do you think highly of this disciple?" the Elder in white robes asked, somewhat surprised.

"Of course, the sect's selection of talents will surely include him. When it's time for the entrance competition, I'm going to take a good look at this kid's methods."

"And you, Xiao Feng, while sect disciples are striving hard in their training, you've been slacking off. I heard that recently in the Divine Beast Mountain Range, you and a few others were toyed with by a group of youngsters, causing the Holy Demon Sect to lose face. Write a self-critique when you get back, and reflect on your recent cultivation issues," said an Elder in red robes, calmly sipping his tea.

Sweat poured out of Feng Qingyang as he faced the Supreme Elder. Whatever you say goes, he thought.

"The junior understands..."

...

Below the cliff, Li Xiaobai was feeling quite elated, basking in the feeling of being the center of attention. He swept his arm grandly, "A mere Blade Array, it will be reduced to ash in a flick of the fingers. Follow behind Liangchen, and Liangchen will soar with all of you!"

## Chapter 94: This Blade Array Can Fetch a Good Price

"Got it, Brother Ruthless!"

"Don't worry, Brother Ruthless, we'll definitely follow behind and won't cause any trouble for you!"

"Yeah..."

The cultivators happily ran to the back of the truck, not minding the pungent, sickening scent of blood, and greeted the people in the truck with broad smiles.

The people on the truck felt a bit awkward, not understanding why they were being treated like big shots.

Cultivators with deeper cultivation levels scoffed: "Jumping clowns, just seeking attention."

"No matter how much trash there is, it's still just a pile of trash. What use is gathering together?"

Qin Lan smiled slightly, flicked the silk brocade in her hand, and rose into the air:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Qin Lan will be heading out first."

"Immortal, take care on your journey."

...

Meanwhile, inside the truck, Li Xiaobai returned to the driver's seat, feeling the weight of responsibility on his shoulders. The greater the power, the greater the responsibility. He now carried the hopes of the entire village and had to lead everyone out of misery.

This was the time for some music.

"Music!"



“Whenever there’s injustice, I will shout, when it’s time to act, I will act, storming through Central Province with fire and wind...”

Music started to play.

Li Xiaobai floored the accelerator, and the truck once again roared off, charging down the road ahead. The next challenge was to get through the Knife Forest, and Li Xiaobai was not the least bit nervous—what Blade Array could penetrate the truck’s defenses?

In front of the Ironclad Behemoth, they are all younger brothers!

The truck’s music was loud, and in an instant, the entire valley was filled with the song’s soul-stirring voice.

Behind the truck, the cultivators followed closely, their blood boiling with excitement. Brother Ruthless was not only willing to lead them through the Blade Array but also sang to boost their morale. What a great person!

They must successfully get through the Knife Forest, not disappointing Brother Ruthless!

Ahead was the Knife Forest, and this was where the Blade Array was located.

It was called the Blade Array because this forest was filled with hundreds and thousands of lower-grade Spiritual Artifacts resembling knives and swords. If any living creature entered, it would face the onslaught of blade qi.

A slight touch could severely injure a Foundation Establishment Stage cultivator, and Core Formation Stage cultivators wouldn’t fare much better.

To get through safely, aside from relying on a high cultivation level, one could only depend on their movement technique.

The spaces between the Spiritual Artifacts weren’t dense. As long as one’s movement technique was good, passing through the Blade Array safely wouldn’t be an issue.

“Woof, kid, let Lord Ergouzi drive!”

Ergouzi, no matter what, also wanted a turn at the wheel, as Li Xiaobai’s spotlight made it green with envy.

“Cluck cluck, this time the honored me will do it!”

Ji Wuqing flapped its wings and inched closer.

“Give me another Huazi.”

Yu Sanbian said indifferently.

Li Xiaobai was troubled; Huazi was no longer satisfying for Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing’s mischief-making urges.

He flipped his wrist and tossed a pack of Huazi to Yu Sanbian, “Brother Yu, take it slow, don’t choke.”

“Sure thing...” Yu Sanbian quietly smoked the Huazi, saying no more.

“You two use this!”

Li Xiaobai tossed the vacuum cleaner that the System had produced to the chicken and the dog.

“Woof, what’s this?” Ergouzi was puzzled.

“Cluck cluck, it’s a vacuum cleaner, you don’t even know this, what a bumpkin!” Ji Wuqing scoffed, familiar with most items in the System’s store as a fellow System product.

“Woof, what’s with this darned chicken, looking down on Lord Ergouzi!”

“This vacuum will come in handy; here’s what we’re going to do...”

Li Xiaobai briefly explained the purpose of the vacuum, and within the cockpit, a chicken and a dog’s eyes shone brightly.

To others, the Blade Array was a deadly weapon, but to him, it was a treasure. If he could collect the Blade Array, he was sure to sell it for a good price.

After all, Old Man Feng had only mentioned passing through the Blade Array; he never said one had to move through it using a movement technique. He had his own methods.

...

At the same time, atop a certain mountain, several old men watched the cultivators below with great interest.

“This girl is not bad, look at her figure and footwork; she has the shadow of Little Bamboo Peak.”

“It’s just a pity she married into the Xingtian Sect of Central Province. The waters run deep there. Her coming to the Holy Demon Sect this time is probably just for that spot.”

“Right, we have to give face to Old Xingtian. When the time comes, include her in the count.”

“Heh, I’m more curious about how that kid will get through the Blade Array. He won’t simply bulldoze his way through again, will he?”

“Xiao Feng, take some protective measures. Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts aren’t worth much, but there are a lot of them. If they are damaged, repairing them will be somewhat troublesome.”

“Understood. I’ve already increased the difficulty of the Knife Forest, and have placed several Mid-Grade Spiritual Artifacts within. I believe this time, that kid won’t pass so easily!”

...

Within the Knife Forest.

A dozen or so cultivators, confident in their high cultivation levels, had already entered it.

Qin Lan and her maid took the lead without a second thought for the Blade Array, directly controlling their Magic Treasure to fly inside.

The surrounding swords and Spiritual Artifacts felt provoked, buzzing loudly. Blade qi and Sword Qi swept across all directions in an instant, with powerful waves of Spiritual Energy enveloping the entire forest.

Countless blades and Sword Qi crisscrossed, striking down towards where Qin Lan was.

“Dao Guidance, Thousand Nights Sacred Method!”

With a casual flick of Qin Lan’s finger, the overwhelming Sword Qi dissipated; the Silk Brocade beneath her feet instantly turned into a surge of river water, sweeping towards the blade lights and Sword Qi. The blades and Sword Qi shattered inch by inch, exploding apart.

“This Blade Array is just a trap for cultivators of lower cultivation levels.”

Disdain flashed in Qin Lan’s eyes, and with a slight flicker, she disappeared among the trees.

The maid by her side glanced back at the slowly advancing crowd with contempt, snorted coldly, and with a flourish of her sword, also vanished without a trace.

The rest of the cultivators didn't have Qin Lan's flair. They used every trick they had to carefully navigate through the blade lights and Sword Qi. Occasionally, some had to endure waves of Sword Qi head-on, which left many cultivators red-faced and evidently injured within.

"Damn it, why is this Knife Forest so powerful? Some of this Sword Qi doesn't seem like it's from Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts!"

"Yeah, it seems even those in the Golden Core Stage would have a tough time getting through!"

"I've only walked a hundred steps, and I'm already near grievously wounded. If I get scraped by Sword Qi a couple more times, I'll give up the test."

"Who has a defensive Spiritual Artifact? I'll trade with you..."

The cultivators who were once full of confidence now found it difficult to advance, taking out all kinds of Spiritual Artifacts to block the ceaseless waves of Sword Qi around them.

Among these Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts, there was a good mix of Mid-Grade ones. Fortunately, there were no High-Grade Spiritual Artifacts or Magic Treasures; otherwise, there would have been no chance at all.

"Let's go for it!"

Some cultivators swallowed a few Frenzy Elixirs, attempting to forcibly break through.

But suddenly, the ground beneath them began to tremble.

At the same time, the Sword Qi and blade lights that were coming at them paused for a moment and then, changing direction, cut through the sky toward the back.

The ground roared, and the sound of revving engines pierced the ears, mixed with the wild laughter of a certain creature.

"Woof, Lord Ergouzi is invincible!"

"Giggle, I have faintly found the feeling of dominating the world from days past!"

"Vacuum, suck it up for Lord Ergouzi!"

## **Chapter 95: Absorb Everything for Me**

“

The cultivators looked on in a daze, stupefied by the scene before them.

All around, flying swords soared in from the depths of the forest, all rushing toward the ironclad war chariot behind them.

A chicken and a dog stuck their heads out of the chariot window, each holding a strangely shaped device that was emitting a powerful suction force, attracting all surrounding Sword Qi and flying swords.

“Woof, don’t compete with Lord Ergouzi for the root, this belongs to Lord Ergouzi!”

“Cluck cluck, today, the supreme self intends to sweep across the eight desolates, do not hinder the supreme self’s mood!”

“Not bad, Huazi.”

The big truck charged ahead, with swords clanging and sword shadows and blade lights slashing at it, sparks flying everywhere but not leaving a single mark.

Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing completely let loose, each handling half of the vacuum, sucking frantically, what Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts, Middle Grade Spiritual Artifacts, all going into their bags—this feeling of instant wealth was something they couldn’t get enough of.

The large troop of cultivators casually followed the big truck at a jog, all the Sword Qi being sucked up by the vacuums, making Knife Forest look like an utterly ordinary little woods.

The cultivators were extremely excited, their choice was the right one—following Brother Ruthless was definitely correct!

Brother Ruthless carried the game!

Looking at the dozen or so cultivators who had entered ahead, they were full of vigor before, but now they had completely turned into a sorry state, dispirited, with several spitting blood due to severe injuries—there was no way they were as calm and relaxed as the others.

“Brother Ruthless is really powerful!”

The cultivators who came in first were utterly stunned; what kind of tactic was this? They were fighting to the death here, and yet the main troop just smoothly passed through like this, making them feel incredibly frustrated by the comparison.

Especially since these main troop cultivators were the low-level cultivators they had previously looked down upon.

“Bro, don’t be stubborn, it doesn’t matter how we get through as long as we get through, right? Join us, let Brother Ruthless carry us through, isn’t it great to pass easily?”

“Yeah, it doesn’t seem like you can make it on your own. Let’s do it together. We don’t despise you!”

The cultivators spoke very amiably, deeply experiencing the warmth and kindness of being together. Following Brother Ruthless, there were no differences in status among them.

No matter how powerful their backgrounds had been previously, at that moment, they were just little small-fries being carried by a big shot.

The dozen or so cultivators who entered earlier now looked somewhat ashamed and embarrassed as they silently followed at the end of the group—they felt they had lost face. If only they had known, they would have simply followed behind and let themselves be carried; it would have been better than making a fool of themselves in front of everyone.

However, these little thoughts were beyond Li Xiaobai’s hearing.

At that moment, Li Xiaobai was intently staring into the depths of the jungle. This forest hid too many Spiritual Artifacts; the opportunity was rare and he had to seize them all.

He spun the steering wheel, and the truck abruptly turned, heading down another path as the cultivators behind him followed without hesitation.

The big truck rolled on, the vacuum kept sucking.

Yu Sanbian had a strange expression in the passenger seat. He hadn’t expected that the cultivator who had casually chatted with him would be such a genius, easily packing the Blade Array into his bag. It wasn’t something an ordinary cultivator could achieve.

This person’s cultivation level, at the very least, was that of a Half-Step Nascent Soul—maybe he had already touched that threshold and stepped into a higher realm, Yu Sanbian speculated in his heart.

But at the same time, he was also puzzled; with such strength, why had he never heard of this person before?

...

On a certain high mountain, several old men closely monitoring Li Xiaobai's movements were extremely impressed.

"I give full marks for this move; treating the test as an opportunity to get rich—it's a very business-savvy approach and shows talent."

"Daring in thought and action, quite impressive."

"Being able to turn a perilous situation into a chance at fortune at any time and place... that's a skill."

"It's just a bit wasteful of Spiritual Artifacts..."

"`

A few old men were chatting over tea, seemingly unconcerned.

"This kid, to brazenly plunder the Holy Demon Sect's property, I'll be back shortly!"

Feng Qingyang flew into a rage, his figure flickering, and he disappeared from the spot in an instant.

...

In the forest, the large truck had already traversed a third of the territory, and over half of the Spiritual Artifacts in the jungle had been swept away.

Li Xiaobai felt a bit uneasy. Taking away someone's Spiritual Artifacts like this didn't feel quite right.

But such wealth was really wasted lying around in the forest, and resources should be utilized effectively.

However, neither Ergouzi nor Ji Wuqing cared much about that. Seeing the power of the vacuum decrease, they immediately expressed dissatisfaction, "Kid, bring out the best Spirit Stones, today Lord Ergouzi will suck this forest dry!"

"Kukuku, I shall leave a terrifying mark in the hearts of the Holy Demon Sect!"

"This Huazi is really good," Yu Sanbian remarked indifferently.

Li Xiaobai's face twitched. The creatures in the cabin, aside from him, all seemed a bit abnormal.

“Stop it, you scoundrels!”

A furious shout came from the sky, Feng Qingyang descended from the heavens and landed on the truck’s hood, confronting Li Xiaobai through the windshield with a four-eyes lock.

“Kid, why is it always you causing trouble?”

Li Xiaobai shuddered in fright and slammed on the brakes, flinging Feng Qingyang off.

“I...”

Feng Qingyang was dumbfounded, as the truck came to a halt without warning, and he wasn’t prepared. His Cultivation Technique activated, radiating a halo that enveloped him, obscuring whatever was happening inside from the spectators.

Feng Qingyang let out a slight sigh of relief. That was close; he almost lost face in front of his disciples.

Touching the mask on his face, Li Xiaobai said, “Great Elder, what can I do for you? Liangchen is eager to continue with the trial.”

“Kid, you even dare to pilfer the Spiritual Artifacts of my Holy Demon Sect. You’ve got guts. Before I lose my temper, hand over the items quickly,” Feng Qingyang insisted with a stern face.

“The rules never stated that collecting Spiritual Artifacts is forbidden. This is the disciple’s way of breaking through the barrier.”

“Furthermore, they’re merely Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts after all, no need for the Great Elder to make a fuss over such trifles,” Li Xiaobai waved dismissively.

Enraged to the point of turning green, Feng Qingyang said, “Kid, not only are you taking the Holy Demon Sect’s Spiritual Artifacts right under my nose, but you’re also destroying the testing environment right in front of me. I have a serious issue with you!”

“Liangchen is simply doing his utmost in the challenge. Giving it one’s all is the utmost respect for the Knife Forest. Destroying the test environment is an empty accusation. If it weren’t for these cultivators trusting in their own efforts and choosing to believe in Liangchen, they wouldn’t have made it this far,” said Li Xiaobai.

COMMENT

“Nonsense, boy, you’re infuriating me as well!”



Feng Qingyang's face turned crimson with wrath as he shouted and ranted, wanting to take action but unable to do so.

"Return, the test will continue."

An aged voice came from the heavens. It was the voice of the Supreme Elder. Feng Qingyang trembled, glared at the many cultivators, and then vanished into the sky as a streak of light.

The cultivators were left speechless by this sequence of events. Not only had someone openly taken hundreds of Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts, but he had also boldly faced off against the Great Elder.

"Truly worthy of being called Brother Ruthless, so ruthless!"

"Boss Ye, indeed a divine figure too!"

## **Chapter 96: Don't Speak, Smoke Huazi**

"Woof, the old man's gone; kid, drive, let's continue!"

Li Xiaobai saw it was best to quit while ahead and turned the truck around, driving it out of the forest. It was only fair to leave some behind; had he taken everything, he might have faced trouble down the line.

The cultivators behind him followed at a leisurely pace, and up to this point, not a single cultivator had been eliminated.

Everyone was in high spirits; following Brother Ruthless, they might make history as the largest group of disciples to ever enter the Holy Demon Sect.

"Brother Ye, there's the scent of Flesh Mountain up ahead."

Yu Sanbian took a puff of his Huazi and said indifferently.

Li Xiaobai looked closely but only saw a thick fog and couldn't help asking, "What is Flesh Mountain?"

"On the Immortal Spirit Continent, there are numerous forbidden zones, and Flesh Mountain is a product found within these areas and Mythical Forbidden Areas. It's flesh-like, able to contaminate cultivators' Divine Souls, causing them to become wildly aggressive, turning into a killing machine focused only on cultivation."

“Many sects will capture one or two pieces of Flesh Mountain to place within their sects as a tool for training disciples’ Primordial Spirits.”

Yu Sanbian gave a brief explanation of Flesh Mountain, and Li Xiaobai was astonished. There were such creatures in this world, and they sounded very dangerous.

“How does this thing come into existence? Is it a kind of clan?”

“Flesh Mountain possesses independent consciousness but low intelligence. Some say it’s transformed from the severed evil thoughts of powerful beings of ancient times, while others say it’s the remains of the body after such beings die. No one knows the true origin.”

“This thing is only dangerous when many pieces gather together. The aura of Flesh Mountain up ahead isn’t strong; one Huazi is enough to deal with it, so it’s not a big problem.”

Yu Sanbian took a small puff, exhaling clouds of smoke.

A light flashed in Li Xiaobai’s eyes. Flesh Mountain could affect one’s mind and sully the Primordial Spirit, whereas Huazi could purify the Spiritual Platform, making it the natural nemesis of Flesh Mountain.

This level’s challenge was likely a test of the cultivators’ willpower. As long as one’s mind was strong enough, they could walk out of Flesh Mountain’s influence.

Along the road ahead, they could vaguely see several large chunks of flesh enveloped in thick fog.

These chunks of flesh were almost a meter high, a faint crimson color with a layer of mucus on the surface, where veins could be subtly seen pulsating. They lay on the ground, squirming rhythmically.

Through the car window, Li Xiaobai could smell a rotting stench in the fog, which made him feel nauseous.

At the same time, the values on the system panel in front of him also began to jump.

[Attribute Points +1...]

[Attribute Points +2...]

As expected, this entity’s offensive capabilities weren’t strong. It probably could only affect cultivators at the Foundation Establishment Stage and those who had just entered the Golden Core Stage, just as Yu Sanbian had said.

However, the strength of the cultivators following him was mostly within this range. For all of them to get past, relying on themselves was impossible.

Li Xiaobai opened the car door and climbed out.

“Dear friends, there is Flesh Mountain blocking the road ahead, capable of muddling one’s mind. If you were to walk into it directly, you might become an emotionless killing machine.”

“Here at Liangchen, I have a treasure that can help you get through it safely, but this item was costly to make...”

“Brother Ruthless, I understand, here are my Spirit Stones, you name the price!” the cultivators immediately said, half-joking. They had come this far and were close to passing through. Nobody was a fool; spending some Spirit Stones to pass the assessment was a good deal.

“Ah, the original cost of this item is a hundred Lower Grade Spirit Stones, but seeing that we’re about to become brothers of the same sect, let’s make it half price. Just fifty Lower Grade Spirit Stones each will do,” Li Xiaobai said cheerfully.

“This...”

The cultivators were stirred up. Fifty Lower Grade Spirit Stones was not a small amount; it was enough to cover a cultivator’s expenses for two or three months.

Even the scions of great families felt the pinch, and after some careful thought, they realized that this test was about their nature. Perhaps they could get through it on their own.

Should they spend the Spirit Stones or not?

“We’ll buy it!”

Li Ya took the lead and said. The cultivators from Ancient Moon City admired Li Xiaobai immensely, like the endless flow of a river, and fifty lower-grade Spirit Stones were still within their means.

“Brother Ruthless, with our cultivation at the Golden Core Stage, we have great confidence in our own state of mind, and won’t need to waste Brother Ruthless’s treasures.”

“We’ll go ahead and enter...”

The previously injured cultivators in the jungle, who had significant cultivation levels, were unwilling to spend money in vain. To have cultivated to this stage, they were all individuals with resolute minds.

Among the numerous cultivators, many were reluctant to part with their Spirit Stones and refused Li Xiaobai's help, walking straight into the thick mist and disappearing from sight.

The remaining cultivators chose to trust Li Xiaobai. After all, they had relied on him to lead the way thus far, and giving some Spirit Stones in return was only proper.

Watching the crowd dwindle, Li Xiaobai sighed deeply in his heart. Morals seemed to decline day by day; after showing such impressive feats earlier, only a few were willing to pay up in the end.

More than half of the cultivators chose to enter on their own, wary of spending their Spirit Stones.

It seemed this was bound to result in a large number of cultivators being eliminated.

Li Xiaobai exchanged a large amount of Huazi from the store and began to distribute it to the many cultivators.

The store price for Huazi was ten lower-grade Spirit Stones each, but he sold them for fifty lower-grade Spirit Stones, earning a net profit of forty lower-grade Spirit Stones per Huazi. Although the number of people had sharply decreased, there were still hundreds eagerly purchasing, which was still quite profitable.

After collecting the payments, his treasury swelled by nearly ten thousand lower-grade Spirit Stones—a profitable and worthwhile haul.

“This item, known as Huazi, is a one-time treasure. Light it with a flame, hold the mouthpiece in your mouth, and inhale. The fragrance it emits can block forces that disturb the mind.”

Li Xiaobai explained the usage of Huazi, leaving the cultivators amazed.

They had never seen such a food-type magic treasure before. Usually, such things were Heaven and Earth Treasures and they had never seen them mass-produced.

Indeed, Brother Ruthless was in a class of his own.

“Woof, kid, get some Huazi for Lord Ergouzi!”

“Cluck cluck, this venerable one wants some too!”

The chicken and the dog eyed the package of Huazi in Yu Sanbian's hands with great envy.

"The last one; if you want more in the future, come exchange them with your own Spirit Stones, a hundred lower-grade Spirit Stones each."

Li Xiaobai tossed over two Huazi and said indifferently.

This business seemed to be a good way to amass wealth, and it might be worth developing back at the Holy Demon Sect.

"Woof, such pettiness..."

"Cluck cluck, the affection has grown cold..."

Li Xiaobai: "???"

Once again charging the truck, they rushed into the mist, forging a path through the Flesh Mountain. The other cultivators followed closely behind. Having spent a significant sum, everyone was even more vigilant.

A disgusting, fishy stench hit them, causing the cultivators to feel dizzy and their vision to blur. In the thick fog, they began to see the people they most wanted to see.

"Not good, this stench is disturbing our Divine Souls!"

"I see my deceased parents, it's my filial failure!"

"That's my enemy, the one who mercilessly killed my parents and siblings. I've practiced hard to this day just to be able to kill him by my own hand!"

"These are all illusions, quick, smoke the Huazi!"

"Don't talk, smoke the Huazi!"

## **Chapter 97: Huazi's Enlightenment**

The cultivators' faces were filled with shock, as they had not anticipated the mist to possess such formidable power.

They had only just stepped into it, when their minds had almost lost their composure.

Trembling, they fished out the Huazi, casually struck a flame to light it, and took two deep drags.

With a series of clouds being inhaled and exhaled, everyone's expressions gradually relaxed, the frantic unease in their hearts melting away like ice and snow.

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"This Huazi really packs a punch."

At the same time, an indescribable feeling surged in their hearts, making everyone feel as if their internal organs were completely clear, their Spiritual Platform luminous, their thoughts purified, and an ancient, deep flavor echoing within their hearts.

Many of the daily puzzling symptoms that troubled the cultivators were resolved with ease, and their understanding of the Cultivation Techniques deepened, faint signs of a breakthrough looming.

"What treasure is this?"

"This Huazi actually led to my breakthrough!"

"What on earth is this Huazi? Just one piece, and I managed to practice the Nine Transformations of Heavenly Demon to the fourth level. I'm just one step away from the Core Formation Stage!"

"Brother Ruthless is too strong, casually handing out Heaven and Earth Treasures. This is a win!"

"Not just a win but a massive profit—fifty Lower Grade Spirit Stones for a chance at a breakthrough. If those cultivators who are reluctant to part with their Spirit Stones knew about this, they would probably be green with regret!"

The excitement of the hundreds of cultivators was evident, as this opportunity had solved the problem of passing the test and instantaneously their issue of being low in strength.

With the effect of this Huazi, once they thoroughly contemplated it later, they would undoubtedly be able to enter a more profound level.

Brother Ruthless, what a divine being!

Inside the carriage, over thirty cultivators from Ancient Moon City were also tear-stained; Boss Ye did not deceive them.

On the surface, Boss Ye seemed to be accumulating wealth, but in reality, he was considerate of them in every way. Knowing that their strength was inadequate, he specifically used the guise of passing the test to help them enhance their cultivation levels, taking their pride into account.

Such a good person indeed. Compared with him, Immortal Qin, Wang Ruoxian, and Xia Jian appeared to be somewhat selfish.

However, Li Xiaobai was not aware of the others' thoughts; if he were, he would probably cough up blood—the people of this world sure have wild imaginations.

The truck rumbled on, and along the way, Li Xiaobai saw many cultivators struggling desperately.

These cultivators were very confident at first, but only after entering the dense fog did they realize how treacherous the world was.

The nameless flesh mounds themselves did not attack humans, but the rich, putrid stench they emitted was enough to drive people mad.

Upon inhaling this odor, even those cultivators who considered themselves to have profound cultivation at the Golden Core Stage felt an inexplicable irritation at heart, and some even thought they saw phantom images of their sworn enemies.

All were aware that the flesh mounds were influencing their minds. Not daring to be careless, they closed their eyes tightly and sat down cross-legged to resist the mind-disturbing force, managing to hold on for a short while.

But soon, this precarious balance was shattered.

Li Xiaobai driving the large truck roared through, the thunderous engine noise instantly shattering the cultivators' hard-earned peacefulness.

Their minds in chaos, the energy within their bodies dangerously close to going out of control, many cultivators coughed up blood on the spot, furiously ready to curse out loud, but then abruptly stopped, stunned.

They saw a group of people following the large truck, leisurely walking while occasionally taking a drag of something in their hands, enjoying bouts of exhaling and inhaling clouds of smoke, their faces expressing extreme pleasure.

“Why are you not affected?” a cultivator asked.

“Naturally, it's because of the treasure from Brother Ruthless. I must say, brothers, you lack foresight. The treasure from Brother Ruthless not only stabilizes the mind but also improves cultivation insight!”

The cultivators in the group laughed heartily, utterly refreshed in spirit, their actions proving that their choice was the correct one.

Watching the small troop slowly moving away, the many cultivators hidden in the mist suddenly realized, “Brother Ruthless, we are willing to pay Spirit Stones for your treasure!”

“Yes, I can offer double the price, please give me a chance, Brother Ruthless!”

“I’ll offer triple...”

Seeing the longing in the eyes of the surrounding cultivators, Li Xiaobai smiled faintly, “Liangchen is not a selfish person. Once the sect has settled down, I will open a store specifically to sell these treasures. At that time, you are all welcome to support it.”

Having said that, he stepped on the gas and sped away, leaving behind a crowd with bewildered faces, having missed their chance to enter the Holy Demon Sect.

In exchange for a mere fifty Lower Grade Spirit Stones, they had ruined their own futures.

Their minds were overwhelmed, and the aura of the Flesh Mountain invaded their senses, causing many cultivators to go wild and start attacking the cultivators next to them in a frenzy of biting.

In the sky, several streaks of light flashed by, and six figures descended upon the area.

“Old Man Feng is really looking for trouble. Why test our nature when things are fine? These days, who cares about cultivation of the heart? No, who is even decent these days?” complained the fat man, displeased.

“Sixth junior brother, this rescue mission was hard-earned by your senior sister. To swap us in, we’ve lost six disciples. Don’t slack off,” said the leading female cultivator indifferently.

“Hehe, I’m well aware of that. It’s just that among this last batch of disciples, it seems like we haven’t seen any trace of our little junior brother,” said the fat man, puzzled.

“The person on that steel mount does resemble our junior brother somewhat from the back...”

“Do you think our junior brother might have disguised himself just like us...”

“Let’s deal with junior brother’s matter later. The task at hand is more important!”

The six figures flashed and instantly appeared before the frenzied disciples. They formed hand signs and transported the many cultivators out of the thick fog.



Then, with practiced and smooth movements, they searched the bodies of the cultivators, taking away all of the Space Rings present.

“Has Old Man Feng arrived yet?”

“He should be here soon.”

“Wind’s up, let’s scram!”

The six figures twisted and instantly vanished from the spot.

A few breaths later, a streak of light descended, and the figure of Feng Qingyang appeared before the many unconscious cultivators, his expression changing several times.

“Damn it, it’s those six again causing trouble. Nearly a thousand Space Rings, this old man won’t take the blame, I need to leave quickly!”

With a twist, he too disappeared from the spot.

...

At the same time, deep in the mist, Qin Lan let out a muffled grunt and spat out a mouthful of blood.

The maid beside her quickly took out some Healing Medicine.

Qin Lan was originally using the aura of the Flesh Mountain to temper her Primordial Spirit, hoping to take that step as soon as possible. For this reason, she had not used any bit of her cultivation level and was completely exposed to the ravaging aura of the Flesh Mountain.

Unexpectedly, the roaring thunder of Li Xiaobai’s vehicle passed by her, cracking the ground and shaking the earth, almost causing her to lose her mind and fall into a demonic state.

The small troop of cultivators running behind kept looking back every three steps. Even Immortal Qin had stumbled—better to stick with Brother Ruthless. Those fifty Lower Grade Spirit Stones were well spent!

“He definitely did it on purpose, aiming to disturb the lady’s spiritual practice!” The maid was very angry.

“Let’s keep this in mind for now. We’ll get even sooner or later...”

**I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense  
#Chapter 98: The conditions are reasonable, but the old man refuses them all. - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 98: The conditions are reasonable, but the old man refuses them all.**

**Chapter 98: The conditions are reasonable, but the old man refuses them all.**

The truck broke through the fog, revealing a genuine mountain gate before their eyes.

This was the true entrance to the Holy Demon Sect; the path outside was both a test for the disciples and a natural barrier.

At this moment, a constant stream of disciples was coming and going in front of the gate, where Feng Qingyang had been waiting.

The appearance of the large truck instantly drew the gaze of many disciples.

Such a domineering entrance was something they had never witnessed before, especially when they saw many cultivators running behind the truck, their expressions were even more colorful.

It seemed a person of great importance had arrived among the disciples this time!

Qin Lan's complexion was rosy and her chest heaved; she glared at Li Xiaobai, who was puzzled.

"Good, Ye Liangchen, you finally did not bring everyone here; the number is a bit over, but it is still within an acceptable range," Feng Qingyang said as he counted the number of people, nodding in approval, finally encountering something that pleased him.

"Alright, your chance to come here has arrived. Let's test your cultivation levels, and then you can get a token to enter," he said.

"Woof, old man, Lord Ergouzi wants to test his cultivation too!" Ergouzi said excitedly.

"Kikiki, this sovereign's cultivation level is beyond your ability to assess," Ji Wuqing said haughtily with her head raised.

Feng Qingyang's forehead creased with lines of frustration, ignoring the two clamoring beings, he beckoned to a disciple nearby to begin the recording work.

The test of cultivation level was simple; the Holy Demon Sect possessed a magic treasure specifically designed to gauge a disciple's cultivation. Simply place a hand upon it, and it would display the result.

This magic treasure resembled a compass, with faint traces of Yin and Yang Qi circulating around it. A bead in the center was used to test the specific cultivation level of cultivators.

"I will go first," said Qin Lan, stepping forward and placing her hand on the Compass.

The bead in the center shone brightly, pleasing Feng Qingyang who stroked his beard with a satisfied smile.

"Not bad, Half-step Nascent Soul. You are on the verge, just shy of the final insight needed to break through," he said.

The other cultivators looked on with envy, Half-step Nascent Soul was a realm most of them yearned for, and here Qin Lan had effortlessly reached it. Indeed, Immortal Qin was extraordinary, a true genius beyond the ordinary.

"Not worth mentioning," Qin Lan said, with a trace of complacency in her eyes, glancing at Li Xiaobai before taking the token and leaving.

Her maid followed closely behind; as a maid, not a disciple, she did not need to undergo the test.

One by one, the others began to step forward to test their cultivation levels. Li Xiaobai sat in the driver's seat deep in thought; he had not a trace of cultivation, and there was nothing in the store that could help him now, it seemed he would have a tough time bluffing his way through.

"Thanks for the Huazi from Brother Ye; Yu Sanbian will go ahead and test now. If Brother Ye opens a store, Yu Sanbian will surely be the first to support it," said Yu Sanbian, holding half a Huazi in his mouth as he got off the truck and approached Feng Qingyang.

He disdained Qin Lan's high-profile performance. True masters always kept their capabilities and achievements hidden.

Yu Sanbian's cultivation level tested was at the first layer of the Golden Core Stage. Feng Qingyang gave him an extra glance but said nothing more. It was not unusual for disciples to hide their true cultivation level within the sect. If a disciple wanted to play the fool to catch the wise, the elders would not expose them.

As the number of disciples dwindled, Feng Qingyang's facial expression turned somewhat stiff; something about the situation seemed off.

Almost all of the disciples who came for the test were at the Foundation Establishment Stage, with only a handful in the Golden Core Stage. The quality of these disciples was simply too poor.

"Damn it, it's Ye Liangchen!" Feng Qingyang fumed, the near-thousand disciples eliminated in the Flesh Mountain fog were those who were confident in their cultivation level and unwilling to spend money to follow Li Xiaobai.

But the present disciples were different; because of their weaker strengths, they decisively opted to follow Li Xiaobai from start to finish. As a result, those who successfully passed the test were a bunch of second-rate cultivators, while the ones eliminated were the disciples with decent strength.

Feng Qingyang felt the urge to hit someone, wondering how such a damned thing had sneaked in.

Pointing at Li Xiaobai, "You, come here, and let this old man see your cultivation level!"

"The cultivation level of Liangchen cannot be detected by this mere Compass."

Li Xiaobai stood with his hands behind his back and spoke indifferently.

"Woof, Lord Ergouzi also desires to have his cultivation tested!" Ergouzi nosed in once again.

Feng Qingyang didn't want to waste words, grabbed Li Xiaobai's hand, and pressed it onto the Compass. After waiting a moment, nothing happened.

Feng Qingyang frowned, the Compass, even if used on a common person, should reveal at least a trace of faint light, it's impossible for there to be no reaction at all.

Could it be that the other party was able to suppress their cultivation to the point where even a Magic Treasure couldn't detect it?

A dog paw stretched over, its beads flashing with light, breaking Feng Qingyang's train of thought.

"What about Lord Ergouzi's cultivation level?"

"Just a weakling, scram." Feng Qingyang was quite frustrated and tossed Ergouzi out.

“Listen well, you all. In three days, there will be a competition among the disciples in training, and the winners among the top one hundred will be promoted to outer sect disciples. This is an opportunity—seize it well,” Feng Qingyang said.

“Furthermore, considering the mediocre cultivation levels of you disciples in this batch, you will stay in the area designated for menial servants before the competition. Any problems with that?”

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“There is a problem, cultivation does not represent strength. Although Liangchen has no cultivation, his strength is still defying the heavens,” Li Xiaobai stated.

“That’s correct, Lord Ergouzi casually obliterated the Blade Array without expending the slightest bit of cultivation!”

“Cackle, when yours truly roamed freely between heaven and earth, there wasn’t even such a thing as cultivation!”

The chicken and the dog chimed in agreement.

Veins popped on Feng Qingyang’s forehead, “Then you tell me, where do you want to stay?”

“Liangchen isn’t greedy, staying together with the other in-training disciples is enough. People should not be ranked into hierarchies based on their cultivation level. Even a minor cultivator can have grand dreams, everyone is the protagonist of their own life,” said Li Xiaobai, who still needed to find his senior brothers and sisters and thus couldn’t simply accept arrangements blindly.

The surrounding cultivators were moved to tears by his words. Brother Ruthless’s righteous conviction was touching as he argued with the Great Elder on their behalf!

“Hmm, not bad, your conditions are quite fair, it seems this old man has no reason to refuse.”

Feng Qingyang seemed to have calmed down, stroking his beard and nodding slightly.

“So then…”

“However, this old man rejects them all!”

Feng Qingyang’s eyes bulged as the fluctuations of the Nascent Soul Stage swept across the crowd, ruthlessly cutting off Li Xiaobai’s words.

“Today, this old man wants to teach you all one thing: the world of the strong does not care about the process, only the result, and by results, you are all weaklings!”

“Moreover, this old man is the Great Elder, and this old man wants you to stay in the area for menial disciples, any problems with that?”

Li Xiaobai was speechless; the Great Elder was quite petty, acting like a spoiled brat right now.

Bowing his hands, “Then we have no choice but to accept, thank you for the Great Elder’s teachings...”

Seeing Li Xiaobai’s demeanor, Feng Qingyang felt a surge of satisfaction. He didn’t care about rules; if he got annoyed, he would indeed make life difficult for you.

“Very well, off you go, this old man has high hopes for you, hahaha...”

## **Chapter 99: The Servant Disciple Was Terrified**

In the Holy Demon Sect, Li Xiaobai and his people were indeed assigned to the residences meant for the menial workers.

Although it was the dwelling place of the menial disciples, the environment was still acceptable, and they only needed to stay for three days, so it wasn’t a big problem.

Glancing around, he didn’t see Yu Sanbian and Qin Lan among the crowd. It seemed those with connections could find advantages everywhere.

It was just a pity that Yu Sanbian hadn’t arranged a better place for them; he certainly hadn’t been so lenient when it came to drawing lots.

“Brother Ruthless, you are truly nobler than the heavens. These days, it’s rare to find cultivators who treat people with such sincerity!”

“Yes, in the future, I am willing to serve you, front and back, at your beck and call!”

“Let’s not talk about it anymore. Being able to enter the Holy Demon Sect this time was all thanks to Brother Ruthless’s support. If there’s any place where you need us, we will go through fire and water without hesitation!”

“The great favor from Boss Ye, we’ll never forget for as long as we live!”

At the top of a hill, more than two hundred cultivators all knelt on one knee, roaring in unison.

Their voices surged one wave after another, startling the nearby menial disciples into utter silence, locking themselves indoors. Even the few who had been prepared to find fault with the newcomers and show them who's boss were now swallowing hard, involuntarily quieting down.

Where did all these cultivators come from? Could it be that an entire organization had come over?

Watching these cultivators who looked like they were about to claim the hill as their own, the menial workers wanted to cry but had no tears. What had they done to deserve this? With such a calamity arriving, would there still be any good days ahead for them?

“Woof, and don't forget Lord Ergouzi!”

Ergouzi was extremely dissatisfied. How could these people only revere Li Xiaobai?

“Cackle, and Lord Ji Wuqing too!”

Ji Wuqing also spoke up, as it wouldn't miss out on such a large fan meet-up.

“Right, right, right, we will also follow Lord Ergouzi and Lord Ji!”

“Lord Ergouzi is mighty and extraordinary, the day when you become a god is certainly foreseeable!”

“Lord Ji Wuqing is so imposing, we can't even catch up to you!”

The cultivators quickly changed their tune, very tactfully starting to butter up Ergouzi and Ji Wuqing.

These two were the favored ones by Brother Ruthless's side, and they mustn't be neglected. They had to flatter them well as this chicken and dog might also be powerful beings.

“Good lads, Lord Ergouzi will lead you to choose your rooms. Let's go!”

Ergouzi's vanity was greatly satisfied, and it stood upright, crossing its paws behind its back, giving the dumbstruck guide disciple a cold glance.

This disciple was responsible for arranging housing for everyone. Normally, people would try to please him first, offering some benefits so they could live more peacefully later on.

But unexpectedly, before he could even assert his authority, people were already pledging their loyalty, showing undying commitment, almost to the point of swearing

brotherhood under such momentum, forcing him to swallow back the words he was about to say.

“Fellow Daoists, my name is Yuan Fang. I am in charge of managing the menial disciples’ housing arrangements. Please follow me for your accommodations!” Yuan Fang forced a smile and gestured for them to follow.

The group followed and arrived in front of a row of cottages. The houses were quite spacious and not bad at all; even for menial disciples in a prestigious sect, the living conditions were better than ordinary folks outside the sect.

The rest of the residences at the moment were all tightly closed. Occasionally, some menial disciples upon seeing Li Xiaobai and the others would immediately return inside and shut their doors and windows tight.

Li Xiaobai was somewhat baffled, wondering why it seemed like people were afraid of them when they had come to someone else’s domain.

“Alright, you all can go pick your rooms, two people to a room. From now on, we are all from the same sect, so let’s get to know each other better,” Li Xiaobai said.

“Yes, we are brothers through adversity, and we should definitely get to know each other better!”

“Whoever dares to touch my brother, I will kill them!”

The cultivators were fervently impassioned. Along the journey, they had deeply experienced the feeling of sharing weal and woe.

Brother Ruthless’s strength made them feel the warmth of home.

“Uh... it’s good that you all get along...”

Li Xiaobai was speechless. These cultivators were a bit too enthusiastic, and he didn’t know how to respond, so he turned and entered an empty house on the edge.

The interior of the house was simple, with two beds to the left and right, cabinets and stools at the head of the beds, and a long table in the middle. It looked clean and tidy.

There wasn’t much inside, but for cultivators, a bed was really all that was needed. Apart from cultivating, they didn’t do much else on normal days.

“Woof, this bed, Lord Ergouzi has claimed it!”

Ergouzi lunged towards one of the beds.



“Then this sovereign will take this bed.”

Ji Wuqing walked with pride to the other bed, but unfortunately, his short little legs were too short to climb up.

Li Xiaobai pushed him aside and got into the bed to rest on his own.

The couch was quite comfortable.

“Cackle, lad, this sovereign had reserved this couch, don’t provoke me!” Ji Wuqing was very angry, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t climb on it.

“You’re just a little country chicken, what do you need a bed for? Just lie on the ground.” said Li Xiaobai indifferently.

“Cackle, this sovereign is a Pudong Rooster, carrying the Undying Phoenix Bloodline. It’s not impossible for me to become an immortal creature with just a thought. Even though you brought this sovereign out, you’d best treat me with some courtesy!”

Ji Wuqing tidied up his feathers, speaking in an unhappy tone.

“With those short legs of yours, when you can jump up here, the bed is yours.”

Li Xiaobai yawned.

Just as Ji Wuqing was about to say something else, there came a knocking, dong dong dong, and the voice of Yuan Fang from outside.

“Brother Ye, are you satisfied with this house?”

“Satisfied. Do you need something, Brother Yuan?” Li Xiaobai rolled off the bed and opened the door to ask.

“You flatter me too much, Brother Ye, just call me Xiao Yuan, heh heh.”

Yuan Fang’s posture was very humble, not daring to make a move after witnessing the earlier scene.

The aura of these people was definitely that of jianghu characters, surely the kind who ruled their own territory. It’s said that with such people, if you hit one, the rest will swarm out to fight you to the death.

“Then I’ll call you Brother Yuan. Is there something important you needed?”

“Heh heh, it’s actually not any serious matter. I just wanted to ask if Brother Ye needs anything else, so I can go and get it for you.”

“No need to trouble yourself, we’re just here for a short stay and will leave in a few days.” Li Xiaobai waved his hand.

Yuan Fang breathed a sigh of relief in his heart, for if they stayed for good, the local snakes here would have to change their boss.

“Brother Yuan, does the Holy Demon Sect have a place for buying and selling?”

Li Xiaobai asked. He needed to sell off that pile of loot in the Space Ring as soon as possible.

“Yes, there’s a trading post set up at the foot of the mountain. All cultivators can set up a stall there by paying a fee of two Lower Grade Spirit Stones. High-ranking brothers and sisters frequently appear there, and if you have enough Spirit Stones, you can find quite a few good items,” said Yuan Fang.

“Thank you Brother Yuan. You have taken some trouble for this. Here’s a little something for your efforts, please accept it.”

Li Xiaobai casually took out a Lower Grade Spirit Sword and handed it to Yuan Fang; it was one of the spiritual artifacts from the Blade Array.

“This... this is too precious!”

“Thank you, Brother Ye!”

## **Chapter 100: Resuming an Old Trade**

Trading goods is Li Xiaobai’s favorite part, especially when selling to Sect Disciples, those potential big customers.

Sometimes, for the sake of mere face, they can be thoroughly rinsed for a sum, making them the perfect mark.

Descending the mountain alone.

This mountaintop is designated for the dwelling of menial disciples. Nameless as it is, wherever Li Xiaobai goes, doors and windows are tightly shut, everyone is too afraid to even breathe out loud.

Menial disciples are at the bottom of the Sect hierarchy and are often bullied, so they are extremely timid. They all witnessed the scene of Li Xiaobai pledging loyalty with

over two hundred people on the mountaintop; they both envied and feared him, for to them, he is undoubtedly a personage of consequence.

To avoid offense, the best strategy is to stay indoors and avoid any interaction.

Li Xiaobai was speechless. He hadn't even done anything, and these people were already scared, "Aren't I considered rather handsome?"

Touching the Human Skin Mask on his face, Li Xiaobai knew that the likelihood of garnering hatred from the menial disciples was almost nil.

At the foot of the mountain, the comings and goings of disciples bustled endlessly, quite lively indeed.

The Holy Demon Sect, a major sect, has several dangerous places nearby. Treasures within these places are up for the disciples to explore and unearth. Daily treasure hunting and trading the discovered materials within the sect has become a normal part of the disciples' lives.

Following the route described by Yuan Fang, Li Xiaobai found the Sect Disciples' trading stalls.

Calling it a stall is a bit of an understatement—it's more like a street vendor scene. Located in the most bustling low-end area of the Sect's heart, all sorts of people set up their stalls here, their hawking voices overlapping and ceaseless.

"Come on, look at this freshly cooked bear paw, a Golden Core Stage of three hundred years, a tremendous nourishment!"

"Nine Heavens Mysterious Spirit Grass, genuinely guaranteed, ten times compensation for any fake!"

"Sky Wind Sword, a high-quality Spiritual Artifact going for cheap, hurry if you want it!"

"..."

Walking along the street, the dazzling array of goods was a feast for the eyes; the sounds of haggling mixed with swearing were relentless.

Li Xiaobai had a plan. He found the person in charge of the area, paid two Lower Grade Spirit Stones, and prepared to set up his stall.

As a newcomer and late arrival, the prime spots were already taken, and he was left with some leftover corner spaces to choose from.

However, good wine needs no bush. He had quality goods in hand, no fear of no takers.

He approached a corner stall and took out several Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts.

“Brother, I haven’t seen you around. First time here?”

The vendor next to him was idling around; the location was not great, and his stall had virtually no customers.

“Yes, I am Ye Liangchen. May I inquire about your name, brother?” Li Xiaobai greeted with a fist salute and asked.

“Heh, just call me Brother Fist.”

The man was lean and withered, with a pale complexion that suggested malnutrition, and his smile had a hint of a sleazy vibe.

Li Xiaobai was speechless; this guy looked nothing like what one would expect from Brother Fist, with only a thin layer of skin left on his frail hands.

“So you’re Brother Fist.”

“Bro, this won’t do, these Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts you’ve got are of so-so quality. In this part of the area, basically nobody would buy them.”

Brother Fist glanced at the swords and sabers in front of Li Xiaobai, his mouth twitching in disdain; the items on this stall were even worse than his own.

“Liangchen likes to move volume when selling.”

With a flick of his hand, Li Xiaobai instantly filled his stall with nearly a thousand Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts, among them were many Middle Grade Spiritual Artifacts, which clattered to the ground.

“Holy...”

“Brother Ye, did you rob a Sect or something?”

Staring at the dazzling array of Spiritual Artifacts, Brother Fist was so astonished that he was almost drooling.

“They’re just a thousand Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts, not worth mentioning,” Li Xiaobai waved his hand dismissively and said indifferently.

Brother Fist felt insulted and said no more.

Li Xiaobai exchanged for a huge signboard from the mall and carved on it the words “Divine Sword Auction, highest bidder wins,” placing it to one side. He didn’t even shout to advertise, just quietly waited for customers to gather.

Sure enough, almost in an instant, this mountainous pile of Spiritual Artifacts attracted a large crowd of onlookers. Selling nearly a thousand Spiritual Artifacts in one go was absolutely a big move.

“This brother looks unfamiliar, does anyone know him?”

“It’s right not to recognise him. With so many Spiritual Artifacts, he most likely robbed a Sect. Such high-level cultivators don’t like to show their faces normally.”

“That’s true, but why do these Spiritual Artifacts look so familiar to me?”

“Seems like it’s the Blade Array from Knife Forest of a Sect...”

Hiss!

Many of the disciples present recognised the origins of these Spiritual Artifacts, as they had all braved the Blade Array themselves and the memory of that trial was still fresh.

“Brother, how much for these Spiritual Artifacts?” a beautiful female cultivator asked.

“Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts, a hundred Lower Grade Spirit Stones each. Middle Grade Spiritual Artifacts, one Middle Grade Spirit Stone each,” Li Xiaobai replied.

As soon as these words were uttered, everyone present lit up. Li Xiaobai’s prices were at cost, a good ten percent lower than what other merchants were offering for the same types.

Moreover, the quality of these Spiritual Artifacts was quite good, with no hint of shoddy items amongst them.

“Such a conscientious brother, this sister would like to buy this pale blue Middle Grade Spirit Sword.”

The female cultivator threw out a Middle Grade Spirit Stone and took the Spirit Sword away.

Seeing this, the other cultivators immediately became excited and began to reach into their wallets to purchase Spiritual Artifacts from Li Xiaobai, with quite a few cultivators quickly returning to their previous booths ready to return their purchases.

Li Xiaobai smiled faintly; his goods were high-quality and reasonably priced, plus he had an incredibly large quantity. Competing merchants selling low-level Spiritual Artifacts simply couldn't beat him.

In just a few minutes, he had earned tens of thousands of Lower Grade Spirit Stones, among which were also a good number of Middle Grade Spirit Stones.

Brother Fist, looking enviously at the scene, eagerly looked at Li Xiaobai: "Brother Ye, how about we combine our booths? That way, the booth will be bigger and you can display more items. Don't worry, we'll still sell our own goods and keep our own money."

Li Xiaobai thought for a moment. Merging booths didn't sound like a bad idea, as he indeed had a large number of items he needed to deal with.

"Sure."

Once the booths were combined, Brother Fist chuckled eerily and moved closer to Li Xiaobai, placing his own bottles and pots in front of the crowd of cultivators.

In comparison to Li Xiaobai's inventory, his goods barely filled a gap, but soon someone recognized the items he was selling.

"That's the inner core of a Half-step Nascent Soul Demonic Beast!"

"That's the hide of a Blood Crocodile, you killed that croc, brother, may I ask your esteemed name!"

"I'll take this inner core, no one better compete with me!"

"This Elixir is actually specially made for Golden Core Stage cultivators..."

"..."

The cultivators went wild, not expecting to stumble upon such treasures in this remote corner.

Watching Brother Fist's beaming face as he negotiated prices, Li Xiaobai felt he had been duped. This guy was clearly leveraging his influence to sell his goods, and it seemed like he had really good items for sale.

No wonder he said to sell our own. He was afraid I'd ask him for a share of the profits.

This guy is quite the schemer...