

The Quest 661

Chapter 661: Eternal Life Rune (1)

Aunt Xue's face changed immediately.

Saint Heir??!

She looked at the handsome youth, incredulous:

"You... are the Demon Path's Saint Heir?!"

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi both had serious expressions on their faces.

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Only Mo Hua looked confused.

What on earth is a Saint Heir?

Bai Zixi knew he didn't understand, so she quietly explained:

"The master of the Demon Sect, self-proclaimed Demon Monarch, refers to the ones who are eligible to succeed as the Demon Monarch as Saint Heirs..."

"The Saint Heirs compete against each other, and the final victor will become the next Demon Monarch."

"Most Saint Heirs have extraordinary bloodlines and talents, and they cultivate the most orthodox Demon Sect Cultivation Techniques. Despite their young age, their statuses in the Demon Sect are extremely high."

Mo Hua took another look at the "Saint Heir" in front of him.

He really wasn't old, probably around twenty or so, and his Cultivation was already very high, at least Foundation Establishment, and possibly even Golden Core.

He was dressed in crimson finery, his skin was pale, and his appearance handsome yet demonic. His pupils were cold and arrogant, with an archaic blood stain between his brows.

In this group, only this youth had a blood stain between his eyebrows.

Could this be the mark of a "Saint Heir"?

As Mo Hua sized up the Saint Heir, the Saint Heir was also looking at him.

Liao Tiande whispered something in his ear, and the Saint Heir smiled faintly, pointing at Mo Hua and said:

"This kid, leave him behind for me!"

Bai Zisheng and the others were somewhat taken aback.

Mo Hua was even more puzzled, why did this effeminate demon single him out, wanting him to stay behind?

Aunt Xue pulled Mo Hua behind her and said firmly:

"We are from the Bai Family..."

"I know you're from the Bai Family..."

The Saint Heir sneered, "You're from the Bai Family, and the siblings next to you are from the Bai Family's core lineage, so I gave you some face."

"You may leave, but that kid..."

The Saint Heir sneered, "He must stay behind!"

Aunt Xue frowned, "You want Mo Hua to stay behind, what for?"

"Nothing much..." The Saint Heir's eyes, full of ambition, "I want to meet Mr. Zhuang, but I need some leverage in hand, and his little disciple here is just right."

Mo Hua finally understood, they wanted to capture him to use as leverage against his master!

Bai Zisheng understood as well and angrily said, "Demon, don't you dare!"

The Saint Heir's face trembled slightly, revealing anger and ferocity in his eyes.

No one had ever dared to insult him to his face as he'd grown up.

He looked at Bai Zisheng with a venomous gaze.

Bai Zisheng met his gaze resolutely and unafraid.

The Saint Heir was somewhat surprised and nodded, "Worthy of being a disciple of the Bai Family, you do have some backbone..."

However, as he said this, he couldn't hide the murderous intent in his eyes.

The Golden Core Stage Fat Buddha saw this and ingratiatingly said, "Saint Heir, let me kill this brat for you."

The Saint Heir neither agreed nor disagreed, remaining silent.

On the other side, a gaunt Taoist with half his face burnt scathingly said:

"Buddha of Ghosts, if you're going to suck up, use your brain. The core descendants of the Bai Family have their special Eternal Life Rune. Do you dare to attack them and seek death?"

Fat Buddha's face trembled with rage, yet shock was evident on his features.

"A special Eternal Life Rune?"

Mo Hua was somewhat bewildered.

What was this rune? He had never heard of it...

The half-faced, burnt Taoist continued to mock the Buddha of Ghosts:

"The special Eternal Life Rune, created by Heaven Void Ancestors and above using their personal true essence, is imprinted within the vital energy of the direct descendants. When they face mortal danger, it activates automatically, killing all external enemies and ensuring the survival of the descendants."

"It's their 'Death Exemption Token,' a one-time 'lifesaver'..."

"It's the additional 'life' for these noble clan's direct descendants!"

"Otherwise, why would the clan elders dare to let their extraordinarily talented and exceptional descendants go out and temper themselves?"

The skinny Taoist looked at the Buddha of Ghosts with scorn, "I've lived so long and have never seen what this 'special Eternal Life Rune' looks like. Why don't you make a move and force these two young cultivators to reveal their runes, so I can also have a glimpse?"

Buddha of Ghosts's face turned alternatively green and white.

Make a move?

Make your mother's move?

If it involved the means of the Heaven Void Ancestor, "able to kill all external enemies," wouldn't my action be courting certain death?

Dammit!

The Buddha of Ghosts seethed internally.

He had joined the path halfway through, had fed on humans to become a demon, and his lineage was not pure, which is why he was utterly ignorant of these high-level Cultivation knowledge.

The special Eternal Life Rune, the Heaven Void Ancestors... these were things he'd never heard of before.

Now he'd made a fool of himself right as he tried to gain attention.

And in front of the Saint Heir...

The enraged Buddha shot the Taoist a venomous look.

The Taoist kept sneering proudly.

Both of them were Golden Core Great Demon Cultivators, and if they hadn't come together, they would be considered "Ancestors" in their own right, with immense authority; naturally, neither would want to submit to the other.

The eyes of the Saint Heir were cold and detached as his thoughts whirled.

The Taoist was not wrong...

On one hand, he was wary of the Bai Family, so he dared not make a move against the siblings.

The Bai Family was an enormous entity.

These two young cultivators were from the Bai Family's direct core lineage, and attacking them would provoke the Bai Family directly.

Even though he was a Demon Path Saint Heir, without a huge benefit, he saw no need to make such a formidable enemy.

On the other hand, he did indeed fear the special Eternal Life Rune.

With that rune in place, he couldn't do anything to the siblings.

Therefore, the only one he could truly target and the only one he could use to gain leverage was the one without any power, background, support, with a bad Spiritual Root, weak Cultivation, without the special Eternal Life Rune to protect him, who also happened to be the direct disciple of Mr. Zhuang — Mo Hua!

The Saint Heir glanced at Bai Zisheng and his companion, "I won't trouble you..." Then he turned his gaze back to Mo Hua, "But this kid is mine!"

Chapter 662: Eternal Life Rune (2)

Mo Hua snorted coldly, "Don't even think about it!"

Aunt Xue also said in a deep voice, "The elders of the Bai Family are nearby, so please, Saint Heir, do as you see fit."

The Saint Heir smiled slyly, "Don't act as if I don't know, the Nether Heavenly Mechanism Seal obscures the heavenly secret and locks cause and effect, isolating this place from the external world for a short duration."

"Your Bai Family doesn't know, and those fools from the Taoist Court are even more clueless."

Aunt Xue felt a chill in her heart, her face as still as water.

As expected, everything had been calculated perfectly.

The Saint Heir did not wish to waste any more words either, and with a casual wave of his hand, a few Golden Core Demon Cultivators behind him dashed out like ghosts, moving towards Mo Hua to capture him.

The one in front was a seductively charming female cultivator with sharp fangs and a bewitching and elusive movement technique. In just a few breaths, she closed in on Mo Hua and the others.

She emanated a strong and pungent scent of rouge and powder.

Aunt Xue tensed up, gritting her teeth and focusing her gaze.

Her eyes shimmered with a dance of seven-colored rays.

The Demon Path female cultivator locked eyes with Aunt Xue and froze for a moment, then, with the operation of her evil power, she grinned, her eyes turning red, showing sinuous blood vessels.

The radiance in Aunt Xue's eyes faded, and she stumbled back several steps, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

The Demon Path female cultivator chuckled and said, "You dare use an illusion technique at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage against a Golden Core? Aren't you afraid of backlash?"

Aunt Xue's face turned deathly pale, but she also looked desperate.

Between Foundation Establishment and Golden Core lies a vast difference in realms; even if her illusion technique was exquisite, it would not make her a match.

The remaining Golden Core Demon Cultivators charged at Mo Hua but were blocked by Bai Zisheng who brandished a long spear.

Yet Bai Zisheng, still only at Qi Refinement, held the imposing spear which was effortlessly pinched by two fingers of a Demon Cultivator.

Then, with a light flick, the spear was sent flying.

Undeterred, Bai Zisheng charged forward with empty hands, determined not to let them capture Mo Hua.

The few Golden Core Demon Cultivators looked disdainful, but they didn't dare to strike Bai Zisheng for fear of triggering the special Eternal Life Rune, so they could only humor him in this charade.

The charming female cultivator took the opportunity to approach, extending a pale hand with five crimson, elongated nails, reaching for Mo Hua.

The charming female cultivator was at Golden Core, while Mo Hua was only at Qi Refinement.

No matter how exquisite his Water Passing Step, he couldn't dodge it.

Just then, Bai Zixi flashed in front of Mo Hua, blocking him.

The female cultivator's expression condensed, and with a "tsk," she forcibly halted her assault, her crimson nails stopping short in front of Bai Zixi.

"Sister..."

Mo Hua was taken aback, his feelings complex as he muttered.

Bai Zixi simply said, "I am your sister! I promised Master I would take good care of you!"

The charming female cultivator scoffed contemptuously.

The Saint Heir showed a look of surprise.

The scene unfolding before him greatly exceeded his expectations.

In his original plan, as the Saint Heir accompanied by more than a dozen Golden Core Great Demon Cultivators, even if the Bai siblings would not flee in trepidation, at least they would be wary enough to hand over their junior brother...

These two hailed from a Great Clan.

And this 'Mo' kid, inconspicuous and likely of humble origin, perhaps just a Loose Cultivator picked up by Mr. Zhuang from some remote corner.

The Bai siblings would surely not risk much to protect this kid.

But now, he realized he was wrong...

To stand against him, the Saint Heir, and face off against more than a dozen Golden Core Demon Cultivators in direct confrontation, were they indeed willing to defend this "junior brother"?

Why?

Was this kid really that important?

The Saint Heir became interested, chuckling, "Just don't kill them. If they don't sustain fatal injuries, it won't trigger the 'Eternal Life Rune.'

"Subdue them and bring that kid over to me!"

"I want to see just what is so extraordinary about this kid."

A few more Golden Core Demon Cultivators from the Saint Heir's side took action, closing in on Mo Hua.

The charming female cultivator also cracked a gruesome smile, reaching for Bai Zixi.

Bai Zixi's gaze intensified, and she drew a golden long sword from her hand. With each swing, the sword's light was clear and bright, mingled with snow-white flames.

The charming female cultivator's eyelid twitched, and she thought in shock, "This swordsmanship..."

But after observing for a while, she calmed down, "Good, it's only Qi Refinement..."

She focused, blood Qi emanating from her claws, dissolving Bai Zixi's golden and white fiery swordsmanship, and then, bypassing Bai Zixi, she reached towards Mo Hua right behind her.

At that moment, Bai Zixi clenched her teeth, inverted the sword tip to point at her own heart meridian.

This was the posture of someone intending to commit suicide.

The charming female cultivator paused, halting her motion.

The distant Saint Heir was taken aback, then chuckled, "Have you gone mad, girl?" Discover hidden tales at

But gradually, as he came to understand, he couldn't help but stop laughing.

Not just the Saint Heir, the other Golden Core Demon Cultivators also came to a realization, faces revealing shock.

The smile on the Saint Heir's face faded, his expression turned serious, saying:

"You wouldn't..."

You wouldn't... be thinking of triggering the "Eternal Life Rune" yourself, would you?

Standing before Mo Hua, Bai Zixi's cold gaze conveyed, "Whoever touches him will have to die!"

The Saint Heir stood shocked for a long time, before he finally slowly shook his head and laughed in disbelief, "I don't believe it..."

"How precious is the Eternal Life Rune, I don't believe you'd be willing to trigger it yourself..."

"As a disciple from a Noble Clan, what does it mean to lose your Eternal Life Rune? I think you know better than I do..."

"Trigger the Eternal Life Rune yourself?"

"I don't believe it..."

The Saint Heir's gaze turned icy as he commanded, "Capture that kid!"

A few Golden Core Demon Cultivators hesitated for a moment but still continued to reach for Mo Hua.

Bai Zixi's luminous gaze revealed a hint of determination and resoluteness.

Seeing this look, the Saint Heir instantly understood and was instantly filled with an unbelievable shock and fear:

Chapter 663: Eternal Life Rune (3)

"Impossible..."

Bai Zixi clenched her sword in her delicate hands and plunged it forcefully toward her heart.

This strike, a sword Qi sweeping across, was one made with the resolve to die, yet it halted a hair's breadth from her chest.

A layer of golden light suddenly appeared on Bai Zixi's body.

Between her eyebrows, a bright and sacred "Rune" took shape.

This Rune, crafted by the Heaven Void Ancestor himself, was the Heaven-reaching Rune, the special Eternal Life Rune, explicitly created to ensure that a noble clan's direct descendants would not meet death—

The personal Eternal Life Rune!

All the Demon Cultivators in attendance wore expressions of utter shock.

They were as pale as death, struggling to flee for their lives, yet behind Bai Zixi, a colossal Golden Body Dharma Phase had already manifested.

It was an elder with an unclear face.

But the spiritual power emanating from him flowed like a vast ocean, his golden luminance obscuring the sun and blanketing the sky!

Refining God and Returning to the Void, Heaven Void Dharma Phase!

Between heaven and earth, as if the solemn sounds of the Great Dao were resonating, a commanding and trembling voice belted out:

"Who dares to bully my descendant?"

The Dharma Phase protected Bai Zixi, following her intentions.

The light in Bai Zixi's eyes shifted, and with a delicate finger-pointing forward, she spoke in a crisp voice:

"Kill!"

In that moment, more than ten Golden Core Great Demon Cultivators, all of whom were once dominant in their own right, now trembled all over, terrified as if they were mere ants.

The Taoist with half his face scorched wished more than anything to tear his own mouth to pieces.

"Prophetic words!"

"I had just finished speaking, and damn it, I really have witnessed the Eternal Life Rune!"

"Why the hell is my mouth so cheap?!"

In a life and death crisis, hanging by a thread.

The assembly of Golden Core Demon Cultivators scattered like birds and beasts, desperately running for their lives, but they could not escape the grasp of the Dharma Phase. RÄ NO**b**ĚŠ

With Bai Zixi's clear and piercing command "Kill!", the Dharma Phase, majestic and aloof, pointed a finger.

A Golden Core Demon Cultivator, without any warning, instantly exploded to death!

The other Demon Cultivators were even more terrified, their souls nearly scattering!

Then the Dharma Phase pointed again, another Demon Cultivator exploded and died, and with another pointed finger, yet another Cultivator met their end, turning into pools of blood mist.

In a brief moment, five consecutive Golden Core Demon Cultivators had been violently killed, and then dark clouds gathered on the horizon, a terrifying fluctuation approaching.

Bai Zixi's eyes held a hint of regret.

But Mo Hua's heart trembled.

Was this... the Heavenly Dao Thunder Punishment?

Dark clouds coalesced, and a crimson thunderbolt descended from the sky, arriving in an instant, erasing the Golden Body Dharma Phase without leaving a trace.

The Dharma Phase of the Heaven Void Realm had already exceeded the domain limitations of the Third-Grade State Boundary of the Heavenly Dao.

Naturally, it could not escape the fate of being eradicated by the thunder punishment.

All this happened in a flash, in the blink of an eye.

The Dharma Phase appeared, and within a few moments, it had slain five Golden Core Great Demon Cultivators!

And in just a short span of time, it was wiped out by the thunder punishment.

Mo Hua only saw the appearance of the Dharma Phase, the Demon Cultivators exploding, the thunder punishment descending, and then disappearing.

But this time, the thunder punishment did not strike him.

So in the blink of an eye, he had no time to observe closely, nor did he see any Formation Patterns, only shaken by that familiar and terrifying Power of Silence Annihilation of the Grand Dao.

It truly seemed capable of eradicating everything...

Even the Dharma Phase was no exception.

At this moment, the mountains were deathly quiet.

Nobody had expected that Bai Zixi would actually be able, and indeed dare, to trigger her personal Eternal Life Rune on her own!

That was the Eternal Life Rune, wasn't it?!

The Saint Heir was far enough away to be unaffected, but his heart was a mix of shock and anger.

This girl, how dare she?!

Five Golden Core Demon Cultivators, instantly killed! How was he supposed to explain this upon his return?

The Saint Heir's expression was furious as he looked towards Bai Zixi, but as he did, he suddenly froze.

Triggered by her personal Eternal Life Rune, Bai Zixi's Yi Rong had faded away, revealing her true appearance.

Skin like creamy jade, eyes like shining stars.

Despite her young age, her face was devastatingly beautiful and flawless, with skin like frost and bones made of jade, her gaze as cold and clear as ice and snow, possessing an extraordinary grace and splendor.

Everyone present was left breathless, not daring to breathe.

They even felt a sense of shame in comparison.

The Demon Path's Saint Heir was left speechless.

He was himself a handsome man and had seen many beautiful women.

But in his life, he had never before seen someone so unbelievably beautiful, so breathtaking.

And it wasn't just her beauty.

That chilling demeanor, the courage to disregard life and death, the resolute determination, combined with her stunning beauty and the cold clearness of her icy gaze, all melded together...

The Saint Heir felt his heart tremble and couldn't help but shudder.

But soon after, his expression turned icy cold again.

He saw Mo Hua, whom Bai Zixi was protecting behind her, the remnants of the golden light of the Eternal Life Rune draped over both of them, their eyes conveying mutual understanding, like a perfect pair of golden boy and jade girl.

For some reason, a bitter jealousy welled up in his heart.

"That brat, he must be captured, and then, he must die!"

Jealousy brought the Saint Heir back to his senses.

Of the ten-plus Golden Core Demon Cultivators, now five were dead, leaving eight remaining.

Though the losses were heavy, it was enough!

They now had no power to resist, and as long as that brat was captured, not only would he have a bargaining chip against Mr. Zhuang, but even...

That young girl...

The Saint Heir's heart couldn't help but race.

But then, just a moment later, he suddenly sensed something amiss, feeling another presence near him.

The Saint Heir turned his head and saw a young man in white with starry eyes and eyebrows shaped like swords standing beside him.

It was Bai Zisheng.

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Somehow, Bai Zisheng had taken advantage of his moment of distraction and approached unnoticed.

He held a dagger, without any hesitation, aimed at his own heart, and venomously said:

"Die, useless Saint Heir!"

The Saint Heir's calculations came to an abrupt halt, and immense terror surfaced in his eyes once again.

The dagger stopped in front of Bai Zisheng's chest as the golden light flared brightly.

Another Eternal Life Rune appeared.

Another vast surge of golden spiritual power unfolded from Dali Mountain, piercing the heavens and shaking the earth.

Another Golden Body Dharma Phase materialized between heaven and earth.

Chapter 664: Arrival (1)

As the Golden Body Dharma Phase appeared, spiritual power surged, its aura peerless. With an expression of neither sorrow nor joy, the golden figure pointed a finger towards the terrified Saint Heir.

Under that one finger, its power was astounding.

The Saint Heir's face distorted under the force, his limbs gradually snapping, his flesh and blood slowly blurring.

But in just an instant, he returned to his original state, unharmed.

At his brow, a blood mark shone brightly, emitting a deep and pitch-black luster.

Simultaneously, behind the Saint Heir, a massive bloody silhouette emerged.

This figure, like a bloodied person soaked in tainted blood, had surging vital energies, soul-snatching, its oppressive might terrifying.

This was a Bloody Dharma Phase!

It was the Heaven Void blood shadow of an ancestor from the Demon Path.

It was also a rune!

A powerful life-saving talisman, similar to the special Eternal Life Rune!

Bai Zisheng took advantage of the Saint Heir's distraction, approached stealthily, then self-destructed his special Eternal Life Rune, triggering the Golden Body Dharma Phase, wishing to utterly annihilate this Demon Path Saint Heir!

And with one point of the Dharma Phase, the Saint Heir was on the brink of death.

The life-saving rune on the Saint Heir's forehead was also forcibly activated, contending with the Golden Body Dharma Phase and saving his life.

One "life" for another "life".

One rune for another rune.

In the Dali Mountain.

The Righteous Dao's Golden Body Dharma Phase clashed with the Demon Path's Bloody Dharma Phase, fingertip to palm, shattering the heavens and splitting the earth.

Golden and bloody spiritual powers swept across the land.

Mountain peaks crumbled, vegetation uprooted, earth and stones turned into dust, and the Monster Beasts suffered the aftermath, crushed into ash.

Bai Zixi still stood in front of Mo Hua.

The lingering power of the Eternal Life Rune followed Bai Zixi's intent, protecting both Mo Hua and Aunt Xue nearby.

Mo Hua was unaffected.

He stood there, dumbstruck, watching the two Dharma Phases clash, his heart filled with inexplicable shock.

"This is... the power of a true Cultivator

"To move mountains and seas, to destroy the sky and obliterate the earth

"This is the true cultivation that reaches through the heavens and the earth

"Heaven Void Realm

In Mo Hua's eyes, there was both shock and longing, and he couldn't help tightening his small hands.

One day, he too would hold the power to reverse the heavens and the earth.

With a flip of his hand to cover the sky, with a turn of his hand to level the ground!

Then, no one would dare to scheme against his master, no one would dare to bully his Junior Brother and Junior Sister! No one would dare to harm the people he cherished!

...

The clash between Dharma Phases was momentary, yet shook the heavens and the earth.

Shortly after, thunderclouds returned to the sky.

The celestial tribulation descended a second time.

Scarlet tribulation lightning fell from the sky with a cold fury, aiming to annihilate both the Righteous Dao Golden Body Dharma Phase and the Demon Path Bloody Dharma Phase!

Everything returned to calm once more...

...

But before that, when the first Eternal Life Rune shattered.

The heavenly secrets here had already been disturbed.

The seal of the Nether Heavenly Mechanism Seal was obliterated by the tribulation lightning, and the heavenly secrets leaked out, revealing cause and effect.

The tremendous fluctuation in spiritual power generated by the Golden Body Dharma Phase also spread from Dali Mountain, stirring up Cultivators far and wide.

A thousand miles away, in Liyuan City.

A middle-aged white-robed Cultivator sensed the breaking of the first special Eternal Life Rune and also felt the Dharma Phase fluctuations of the Heaven Void Realm, his heart trembling. Momentarily careless, he crushed the teacup in his hand to powder.

"The special... Eternal Life Rune?"

"Shattered... Shattered?!"

Even though he was a late Jindan stage Cultivator and had held a high position for two hundred years, his sophisticated demeanor couldn't prevent his face from turning instantly pale.

He was the Court Leader of Liyuan City's Taoist Court.

Liyuan City is the largest Immortal City in the entire Dali Mountain State boundary.

And the Taoist Court of Liyuan City is the largest in scale, with the most Cultivators, and the highest authority in the entire Dali Mountain State boundary.

As the Court Leader, he was responsible for the safety and security of the entire Dali Mountain State boundary.

The greater the power, the greater the responsibility.

But now, at this very moment, while he was merely drinking tea, without any warning, he had sensed the fluctuations of the Heaven Void Dharma Phase.

And that a special Eternal Life Rune had shattered...

The white-robed Cultivator felt a chill in his heart and a bitterness in his mouth.

"Which noble Clan's prized heir came to Dali Mountain to play and accidentally shattered their own Eternal Life Rune

A special Eternal Life Rune... Is that an ordinary talisman?

Those who plant a special Eternal Life Rune... Could they be from an ordinary family?

And someone who is allowed to receive a special Eternal Life Rune... Could they be an ordinary disciple?

Without a life-and-death crisis, could a special Eternal Life Rune shatter?

What does this imply?

It implies that there are serious security issues within the Dali Mountain State boundary!

If any issue arises, he, as the Court Official responsible for the entire state boundary, would surely be held accountable!

A black-iron lump weighed on his head—not a pot but still something ending up as his responsibility!

The noble Clans wouldn't listen to explanations; a pot needed to be carried, and someone always had to bear their wrath.

This was merely an Eternal Life Rune shattering.

If the prized heir who received the Eternal Life Rune met with an accident...

The white-robed Cultivator's face turned ashen as he immediately stood up, barking out an order:

"Someone come!"

An Enforcement Leader entered, bowing and asking, "What instructions does Court Leader have?"

The white-robed Cultivator glanced in the direction of the spiritual power fluctuations, considered the structure of the Dali Mountain State boundary, and after contemplating for a while, he vaguely recalled a location:

Li Mountain City...

"Send a message to Li Mountain City's Taoist Court, ask what happened over there."

"Yes."

The Enforcement Leader left to deliver the order and came back after a short while, his expression grave, "Court Leader, there's no reply from Li Mountain City

The white-robed Cultivator frowned, "No reply?"

Anger rose in him as he cursed, "Negligence of duty? Such laxness and neglect to the point that

The white-robed Cultivator suddenly paused, a chill creeping into his heart.

No reply...

Was it a lack of response, or... could no one respond anymore?

Could something have happened to Li Mountain City's Taoist Court...?

Under the Taoist Court, a clear and bright world—it couldn't be possible, right?

Who would dare to be so audacious?

Chapter 665: Coming (2)

The white-robed cultivator's face was as still as water before he gave the command:

"Send the orders down: within the time it takes an incense stick to burn, all Deputy Court Leaders and Enforcement Leaders within Liyuan City at the Golden Core Stage must come to see me!"

"Everyone! No one is to have any excuses!"

"One incense stick's time, whoever dares not come, get the hell out of the Taoist Court immediately!"

Upon hearing this, the Enforcement Leader was greatly shocked and knew that this matter must be of great importance.

This was the first time he had seen the normally unflappable Court Leader show such a stern expression.

The Enforcement Leader immediately passed on the orders.

By the time the incense had burned down, all the Golden Core Cultivators from the entire Liyuan City Taoist Court had gathered in front of the white-robed cultivator.

Their expressions were grave, with a mix of confusion.

"Court Leader, what exactly has happened?"

The white-robed cultivator waved his hand, "Immediately set out with me, to Li Mountain City!"

"All of us?" A Deputy Court Leader was taken aback.

After thinking for a moment, the white-robed cultivator casually pointed to one of the Golden Core Cultivators, "You stay behind to hold the fort; the rest will all go."

The crowd looked at each other in bewilderment.

Still, the Deputy Court Leader couldn't help but ask, "Court Leader, what exactly happened?"

The white-robed cultivator was annoyed, yet seeing everyone's puzzled faces, he still put it succinctly:

"A special Eternal Life Rune has broken; we're going to take a look."

"A special Eternal Life Rune?!"

The crowd was shocked, murmuring amongst themselves:

"What is that?"

"Runes?"

"Is it that important?"

"Worthy of such a grand mobilization?"

...

The white-robed cultivator paused, speechless.

After all, Liyuan City was quite remote, and these Golden Core Cultivators, though of decent births, mostly came from less significant Noble Clans and Sects, knowing little of such grand legacies.

"Court Leader, isn't this... making a big fuss over a small issue?" someone tentatively said.

A single rune, such a big deal it had made, mobilizing all of the top Golden Core Cultivators from the biggest Taoist Court within the Dali Mountain State boundary?

The Deputy Court Leader also voiced his confusion:

"Court Leader, is this Eternal Life Rune really that urgent?"

The white-robed cultivator could hardly suppress his anger and could only grit his teeth and say:

"You all know shit!"

"I can only tell you, one special Eternal Life Rune is worth more than my damn life! Way! More! Precious! Heavy!!"

At these words, everyone's faces changed.

Only then did they realize that the matter might be far more grave than they had thought.

"Quit the nonsense!" the white-robed cultivator shouted, "Dress in your Taoist Robes, bring your Magical Treasures, prepare your Pills, and set off now!"

"Yes!"

The crowd responded solemnly and with a heavy tone.

The white-robed cultivator nodded, about to say something but suddenly sensed something, his heart skipped a beat, and he looked skywards with eyes wide in alarm.

The Deputy Court Leader was hesitant, pointing to the distance and fumbling, “Court Leader, when the Eternal Life Rune breaks, does it... look like that...?”

The white-robed cultivator whirled around, took one look, and his legs nearly gave out beneath him.

In the distance, the sky was flooded with golden light, and the presence was terrifying.

"Another one... has broken?"

No, not just one...

The white-robed cultivator stared intently.

In the far horizon, a beam of golden light and a beam of red light stood in opposition.

Although far away and not quite clear, the profound aura was unmistakably... two Dharma manifestations?

And among them, that blood shadow... was it from the Demon Path's Heaven Void?!

From the Demon Path...

An Undying Rune?!

In just a short span of time, two special Eternal Life Runes, and a Demon Path's Undying Rune had broken?

"What... exactly has happened?"

The white-robed cultivator's gaze was filled with horror.

...

Meanwhile, far away, in the Taoist State, the Central Tao Court.

The Heaven Shu Pavilion.

A Pavilion Elder was playing chess with a Supervisor.

The Pavilion Elder had completely white hair, an old face, but his eyes were profound; the Supervisor had half-white hair, a face like jade, and a humble look in his eyes.

The two alternated moves in chess.

After a moment, hurried footsteps came from outside the door.

A disciple of the Heaven Shu Pavilion rushed to the door, then stopped abruptly, suppressing the urgency in his heart, and respectfully knocked on the door.

The Pavilion Elder ignored the knocking, continuing the game as if nothing had happened.

The disciple outside was burning with impatience but could only wait respectfully.

Seeing that the Pavilion Elder did not respond, the Supervisor finally whispered, "Pavilion Elder..."

It was only then that the Pavilion Elder came back to his senses, sighed softly, and shifted his gaze from the chessboard, speaking slowly, "Come in."

The disciple, as if hearing sacred sounds, although eager, still entered the room with light steps, making no noise at all.

Bent over, he presented a Jade Slip to the Pavilion Elder, saying respectfully:

"Pavilion Elder, the calculation is done. In the Third Grade Dali Mountain State boundary, Li Mountain City..."

"Hmm."

The Pavilion Elder nodded slightly but gave no further instruction.

The disciple was at a loss for a moment.

Seeing no alternative, the Supervisor shook his head, took the Jade Slip, and said to the disciple:

"The Pavilion Elder is informed; you relay the message. This matter has been a long time in the making and is well organized. Do what needs to be done as planned..."

The disciple breathed a sigh of relief and respectfully took his leave.

After hesitating for a moment and looking at the content of the Jade Slip in his hand, the Supervisor was somewhat moved, murmuring, "Nether Heavenly Mechanism Seal..."

"Blood flags sealing the city, a Demon sword hanging over lives?"

"A special Eternal Life Rune... has shattered..."

"Undying Rune... Demon path's Saint Heir?"

...

Muttering to himself, with varying expressions, the Supervisor could not help but call out, "Pavilion Elder..."

"Hmm." The Pavilion Elder replied indifferently.

The Supervisor looked at the Pavilion Elder with a look of astonishment, “Did you know all along?”

The Pavilion Elder was fixated on the chessboard, not taking his eyes off it, and did not answer.

With care, the Supervisor said:

"The Shangguan Family, the Yun Family, the Taoist Mysterious Gate... they asked you for calculations a while ago, and you said you couldn't calculate it, were you putting them off?"

"Did you... already know about what's happening in Li Mountain City?"

"You

Chapter 666: Coming (3)

The Pavilion Elder lifted his head, displeased, “How can you not focus when playing chess?”

The Supervisor was taken aback, and couldn't help but give a wry smile.

The winds rose, and clouds surged, with the mystery of the immortals ebbing and flowing.

Is now really the time to be playing chess...

The Pavilion Elder shook his head, sighing, “This won't do. Your mind is restless and impatient, lacking steadiness. With such a disposition, you'll never make progress in chess in your lifetime

The Supervisor silently glanced at the chessboard.

On the board, most of the Pavilion Elder's pieces had already been “captured” by him.

That was because he had considered the Pavilion Elder's dignity and couldn't bear to make a move, allowing the Pavilion Elder many pieces out of pity.

Though to say so might seem disrespectful.

But as everyone knows, the Pavilion Elder of Heaven Shu Pavilion is famously a “lousy chess player” far and wide.

Now the Pavilion Elder is saying that he “will never make progress in chess in his lifetime,” and really, he didn’t quite know what to say...

The Supervisor felt somewhat tired at heart, but still asked helplessly, “Aren’t you worried at all?”

"Worried about what?" the Pavilion Elder said with an air of indifference.

"About... the Taoist Mysterious Gate and them

A chill suddenly flashed through the aged eyes of the Pavilion Elder.

"Are you eager for them to rush to their deaths?"

The Supervisor was startled, his expression becoming more solemn, “Have you calculated something?”

The Pavilion Elder completely lost interest in chess, placed a piece, effectively “sacrificing” a large group of his pieces, and said coldly:

"Not calculating would be for their own good."

"Without calculations, they wouldn’t rush to their deaths."

"Calculating slower, they’ll die slower."

The words of the Pavilion Elder were laden with deep meaning.

The Supervisor’s gaze sharpened, “Is it really that dangerous?”

The Pavilion Elder neither affirmed nor denied.

The Supervisor asked in confusion, “Have you told the Shangguan Family and people from the Taoist Mysterious Gate all of this?”

"It's not worth it

The Pavilion Elder shook his head, aimlessly fiddling with the chess pieces on the board, “Even if told, they wouldn’t believe it. They might think I’m exaggerating to scare them, suspecting I have ulterior motives, and would end up blaming me instead.”

"So if I can delay it, I will

The Pavilion Elder sighed, “I’m getting old, senile; how can I still calculate so quickly, so accurately?”

"Then them

"Life and death are predestined, let nature take its course,” said the Pavilion Elder indifferently, then looked at the Supervisor and slowly continued, “Before a moth flies to the flame, it never thinks it will die.”

"Can you stop a moth from flying into the fire?”

The Supervisor frowned, “Is this matter truly so perilous?”

The Pavilion Elder silently gathered the chess pieces and put the board in place, “Not everyone is capable of playing chess, and not everyone can play in this game

The Supervisor acknowledged with a solemn nod.

The Pavilion Elder meant that this matter involved the Heavenly secret and was of great significance; one should not lightly wade into these muddy waters.

But the Supervisor also faintly felt that the Pavilion Elder's words had a double meaning, and they contained a message for himself as well.

Implying that he wasn't qualified to play chess with him.

Even though, dear Pavilion Elder, your own chess skills are terribly lacking...

The Supervisor shook his head, pondered for a moment, and then said: "The Taoist Court is full of capable people, geniuses are everywhere, surely it couldn't be that

"Geniuses?"

The Pavilion Elder's gaze grew slightly cold, "What is a genius?"

That question left the Supervisor speechless.

He intended to say, "One with an excellent Spiritual Root, exceptionally intelligent, extraordinarily talented, with stunning brilliance," but the words felt too superficial as they reached his lips.

That obviously wasn't the meaning hidden in the Pavilion Elder's words.

It seemed the Pavilion Elder didn't really expect an answer from the Supervisor, but just gazed into the distance and sighed softly:

"Grasping the world's benefits for one's own selfish desires, no matter how genius, what use are they?"

"The more 'geniuses' there are, the more corrupt the Taoist Court becomes, the more the Cultivation World deteriorates

The Supervisor was puzzled, but the Pavilion Elder said no more.

A silence settled atop the pavilion.

After some thought, the Supervisor still asked: "Pavilion Elder, I still don't understand. If we really wade into these troubled waters, where lies the danger?"

The Pavilion Elder, with an inscrutable gaze, countered with a question, "Who are we plotting against?"

The Supervisor hesitated, "Mr. Zhuang?"

"Do you think that young man surnamed Zhuang is so easy to plot against?"

The Supervisor was taken aback and then frowned again, "Even if he was extraordinary back then, after so many years, with his Taoist Foundation shattered, could he still be so troublesome?"

The Pavilion Elder scoffed, "He is at the end of his life, his Heavenly secret calculations exhausted, powerless to overturn fate, otherwise he would not be in such dire straits, and furthermore

A serious look flickered in the Pavilion Elder's eyes.

"The most terrifying thing is not actually him, but his senior brother

A chill ran down the Supervisor's spine, "You mean, the Tricky

The Supervisor held back, refraining from uttering the full name, then shook his head again, "The Planting Devil in Taoist Heart, it's not considered as one of the top Demon Path inheritances, is it

The Pavilion Elder glared at him, "When you stop talking big, I'll worry less."

The Supervisor was somewhat chagrined.

The Pavilion Elder sighed as if reminiscing, the depths of his eyes harboring a hint of trepidation:

"Their entire sect is filled with Evil Monsters."

"That young man surnamed Zhuang is one, and his senior brother, naturally, is as well."

"One Thought, Two Methods, Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation

"Compared to 'calculating,' none of you can out-calculate that young man named Zhuang; and if it's about 'playing,' you're even less of a match for his senior brother."

"When you plot against that young man named Zhuang, he considers sentiment and won't strike fatally

"But that senior brother of his is a different story

"Should you really encounter him, nine times out of ten, you will all be played to death

The Pavilion Elder looked solemn.

The Supervisor's expression gradually grew serious...

...

In Dali Mountain.

After the heavenly tribulation, the golden and crimson lights dissipated together.

The Saint Heir was in utter disbelief:

"My Undying Rune... shattered?!"

That brat surnamed Bai, trading "life" for "life," has actually eroded my natal Undying Rune?!

Chapter 667: Came (4)

"What the hell, who are all these people?"

"Is this how you use a special Eternal Life Rune, you motherfucker?"

"This is an Eternal Life Rune!"

"It's a life!"

Wrath seized the Saint Heir, a mouthful of blood stuck in his throat, unable to spit it out or swallow it.

The forest had been overturned, leaving devastation all around.

Bai Zisheng, seeing that the Saint Heir hadn't been killed, felt quite disappointed.

Only then did he realize that this damned Saint Heir also had something like an "Eternal Life Rune" to save his life.

But it was the same for everyone, no loss, no gain.

Bai Zisheng retreated back to Mo Hua and Bai Zixi's side.

The Saint Heir glared at the three of them with venomous eyes, fury welling up, "Damn you! You destroyed my 'Undying Rune', I will not let you off the hook!"

Bai Zisheng snorted coldly, "Your lackeys are all dead, what can you do to us?"

Bai Zixi's Eternal Life Rune shattered, her Golden Body Dharma Phase killing five Golden Core Demon Cultivators.

Bai Zisheng, upon activating the Eternal Life Rune, didn't intentionally kill anyone, but the Spiritual Power of the Dharma Phase was so strong that the Golden Core Demon Cultivators caught in it were either dead or crippled.

A few remaining Demon Cultivators lost their lives due to the ripple effects of the Saint Heir's own "Undying Rune."

The dozen or so Golden Core Demon Cultivators had almost been entirely wiped out.

The two or three left were lying on the ground, their fates unknown.

When Bai Zisheng approached the Saint Heir, he discovered that the spiritual power emanating from him was only at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, not yet reaching Golden Core.

Without his Demon Path lackeys, what could one solitary Saint Heir do?

Therefore, Bai Zisheng was calmly unafraid, even contemplating hurling a few more insults at the Saint Heir.

However, Mo Hua immediately said, "We must leave, quickly!"

Bai Zisheng was startled but then understood; now was indeed not the time for verbal sparring.

Bai Zixi nodded in agreement.

The three of them exchanged glances, and just as they were about to make their move, they heard the Saint Heir laugh coldly:

"Trying to leave? Do you think you can?"

Before the Saint Heir's voice had fallen, the atmosphere in the woods changed abruptly.

Powerful surges of Demonic Qi suddenly descended, landing around the Saint Heir.

As the Demonic Qi dissipated, it revealed various sinister-looking Demon Cultivators.

Moreover, they were all Golden Core Demon Cultivators!

They wore identical blood-colored Taoist robes, seeming to be from the same Demon Gate.

The one leading them was an Old Demon in the Late Jindan Stage, his face creased with wrinkles, hunched over as he bowed to the Saint Heir:

"This slave arrived late to rescue the master, please forgive me, Saint Heir!"

Dali Mountain was sealed off by Demon Cultivators.

The huge commotion caused by the earlier Dharma Phases also attracted reinforcements from the Demon Cultivators.

More than twenty Golden Core Great Demon Cultivators stood behind the Saint Heir, all deferential to him.

The Saint Heir let out a fierce laugh, then with a cold expression, he turned his gaze towards Mo Hua and the others:

"Today, none of you will leave!"

"You shattered my Undying Rune; you must pay the price!"

The Saint Heir glanced at Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, sneering, "Previously, I gave face to your Bai Family and let you go, but you insisted on overestimating yourselves and opposing me

"Now, your Eternal Life Runes are also shattered, without the power to protect yourselves, you are merely fish on the chopping board to me!"

"Let's see how you escape now!"

In his gaze, there was anger, jealousy, and a subtle trace of greed.

The crowd of Demon Heads looked on fiercely, their eyes filled with bloodthirst.

Aunt Xue bit her lip, shielding the three children behind her.

But her silhouette was exceptionally frail, her beautiful eyes unable to conceal the despair.

In the face of Golden Core Demon Cultivators, Mo Hua also pursed his lips, feeling helpless.

The disparity in cultivation was too great!

His brows tightly furrowed, he was deep in thought when suddenly, his face froze with shock as he slowly turned his head towards the western entrance, his eyes trembling, goosebumps all over his body.

Noticing Mo Hua's reaction, Bai Zixi turned to look as well, but the entrance was empty and desolate, with nothing there.

Seeing this, the Saint Heir let out a scoff, about to say something when the blood-robed Old Demon behind him, with a grave expression, interrupted:

"Saint Heir, someone is coming

The Saint Heir's demeanor turned serious, his gaze darkening.

All around, silence reigned.

A few moments passed, and only then did the other Golden Core Demon Cultivators sense the anomaly, turning their heads to look towards the western entrance.

The entrance was devoid of anyone.

Sometime later, the sound of footsteps approached, heavy and light, seemingly uneven.

A figure appeared at the entrance, disheveled and covered in mud, dirty and with a stiff expression, wearing a Taoist Robe that looked as if it were stripped from a corpse, ill-fitting!

Chapter 668: Who is the Taoist (1)

The sky was dimming, bathed in the afterglow of sunset.

A trace of the dying day's light shone upon the eerie Taoist, casting a cadaverous pallor over him.

Mo Hua's breath hitched, his heart pounding wildly.

Even though he had never seen this Taoist before, the aura was eerily familiar.

The Big Demon Feng Xi of Tongxian City who had been resurrected from death.

The half-step Taoist Demon of South Yue City, king of ten thousand corpses.

And that shadowy, deathly still figure that arose in his Sea of Consciousness whenever he silently recited the Taoist's name...

All had an aura identical to this man's.

A tremor ran through Mo Hua's heart.

This was the person, the Demon Sect Cultivator whom his master had forbidden him to think about, let alone mention—the one of extreme cruelty and ferocity...

Gui Tao's people!!

Elsewhere, the Golden Core Demon Cultivators beheld the Taoist with expressions ranging from solemn, to puzzled, to disdainful.

Not all among them knew of Gui Tao's people.

But the old demon in the blood robe did.

He was the servant of the Saint Heir, at the Late Jindan Stage, with old seniority and broad knowledge—even if he had not seen him with his own eyes, he was deeply knowledgeable about some of the Demon Sect’s taboos.

Gui Tao...

The honorific title of “Taoist” is no small matter, not simply granted for high cultivation or heinous killings.

To say nothing of his title bearing the word “Gui.”

The old demon in the blood robe became grave.

He didn’t know what Gui Tao intended, making a sudden appearance at this moment, but he greeted with a clasped-fist salute,

"Predecessor

Gui Tao acted as if he hadn’t heard, his footsteps not halting, still lurching unevenly toward the crowd.

The old demon’s face was stony.

One Demon Cultivator sneered, “Is this man Gui Tao?”

"Why does he look so disheveled?”

"Like a beggar

"Judging by his cultivation, he seems no more than at the Foundation Establishment?”

"Could he be a walking corpse?”

"Pretentious nonsense

The group of Demon Cultivators wore looks of scorn.

The Dali Mountain State boundary was a Third-Grade State Boundary, where Heavenly Dao imposed limits, with Golden Core as the upper limit.

This group of Heretical Demons, with more than twenty practitioners at the Golden Core Realm, roamed recklessly in this state boundary.

Unless they possessed transcendent objects like special Eternal Life Runes, they were without concerns.

But two Eternal Life Runes were already shattered.

The Golden Body Dharma Phase had been erased by the Heavenly Dao.

Such treasures were as rare as phoenix feathers and unicorn horns, and it was improbable for there to be several.

Therefore, these Demon Cultivators did not fear Gui Tao.

Even their words were disrespectful, assuming that the Taoist could do nothing to them.

But this Taoist, like a dead man, seemed oblivious to everything and simply kept walking forward.

His step was shaky, his Blood Qi depleted.

The old demon frowned, his own doubts creeping in.

"Is this person really Gui Tao?"

He scrutinized this “person” for a long time, even sweeping over him with Divine Sense, but detected nothing unusual.

Weak Divine Thought, frail cultivation, and a broken body.

Nothing at all like the revered figure of a Demon Sect “Taoist.”

"Could we be mistaken

The old demon frowned.

The Saint Heir was also hesitant and directly asked,

"Are you Gui Tao?"

The Taoist still did not reply, continuing on his way alone.

An irate Demon Cultivator with a red face couldn't stand it any longer. He barked, “Hey you, Taoist! How dare you ignore the Saint Heir's question?”

There was still no response.

Unable to hold back, the red-faced Demon Cultivator marched forward and with a mere kick, sent the Taoist tumbling to the ground.

Although his kick was not forceful, it still broke the bones of the Taoist's body.

Struggling on the ground, the Taoist attempted to rise, his limbs uncoordinated as if he were a praying mantis with its body twisted—if not for the context, his figure would be comical and laughable.

The group of Demon Cultivators burst into uproarious laughter.

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi frowned, puzzled.

But Mo Hua couldn't find it within himself to laugh; on the contrary, his gaze deepened, and his expression became more serious.

The Taoist continued to struggle, his form wretched and grotesque.

The old demon's expression was cold and indifferent.

The Saint Heir smirked with disdain at the sight.

Feeling emboldened, the red-faced Demon Cultivator strode forward and repeatedly stomped on the Taoist's limbs, breaking them. Then, as if still not satisfied, he pulled out a Ghost blade and hacked the Taoist until he was a mangled mess of flesh and blood.

A Demon Cultivator complained, "Why make such a bloody mess?"

"You really have too much time on your hands

The red-faced Demon Cultivator sneered, "What do you know? This is 'Gui Tao,' the Taoist of rumors. Shouldn't he at least die with some dignity?"

"The one I killed is Gui Tao!"

The red-faced Demon Cultivator laughed savagely, "Killing Gui Tao will surely bring glory and fame, echoing through the Demon Path. The next Taoist will undoubtedly be me!"

"Cut the bullshit! What nonsense are you spouting?" another Demon Cultivator with slanted eyes cursed.

The red-faced Demon Cultivator's pupils darkened, "You questioning me?"

"What's there to question? You think you're worthy?" the slanted-eyed Demon Cultivator sneered.

The red-faced Demon Cultivator glanced hollowly at him, “You aspire to be a Taoist too?”

"What Taoist

The slanted-eyed Demon Cultivator didn't finish his thought when he suddenly stiffened, his expression vicious, “Nonsense, who doesn't want to be a Taoist?!”

The red-faced Demon Cultivator's voice was hoarse, “Delusions of grandeur, there can only be one Taoist!”

The slanted-eyed Demon Cultivator's face twisted strangely as he sneered, “That's right, and that person can only be me

Enraged, the red-faced Demon Cultivator cleaved with his Ghost blade, Demonic Qi surging, and immediately slashed at the slanted-eyed Demon Cultivator, “You goddamned worthy?!”

The slanted-eyed Demon Cultivator parried with his Yin Ghost swords, his body swirling with an aura of gloom, and charged at the red-faced Demon Cultivator, “If I am unworthy, what makes you, this pathetic wretch, worthy?”

Both brimming with ferocity, their weapons clashed, and they began to Fight to the Death as if no one else was present...

The Saint Heir was utterly baffled.

What imbeciles, fighting over what?

Fighting over the title of Taoist at this moment?

Have their brains been devoured by pigs?

"Stop!" the Saint Heir said impatiently.

But not only did the two not cease their fighting, they became even more furious and brutal, each blow lethal as if intent on sending the other to their death.

Chapter 669: Who is the Taoist (2)

The other Demon Cultivators watched the fight with cold sneers.

Demon Cultivators were inherently unruly, and even though they were from the same sect, they connived and competed against each other, fighting openly and covertly. Now seeing two of their own in a life-and-death struggle, the others remained indifferent.

But as the two red-faced Demon Cultivators fought with all their might, the Demonic Qi of the Golden Core Realm roiled around them, inevitably affecting bystanders.

A Monster Cultivator with a face full of horizontal scars and a massive body was careless for a moment and had his Taoist Robe cut by the bloody blade Qi of the red-faced Demon Cultivator.

Enraged, the Monster Cultivator bellowed, “Son of a bitch, are you seeking death?!”

The red-faced Demon Cultivator, whose eyes had turned entirely black, glanced at the Monster Cultivator with a hoarse and cold voice, seemingly devoid of human emotion:

"Do you also wish to become a Taoist?"

"Become your mother's Taoist!"

The multiple horizontal scars on the Monster Cultivator's face trembled wildly, clearly furious. His body suddenly swelled larger, his muscles became knotted and as hard as fine iron, and with surging Monster Qi, he aimed a punch straight at the red-faced Demon Cultivator.

But at that moment, his expression changed, and so did his words:

"Who the hell doesn't want to be a Taoist?"

The Monster Cultivator, overflowing with Monster Qi, also joined the fray.

The Saint Heir frowned and shouted harshly, “Stop!”

But the few locked in combat did not heed his words.

Not only that, but more and more Golden Core Demon Cultivators, affected by the battle, were inevitably dragged into this absurd and bizarre slaughter...

Only then did the Saint Heir realize something was amiss, and a chill crept into his heart. He couldn't help but glance at the Blood Refining Old Demon.

The Blood Refining Old Demon's eyelids twitched as he guarded the Saint Heir and slowly stepped back a few paces.

And yet, this bloody battle grew more and more uncontrollable...

"I am a Taoist!"

"No, you're not worthy, I am!"

"Kill you all, and I'll be the Taoist!"

...

The words “Taoist” seemed to possess a magic that took root in the deepest desires, gradually drawing all the Golden Core Demon Cultivators:

"I practice the Mysterious Yin Demon Skill, refine the Yin Banner, I should be the Taoist!"

"Mysterious Yin Demon Skill is worthless!"

"I cultivate the Monster Path, eat human flesh, drink human blood, I am the Taoist!"

"Whoever lives is the Taoist!"

"Whoever dies is but an ant!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!!"

...

All the Golden Core Demon Cultivators seemed to have lost their minds, falling into an endless, unfathomable madness of self-murder...

Demonic Qi swept across the land, blood spattered everywhere.

The sunset at the horizon seemed to be dyed red by blood.

The flesh contended with Evil Techniques.

Blood Qi solidified into blades, Monster Qi turned into swords.

The Demon treasures flew: skulls, blood banners, ghost blades, nether swords, soul-coffins, corpse-suppressing towers... each displaying the divine powers of the Demon Path.

In their quest to become a "Taoist", the Demon Cultivators seemed to unleash their most primal "Demon Thoughts", filled with immense malice, resenting and despising each other, hurling insults and rebukes...

Even biting and tearing at each other, refusing to cease until death...

They fought fiercely, screamed at the top of their lungs, and laughed hideously.

The whole of Dali Mountain looked like a living demon prison...

The Blood Refining Old Demon, being far away and still in possession of his sanity, was shocked by the scene before him, and despite his extensive experience, he trembled with fear and disbelief:

"Taoist Heart... Planting Devil?"

The Saint Heir also had an expression of terror.

"Taoist Heart Planting Devil

"Is this... Taoist Heart Planting Devil?"

No, this wasn't right.

What he understood about Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart was nothing like this...

It was nowhere near as powerful or terrifying...

Twenty Golden Core Demon Cultivators, without any warning and unbeknownst to themselves, were infused with Demon Thoughts, slaughtering each other endlessly...

Like pigs and sheep in a slaughterhouse, manipulated by others...

Not even knowing how they died.

Is this the doing of Gui Tao's people?

...

The slaughter among the Golden Core Demon Cultivators, from the absurd to the intense, from the fierce to the cruel, and finally to a standstill...

The forest was left in chaos, like hell.

The contest for the title of “Taoist” had also come to an end.

Of the twenty Golden Core Demon Cultivators, almost all were dead or injured.

Only one was left, a tall and thin Golden Core Demon Cultivator, with an average appearance.

He walked to the “Taoist” who had been slain earlier by the red-faced Demon Cultivator, and peeled off the bloodstained, dead man’s Taoist Robe, draping it over himself.

An eerie smile of victory spread across his face.

"I am a Taoist!"

As soon as he uttered these words, an inexplicable chill surged in everyone’s heart.

The Taoist moved his limbs awkwardly, like a puppet, making the ill-fitting Taoist Robe look even more incongruous and sinister.

Then, just as before, he walked towards the Saint Heir.

As if to finish the path that had been left incomplete before.

But this time, his footsteps were much lighter.

The Blood Refining Old Demon gritted his teeth and stepped in front of the Saint Heir, his voice grave:

"Elder, please show mercy!"

Seeing that the Taoist was unmoved, the Blood Refining Old Demon continued with a trembling voice:

"Elder, he is the Saint Heir!"

"You and I are both from the Demon Path, you should know the Saint Heir's esteemed status!"

"The Saint Heir has noble bloodline... having the qualifications to compete for the Taoist title, to succeed as the Demon Monarch. It is very likely that he will be the future Demon Monarch of the Demon Path, he cannot be subjected to any mishaps!"

"The Saint Heir

...

But no matter what he said, the Taoist kept on walking.

As if he was moved by his own thoughts alone, and everything and everyone else was of no concern to him.

Seeing that there was no turning back, the Blood Refining Old Demon's gaze turned cold.

"Very well, since you fail to appreciate kindness, don't blame this old man for being rude!"

He summoned an ancient bronze Soul Protecting Bell to guard his spirit and then chanted a curse. The Blood Refining Robe around him seemed to come to life, turning into a pool of flowing blood to protect his flesh.

A pitch-black Demon sword hovered in front of him.

This was his own Magical Treasure, as well as the most powerful, most evil, most rank among the standard weapons for Golden Core Stage Cultivators in the Demon Path:

The Black Demon Sword.

The Soul Protecting Bell guarded his heart, the Blood Refining Robe protected his body, and the Black Demon Sword was used for killing.

Chapter 670: Who is the Taoist (3)

Within the Dali Mountain State boundary, bound by the constraints of Heavenly Dao.

The late-stage Golden Core Old Demon in a blood robe, wielding these three Demon Path treasures, approached the pinnacle of a Cultivator's combat power under the restrictions of Heavenly Dao!

The Old Demon in the blood robe gazed at the Taoist with an authoritative voice:

"He who offends the Saint Heir shall be killed without mercy!"

Such might seemed to subdue the Taoist.

The Taoist stopped in his tracks, dark eyes shifting from the Old Demon in the blood robe to the Saint Heir, uttering a cold and indifferent sentence:

"Are you protecting him?"

His voice was hoarse, like dry wood, as if leaking air through his throat, sounding somewhat distorted.

"Naturally said the Old Demon in the blood robe.

"Why?"

"Is he worthy?"

Emotions flickered across the Taoist's face as he began to speak more...

Though coming from a single individual, the voices seemed different, as if multiple people, with distinct tones, spoke through one mouth in unison.

The intonation was nonchalant, yet intermixed with the world's spectrum of sorrow and rage.

Anger, resentment, hatred, ridicule, contempt—such intense emotions, thick as liquor, dense as ink, all fermenting together:

"You are a Golden Core, a grand Demon Cultivator!"

"Why would you risk your life to protect this junior?"

"Just because he's the Saint Heir?"

"He's the Saint Heir?"

"What makes him the Saint Heir?"

"What gives him the right to order you around, to make you bend the knee, to make you grovel and call him master?"

"Just because of his Saint Heir bloodline?"

"What's so special about bloodline?"

"After death, isn't it just a pool of blood, a heap of decomposing flesh, what's so special about bloodline?"

"Why, some people are born as Saint Heirs?"

"And others born to be slaves and servants?"

"Just because of that decayed skin, that dried-up pool of blood?"

"Why is that?"

All the voices from the Taoist coalesced, cacophonous and piercing, and yet they seeped into the heart to question:

"Why can't the Saint Heir be you?"

"Why can't the Demon Monarch be you?"

"Does the Demon Monarch Holy Master have true nobility?"

"Nothing but a pool of flesh and blood

"Living is the same, and so is dying

...

As the enchanting voice of the Taoist entered his ears, the Old Demon in the blood robe trembled, shuddering all over, desperately trying to steady his mind:

"No, it's not right, he's the Saint Heir, he has the Saint Heir's bloodline

The voice of the Taoist slowed again, but maintained an otherworldly coldness and endless seduction:

"Then eat him

"Eat his flesh, drink his blood!"

"Devour his bloodline!"

"You will become the Holy Master!"

The Old Demon in the blood robe's legs went weak; he could not help but stagger backward, his eyes wild, his conviction wavering.

No!

That's not right!

This Taoist is deceiving me!

Yet...

He clearly knew, the Taoist was deceiving him!

But in his heart, a boundless desire and impulse still surged forth.

Yes, the Taoist was deceiving him...

But... was he really deceiving him?

Was he wrong in what he said?

Why?

Why must I, a grand Golden Core Demon Cultivator, be a lowly old servant, bend the knee, grovel for mercy?

Aren't practitioners of the Demon Path supposed to be lawless and act as they please?

What's the big deal about eating a person?

Eating a Saint Heir... what's the big deal about that?!

With a "clang," the Soul Protecting Bell shattered.

The Old Demon in the blood robe had lost his soul's defense...

Fear flashed in his eyes.

He felt his Divine Sense split in two, one part "sanity" remained, knowing what he must not do, the other part filled with terrible instincts and desires.

This instinct drove him, eyes greedy, step by step towards the Saint Heir, as if he really wanted to...

Devour the Saint Heir alive!

"No!"

The Old Demon in the blood robe struggled with his rationality.

He must not harm the Saint Heir!

The Old Demon in the blood robe's expression twisted from the struggle, his face reflecting great fissures of pain, but eventually, sanity returned slightly, and he began to control his body again.

But it was only partial control.

He controlled his left leg while his right leg still moved toward the Saint Heir, he fell to the ground, controlling his left arm, but his right arm scraped the earth, crawling toward the Saint Heir.

No matter how grotesquely the Old Demon in the blood robe struggled, he could not control himself, step by step, he closed in on the Saint Heir.

And the closer he got to the Saint Heir, the stronger the murderous intent in his heart, the deeper the hunger.

And the Saint Heir had been scared into foolishness, standing there motionless.

"I must not harm the Saint Heir!"

"The Saint Heir is noble and must not suffer harm!"

With a hardened heart, the Old Demon in the blood robe angrily severed his meridians, crippling his hands and feet.

But as a Golden Core, even with severed meridians, and crippled limbs, he still had Blood Qi, Demonic Qi, his own Magical Treasure...

As long as he lived, the Saint Heir would surely die.

Despair appeared on the face of the Old Demon in the blood robe.

"Is this... the work of Gui Tao's people

He glanced at the Saint Heir, let out a mournful smile, and then with a fierce look, he formed claws with his fingers, severed his heart meridian, while reversing his Spiritual Power, destroying his Golden Core!

The Golden Core exploded with great force.

In a flash, Demonic Qi surged and a blood fog filled the sky.

The Old Demon in the blood robe contained the force of self-destruction within his own flesh, all to avoid harming the Saint Heir. Thus, the blood fog was thick and the momentum enormous, but the unleashed force was not strong.

The Old Demon in the blood robe passed away.

All present were utterly shocked.

Gui Tao's people remained unaffected, showing disdain for the death of the Old Demon in the blood robe:

"Brave enough to die, but not to rebel, enslaved by nature

Having said that, he walked towards the Saint Heir, his gaze indifferent, as if looking at dregs.

As if someone as exalted as the Saint Heir were nothing more than a pile of decayed bones and rotten flesh.

The terrified Saint Heir finally came to his senses, stumbled to the ground, and began to scramble backward.

More than twenty Golden Core Demon Cultivators, all dead at the hands of Gui Tao's people!