

## Cultivating 271

Chapter 271: With My 400 Years of Life, Please Advise\_2

"Since you are still willing to call me Fifth Senior Brother, I do not ask you to let me go; I just need you to promise me one thing."

"Speak."

"Ruhua is already pregnant, and she is also one of your Demon Sect, her mother is even your Vice Sect Leader. If all of you work together, surely you can protect the mother and child. As for me, you can take my head back in exchange for merits."

His face was full of bitterness as he tightly held Lin Ruhua's right hand, preventing her from speaking.

Qin Yun remained silent for a long time, finally saying:

"Alright."

Jiang Baishan felt a sense of relief wash over him.

He looked at Qin Yun's back, speaking softly:

"Come."

In an instant, countless images flashed through his mind—the scenes of the two of them playing on True Martial Mountain in the past, their master teaching them martial arts together, everyone making fun of Qin Yun. Before Ning Qi ascended the mountain, Qin Yun was the youngest and was also deeply loved. Finally, these images settled on the white-haired back before him. He sighed softly, thinking it was better to die by his junior brother's hands than those of an outsider.

Jiang Baishan had already closed his eyes.

"Ruhua, let's be husband and wife in our next life."

Lin Ruhua's tears soaked her clothes, her beautiful face distorted as she kept shaking her head.

"Think more about our child, and raise him well."

After speaking.

Jiang Baishan took large strides forward, ready to face death.

At this moment.

Elder Ye's voice, filled with sinister anger, echoed:

"He agreed, but I did not!"

Elder Ye, with his crippled body floating in the air, exuded pure malice. He was driven mad with hatred for both Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua. How could he allow them to die so easily? He intended to torture Jiang Baishan, to make his life worse than death, to have him witness the demise of his unborn child, to see his beloved wife become someone else's plaything!

Jiang Baishan's heart tightened as he looked towards Qin Yun.

Qin Yun only spoke softly:

"Elder Ye, can you grant me some face? After all, he was once my senior brother, and Miss Lin is Vice Sect Leader Lin's daughter. Going too far is not a good thing."

His face was cold as he stared at Elder Ye.

Elder Ye ignored him completely, having been severely injured with half his body and an arm severed. Even if he could heal these wounds upon returning, he would be a cripple, all thanks to Lin Ruhua and Jiang Baishan. He was unwilling to accept this.

"Step aside!" Elder Ye roared angrily, "Who do you think you are, deserving of my respect?"

His mind was consumed by rage. If it had been the Qin Yun of former times, a candidate for the Saint Heir, perhaps he would be shown some respect, but now, as a disgraced fugitive, he could dismiss him entirely.

Qin Yun's expression froze:

"You really afford no respect at all?"

Elder Ye bellowed savagely:

"Get lost!"

Qin Yun's expression returned to calm:

"Alright."

He turned slowly, and in an instant moved with unbelievable speed, dark energy briefly flashing in his eyes as he dashed towards Elder Ye.

"What are you..." Before Elder Ye could finish his sentence, he stopped abruptly, his eyes bulging in disbelief as he looked down.

Qin Yun's eyes were cold and merciless, one hand already piercing through Elder Ye's chest, grasping a still-beating heart. With a squeeze, the heart turned into a shower of blood mist.

Elder Ye's consciousness plunged into darkness, vaguely hearing Qin Yun's whisper:

"If there's no respect, then die."

With a flick of his hand, Qin Yun sent Elder Ye's body flying into the woods, where it was crushed by the Power of Heaven and Earth into a rain of blood.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were both dumbfounded by this sudden turn of events.

"Ba, you..."

Jiang Baishan's dull voice was interrupted by Qin Yun's wave of his hand.

"You should leave. I didn't see you today."

Qin Yun stood with his back to them, his gaze fixed into the distance.

From the start, he had no intention of taking his senior brother back as an achievement. He had already made one mistake and couldn't afford a second. He didn't know why, but after killing Elder Ye, he felt much of the oppression of the past five years dissipate.

Jiang Baishan looked at Qin Yun's back, eyes filling with gratitude.

"Ba, thank you," he said softly.

Qin Yun simply waved his hand.

Jiang Baishan paused, then continued:

"Come back to True Martial Mountain with me. Our master... has always missed you, you know. Although he took two younger disciples after you, tenth and eleventh rank."

He didn't finish his words.

But Qin Yun was already tearful.

He would always be Ba in his master's heart.

"I can't go back, there's no chance," Qin Yun shook his head painfully, his voice choked with emotion.

Jiang Baishan urged further:

"Everything is still possible. If you realize your mistakes sincerely and admit them to the master, he will surely forgive you. You've now killed the Celestial Human Realm Elder of the Demon Sect and failed your mission, and the Demon Sect cannot tolerate you."

Qin Yun only sighed.

He gazed into the distance, as the Power of Heaven and Earth started to gather.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were still unsure of why Qin Yun suddenly entered a battle state, but in the next moment, their pupils contracted suddenly as a cold, indifferent sigh echoed from afar:

"Such deep brotherly affection; Qin Yun, you have disappointed me."

A figure approached with hands behind his back, his robes billowing, exuding an overwhelming sense of pressure. Lin Ruhua looked at that signature ghost mask, her face turning pale instantly.

"Vice Sect Leader Ghost Mask!"

This Vice Sect Leader, equal to her mother in rank, was clearly not comparable to the previous Elder Ye. If Elder Ye could still inspire some courage to resist, then the personal arrival of Vice Sect Leader Ghost Mask filled her with complete despair.

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Qin Yun's eyes flickered, and he sighed softly:

"I knew you wouldn't be assured if I came alone, but I didn't expect that you would come personally. You really hold Qin Yun in high regard."

He knew that when he killed Elder Ye, the Vice Sect Leader was probably watching and just didn't intervene, wanting to use him to eliminate an elder from another faction.

There was a hint of self-mockery on his face.

From the beginning, he knew it was a choice: either use Jiang Baishan's corpse to achieve himself or exchange his life for Jiang Baishan's survival. Clearly, he chose the latter.

"Fifth Senior Brother, go!"

Qin Yun shouted in a low voice.

Jiang Baishan's face changed repeatedly, and Lin Ruhua tugged at his sleeve. He opened his mouth but couldn't say anything. A sense of powerlessness surged in his heart. Staying to fight side by side? That would only mean two more deaths with no meaning; they would be burdens in front of such powerful experts.

He deeply stared at Ghost Mask, as if trying to carve him into his memory.

Jiang Baishan swore in his heart that if he survived today, he would avenge this great enmity in the future.

Without hesitating, he pulled Lin Ruhua and ran into the forest, leaving only a shout behind:

"Ba, stay alive and return to True Martial Mountain!"

Qin Yun's body trembled, and a smile slowly appeared on his lips, growing larger and bolder, echoing through the mountains. He felt unprecedentedly elated.

Ghost Mask glanced at the departing Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua but didn't chase them. In his view, after dealing with Qin Yun, those two wouldn't escape. Letting them rejoice for now was fine.

He only fixed his gaze on Qin Yun, asking solemnly:

"Is it worth it? Killing him to silence others' doubts, you would still be one of the strong contenders for Saint Heir, and it's possible you could rule the world in the future."

Qin Yun sighed deeply:

"Perhaps, as a friend of mine once said, some mistakes don't need to be made twice, just once is enough. Making them twice would be foolish."

Ghost Mask shook his head in disappointment:

"You are indeed a fool; I misjudged you. Do you think you can withstand me with your strength? Killing you, those two can't survive either. You've made the worst choice."

Qin Yun took a deep breath:

"Just trying my best. Please teach me."

The two stood facing each other, with an invisible aura surging, even the wind halted.

In Ghost Mask's pupils, coldness gradually took over, matching the Bronze Ghost Mask, truly like a fiend from hell. He had murderous intent, looking at Qin Yun as if looking at a dead man.

Suddenly.

Ghost Mask struck.

He gently raised his finger and pressed down, and surging Power of Heaven and Earth condensed into a black imprint, like a giant pillar bearing down with a suffocating force.

Qin Yun neither dodged nor evaded.

He took it calmly.

Beside him, the Power of Heaven and Earth gathered, forming a barrier, and dark aura surged around his body, forcefully withstanding the blow.

"Boom!"

A deafening explosion sounded, and Qin Yun's body was instantly blasted into the woods, carving a terrifying trail. He continuously spat blood, with many bones already broken. The power of a single strike was so frightening, nearly crippling Qin Yun, and clearly, this wasn't Ghost Mask's full strength.

Ghost Mask walked slowly over, his cold voice devoid of any emotion:

"Why not dodge?"

Qin Yun hung his head low and slowly climbed up, coughing out broken bones and visceral fragments, seriously saying:



"Since I entered the Demon Sect, I've received much care from the Vice Sect Leader. If not for you teaching me the Sad White Hair Secret Technique, I would've died in the Blood Demon Pool. Accepting one finger from the Vice Sect Leader is barely repaying the kindness."

Ghost Mask's steps paused, and his gaze flickered.

"I'll give you another chance. Go bring Jiang Baishan back, and I'll pretend none of this happened."

He had a renewed sense of appreciation. Although the earlier strike wasn't at full strength, he hadn't held back. It was not something an average Celestial Human Realm expert could withstand. Yet Qin Yun not only withstood it but was still in reasonably good condition.

Qin Yun's black robe fluttered as he firmly shook his head:

"Vice Sect Leader, please teach me!"

An eerie power surged all over him, and a strange force spread. This was a nameless Secret Technique Qin Yun had once obtained by chance, which led to the birth of his Heart Demon. Later, he plunged into evil, further delving into this Secret Technique.

Eventually, in the Blood Demon Pool, leveraging various opportunities, he cultivated this Secret Technique to an unprecedented level, mastering it completely.

As he fully unleashed it for the first time, even Ghost Mask couldn't help but show a look of amazement.

But immediately, he shook his head:

"A bit impressive, but only just."

With an absolute power gap, no matter how exquisite the Secret Technique, it was futile. His strength, if placed on the Celestial Being List, was comparable to experts like the Heart Inquiry Sword, fundamentally different from Qin Yun.

Qin Yun naturally understood this as well.

He laughed wildly to the sky.

His entire body was enveloped in increasingly dense dark aura, and powerful forces surged from various parts of his body. Visibly, his white hair lost its luster, and the once slightly silver hair became pure white.

Moreover, his limbs, skin, and face withered at a visible pace, full of wrinkles, even his once sharp eyes gradually turned murky.

Qin Yun's laughter turned hoarse, shrill like nails on glass:

"Vice Sect Leader, in the past, by burning four hundred years of life with the Sad White Hair Secret Technique, I stepped into the Celestial Human Realm. Today, I ask you to show mercy again by burning another four hundred years of life!"

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Under the burning of Life Essence, his power inflated infinitely, and in the blink of an eye, it had surged more than tenfold.

Qin Yun moved.

Carrying the pitch-black demonic power, like an unparalleled demon, he mercilessly attacked Ghost Mask, just as he had said before; receiving a strike was to repay a favor, and next would be a life-and-death confrontation.

Ghost Mask was both shocked and furious.

"Good! I have indeed misjudged, lifting a stone only to drop it on my own foot."

His expression was more serious than ever; Qin Yun's current power was enough to command his respect.

"Boom!!"

The sound of the Power of Heaven and Earth colliding echoed through Yan Mountain, transforming into ripples that swept through the forests, ancient trees shattered into fragments, mountains trembled, and ten thousand beasts wailed in sorrow.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua, who were fleeing swiftly, nearly lost their footing and fell to the ground, scared and looking upward, vaguely seeing two figures rushing towards the sky, only to dive back into the mountains, with constant tremors transmitting to them. Those proximal battle aftershocks were enough to tear them apart.

Jiang Baishan's face was filled with grief, his nails digging into his flesh:

"Ba!"

At this moment, he loathed his own helplessness. He yearned for power more than anything; otherwise, why let his junior brother stay behind for him.

"It's the Sad White Hair Secret Technique, Junior Brother Ba is burning life to fight, otherwise he couldn't possibly be evenly matched with Ghost Mask."

Lin Ruhua's face was also somewhat complicated, carrying gratitude and guilt.

The first time she knew of Qin Yun was when her mother intentionally matched the two, but back then, she already fancied Jiang Baishan. After learning that Qin Yun was a traitor to the True Martial Sect, she had never shown him a good face.

Only later did she know Qin Yun had done much secretly for the True Martial Sect, and now, when she and her husband were in a dire situation, he spared no effort to sacrifice himself to cover them. Such a favor was hard to repay.

Jiang Baishan's eyes reddened, holding back tears. He desperately wanted to go back and fight alongside, but that would merely waste Qin Yun's goodwill.

Lin Ruhua comforted:

"If we can survive, we will annihilate the Demon Sect in the future to avenge Junior Brother Ba!"

Her eyes turned icy cold; today's encounter would be remembered for a lifetime. Moreover, from Elder Ye's previous attitude, it was not hard to discern that her mother's situation might also be far from ideal. If so, she had nothing more to worry about.

Revenge!

This was already an obsession in both of their hearts.

But the premise was to stay alive.

They no longer looked back, desperately fleeing towards Lei State City, the central area of Lei State, where the Imperial Court's army and countless experts were stationed. Even Ghost Mask would not dare to take risks there easily, this was their only hope.

Although the distance from there to Lei State City was considerable, they would not give up.

Escape!

Desperately escape!

Unknowingly, they had already stepped out of Yan Mountain, passing several towns.

Jiang Baishan felt parched, his body drenched in blood, but he dared not stop to treat his injuries. He could only swallow a few pills without a thorough chew, as the wounds healed and broke open under the pill's effect, his body's essence blood slowly evaporating.

Lin Ruhua's condition was not much better; she was already pregnant, and the constant battles and fleeing had drained much of her energy. Now, running this far, her face was ashen.

The two of them were almost at the end of their rope.

With a stumble, Lin Ruhua nearly fell to the ground, Jiang Baishan hurried to support her.

"Baishan, it seems we cannot escape," Lin Ruhua gave a bitter smile, their state was extremely poor—although they appeared to have escaped far, it wasn't too difficult for a Celestial Human Realm expert to catch up.

A malicious ghost was pursuing them, and even if unwilling to admit it, they knew Qin Yun could not hold back Ghost Mask forever.

Jiang Baishan shook his head firmly, carrying her:

"No, we're almost at Lei State City, we must not give up! We can't let down Ba's goodwill!"

He swallowed another Blood Burning Pill, recklessly fighting as well.

But just as he took a step.

He stood frozen on the spot.

In the distant sky, a figure he was incredibly familiar with appeared, almost making him think he was mistaken—but in the blink of an eye, that young Taoist descended from the void right before him.

Ning Qi looked at the wretched forms of Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua, his heart filled with anger, but he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Thankfully, he made it in time.

#### Chapter 274: Suppressing the Ghost Mask

Previously, Ning Qi was in Cang State. As soon as he sensed the surge caused by the explosion of the Gang Essence Sword Species, he immediately rushed over, giving it his all. His speed reached the utmost limit, fearing the occurrence of something he couldn't accept.

He was extremely anxious inside. If he had originally been on True Martial Mountain, he would have arrived much earlier. But now, being in Cang State, the distance is far greater.

Fortunately.

He finally made it in time.

Seeing that even though Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua looked miserable, they were not in life-threatening danger, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Ning Qi flashed beside the two, and the Gang Qi instantly turned into a gentle vitality, flowing into their bodies even from a distance. Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua, who were nearly on the brink of death, immediately felt a burst of spirit, as if Heaven had bestowed them with rain, escaping danger instantly.

With Ning Qi's Myriad Phenomena Gang Qi, the healing effect was even better than those specialized in this aspect.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were completely stupefied, as if in a dream.

"Jiu... Are you really Jiu?" Jiang Baishan murmured to himself. In his despair, yet another junior came, one he couldn't even imagine. He sensed the fluctuation from Ning Qi traversing the air with crystal clarity—this was clearly the Celestial Human Realm!

But Ning Qi was actually a Celestial Being stronghold?

This left him somewhat incredulous. Previously, Qin Yun stepping into the Celestial Human Realm was shocking enough. But Ning Qi was only eleven years old!

Ning Qi's voice was gentle:

"Fifth brother, it's me, don't speak now. I'll heal you both first, then slowly tell me what happened. The child in sister-in-law's belly is somewhat weakened; let's stabilize its condition first."

His eyes contained killing intent. Inspecting their bodies, they were utterly lacerated. Had he arrived a bit later, they might have died from exhaustion, especially sensing the frail life within Lin Ruhua's body. He was delighted, yet his killing intent grew stronger.

Pushing his fifth brother to such a state, if he doesn't avenge this, it would be truly unbearable for Heaven.

But at this moment.

Jiang Baishan, after his stupefaction, finally reacted. Ning Qi's Gang Qi infusion allowed him to breathe again. He opened his eyes, and tears welled upon his cheeks as he gripped Ning Qi's hands, his voice hoarse:

"Jiu, quickly go help Ba! Quick!"

"No, don't bother about us, quickly get True Man Tianjian to come back!"

Ning Qi's heart skipped a beat, not knowing what mishap had occurred involving his long unseen eighth brother. But hearing Jiang Baishan's desperate cry, he knew it must have met with an extraordinary enemy.

Thinking fast, he already knew what happened and grew tense.

Without the slightest hesitation.

Ning Qi waved his hand, and the overwhelming Power of Heaven and Earth instantly enveloped the two.

"Fifth Brother, direct me, talk along the way!"

His cultivation was astonishing, flying speedily with the two while infusing Gang Qi to heal them without delay. Knowing the situation was urgent, he didn't waste a second.

Jiang Baishan was extremely anxious, yet before he could say anything, they found themselves soaring into the sky.

"Yan Mountain! Quickly to Yan Mountain! Ba is battling Demon Sect's Ghost Masked Vice Sect Leader! He's very strong, probably no less than the Heart Inquiry Sword!" His speech was rapid, knowing since Ning Qi decided to head there first, there would be no delay.

Ning Qi, however, felt relieved.

If it's just about the level of the Heart Inquiry Sword, then it's simple.

Now the hope is for Qin Yun to hold on for a while longer.

Jiang Baishan adjusted his breathing, beginning to recount prior events. As he narrated, Ning Qi's expression gradually turned stern; he snorted lightly:



"What a Demon Sect, courting death with a method!"

He exploded with power, even carrying them, his speed far surpassed ordinary Celestial Human Realm levels.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua observed carefully, realizing Ning Qi's strength was likely beyond their imagination. They were also reminded of the terrifying Sword Qi within the previous two Jade Pendants. Initially, they thought it was Ning Qi's request for two Sword Qi from True Man Tianjian.

But now it seemed, perhaps not.

An astonishing speculation gradually crept into their minds. Had the timing not been off, they might've asked about the Jade Pendant.

But this was a good thing.

It meant Qin Yun had hope!

Jiang Baishan's pale complexion was gradually improving. He took a deep breath, filled with worry, wishing Qin Yun could hold out. If Qin Yun died saving them, he'd feel guilty for life.

"Ba, you must live!" Jiang Baishan's eyes were firm.

Ning Qi's eyes were equally cold.

From the start, he bore no resentment towards Qin Yun. Past events stemmed from momentary oversight; Qin Yun never did anything harmful to the True Martial Sect. He remembered clearly that when he first ascended True Martial Mountain, Qin Yun treated him the best.

In fact, he and Luo Wentian had deduced the identity of the one who handed over the True Martial Sect competitive letter long ago, but never mentioned it.

Now learning Qin Yun was in crisis, naturally he grew anxious.

Ning Qi exploded his full might, reaching extreme speed, leaving a distinct trail across the sky.

...

Yan Mountain.

The sound of mountain tremors persisted, waves of Power of Heaven and Earth surging intensely, crushing rocks, even a few hidden Beast Kings chose to distance themselves, wisely avoiding getting involved in such a battle of human powerhouses.

Ghost Mask's angry voice erupted:

"Qin Yun, do you truly wish to die?"

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He never expected that Qin Yun would hold him for so long, which made him feel deeply humiliated. His eyes, hidden beneath the Bronze Ghost Mask, were filled with rage. No longer as carefree as before, his sleeve had torn, and even the Bronze Ghost Mask bore a few more scratches.

He was both angry and surprised.

Angry that Qin Yun had posed a threat to him, surprised at Qin Yun's understanding of the Sad White Hair Secret Technique, which surpassed his own.

However.

Qin Yun now looked much more miserable.

The once handsome face was now full of furrows, his hair had turned white and frail, almost withered, as if the flame of life would extinguish with a gust of wind. He coughed up blood repeatedly, his voice hoarse as he said:

"What is there to fear in death? Just seeking peace of mind."

A smile rose in his eyes, all the pent-up frustrations of the past five years dissipated at this moment.

He didn't know how much longer he could hold on, relying entirely on his willpower. He knew that the longer he persisted, the greater the chance for his Fifth Brother to escape.

"Once more!" A roar erupted as Qin Yun stirred the remaining demonic power in his body, charging forward to attack again.

Aged in body but not in spirit, he carried an indomitable aura of desperation, completely reckless.

Ghost Mask cursed madman under his breath.

He didn't want to use the Sad White Hair Secret Technique over such trivial matters. Although a Celestial Being had an eight hundred-year lifespan, using it every time he battled would leave him with little lifespan remaining. Now, he only needed to wait for Qin Yun to burn through his own life force, but he hadn't expected Qin Yun to be so resilient.

Time passed slowly.

The commotion from their fierce battle gradually diminished.

Even a long lifespan must eventually end.

The thick demonic qi enveloping Qin Yun began to thin, and his strength rapidly waned.

With his vast experience, Ghost Mask quickly noticed this, sneering coldly before launching a fierce strike, an overhead grab, as a black Fist Seal descended like a meteor.

"Boom!"

Amidst the violent tremors.

Qin Yun coughed up blood, being knocked back, his body shattering apart, bloodied with stark white bones poking through the surface, looking incredibly gruesome.

He struggled to counterattack.

But with each clash, he became more wretched. His declining strength couldn't possibly match Ghost Mask. His physical body could no longer take it, gradually crumbling.

Qin Yun's gaze dimmed.

He knew, his fate was sealed.

At that instant.

Countless scenes flashed through his mind, the moments at True Martial Mountain, the faces and voices of his brothers, and his master. He seemed to see Taoist Longshan smiling at him.

"Master... this disciple is unfilial, I have disappointed you."

A sour feeling rose in his heart, tears coursing down his aged face.

The scenes shifted again, finally a cold, unparalleled face flashed by, leading him to sigh inwardly, perhaps he could only hope for the next life. His only solace was that he had already bid farewell to her before coming.

"Only now do you regret? Too late!" Ghost Mask's sullen voice rang out.

Qin Yun slowly closed his eyes.

Immense pain came from everywhere in his body, and his life force was exhausted. Even without Ghost Mask's hand, he had no chance of survival; the backlash of the Secret Technique had already arrived.

"Bang!"

With another muffled sound, Qin Yun's aged body fell to the ground like a ragged sack.

Before he could struggle.

Ghost Mask's boot was already stomping on his chest, grinding continuously, causing flesh to burst open and even breaking bones.

"Ignorant fool!"

Seeing the tragic Qin Yun, Ghost Mask cursed coldly.

Qin Yun just kept coughing blood, giving a wretched smile, not uttering a word. His eyes were lowered, and life faded at an alarming speed, eventually silent.

Ghost Mask's anger gradually dissipated.

He initially wanted to crush Qin Yun to pieces, leaving no corpse, but ultimately he softened. He remembered the first time he met Qin Yun, back then he felt Qin Yun had a deep demonic nature, a promising talent, and thus brought him into the Demon Sect.

After that, Qin Yun's performances indeed satisfied him, becoming a confidant step by step, later creating a miracle in the Blood Demon Pool and returning.

It can be said.

During that period, he indeed valued Qin Yun and truly considered promoting him to the position of Saint Heir, not only because he valued Qin Yun's worth but also because he admired his ruthlessness, and there was one more crucial reason he never shared, Qin Yun bore some resemblance to his deceased son.

"Pity, you were disloyal to me." Ghost Mask said coldly, "Had you been a little smarter, would it have come to this?"

Looking at the lifeless Qin Yun, he eventually stepped away.

For their acquaintance, he ultimately decided to leave Qin Yun's body intact.

With emotions mixed, Ghost Mask finally took a deep breath to calm himself.

He gave a slight wave.

The Power of Heaven and Earth surged, a bottomless pit appeared instantly, he thought, perhaps he should dig a grave for Qin Yun to keep it away from the Exotic Beasts.

Qin Yun's body fell into the pit, soon a new grave appeared, with power flowing upon it, making ordinary Exotic Beasts dare not approach.

Ghost Mask gazed at the grave, pondering something.

Shortly after.

He turned to leave.

Qin Yun was dead, but Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua still needed to be captured.

But just as he was about to move his steps, he instinctively looked up.

In the sky.

He saw incredible waves come, a young Taoist flying towards him with two others, moving so fast that his pupils shrank instinctively. He didn't recognize the young Taoist, but the two behind him were very familiar—who else could they be but Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua?

"Have they brought reinforcements?" Ghost Mask chuckled darkly.

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He was just about to pursue them, but unexpectedly, the two turned back. Although they brought along a young Taoist who seemed strong, he wasn't afraid. This saved him a lot of effort.

Jiang Baishan, hearing Ghost Mask's mocking laughter, felt his eyes nearly burst with rage. He looked at the new grave in the distance and cried out in grief and fury:

"Ghost Mask, where is my eighth junior brother! Where is he!"

Ghost Mask sneered, merely pressing the grave beneath with his boot.

"Considering Qin Yun served me for many years, I left his body intact and set up a grave. I've already been humane enough."

Upon hearing this, Jiang Baishan felt the world spinning, blood rushing to his head in anger.

"You! You deserve to die!"

Originally, he clung to a sliver of hope, but at this moment, there was only hatred and grief.

Ning Qi's face was expressionless, his heart also filled with sorrow.

"I'll also leave you an intact corpse."

A whisper filled with grief sounded.

Ghost Mask's pupils suddenly contracted. As the young Taoist's words fell, a vast and mighty power of heaven and earth was already converging. Moreover, an unparalleled sword intent surged, and in an instant, an endless sharpness emanated from the surrounding mountains, rocks, and trees, sending chills through Ghost Mask's body, wiping away any previous ease and relaxation.

His voice sounded as if he had seen a ghost:

"You... you are True Man Tianjian?!"

But Ning Qi did not answer. With a wave of his hand, celestial swords had already formed. Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were stupefied. The most unlikely possibility had come true, leaving the two bewildered.

Under the suppression of endless sharpness, the bronze mask on Ghost Mask's face shattered, revealing his true appearance. Surprisingly, he wasn't some ugly monster; instead, he was somewhat handsome, faintly resembling Qin Yun by three parts.

Ghost Mask roared in rage.

The power within him began to surge rapidly; confronted with a life-and-death crisis, he likewise employed the Sad White Hair Secret Technique.



Like Qin Yun before, his face rapidly aged. Though he did not burn away all his remaining lifespan in one go, facing such a terrifying enemy, he dared not underestimate him. He had only one thought—that was to flee, to flee immediately!

It was a pity.

Facing Ning Qi now was like an ant trying to stop a chariot, utterly powerless.

Ning Qi, filled with anger.

Swords of celestial aura roared and suppressed, and the vast oppressive force spread around. Even Ghost Mask, who had boosted his power with secret techniques, had no strength to resist. One after another, black fist seals crumbled into dust before the celestial swords.

"How... how is this possible?" Ghost Mask's eyes bulged, filled with disbelief.

Until celestial swords pierced through his chest, sealing all his internal strength, he gradually came to his senses, looking at Ning Qi with fear filling his expression.

"How can there be such a powerful Celestial Human Realm in the world?" Ghost Mask was nearly suffocated; he was already severely injured in a single encounter, and had Ning Qi not shown mercy, he would have been instantly killed.

This kind of power made him involuntarily think of... Martial Saint.

He kept coughing up blood, his soul trembling.

"Is this the true face of True Man Tianjian?" He looked at Ning Qi's excessively young and handsome face and his incredible vitality, his heart quaking. He would rather believe True Man Tianjian was a rejuvenated old monster than believe he truly was a young man.

But he had just heard Jiang Baishan's call, Jiang Baishan referred to True Man Tianjian as the ninth junior brother.

This realization gave him a dizzying feeling of the world spinning.

At this moment.

Everything was calm and peaceful.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were already dumbstruck. Originally thinking there would be an earth-shattering battle, they never expected it to be utterly one-sided, and the Demon Sect's Vice Sect Leader, which could make them despair, had no power to resist in front of Ning Qi.

The impact of the scene before them almost turned them into statues.

Ning Qi's eyes were icy cold.

He spared Ghost Mask's life not out of softness but because, as a high-level Demon Sect member, he must know some secrets. Perhaps by following the threads, he could find information about the Martial Saint Secret Land. After extracting all his value, it wouldn't be too late to kill him then.

But there was still something more important to do right now.

He took a deep breath, carrying a certain hope, and dug up Qin Yun's grave.

Without seeing Qin Yun's death with his own eyes, he refused to believe it.

Chapter 277: Seed of Life

"Fifth senior brother, keep an eye on him."

After saying this, Ning Qi gently waved his hand, and in an instant, waves of the Power of Heaven and Earth fluttered about. The newly erected grave turned to dust, suspended in mid-air, and then, Qin Yun's corpse appeared before everyone.

Just seeing the wretched state of the body made the three of them shudder.

At this moment, Qin Yun's body no longer had a single piece of intact flesh. There were rips and tatters everywhere, with stark white bones protruding, appearing both hideous and desolate. But what made one most sorrowful was that once handsome face, now wrinkled into the visage of a decrepit old man, withered white hair, unbearably heart-wrenching.

"Ah!!!" Jiang Baishan roared at the sky, his heart filled with unspeakable grief.

Tears streamed down his face, filled with immense guilt. He couldn't help but stomp on Ghost Mask's chest, causing the sealed Ghost Mask to cry out in agony and cough up blood, with his ribs snapping.

Looking at Jiang Baishan's beastly demeanor, coldness crept into Ghost Mask's heart, but there was also humiliation. In the past, Jiang Baishan was nothing but an ant in his eyes, yet now he was being trampled, his dignity shattered by such an ant.

Fortunately, Jiang Baishan was just venting his anger. He hadn't completely lost his reason and was aware that Ning Qi must have a reason for keeping Ghost Mask alive.

Ning Qi's heart was also filled with anger and bitterness. He coldly glanced at Ghost Mask but hadn't given up hope.

"Fifth senior brother, protect me."

With that, he already sat cross-legged with Qin Yun's corpse.

With all his strength, Myriad Phenomena Gang Qi was activated, and a surging flow of Gang Qi Power filled with Vitality Power poured into Qin Yun's body.

At a visible speed.

Patches of flesh began to sprout new buds, restoring evenly. Each broken bone mended back, and Qin Yun's once pallid complexion now showed faint traces of luster. This miraculous scene widened the pupils of the three onlookers. Such a healing technique, surely alive dead flesh and white bones, was divine!

Ning Qi cultivated Myriad Phenomena Gang Qi, able to transform its various attributes. His daily study of scriptures and enlightenment was actually borrowing their mysteries to tread more paths. Until now, he had only displayed the combative side of Gang Qi.

Jiang Baishan's breathing became rapid. He saw hope, trying his best to suppress his excitement, so not to disturb Ning Qi.

Moments later.

Qin Yun's corpse was no longer as pitiful.

Except for the slightly tattered black robe, it was almost no different from a normal person. But while the wounds were healed, the face's aging showed no change. Besides, there was no change in his aura. Though it seemed recovered, in reality, it was still just an intact corpse.

Ning Qi slowly opened his eyes.

Jiang Baishan asked hopefully:

"Jiu, what do you think? Is there hope for Ba?"

Having been harshly tormented by Jiang Baishan, Ghost Mask's heart was full of humiliation. Upon hearing this, he sneered:

"Life force is cut off; not even the Immortal and Gods could save him! You might as well give up!"

Jiang Baishan's eyes turned blood-red. He took a deep breath and calmly said:

"If Ba cannot be saved, I'll slice you piece by piece."

Ghost Mask was momentarily speechless.

Ning Qi glanced at Ghost Mask and softly said:

"Who said a broken life force can't be saved?"

The three all looked at him in unison, Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua in surprise, while Ghost Mask remained incredulous.

Ning Qi ignored him. What he just did was merely the preparatory phase: restoring Qin Yun's body to avoid excessive wretchedness and getting a clear picture of the situation.

Exactly as Ghost Mask had stated.

Qin Yun's life force was indeed severed, which for the average person, constituted complete death; but for Ning Qi, it was not yet so.

He felt fortunate for not arriving any later; if he had, then it may have truly been beyond repair.

Taking a deep breath, Ning Qi's gaze became gradually solemn. What lay ahead was the real challenge.

Threads of the Power of Heaven and Earth gathered, and the Gang Qi within him unknowingly transformed into a verdant hue. The Power of Heaven and Earth and Gang Qi began to resonate as remnants of Ning Qi's hand created dizzying, mystical Seal Technique.

Under the astonished glances of the three.

Ning Qi traced circles with his palms, and a verdant 'seedling' appeared between his palms. In an instant, an overwhelming fragrance seemed to burst forth, a vigorous vitality emanating from it. Threads of its essence fell upon the nearby withered wooden structure, causing an aged tree to rejuvenate with fresh buds.

Ghost Mask was dumbfounded.

While in Jiang Baishan's mind, lightning struck—he finally realized where this familiar 'seedling' came from.

This resembled the Enlightenment Tea Tree when it first sprouted!

In an instant, he remembered how back then, all the senior brothers were excitedly observing when the Enlightenment Tea Tree first broke through the earth, some even sprawled on the ground. Only Ning Qi was smiling with enlightenment, but it wasn't until today he understood that Ning Qi's comprehension was extraordinary!

Just as he thought.

This seedling that Gang Qi transformed into represented all of Ning Qi's understanding of the Path of Life.

When he witnessed the Enlightenment Tea Tree breaking through the earth, he gained the opportunity for the Path of Life. Then, he observed the subsequent growth of the Enlightenment Tea Tree, deepening his insight. Not just that, Ning Qi would also witness various life miracles, eventually achieving minor success.

This seedling was a Seed of Life.

Determination shone in Ning Qi's eyes.

Even if there was truly Yama's Underworld, he would snatch Qin Yun's life back!

He reached out and gently pressed.

The Seed of Life was embedded into Qin Yun's body.

In an instant.

Qin Yun's flesh erupted with radiant light, an immensely rich Vitality Power bursting forth, spreading all around.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were both invigorated, as even the aftershock revitalized their own life force, dispelling all previous exhaustion and overextension.

Chapter 278: Seed of Life\_2

The green light passed over Ghost Mask, and the wound in his chest pierced by the Celestial Sword instantly healed more than half, but he was shocked to find that the power suppressing him still rendered him incapacitated. Jiang Baishan, feeling refreshed, kicked him twice once more.

The flowers, grass, and ancient trees affected by the earlier battle also went wild, growing explosively. In the blink of an eye, they were restored as new and continued to grow fiercely, extending widely, turning into a vibrant capital city full of life.

This scene resembled a miracle.

The three of Jiang Baishan couldn't help but think that just the leaked aftermath was already so magical, how would Qin Yun, who was at the center, be?

At this moment.

Qin Yun's body was suspended in the air.

A dense force of life was erupting.

Ning Qi kept searching for the almost invisible hint of life hidden within Qin Yun. This Seed of Life served as "bait".

He fully unleashed his Divine Intent, even feeling tired, almost as much as when exploring the White Ape's bloodline.

Fortunately.

The heavens do not disappoint those who strive.

Ning Qi raised an eyebrow, showing a hint of joy.

"I've found it!"

He followed the nearly invisible trace of life, allowing the Seed of Life to fully explode and then merge with it.

In Ghost Mask's incredulous eyes.

The lifeless Qin Yun, originally like a block of wood, suddenly moved. A surge of life spread through him, and in a speed visible to the naked eye, a hint of flush appeared on Qin Yun's face.

"How... how is this possible?" Ghost Mask looked as if he had seen a ghost.

Reviving someone with severed life force is something even a Martial Saint couldn't achieve; who exactly is this True Man Tianjian?



Meanwhile, Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were full of joy.

They watched as Qin Yun's aura of life grew more intense, their bodies trembling with excitement.

But suddenly.

Ning Qi's expression changed.

A hint of anxiety appeared in his pupils, and then his internal Gang Qi instantly transformed into an extreme chill. With a wave of his hand, Qin Yun's body was immediately covered with layers of frost, turning into an ice statue in the blink of an eye, exuding a bitter coldness.

The states of life and extreme cold were intricately intertwined.

This sudden change altered the expressions of both Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua. Seeing Ning Qi's heavy expression, Jiang Baishan quickly asked:

"Jiu, has Ba not already regained his vitality?"

Before Ning Qi could answer, Ghost Mask immediately understood and burst into loud laughter:

"I understand now! To stop me, Qin Yun burnt through all his lifespan entirely. Even if you, True Man Tianjian, have Heaven-Reaching means to revive his life force, so what? He has no lifespan left, and even if you save him, he will age and die immediately! No one understands the Sad White Hair Secret Technique better than I do!"

"In the end, it's like drawing water with a sieve!"

He laughed wildly, knowing his fate wouldn't be good, and could only use his words to the fullest to disgust the enemy.

Jiang Baishan glared at him fiercely.

But he hoped Ning Qi would refute him.

Ning Qi was uncharacteristically silent for a moment, then calmly said:

"You're right; Senior Brother Ba indeed has his lifespan near the end. If we awaken him now and exhaust the last bit of his lifespan, then there's truly no hope."

Jiang Baishan's face turned ashen, while Lin Ruhua's eyes lit up as she asked:

"Ninth Brother, what about using life-extending items? Would that be effective?"

Jiang Baishan's eyes lit up too.

Life-extending items are rare treasures in the world, but at least there is hope.

Just as Ghost Mask was about to speak, Ning Qi casually waved his hand, sending him flying with a slap from a distance for being too annoying. He slowly shook his head:

"I'm afraid it's not possible; for any life-extending item, one must have a certain base of lifespan themselves. Have you ever seen any being in the world with a lifespan nearly gone still using life-extending items? They usually have ten or twenty years left to live at least."

Both fell silent at once.

"So... is there really no way?"

Jiang Baishan's voice was hoarse, unwilling to look at Qin Yun. Although now sealed in ice, Qin Yun's body was full of life, looking no different from an ordinary person except for his elderly appearance, causing him great heartache.

Ning Qi sighed softly:

"For now, we can only temporarily encase Senior Brother Ba in ice and think of a solution later."

His voice gradually became firm:

"Rest assured, I will find a way."

Being powerless now does not mean it will always be so.

He would continue to grow, and with his comprehension, he would surely be able to create a Lifespan Secret Technique, and if not in the Celestial Human Realm, then in the Martial Saint Realm. If not in the Martial Saint Realm, then beyond!

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua were inspired by the determination in Ning Qi's eyes.

They nodded in unison.

Ning Qi was qualified to say these words.

After all, he was only eleven years old and had already achieved such unprecedented accomplishments; both his terrifying strength and the divine means shown while saving Qin Yun were astonishingly impressive.

In ordinary times, they would have long been stunned, unable to believe their own eyes, only suppressed previously by their worry for Qin Yun.

"Let's first return to the mountain together. In any case, this matter must be reported to Master," Ning Qi said softly.

Jiang Baishan and Lin Ruhua exchanged a glance and both nodded.

Having gone through this ordeal, they had no more hesitation. Since that was the case, there was no need to remain secluded in the outside world.

"Jiu, how should we handle him?" Jiang Baishan harbored intense hatred for Ghost Mask.

Ghost Mask's body quivered imperceptibly.

Ning Qi's gaze was indifferently cold:

"I originally descended the mountain to seek trouble with the Southern Border, never thought you would deliver yourself willingly, perfect then, I'll start with your Demon Sect."

Chapter 279: Seed of Life\_3

Ghost Mask's pupils suddenly constricted violently.

At this moment, he realized just how formidable an enemy their Demon Sect had provoked. The overwhelming and unrivaled power they had just witnessed still instilled fear in him; it simply did not seem like the power of the Celestial Human Realm.

He wanted to say something, but with a wave of Ning Qi's hand, the four of them had already stepped into the air and left.

...

True Martial Mountain.

Bright Martial Pavilion.

Taoist Longshan and Luo Wentian sat facing each other, discussing the recent matter of Ning Qi going down the mountain. A month had already passed with no results, and they were considering persuading Ning Qi to return, lest he waste time in vain.

"Jiu has always been resolute in character; if he said two months, then it will be two months." Taoist Longshan shook his head with a light sigh, understanding his ninth disciple.

Luo Wentian also smiled bitterly.

Suddenly.

Taoist Longshan's expression changed, looking beyond the sky. After one breath, Luo Wentian also sensed it, and by the next breath, their gazes fell outside the pavilion.

"Master, First Senior Brother!"

Hearing that familiar voice, both of them smiled. Just as they were talking about Ning Qi, Ning Qi returned.

"Jiu, come in quickly!" Luo Wentian had just spoken when he froze in place.

It wasn't just Ning Qi who entered.

There were actually five people.

"This unworthy disciple Jiang Baishan greets Master!" Jiang Baishan's eyes were red, pulling Lin Ruhua along to kneel.

Taoist Longshan was both surprised and delighted to see his fifth disciple again, but immediately realized things were not simple. He glanced at the remaining two people, one of whom was clearly in a sealed state, and the other an ice sculpture.

His gaze instinctively turned to the ice sculpture, his heart trembled, and a wave of familiarity surged through him, but he did not dare to confirm it. Taking a deep breath, he looked at Ning Qi with a hint of hope:

"Jiu, who is he?"

Ning Qi couldn't bear to look into his master's eyes, lowering his head and said:

"Master, it's... Eighth Brother."

In an instant.

Like a thunderclap, Taoist Longshan's mind went blank. He stood there in a daze, like a sculpture, even as his dignified Celestial Human Realm body slightly wavered. Several disciples moved forward to support him, but Taoist Longshan waved them off.

He turned his back, slowly closing his eyes so the other disciples wouldn't see the pain in them, but his voice completely betrayed his inner sorrow:

"Jiu, what exactly happened?"

Taoist Longshan's voice was as calm as possible, but there was still a faint tremble.

"Fifth Brother, you tell it." Ning Qi felt sorrowful, having arrived later and not knowing some details.

Jiang Baishan's eyes reddened; he took a deep breath, bowed to the ground, and cried. He recounted everything that happened, finally wailing softly:

"It's all my fault; if it weren't for saving me, Eighth Brother wouldn't have ended up like this!"

He was in indescribable pain.

Luo Wentian's fists unknowingly clenched, his gaze toward Ghost Mask filled with murderous intent.

Meanwhile, Taoist Longshan became increasingly calm.

After a long silence.

He finally sighed softly:

"Wu, this matter is not your fault; blame does not lie with you. Place Ba at Bright Martial Pavilion for now; it's been too long since I've seen him. As for the rest, you brothers handle it."

He waved his hand, seemingly a bit weary.

The group wisely withdrew.

Taoist Longshan gently set Qin Yun's ice sculpture down. Through the ice, he slowly brushed Qin Yun's face and sighed softly:

"Ba, five years without seeing you, how have you grown older than your master..."

Unconsciously, his eyes grew red.

...

After the group exited the Bright Martial Pavilion, Luo Wentian asked:

"Jiu, is there any hope for Ba?"

Ning Qi softly replied:

"Now we can only use the Ice Seal Technique to lock Eighth Brother's condition. Once I develop the Lifespan Secret Technique, I can extend his life again."

Luo Wentian nodded decisively:

"We must do our utmost, otherwise Master..."

He couldn't continue his words.

Having been with Taoist Longshan for the longest time, he knew how heartbroken his master would be seeing Qin Yun in his current state. Thinking of this, his eyes reddened again.

Ning Qi nodded firmly:

"Don't worry, I will certainly save Eighth Brother!"

Luo Wentian exhaled deeply, looking at Ghost Mask.

"How should we deal with this Vice Sect Leader of the Demon Sect?"

Ning Qi's gaze was indifferent:

"I'll take him to the Heart Inquiry Platform to see if we can extract any information."

Jiang Baishan was filled with hatred toward Ghost Mask. He whispered:

"Jiu, after questioning him, hand him over to me."



Ning Qi paused briefly and nodded gently.

#### Chapter 280: Ten Thousand Flames Cave

The Heart Inquiry Platform was constructed by Ning Qi according to the principles of the Soul Capturing Eye Technique, naturally making it an ideal place for this technique.

The Ghost Mask is no ordinary person; his power ranks among the top on the Celestial Being List. His Divine Intent is strong, and he has a strong resistance, so Ning Qi needs to extract as much useful information from him as possible.

They proceeded forward.

All the disciples near the Heart Inquiry Platform had already been cleared out in advance.

Ning Qi landed on the Heart Inquiry Platform with the Ghost Mask in tow, causing the Ghost Mask to shudder as he felt something was wrong.

He was, of course, aware of the name of the Heart Inquiry Platform. On the day the True Martial Sect was founded and began accepting disciples, several spies from the Demon Sect and the Southern Border revealed their true backgrounds on the platform. He wasn't sure if the platform would be effective on him, but looking at the surrounding stone pillars, he felt uneasy.

Suddenly, he realized he could speak, and couldn't help but muster his courage to say:

"This place might work on some Gang Essence Realm martial artists, but with the strong Divine Intent of us Celestial Human Realm martial artists, you can dream of getting a single useful piece of information from me."

Ning Qi did not respond.

Luo Wentian sneered coldly:

"Frog in a well, do you know who created this Heart Inquiry Platform? The ability of our ninth junior brother is beyond your imagination. The Heart Inquiry Platform cannot sway your Divine Intent, but he can."

With just a few simple words, the Ghost Mask became panicked.

The world believed that the Heart Inquiry Platform and the many inheritances of the Heaven-Ascending Ladder of the True Martial Sect were relics excavated from ancient sects, but now it seems this is not the case at all. They were clearly the creations of the Celestial Sword True Man before him.

The Ghost Mask's gaze was fixed on Ning Qi in front of him, his heart pounding and beating more and more fiercely.

After being captured and witnessing all he had along the way, he had come to know the true identity of the Celestial Sword True Man, which was not as the rumors outside world suggested that he was reaching the end of his lifespan, nor as Taoist Longshan had said, a senior met by chance.

This Celestial Sword True Man was actually the ninth disciple of Taoist Longshan!

This filled him with immense fear. Among the eleven disciples of Taoist Longshan, this ninth disciple was the most low-key and mysterious. The Demon Sect had previously tried to investigate, but found nothing, only knowing he was just in his teens.

Originally, this wouldn't have meant much, but when his teenage years were equated with the Celestial Sword True Man, everything became drastically different.

"Celestial Sword True Man, are you human or ghost!"

The Ghost Mask's eyes were filled with fear, and the more he thought, the more frightened he became.

Such a person cannot simply be described with words like genius or prodigy. Nothing in history has been this absurd. Not even the powerful Martial Saints of the past were so abnormal.

If the Demon Sect had such a person, there would be no need for the so-called Holy Pill Technique. They would simply need to wait for him to grow.

Ning Qi looked at the Ghost Mask coldly, indifferent to his fear.

He remained silent.

Unknown waves began to rise from the Heart Inquiry Platform, causing the Ghost Mask's heart to race with panic. He tried hard to resist, but the chaos in his heart grew more intense, as though a deep whirlpool was gradually enveloping him.

Finally.

He sank into deep darkness, facing a pair of indescribable pupils, seemingly black with a tinge of gold, leaving him in a daze.

After creating the Golden Pupil of Illusion-breaking Secret Technique, Ning Qi extracted parts of it to enhance the Soul Capturing Eye Technique.

"What is the Sad White Hair Secret Technique?" Ning Qi's vast voice resounded.

Normally, he wouldn't need to ask about such a secret technique, but since Qin Yun used this technique to burn his lifespan completely, knowing the principle of the technique might help in finding a solution afterward. Moreover, it was also to test whether the Ghost Mask had been completely soul captured.

The Ghost Mask stiffly opened his mouth:

"For the Sad White Hair, it takes life, burns essence..."

He narrated in detail, revealing its intricacy.

Luo Wentian and the other two looked at the strange and magical scene before them, feeling a chill within. They had never heard of such a secret technique. Even compared to the Heart Inquiry Platform, it surpassed by far, making someone reveal their secret techniques completely, without a hint of secrecy.

They sighed in admiration.

Ning Qi listened quietly, continuously contemplating. With his current perspective, a simple deduction could tell if there were any flaws in the secret technique.

"It truly is an impressive secret technique. I wonder where the Ghost Mask obtained it from."

A flash of insight appeared in his mind, further enlightening him about Qin Yun's current state. It might be even worse than he initially imagined. The Sad White Hair Secret Technique consumes life's essence at a high efficiency. Coupled with Qin Yun's resolve not to live, he consumed all his remaining lifespan in one go.

Thus, Qin Yun was nearly at the brink between life and death. If Ning Qi hadn't detected something wrong and used the Ice Seal Technique to seal him immediately, it would have been beyond hope.

"Even so, the situation is quite dire. The less lifespan eight senior brothers have left, the higher the demands for the rescue secret technique." Ning Qi thought to himself.

He looked at the Ghost Mask with even colder eyes.

After asking about the Sad White Hair Secret Technique, the Ghost Mask's face had become somewhat pale, and his pupils began to dilate slightly.

Ning Qi wasted no time and started asking for other information.

Everyone has a limit on how much they could endure under the Soul Capturing Eye Technique. If exceeded, one might accidentally become an idiot. Ning Qi didn't care about the Ghost Mask's life or death, only wanting to extract as much useful intelligence as possible.

"Where is the Demon Sect's headquarters located?"

"The Ten Thousand Flames Cave."

Ning Qi raised an eyebrow. This Ten Thousand Flames Cave is not within the Great Yan territory, but near the western desert. It is rumored that the cave contains various Exotic Flames, some of which could even threaten Celestial Human Realm experts. He hadn't expected the Demon Sect to place its headquarters there.