

Cultivating 321

Chapter 321: Ning Qi Takes Action_2

Some martial artists with lower cultivation were even oppressed to the point of bleeding from their seven orifices.

The three true men of the True Profound Sect changed their expressions and immediately acted to protect the guests; otherwise, if there were large-scale casualties, the True Profound Sect would have no place to stand.

The other Celestial Human Realm experts also acted one after another.

Taoist Longshan's expression hardened, and while protecting the disciples of True Martial, he also sheltered some nearby guests who didn't have Celestial Human Realm experts, instantly drawing grateful looks.

But everyone felt anxious inside.

The current situation wasn't looking too good.

Buddha Baoshu and the Barbarian Emperor were bullying with numbers; it's likely Taoist Baishan wouldn't be able to handle them.

Taoist Baishan's eyes flared with anger:

"Good! Good! I should have slapped that shameless bald monk to death years ago!"

He was under immense pressure; although Buddha Baoshu was slightly inferior to him, he was ultimately in the same tier of strength, not to mention the Barbarian Emperor, who seemed slightly stronger. Even with skills as vast as the heavens, it's impossible to take on two foes alone.

The Immortal Crane was besieged by the Heavenly Wolf and Bao Shu, teetering on the brink, with its white feathers being shredded and its appearance turning increasingly desolate. The True Profound Seal

charged out again, attempting to resist the pressure brought by the Glazed Treasure Tree, but this time, it was swept away by Bao Shu's Seven-Colored Buddha Light.

The scene changed rapidly.

Yet the hearts of those from the True Profound Sect slowly sank.

The situation was dire.

At this rate, perhaps their ancestor would be defeated.

Taoist Baishan's gaze sparkled with cold electricity, staring fiercely at Buddha Baoshu, while the latter's lips curled into a hidden smirk, completely ignoring him. Seeing Taoist Baishan gradually becoming disheveled, he was greatly pleased.

The Barbarian Emperor continued to persuade:

"True Monarch, what do you think?"

This time, Taoist Baishan exploded:

"Get lost!"

His Taoist crown shattered, his white hair flailing wildly, he began to elevate step by step, intending to enter the fray himself, his voice icy:

"Out of respect, I call you Barbarian Emperor; otherwise, you're just a pig, dog, cow, or sheep. What do you have to do with me? If you want to force my hand, prepare to die!"

His temperament was fierce and didn't like being threatened. Now being pushed, he'd rather break jade than whole tiles.

Taoist Baishan's momentum surged, and a strange aura resurrected within him.

The Barbarian Emperor was initially gloomy from Taoist Baishan's cursing but, upon seeing his momentum change, his expression shifted dramatically. He couldn't help but shout:

"True Profound, the timing isn't right now. Are you looking for death?!"

Taoist Baishan shouted:

"Then let's die together!"

He looked frantic, and Buddha Baoshu said coldly:

"I don't believe he would destroy ten thousand years of cultivation in one fell swoop!"

But seeing Taoist Baishan still showing no sign of stopping, he finally became somewhat panicked and also somewhat regretful. He never expected Taoist Baishan's nature to be so fierce and so mad. The Barbarian Emperor couldn't help but glare at Bao Shu, feeling like he'd been had.

Everyone felt a chill in their hearts, as if something terrible was about to happen.

Then.

A long dragon's cry echoed, drawing everyone's attention. All were stunned, only to see a white True Dragon flying from the depths of True Profound Mountain, enveloping clouds and mist, exuding divine majesty, and then directly inserting itself into the battlefield.

This unforeseen change left everyone bewildered.

"Boom!"

The loud noise brought everyone's souls back.

The True Dragon roared, knocking the Glazed Buddha Tree askew. The two became entangled, opening a new battlefield, relieving the Immortal Crane, who went back to circling with the Heavenly Wolf.

"Is this... another Ancient Saint appearing?" This was everyone's instinctive reaction.

All guests rejoiced, especially those from the True Profound Sect.

Though this Ancient Saint hadn't revealed their true form, given the current situation, it was clear they came to aid the True Profound Taoist Monarch.

Taoist Longshan observed with slight confusion.

He scanned the surroundings again but still couldn't find Ning Qi's figure. Yet instinct told him that this suddenly appearing white True Dragon likely had a significant connection with Ning Qi. His eyes showed both shock and relief.

This white True Dragon was naturally Ning Qi's handiwork.

After the Barbarian Emperor arrived, he felt uneasy, so he hid quietly, ready to support anytime. He didn't want unnecessary trouble, but Taoist Baishan had been good to him, and he also wanted to learn more about the Martial Saint Realm from him, so he wouldn't stand by and do nothing.

He only acted now because he had been understanding the power usage patterns of the Heavenly Wolf and Immortal Crane.

After witnessing the techniques of the two Ancient Saints, he realized how crude his use of Martial Saint power was, and now learning through real battle, he greatly strengthened the White Dragon formed by the Martial Saint power condensed in the Yu King Pearl.

Now that he attacked, though not on par with the Heavenly Wolf and Immortal Crane, it wasn't difficult to block the Glazed Treasure Tree.

In the sky above.

Two battlefields had already formed.

The Heavenly Wolf and Immortal Crane were fighting fiercely, while the True Dragon intercepted the Buddha Tree.

Buddha Baoshu and the Barbarian Emperor both showed a change of expression, especially Buddha Baoshu, who sensed the strong pressure emitted by the white True Dragon and knew it was likely a strong individual comparable to him, feeling suffocated and slightly shocked.

The Barbarian Emperor's gaze sparkled as he surveyed his surroundings:

"Which old friend has arrived? Please show yourself!"

But there was no movement around, and where his gaze reached, there was no sign of anyone.

Buddha Baoshu snorted coldly:

"Do our kind need to hide in shadows?"

Being able to possess such strength now couldn't possibly be someone from this era; more likely, it was someone like them.

Still, there was no response.

Instead, the white True Dragon grew fiercer, alarming Buddha Baoshu, who felt the white True Dragon seemed to grow continuously during the battle, bringing greater pressure every moment. Now, the True Dragon's body expanded, as if to coil around the Buddha Tree and crush it forcefully!

Taoist Baishan said nothing.

His shock was no less than anyone else.

Simply because he distinctly sensed a hint of familiar aura emanating from the white True Dragon.

"Ning?!"

Even after experiencing many lifetimes, he felt that his worldview was challenged.

An eleven-year-old boy had such astounding strength?

It's important to know that he wasn't a reincarnated old monster but truly a young boy.

He had already estimated Ning Qi as highly as possible, but when faced with this scene, he couldn't help but be shocked.

"With Taoist Ancestor above, what kind of monstrous freak is this?!"

Eighth White Mist Realm at eight, matching a Martial Saint at eleven; these are two completely different concepts, with a gap that cannot be calculated.

After observing for a while, he was quite certain that the one who acted was Ning Qi.

He even suspected that the hint of aura was released intentionally by Ning Qi, so he could confirm his identity and avoid accidental injury. Seeing the bewildered looks of Buddha Baoshu and the Barbarian Emperor, he couldn't help but feel smug.

Taoist Baishan's aura gradually calmed.

With a change in the situation, he no longer needed to fight desperately.

The Immortal Crane revived its fighting spirit, brawling with the Heavenly Wolf once more. This time, Taoist Baishan attacked with anger, becoming even more fierce. Crane wings like swords slashed at the Heavenly Wolf, tearing a long crack in the void, with the ferocity of his anger boosting his might.

The Barbarian Emperor didn't dare to be distracted; he was confident that if he unleashed his full power, defeating the True Profound Old Taoist wouldn't be difficult. However, the identity of the one who intervened was still uncertain, inevitably making him wary.

"Buddha Venerate, you hold off this one, and I'll deal with True Profound!" he whispered.

Yet Bao Shu's face reddened:

"I'll do my best."

The Glazed Treasure Tree was entangled by the True Dragon, and no matter how hard Bao Shu struggled, he couldn't break free, with a significant portion of the Seven-Colored Buddha Light being devoured by the white True Dragon. The way this hidden person used Martial Saint power astounded him; at first, it was unremarkable, but now it grew stronger and stronger.

He was absolutely unwilling to believe someone could grow so much in such a short time; there was only one explanation.

It was that the person was toying with him.

Chapter 322: Blind Elder

Buddha Baoshu was both angry and anxious in his heart.

Today, he felt utterly humiliated.

First, he was mercilessly suppressed in a one-on-one with Taoist Baishan. If not for the timely appearance of the Barbarian Emperor, he might have fled in disgrace. This was something he could reluctantly accept since he was never a match for Taoist Baishan back in the day.

But now.

This unknown character, hiding in the shadows, had also come to overpower him.

How could he possibly accept this?

He thought, certainly even the Barbarian Emperor had to be suspicious of him. That faintly questioning gaze made his face flush with heat, followed by even greater anger.

Fortunately, the Barbarian Emperor did not make it too obvious, since they were still united against a common enemy.

He stood aloft, with dark power surging from his body, channeling into the Heavenly Wolf. In an instant, the Heavenly Wolf mutated, sprouting a ferocious second head.

The two-headed Heavenly Wolf looked menacing, charging towards the Immortal Crane with incredible ferocity.

Taoist Baishan's expression changed slightly.

Just from this, he realized the Barbarian Emperor had progressed further than him, yet he wouldn't be without the power to retaliate.

"With the Spirit yet to recover, the gap between us is not that wide! You wish to take advantage of the situation, forcing me to collude with you? Impossible!"

Taoist Baishan laughed heartily, the Immortal Crane spreading its wings, with hills and rivers faintly appearing around it, making the crane even more ethereal and otherworldly.

The two-headed Heavenly Wolf spat black flame, pressing the Immortal Crane tightly, yet unable to gain further advantage.

The Barbarian Emperor frowned.

He turned his head to the other battlefield, stunned.

He saw the Glazed Treasure Tree further constrained by the White Dragon, with a tendency for persistent crushing. Pieces of Buddha light shattered, and many branches of the Glazed Treasure Tree broke. It seemed unlikely they could aid him; in fact, it looked like he might need to offer help instead.

"Who exactly is this person in the shadows?" The Barbarian Emperor was shocked.

He had some understanding of Buddha Baoshu's foundation. Though not as strong as him and the True Profound True Monarch, he had also woken from a long slumber by a measure of luck. It wasn't someone any random person could confront.

True Profound Mountain was equally silent.

The four Ancient Saints were in a chaotic battle, their overwhelming aura unimaginable. Even a slight aftershock created immense pressure on those in the Celestial Human Realm, forcing them to retreat repeatedly, not daring to approach for fear of colliding with the fury.

They were constantly guessing who the figure behind the White Dragon might be.

Names from legends flitted by, but none could be confirmed.

"But... anyone able to suppress Buddha Baoshu cannot be a nobody!"

Awe and amazement showed in the eyes of the onlookers.

"Today we learned there are so many Ancient Saints still hidden among us. They've not ascended but are alive in our time. Does their appearance signal significant events to come?" someone murmured.

The world is not short of smart people. Just from the conversations among the Ancient Saints, they deduced some clues.

Yet, no one dared speculate recklessly, feeling a certain fear inside.

The Ancient Saints surely had their reasons for appearing without cause.

It likely involved great secrets.

"Come out, now!" Buddha Baoshu's angry roar echoed.

He was exceptionally furious.

Golden light erupted from him, continuously increasing the power output, merging into the Glazed Treasure Tree, which began to shake, gathering multicolored light to form a hand intending to capture the White Dragon.

The White Dragon let out a long cry, spitting a white ribbon that transformed into a Divine Sword, piercing out.

The sword intent within was so fierce that even Taoist Baishan took notice.

The Divine Sword sliced, and the five fingers of the multicolored Buddha Palm were cleanly severed, leaving it awkwardly bare.

Clearly, it could have been cut to pieces with one sword, but deliberately severed just the five fingers—this, to Buddha Baoshu, was utter insult.

The person in the shadows, perhaps an enemy?

Buddha Baoshu could no longer bear it:

"How dare you insult me!"

His eyes flared with anger, his entire being enveloped in golden light, resembling a golden figure.

The Barbarian Emperor's expression changed:

"Buddha Venerate, do not!"

But his words of caution could not calm the infuriated Buddha Baoshu.

He opened his mouth and spat, a drop of golden blood shot out like electricity, integrating into the Glazed Treasure Tree. In an instant, the aura of the Glazed Treasure Tree surged, multicolored light exploded, instantly breaking free from the White Dragon's grasp.

Not only that, the multicolored light was extremely sharp, carrying a force that seemed to dissolve everything, even the void looked ready to collapse.

With a swish, the tail of the White Dragon was obliterated.

Ning Qi opened his eyes, surprise flickered within them.

"What was that drop of golden blood?"

He could sense that the power of the Glazed Treasure Tree had enhanced significantly. The power within the Yu King Pearl was likely insufficient to contend with it. However, he remained calm, as he still had an Innate Divine Sword Qi nurtured within him, his strongest trump card yet.

Since achieving Three Flowers Perfection, he had never used it.

Taoist Baishan exclaimed softly:

"Bao Shu, you are really willing, but should we fight to the death today? Withdraw now, I won't hold you accountable for this offense."

Yet, Buddha Baoshu sneered, his slightly pale face becoming somewhat ferocious.

"I've sacrificed a drop of Spirit Blood, paid such a price, and you expect me to just retreat? Foolishness!"

High in the sky.

The Glazed Treasure Tree burst with light, its power surpassing the Two-headed Wolf and Immortal Crane, becoming the most dazzling presence on the field. It was the White Dragon binding the Buddha Tree before; now the Buddha Tree subdued the White Dragon, offense and defense reversed. The White Dragon was in disarray, dodging and evading continuously, yet still getting hit repeatedly by the multicolored light.

Chapter 323: Blind Old Man_2

The Barbarian Emperor remained silent. Since a price had been paid, something had to be gained today; otherwise, it would be a great loss.

But Ning Qi's expression was calm as he searched for the right moment.

The Innate Divine Sword Qi would either not strike, or if it did, it must achieve merit.

The colorful radiance of the Glazed Treasure Tree occasionally fell, like sharp blades, precisely slicing through the Taoist Palace encountered on its path. The guests were shocked, retreating again and again. Buddha Baoshu was already burning with anger and paid no heed to anything else.

Taoist Baishan, seeing this, became furious.

"Fine, fine, fine! Let's see whose foundation is deeper!"

An aura surged from his body, and Spirit Blood was about to condense. Ning Qi frowned slightly, preparing to take action; he was merely waiting for the right opportunity. However, if Taoist Baishan had to pay a hefty price to confront the enemy, it would be a great loss.

Although he didn't know what the Spirit Blood was, it must be of great importance to them.

But just as the thought moved in his mind, he noticed something extraordinary and gradually stopped his actions.

In fact.

He wasn't the only one.

Almost simultaneously, three Ancient Saints turned to one direction, and Taoist Baishan, who was preparing to fight to the death, also paused, his aura gradually calming. Everyone was surprised and followed the direction of the three Ancient Saints with their eyes.

There, they saw an ordinary, blind old man walking slowly with a cane.

Thud.

Thud.

The rhythmic sound of the cane striking the bluestone was supposed to be a very small sound, but with each step the blind old man took, it grew louder, eventually echoing like a drum in the hearts of everyone present.

The guests were all astonished.

In the blink of an eye, the blind old man had already arrived nearby.

"Everyone, cease your actions."

An aged voice rang out.

The old man lifted his somewhat empty gaze and looked at the three Ancient Saints.

Taoist Baishan spoke:

"It's not that I am unwilling, but these two came to kill, and I had to fully engage."

The blind old man looked towards the Barbarian Emperor and Buddha Baoshu.

The Barbarian Emperor remained silent.

Buddha Baoshu, however, was aggrieved and looked disgruntled. He had just consumed a drop of Spirit Blood, and if he ceased now, wouldn't he suffer a great loss that would make him vomit blood? He was unwilling.

The blind old man shook his head and gently sighed:

"Why deplete among yourselves?"

He casually tossed his blind cane skyward, and it grew with the wind, instantly transforming into a giant pillar. The pillar hovered in the air, stretching between the Buddha Tree and the True Dragon. With just a slight tremor, the colorful radiance of the Buddha Tree fully recoiled. The Glazed Treasure Tree emitted a brittle sound, seemingly trembling with fear in Buddha Baoshu's hand, still trembling incessantly, while the white True Dragon was also flung away by a force.

Buddha Baoshu's face was filled with shock, and he looked incredulously at the old man before him.

The Barbarian Emperor's expression grew increasingly solemn.

The blind old man remained silent.

The giant pillar again shattered the air.

Sweeping away the Heavenly Wolf, striking the Immortal Crane.

Originally fierce as a world-dominating Beast Emperor, the Heavenly Wolf Immortal Crane instantly disintegrated, rolling back into primal power. The Barbarian Emperor and Taoist Baishan were both shaken, uncontrollably retreating a few steps.

Both men looked at the blind old man with a changed expression.

"Sir..." the Barbarian Emperor began.

But he was interrupted by the blind old man:

"Today's matter was my oversight. Since you have all returned, rules must be established. I hope not to see such events again in the future, as for opportunities, they depend on one's own merits."

Taoist Baishan fell silent and then gave a respectful bow.

The faces of the Barbarian Emperor and the others were extremely difficult to look at.

This referred to their attempt to compel Taoist Baishan to make a pledge, originally aiming to strengthen their own forces in the process. But now, with the blind old man's words, it's clear that no one will dare to do so anymore.

Finally, the Barbarian Emperor also gave a bow.

As for Buddha Baoshu, it was as if he had swallowed a fly, feeling uncomfortable. He felt a sense of defeat, but before this blind old man, he did not dare to be impudent, at least not now.

The blind old man waved his hand, and the giant pillar in the sky transformed back into his blind cane. He glanced deep into the True Profound Sect, seemingly a bit surprised, and then slowly turned around.

The blind cane struck the bluestone beneath it.

Still making thudding sounds, gradually dimming until they were hardly audible.

Yet everyone dared not breathe a sigh of relief.

Until the old man's silhouette completely disappeared, only then did everyone truly exhale a breath of relief.

If the few Ancient Saints gave everyone a sense of might, commanding reverence, the feeling the blind old man imparted was of an endless, unfathomable abyss, something beyond envisioning.

Taoist Baishan's gaze was expressive, but he was mostly filled with admiration as he watched the blind old man's retreating figure.

He knew some inside information and understood the old man's struggles.

He wasn't simply succumbing to the old man's strength; he also respected his deeds.

Today's matter.

By this moment, it clearly could not continue any further.

It felt somewhat anticlimactic, but the appearance of the blind old man left an impression perhaps more soul-stirring than the battle of the several Ancient Saints, leaving everyone's emotions unsettled.

The Barbarian Emperor took a deep breath and bowed to Taoist Baishan:

"True Monarch, today's events have caused much offense, but it was all just a precautionary measure, so I ask that you do not take offense."

Taoist Baishan let out a light hum but eventually waved his hand slightly.

The Barbarian Emperor surveyed everyone and then departed, breaking through the air.

Buddha Baoshu's expression was so dark it seemed water was about to drip from it.

Today, he had lost both face and substance, but he was helpless.

He coldly glanced at Taoist Baishan, then waved his hand, leading the other monks and breaking through the air to leave.

In an instant.

The originally chaotic and endless battle of True Profound Mountain calmed down, leaving everyone feeling somewhat unreal.

"Who exactly was that blind old man... to make all these Ancient Saints cease their actions?" This was a question in everyone's hearts.

Someone frowned in deep thought.

Suddenly, a flash of insight crossed their eyes.

"I remember; this presence seems to resemble the Wind-listening Old Man, the top name in the Celestial Being List! However, the Wind-listening Old Man comes and goes without a trace, and few have seen his true form."

"But... even if it were the Wind-listening Elder, would he be this powerful?"

"Those are Ancient Saints... unless, the Wind-listening Old Man is just one of this elder's identities."

Whispering voices arose.

Everyone seemed to have uncovered the blind old man's true identity, but none dared to confirm it.

The scene before them was far too enigmatic.

Aside from the three Ancient Saints, the person present most familiar with the blind old man was undoubtedly Ning Qi.

At this moment.

Ning Qi's gaze was filled with amazement.

He hid within the depths of the True Profound Sect so that neither the Barbarian Emperor nor Buddha Baoshu could discover his true presence, but the blind old man saw him. Correspondingly, Ning Qi also sensed the old man's presence.

"That was... the storyteller old gentleman who spoke of the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint!"

Ning Qi was somewhat shocked.

Years ago, he had personally visited the small town mentioned by Ye Qinghe and even lingered there for a while, having prolonged contact with that old man, yet he hadn't discovered anything unusual, only feeling something extraordinary faintly.

But now, after the old man's actions, he immediately sensed that indomitable power.

"Surely, he is a Martial Saint! And not just any Martial Saint!"

He still felt the presence of the Yu King Pearl.

"Could it be... he is the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint?" Ning Qi couldn't help but wonder.

What he witnessed today made him realize that there was an unknown side to this world.

Not only were there Ancient Saints using their means to stay alive.

There were also unknown Martial Saints walking the world, unseen by the masses.

The true face of this world was gradually being unveiled before him, and the many hidden secrets it revealed made him eager to continue learning.

He looked involuntarily toward the depths of the True Profound Sect, and today, he might find some of the answers he was looking for.

Chapter 324: Are You Really 11 Years Old?

True Profound Dojo.

With the departure of the Barbarian Emperor and Buddha Baoshu, the original clamor gradually quieted down, but the shock in everyone's eyes did not diminish, all gazing at Taoist Baishan.

Now that the melee had ceased, the initial tension faded away.

Only then did they begin to realize what had happened.

Initially, they thought they were attending the Celestial Being Grand Ceremony of a newly ascended celestial of the True Profound Sect. Who would have thought that this so-called fledgling celestial was indeed the legendary founder of the True Profound Sect, True Profound True Monarch!

"We pay our respects to the True Monarch!" A majestic voice echoed across the True Profound Mountain as everyone respectfully bowed.

This was a living True Monarch.

To receive even a hint of guidance from him was an unparalleled opportunity, a fortune beyond words.

Their eyes were filled with fervor.

Taoist Baishan simply smiled and waved his hand.

Now that they had emerged, there was no need to hide any longer. After all, in a few days, the ancient ones would all reveal themselves.

"Thank you all for attending the Celestial Being Grand Ceremony of I, Taoist Baishan, and apologies for the fright." He was not pretentious, and everyone felt honored, quickly expressing their unwillingness to accept such honor.

The disciples of the True Profound Sect were extremely zealous.

The appearance of the legendary founder before their eyes was a dream-like realization of faith, bringing many older Taoists to tears. They never imagined that the unassuming True Man Baishan was their founder.

Ning Qi had returned at some unknown time.

Taoist Longshan exchanged glances with him, Ning Qi merely nodded with a smile, instantly easing Longshan's mind while marveling at the silent understanding between master and disciple. Meanwhile, the other True Martial disciples were unaware of the situation, except Zhuang Chen and Li Ling, who had some suspicions.

Taoist Baishan glanced at Ning Qi, then raised his voice to say:

"Today, I shall explain the Path of Celestial Being to you all."

They had reached the time for expounding on the Tao, only to be interrupted by the people from Dajue Temple. Now, without disturbances, they could continue.

One should not accept gifts without giving back.

Everyone was instantly in an uproar.

The True Monarch personally explaining the Tao exceeded all expectations, causing Taoist Longshan to sit upright, even Ning Qi showed some anticipation.

On the Tao platform.

Taoist Baishan sat casually, and the vast Tao Sound arose:

"The Celestial Being cultivates the Three Flowers of Heaven, Earth, and Human. Though three are named heaven, earth, and human, the root does not escape the character 'human'..."

At this moment, Taoist Baishan's demeanor was ethereal, gradually elucidating the principles of the celestial being, naturally exuding the demeanor of a True Monarch. Occasionally, visions of mountains and rivers appeared in the sky, white cranes circling around, the vast Tao Sound left the guests entranced, feeling as if enlightened.

Ning Qi could tell that Taoist Baishan was being completely forthright.

Whether to compensate for the disturbance caused today or for another reason, he explained the Path of Celestial Being with thorough clarity, virtually giving everything away.

Not only that, he was also using mysterious powers to enhance his teaching, helping others.

This was the insight of a Martial Saint Realm expert into the Path of Celestial Being, an extraordinary perspective from atop a high vantage point, even Ning Qi felt he was gaining, let alone others, some were moved to tears, resonating with the sentiment that to hear the Tao in the morning is to die content by evening.

Unknown how much time had passed.

Only then did Taoist Baishan gradually stop his lecture.

The guests were still reminiscing, everyone had gained something, and some even broke through on the spot, full of thanks.

"We thank the True Monarch for the grace of imparting the Tao!"

Everyone was excited and immensely grateful.

This was not mere politeness but entirely heartfelt.

Today, what Taoist Baishan taught was an all-encompassing revelation of the Path of Celestial Being before everyone, something impossible at past Celestial Being Grand Ceremonies. The greatest beneficiaries were the celestial beings present, as today's transmission dispelled many of their confusions, and as long as they continued step by step, they could achieve realms they never dared to dream of.

As for the others at the Gang Essence Realm or younger individuals, they also gained much. The Celestial Human Realm might be far from them, but today's detailed explanation set a goal for them to pursue.

Taoist Baishan chuckled and lifted his brow:

"You must recall and strive diligently."

There seemed to be an admonishment or encouragement hidden in his words, and everyone was even more grateful. Ning Qi raised an eyebrow; at first, he thought Taoist Baishan was trying to compensate the guests for the disruption of the Celestial Being Grand Ceremony. But it seemed now that it wasn't entirely the case, otherwise, he wouldn't be teaching so selflessly.

The feeling now seemed more like he hoped everyone would increase their strength to face something.

He began to speculate.

Everyone respectfully bowed:

"We shall remember the True Monarch's teachings!"

After a moment of silence, a Celestial Human Realm expert bravely stood up, from the world-renowned first Taoism Yin Yang Sect, named True Man Yangli, he took a deep breath and said:

"There is something I wish to ask the True Monarch!"

Everyone's heart skipped a beat.

Taoist Baishan said indifferently:

"Speak."

True Man Yangli, cautious not to offend, asked carefully:

"May I ask if the True Monarch has lived for tens of thousands of years?"

Taoist Baishan slowly shook his head:

"No, a Martial Saint can live up to only three thousand years. We ancient saints came to this world using different means."

Ning Qi's eyes narrowed.

"True Monarch, with the ancient saints appearing one after another, is there some major event about to happen?" Many eyes were filled with yearning, faintly sensing unease.

Taoist Baishan was silent for a long while before sighing:

"The time is not yet ripe."

Chapter 325: Are You Really Eleven Years Old_2

True Man Yangli hastily apologized.

Everyone felt a jolt in their hearts.

But Taoist Baishan had already risen and floated away amidst the many reverent gazes.

Only True Man Baiye and the other two continued with the subsequent proceedings.

Some formalities were naturally required.

But from the still-shaken expressions of the crowd, one could foresee that once today's events spread, it would cause a massive upheaval, likely an earthquake throughout the Great Yan. With the return of the Ancient Sages, many forces might be reshuffled.

Some currently powerful Martial Path sects might not have such enduring legacies, while some small declining factions might see the revival of an Ancient Sage.

Yet what unsettled everyone more was, what did the return of the Ancient Sages truly signify?

Ning Qi had no interest in staying any longer. After exchanging a glance with Taoist Longshan, he also quietly left.

...

Top floor of the Scripture Pavilion in True Profound Sect.

Ning Qi stepped in slowly.

The Taoist Baishan, who was flipping through ancient books in front of a jade bookshelf, turned around, his Taoist robe fluttering like an immortal. His demeanor was entirely different from when Ning Qi had seen him before, yet the next moment, that True Monarch aura vanished without a trace, and he grinned, revealing large yellow teeth, followed by clicking sounds:

"Goodness, Ning, you're hiding quite deeply!"

He circled Ning Qi, constantly sizing him up, his eyes revealing a lewd intent.

The slight unfamiliarity Ning Qi felt in his heart immediately vanished. He casually batted away Taoist Baishan's right hand and rolled his eyes:

"Likewise, you never told me you were the famous True Profound True Monarch."

Taoist Baishan chuckled:

"Isn't that being low-key? I'm not a boastful person. Besides, I did remind you that if you follow me, there'll be plenty of good food and drink. It's your fault for not catching on."

Ning Qi glanced at him and casually picked up an ancient book from the shelf.

Originally, he was a bit puzzled as to where these ancient books came from, but now he understood. Nine times out of ten, they were collected by the person before him, or he had even written them himself.

Ning Qi opened the ancient book and said:

"This says that the Power of Heaven and Earth is called Spiritual Qi. What does it mean?"

Taoist Baishan looked at him like a bumpkin:

"In ancient times, that's how everyone referred to it. But later, the heritage broke off, and the term 'Spiritual Qi' was gradually hidden. People later named it the Power of Heaven and Earth out of reverence. Of course, that's not the only reason. Strictly speaking, there are still some differences between the Power of Heaven and Earth and Spiritual Qi."

"You don't know this? You aren't seriously just eleven years old, are you?"

He stared intently at Ning Qi, as if trying to discern something.

The main reason was that Ning Qi's previous performance was astonishing; he could even suppress Buddha Baoshu. Although Taoist Baishan always despised Buddha Baoshu's conduct, he still acknowledged his strength. Ancient Sages who survived to this day were not people anyone could rival easily.

Logically, except for a few special individuals, no one in this era could stand against these old monsters.

Ning Qi was definitely an exception.

Ning Qi raised an eyebrow:

"Otherwise? How old do you think I am? Twelve?"

Taoist Baishan gnashed his teeth, feeling a bit suffocated. He finally sighed:

"Darn it... truly a freak!"

He showed a look of regret in his eyes.

"If only you were born a millennium earlier, perhaps..."

Ning Qi understood the implication, he just asked:

"Why did the heritage break off?"

Taoist Baishan sighed:

"It was obliterated together."

Ning Qi was surprised:

"It wasn't the doing of the Great Yan Martial Saints?"

Taoist Baishan laughed:

"Of course not. Although that person is quite powerful, he alone couldn't have made all the Martial Saint Techniques disappear from recorded history."

This resolved a doubt in Ning Qi's heart. Previously, both Wu Jianghe and the Grand Elder of the Demon Sect thought that the Great Yan Martial Saint wanted to stand alone, so he erased all Martial Saint Techniques. It now seemed that wasn't the case.

Ning Qi gazed directly at Taoist Baishan:

"Why is that?"

Taoist Baishan's eyes grew deep:

"It cannot be said."

"Is it related to changes in the power of Heaven and Earth?"

"It cannot be said."

Ning Qi was silent. He exhaled softly and said:

"Is there anything you can tell me?"

Taoist Baishan sighed:

"There are some things I am not unwilling to tell you, but forcing it would not benefit either you or me. The day you step into the Martial Saint Realm, you'll naturally understand. But for now, it's not easy for you to reach the Martial Saint Realm, since there are neither Martial Saint Techniques nor abundant Spirit. You must still wait some time."

The two stood side by side, looking out of the window into the distance.

"So, you guys aren't in the Martial Saint Realm either?" Ning Qi asked, but his tone was very certain.

He had sensed the previous battle very clearly. Except for that blind elder, the other three relied on their Martial Saint Secret Treasures just like him. The only difference was that these three were once powerful Martial Saints, so even wielding the Martial Saint power condensed from their secret treasures, they could unleash great strength effortlessly.

Taoist Baishan nodded:

"That's right, for now, Spirit has not awakened, and there is no difference between you and me. At most, we are only at Celestial Being Perfection. The previous power depended on my Lifebound Secret Treasure, the True Profound Seal."

He said.

With a turn of his palm, a small seal hovered above, its mysterious aura revealed without doubt.

Ning Qi also took out the Yu King Pearl.

Taoist Baishan suddenly laughed and said:

"You indeed also obtained a Martial Saint Secret Treasure and even figured out how to use it. Quite something, though I did not expect that the Martial Saint Secret Treasure you obtained would be the Yu King Pearl."

Ning Qi was surprised:

"You recognize this secret treasure? I got it from the Demon Sect."

Taoist Baishan displayed a look of recollection:

"Naturally. Speaking of which, I once encountered the owner of the Yu King Pearl myself, probably in my previous life before last. When I awoke last time, the Great Yu had already been replaced by the Great Yan, and that person disappeared. Not sure if they chose some other hidden method."

Seeing Ning Qi's somewhat solemn expression, Taoist Baishan laughed:

"Rest assured, if that person truly also awakens and returns, I'll mediate between you two, it's no big issue. But I think it's likely they're facing some issues and may not be able to return."

Ning Qi nodded slightly.

He really wasn't sure if the owner of the Yu King Pearl would trouble him, but he wouldn't pin all his hopes on others. He merely took notice of it and raised his vigilance in secret.

Taoist Baishan shook his head with a wry smile, knowing that Ning Qi hadn't fully taken his words to heart.

Ning Qi asked again:

"Earlier you mentioned what Spirit is?"

Taoist Baishan thought for a moment and said:

"Do you remember I said earlier that there are still some differences between the Power of Heaven and Earth and Spiritual Qi?"

"The difference lies in the Spirit."

"In our time, for certain reasons, all Martial Saint experts decided to extract the Spirit from within the Spiritual Qi. After which, it gradually evolved into the current Power of Heaven and Earth. Without Spirit, the Power of Heaven and Earth still has immense power, but it lacks much spirituality."

"Do you know why the True Profound Seal and your Yu King Pearl can condense Spiritual Power? Oh, that's right, Spiritual Power is what you commonly refer to as Martial Saint power."

He smiled.

Ning Qi wasn't foolish and immediately realized:

"You're saying there is Spirit within these two secret treasures?"

"A quick learner. Without Spirit, it's basically impossible to condense Spiritual Power and reach the Martial Saint Realm."

Ning Qi's heart skipped a beat as he heard this explanation for the first time, but he quickly frowned and said:

"But I know there are those who can reach the Martial Saint Realm with external aids like the Blood Emperor Gu from the Southern Border and the Holy Pill of the Demon Sect. Are these filled with abundant Spirit?"

Taoist Baishan waved his hand:

"Relying on external objects results in merely a Fake Saint. In the current power of Heaven and Earth environment, one is a sieve, forever consuming Spiritual Power once they act, perhaps even causing a decline in their realm. Unless one day Spirit awakens anew, with corresponding Dharma Methods, they might gradually firm their footing and become a true Martial Saint."

"Otherwise, such Fake Saints can only bully the little guys of the Celestial Human Realm and have to kneel before old monsters like us. Of course, you're an exception."

He couldn't help but express awe on his face again.

Chapter 326: Many Secrets

Taoist Baishan remained puzzled.

How did Ning Qi manage to achieve Celestial Being Perfection at the age of eleven and not only that, but also wield the Martial Saint Secret Treasure, using spiritual power with such mastery, rivaling us old folks.

He had no doubt that once Spiritual Awakening occurred and there was a Dharma Method, Ning Qi could effortlessly step into the Martial Saint Realm.

"Never in history have we seen someone so monstrous, it's a pity and a lament; if only he had appeared earlier, perhaps everything would change." He internally sighed.

Meanwhile, Ning Qi slowly nodded, a look of understanding in his eyes.

"I see, so you wish to prevent the emergence of Martial Saints born from personal cultivation, rather than those born from external forces. In other words, Martial Saints born from external forces pose no threat to you?" Ning Qi turned his head to inquire.

Taoist Baishan revealed a wry smile:

"You rascal, trying to trick me again."

Ning Qi pursed his lips:

"Forget it, I won't ask then. Can you at least tell me when this so-called Spiritual Awakening is supposed to happen?"

Taoist Baishan breathed a sigh of relief:

"That won't be an issue. There's about a year left before the Spiritual Awakening fully erupts, and then it will reach its peak for a period. At that time, many miraculous changes will occur between heaven and earth, it's an opportunity you can't find elsewhere."

"If you can acquire the Martial Saint Technique beforehand, you'll have the chance to enter the Martial Saint Realm directly. Due to certain agreements, I can't give you the Martial Saint Technique directly, but someone can."

Ning Qi's eyes slightly shone:

"Who?"

Taoist Baishan smiled:

"Your True Martial inheritance."

Ning Qi was invigorated, and instantly, he recalled many things. Once, Taoist Longshan mentioned the location of the Underground Palace where the True Martial inheritance lies. He even personally went to see it but only found some traces.

Taoist Baishan continued:

"Your True Martial inheritance is quite extraordinary. If you lay the foundation with it and encounter the opportunity of Spiritual Awakening, you might have the hope to soar to the heavens."

He looked at Ning Qi with expectation.

After Ning Qi made his move, he was certain Ning Qi was not an afterthought laid down by that old turtle but simply lucky, which made him somewhat jealous. It was indeed sheer luck; if he were to reincarnate and find that the True Profound Sect had such an unparalleled prodigy, he'd likely smile from ear to ear.

Ning Qi asked:

"Where is it?"

Taoist Baishan looked towards the mountain:

"No one knows presently, but soon the old turtle will emerge. Since your master obtained some of the True Martial inheritance back then, he surely knows of the True Martial Hall's location. Before Spiritual Awakening, the True Martial Hall will definitely reappear, then you may head there immediately."

Ning Qi earnestly nodded; he didn't know who Taoist Baishan's "old turtle" referred to, but he guessed it might be the Ancient Saint, the source of the True Martial inheritance, or related to it.

He felt a sense of anticipation.

Though he was confident in devising his own breakthrough into Martial Saint Technique, having a reference would naturally be better. Yet, he wouldn't pin all his hopes on this; he secretly decided to fully research the Martial Saint Technique once he returned to the mountain.

Originally, he planned to travel downhill afterward to investigate the secrets behind the world's changes. But judging from Taoist Baishan's attitude now, it's clear there are hardly any means to uncover the truth.

The only method is to step into the Martial Saint Realm himself.

"Spiritual Awakening is an important juncture; those Ancient Saints will likely seize the chance to soar to the heavens, gradually restoring their former realms, far beyond ordinary Martial Saints. If I want to

catch up or even surpass them, I need to continuously strengthen my foundation before Spiritual Awakening." A surge of determination arose in Ning Qi's heart.

Seeing the vastness of the world, only then did he realize his insignificance.

"Thank you," Ning Qi sincerely expressed gratitude.

Taoist Baishan suddenly beamed, feeling refreshed:

"Hearing those words from your mouth is truly not easy, it wasn't in vain for me to exert so much effort."

Ning Qi merely cast a sideways glance.

Although he had learned many secrets now, the fundamental question remained unresolved. The source of the great terror lurking in the world was still unknown. From Taoist Baishan's subtle attitude, it could be seen, though it wouldn't impact the promotion to Martial Saint, it might pose some hidden hazard.

If possible, Ning Qi still wished to resolve it.

However, he didn't continue discussing it but planned to try it secretly himself.

Unknowingly, the two had already stepped out of the Scripture Repository.

In the distance.

Many guests had begun bidding farewell to the three True Men of the True Profound Sect.

They had experienced an event that truly refreshed their worldview; only now did they realize that many Ancient Saints hadn't ascended but lived to this day through various means. Today's skirmish

among several Ancient Saints might just be a beginning. A new era is about to dawn, and heaven and earth are about to shake profoundly.

Eagerly, they couldn't wait to convey today's events back home.

Taoist Baishan, with hands clasped behind, gazed far away, feeling some sentiment:

"After today, the world will change."

Ning Qi remained silent.

The return of the Ancient Saints, regardless of their intentions, at least for now, will displease some of them, inevitably leading to disputes, thereby re-dividing interests.

He asked:

"You mentioned before that the lifespan of a Martial Saint is only three thousand years, how did you live to the present age?"

Taoist Baishan was somewhat silent, his gaze slightly complex, and only after a while did he sigh and say:

"There are various means, such as reincarnation, self-sealing, or blood inheritance, and perhaps other methods. But these three are mainstream."

Chapter 327: Many Secrets_2

"But no matter which dharma method, there are flaws. If not forced, who would be willing to do so? True Profound is not True Profound, Bai Shan is not Bai Shan, who really knows who I am now?"

The soft sigh also weighed heavily in Ning Qi's heart.

He sensed a touch of confusion in it and understood the hidden dangers.

Ning Qi solemnly said:

"No matter if it's True Profound or Bai Shan, as long as the original intention is not forgotten."

Taoist Baishan was willing to tell him so much, clearly intending to mentor him, though the exact reason, he had some guess.

Taoist Baishan paused, then laughed heartily:

"That's right, not forgetting the original intention is true."

He continued:

"I, the old Taoist, and Monk Baoshu use the Reincarnation Technique, reincarnating periodically, restoring all memories upon reaching the Celestial Human Realm, and when the lifespan is about to be exhausted, reincarnate again, repeating, swimming arduously through the river of time step by step."

Ning Qi's pupils shrank.

He thought of himself.

For a moment, he wondered if he might also be reincarnated from some Ancient Saint, just yet to recover all his memories, but quickly shook his head; it didn't feel right, as he distinctly remembered memories of a previous life coming from Blue Star.

"What if you perish along the reincarnation path?" Ning Qi asked.

Taoist Baishan smiled freely:

"Then it is truly perished. Even if you had Heaven-Reaching methods before, there is no possibility of reviving. However, the stronger one is, the more potent the destiny and talent of the reincarnated self, so the chance of perishing isn't great."

"Of course, there are some unfortunate ones; there were plenty of old fellows before, but those who live to the present need fortune."

"Moreover, reincarnating multiple times wouldn't be without influence. Each life's memory affects oneself, to the point some may undergo drastic personality changes and go mad."

He spoke lightly, but Ning Qi could discern the inherent risks.

"The benefit of the Reincarnation Technique is awakening earlier. As for the self-sealing technique, each has its merit. Take the Barbarian Emperor, for example; he fell into the Martial Saint Realm, then self-sealed through destiny, awakening earliest afterward."

"As for the bloodline inheritance method, it is the most perilous, with immense cost, unsuitable for most."

Speaking to this point, Ning Qi could clearly sense the caution in Taoist Baishan's eyes.

"For instance, the person appearing today extended his existence through bloodline inheritance, thus being able to roam the world, maintaining strong power, though the bitterness within is likely beyond outsiders' knowledge." Taoist Baishan shook his head, eyes filled with admiration.

Ning Qi softly said:

"The Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint lineage?"

Taoist Baishan was surprised:

"You know?"

Ning Qi nodded:

"I had a brief encounter before. This elder seemed to be hinting to me in various ways, but at that time, I knew very little, didn't realize it. Just now, when I stopped Buddha Baoshu, he should have recognized me."

"I see." Taoist Baishan suddenly realized, "Strictly speaking, he isn't precisely the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint, yet, in a way, he's a continuation of the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint. You'll understand later."

Ning Qi slightly nodded, knowing this surely involved unspeakable secrets, and thus refrained from asking further.

The two strolled leisurely, stepping into the skies, overlooking layers of clouds.

Having disclosed their identities, they became more candid, able to speak freely. Ning Qi felt a long-lost sense of ease, being able to openly display his power before others for the first time.

The two continued chatting, mostly with Ning Qi inquiring and Taoist Baishan answering.

Unbeknownst to them, the Golden Crow slanted, Ning Qi took a deep breath, feeling his gains profound.

All along, it was blindly groping for progress. Now that someone was guiding, the feeling was remarkably different; many mists cleared, making the path forward much clearer.

"Thank you." Ning Qi softly said.

Taoist Baishan didn't jest, merely nodded lightly, patting Ning Qi's shoulder:

"Work hard; I, the old Taoist, have high hopes for you. If those old fellows knew of your existence, they might just drop their jaws."

Saying so, he chuckled again.

Ning Qi simply smiled, then said:

"Will you now wait for the Spiritual Awakening at True Profound Mountain?"

Taoist Baishan just shook his head:

"Originally, hosting the Celestial Being Grand Ceremony, I wanted to see if any old friends would come by, didn't expect it'd be that old monk Baoshu; quite annoying, but no matter, the old Taoist might as well initiate this new era, some tasks need addressing."

Ning Qi didn't press further.

"If there's anything you need help with, just send a message."

Taoist Baishan smiled nodding; though the future is uncertain, presently Ning Qi's combat strength isn't far from an Ancient Saint's; should anything arise, he'd be a valuable aid.

Ning Qi stepped away.

Behind came the voice of Taoist Baishan:

"Ning, later I'll have those Taoists send over some Taoist Scripture for you."

Ning Qi's lips curved slowly. The said pillage of all Taoist sects; with Taoist Baishan's identity exposed, merely implying slightly, they'd naturally offer up the Taoist Scriptures. He waved back without turning.

A moment later.

Ning Qi saw the anxious True Martial Sect group.

They were ready to leave but discovered Ning Qi was missing.

Taoist Longshan remained calm, having guessed some, Ning Qi gave him a look, he understood instantly, waving to stop those about to inquire:

"Since Ning, has returned, let's head back."

The group proceeded out.

True Man Baiye and others immediately came to welcome them, extremely warm, even more than when they ascended the mountain, a slight amazement in their gaze at Taoist Longshan because earlier, Taoist Longshan displayed significantly strong power amid the Ancient Saint's chaotic aftermath, protecting numerous guests.

"Busy today, unable to properly host True Man, please forgive us, perhaps linger a few more days?" True Man Baixiang attempted to retain them, sensing that before long, Taoist Longshan might surpass him, somewhat daunting given it's just been a few years since Taoist Longshan entered the Celestial Human Realm, such talent seemed terrifying.

Taoist Longshan simply waved smiling:

"Already disturbed for several days; now that True Monarch returned, surely great changes will occur in the world, I've to return to True Martial Mountain to prepare, will visit True Monarch in face when there's time!"

The True Profound Sect promptly returned the courtesy.

After some polite exchanges, the True Profound Sect watched the True Martial Sect group descend the mountain.

True Man Baihe couldn't help but exclaimed:

"A few years back, I attended True Man Longshan's Celestial Being Grand Ceremony, yet didn't imagine in such a short period he'd have advanced so much, quite embarrassing. In my opinion, he already has the strength of Celestial Being List rank. Such progress indeed is terrifying!"

The others nodded.

A voice faintly said:

"His power may not be limited to Celestial Being List rank; soon, might reach Celestial Being Perfection."

Several True Men stood stunned.

Celestial Being Perfection?

This isn't something that mere talent could explain. Within mere years, transforming from initial Celestial Human Realm to Celestial Being Perfection, what astonishing fortune would that require?

Immediately, they realized:

"Greetings True Monarch!"

The one speaking naturally was Taoist Baishan, who gazed at the True Martial Sect group, casually waving.

"The True Martial Sect isn't simple. In the future, you must foster good relations with them, not act superior just because of my presence."

The three True Men were inwardly tense:

"Yes, True Monarch!"

They held numerous conjectures, secretly amazed; such an attitude from True Monarch couldn't be solely due to Taoist Longshan, meaning the True Martial Sect had someone even more valued by True Monarch, a name surfaced in their minds simultaneously.

True Man Tianjian.

Taoist Baishan sighed softly again:

"This year you should strive diligently in cultivation, I will venture out, seeking some opportunities for you. If one of you steps into the Celestial Being Perfection Realm within a year, I'll grant a significant fortune."

All three felt a burning desire within.

Chapter 328: The World Trembles

The events at True Profound Mountain spread across the Thirteen States of the world with astonishing speed.

In no time.

The situation turned turbulent, as countless people discussed the matter heatedly.

"The Ancient Saints have returned? How is that possible? That's simply nonsense! If I recall correctly, the True Profound True Monarch is a figure from at least ten thousand years ago, if not longer. And now you say he has lived until the present?"

"And there are also Buddha Baoshu and the Barbarian Emperor. I searched through ancient texts and finally found records of these two; they too are figures from ten thousand years ago, and the Barbarian Emperor's era is even more remote!"

"Could it be that the True Profound Sect deliberately released this false news to bolster their prestige?"

At first.

Everyone's initial reaction was disbelief.

After all, the news seemed somewhat preposterous.

Figures from ten thousand years ago surviving until now—completely impossible even for a Martial Saint. Most people believe the destiny of a Martial Saint is ascension, not continued existence in the mortal world.

But as time passed.

More and more details emerged. Quite a few Celestial Human Realm experts who participated in the True Profound Sect's Celestial Being Grand Ceremony came forward, including some from the Celestial Being List, forcing people to believe. The True Profound Sect doesn't possess such power to orchestrate a grand scheme involving so many experts.

This time, the world was in an uproar.

Instinctively, many felt that something significant was about to happen.

"Could the Ancient Saints truly have returned? This might just be the first batch?" Rumors trickling down sparked unease.

Some personally went to True Profound Mountain to seek verification, wishing to visit the True Monarch. But True Man Baiye calmly responded that the True Monarch had already descended the mountain.

Yet, this only increased people's anxiety.

Others headed to Dajue Temple.

However, the embarrassed Dajue Temple and Buddha Baoshu ignored these people, driving them away with grim faces, and several conflicts even arose.

Observant martial artists noticed that the Buddhist sects led by Dajue Temple were indeed migrating northward.

This further solidified the rumors.

"It's true! The Buddhist sects have pledged allegiance to the Barbarian Emperor, and the world's power structure is about to be reshuffled!" Some martial path sects began to feel uneasy. Though they currently sat at the top tier and held numerous resources, they traced no lineage back to a Martial Saint Patriarch.

If indeed the Ancient Saints returned, it might force them to relinquish their wealth.

Therefore, they were most concerned about the authenticity of this news.

They hoped dearly that the news was false, but as investigations continued, they bitterly found it to be all too true.

"The True Profound True Monarch! Buddha Baoshu! The Barbarian Emperor! The Wind-listening Old Man! And the unknown Ancient Saint who rides the White Dragon! Already five figures have appeared, and who knows how many more will surface. The world, indeed, is about to change dramatically."

Countless people exclaimed.

Rumors claimed that the world was about to present a great opportunity, leading the Ancient Saints to survive into the present through various means solely to compete for this chance.

The origin of this news is already unknown, but more and more people are beginning to believe it.

Otherwise, the Ancient Saints would not endure the idle crossing of millennia to come here now.

The world was in a clamor.

Until yet another major event occurred.

The Barbarian Emperor appeared on the battlefield between the Northern Barbarians and Great Yan, exerting pressure on a million troops with a single move.

That day.

The Barbarian Emperor's ferocity was overwhelming, issuing a harsh demand:

"Have the Martial Saint of Great Yan come to meet me and explain why my barbarian race was driven to the steppes!"

Under the Barbarian Emperor's might, even experts ranked high on the Celestial Being List had no resistance. The soldiers of Great Yan were all in fear. The feeling of having life and death in someone else's hands was not pleasant, and countless eyes were cast toward the Imperial Court of Great Yan.

Everyone anticipated the appearance of the Great Yan Martial Saint.

But only a few who knew the truth felt their hearts sink.

Time slowly ticked by.

The Great Yan Martial Saint still did not appear, causing many forces across the world to grow restless.

Undercurrents began to stir quietly.

The already unclear situation instantly became more complex.

...

At this moment, the group from the True Martial Sect finally returned to True Martial Mountain.

Luo Wentian was already waiting at the mountain gate to welcome them.

Taoist Longshan's letter had been sent back in advance, and the occurrences in the world had also informed him of the impending changes.

As the head of the sect, Luo Wentian naturally had to consider the future path for the True Martial Sect amidst the changes.

In the Bright Martial Pavilion.

Luo Wentian and his disciples were all present, and he eagerly asked:

"Master, did the events at True Profound Mountain truly occur as rumored?"

Everyone watched intently, eyes filled with shock. Even after reading the letter, it was still difficult to believe.

Taoist Longshan slowly nodded:

"Indeed so. Significant events will unfold; you must remain vigilant and use unchanging strategy to handle the ever-changing situations!"

Everyone was solemn.

"What major events?"

Ning Qi slowly spoke:

"Ancient Saints will successively re-emerge; this is merely the beginning. A year from now, with the Spiritual Awakening, numerous phenomena will arise, and the Ancient Saints will soar back to their peaks."

Taoist Baishan had not instructed that this news be kept secret, so Ning Qi naturally didn't conceal it from his master and senior brothers.

Everyone was stunned, silently mulling over the four words 'Spiritual Awakening.'

"Jiu, are you saying that the Ancient Saints, who are so powerful now, aren't yet at their peak?" Ye Qinghe asked.

Ning Qi nodded:

"Far from it. As far as I know, the Ancient Saints who have survived to today are no ordinary beings. The Spiritual Awakening in a year is the great opportunity. You must work hard to improve your cultivation—it's best to reach the Celestial Human Realm to gain greater benefits."

Chapter 329: The World Trembles_2

Upon hearing this, everyone could only offer a wry smile.

Celestial Human Realm?

With Ning Qi's many secret techniques and treasures enhancing them, their cultivation speed was already incredibly fast, but it still seemed unlikely for anyone to reach the Celestial Human Realm within a year.

Ning Qi silently pondered, thinking about how he could help his fellow disciples benefit during the upcoming spiritual awakening. If achieving entry into the Celestial Human Realm wasn't possible, at the very least, they needed to step into it swiftly after the awakening, or even become stronger.

Everyone listened intently to the many secrets Ning Qi shared, all holding their breath.

This was far more detailed than the rumors from the outside world.

Of course, they were curious about how Ning Qi knew all this, but since he didn't disclose it, they didn't ask.

"Jiu, you should already be aware of the matter with the Barbarian Emperor and the Great Yan Martial Saint, right?" Luo Wentian said.

Ning Qi nodded slowly.

He had only learned about it a few days ago and was surprised at how the Barbarian Emperor was still causing waves, especially after just descending from the True Profound Mountain. He guessed it might have something to do with the final appearance of the Wind-listening Old Man.

For various reasons, the Wind-listening Old Man seemed to oppose the ancient saints from fighting each other. Even if they did, it probably had to be controlled to a certain degree.

This gave the Barbarian Emperor the opportunity to challenge the Great Yan Martial Saint.

"However, the key issue might be that the Barbarian Emperor heard about some problem with the Great Yan Martial Saint's condition. Otherwise, according to what Taoist Baishan and I discussed, the Great Yan Martial Saint and the Wind-listening Old Man, both powerful beings alive through bloodline techniques, couldn't be matched by the current Barbarian Emperor."

Ning Qi pondered.

He used to be wary of the Great Yan Martial Saint, and it was only recently that he learned about this intelligence regarding the saint's poor condition. Coupled with the previous unrest in the southern border caused by the Demon Sect, to which the Great Yan Martial Saint seemingly did not respond, as well as some small details, Ning Qi suspected this information might be true.

At this thought, he slowly spoke:

"Let's wait and see. The conflict between the Barbarian Emperor and the Great Yan Martial Saint is essentially a struggle between Great Yan and the Northern Barbarians. After the spiritual awakening, opportunities will arise in the world, and perhaps the Barbarian Emperor wants to take this chance to expand the Northern Barbarians' territory."

This core interest is due to the forthcoming spiritual awakening, and although it was just Ning Qi's conjecture, he felt it was quite close to the truth.

Luo Wentian slightly frowned, raising a question:

"If that's the case, I'm afraid it won't just be Great Yan and the Northern Barbarians having a dispute. Once numerous ancient saints emerge, they'll inevitably re-divide their 'spheres of influence'!"

Ning Qi nodded:

"The entire world will inevitably be torn apart, and the prosperity of the Great Yan Thirteen States may become a thing of the past."

Taoist Baishan had also mentioned this to him.

In their era, such a vast empire never existed. Even if there were, they were parallel to top sects, essentially different forms of sects. Once the ancient saints awaken, they certainly won't be satisfied with the status quo. The Great Yan Martial Saint, even at his peak, would have to compromise facing so many ancient saints, let alone now when he doesn't seem to be at his peak.

Everyone fell silent, feeling immense pressure.

"I just hope it doesn't affect our True Martial Sect." Luo Wentian seemed quite worried.

This concern made sense.

If an ancient saint claimed the land where True Martial Mountain was located as their own, conflict would likely be unavoidable.

Ning Qi smiled and said:

"No need to worry about so much. Right now, the only thing to do is to thoroughly prepare for the spiritual awakening and strive to improve our cultivation, which is the main priority."

He had some confidence.

With Taoist Baishan as his ally, this served as a form of support. Moreover, not every ancient saint is so powerful, and Ning Qi himself was confident that perhaps after the spiritual awakening, some ancient saints might not be as formidable as he is.

Everyone nodded vigorously.

The world would change, but if they all worked together, they would surely find their footing in the upcoming great era. Saying their hearts weren't excited was impossible, as such a grand era also meant countless opportunities.

Taoist Longshan merely stroked his beard in satisfaction, scarcely speaking.

Watching his disciples grow to shoulder great responsibilities brought immense joy to him as their master.

...

The back mountain of True Martial.

Ning Qi walked slowly.

He didn't restrain his aura, causing the Blade Demon to immediately appear:

"Taoist Friend Tianjian, have you found any clues?"

His face lit up with joy, blurting out his inquiry, but he soon stood stunned because what appeared before him wasn't the familiar True Man Tianjian, but a handsome, graceful young Daoist. Yet the aura was indistinguishable from that of True Man Tianjian.

"Taoist Friend Tianjian?" The Blade Demon looked surprised and suspicious.

Ning Qi gave a slight bow:

"Previously, for various reasons, I couldn't reveal my true form. I ask for your pardon, Blade Demon. My real name is Ning Qi, and I am the ninth disciple of True Man Longshan."

He wore a slightly apologetic expression.

But the Blade Demon's face showed signs of numbness. After receiving confirmation, how could he not understand that the young Daoist before him was indeed the True Man Tianjian whom he greatly admired!

He had always believed that True Man Tianjian, like himself, was nearing the end of his lifespan. However, he never imagined that the true identity of True Man Tianjian was a youth as bright as the rising sun.

Feeling the unrestrained aura and vitality emanating from Ning Qi.

His heart welled with endless turmoil, eventually turning into a bitter yet wry smile:

"Taoist Friend Tianjian, you deceived me thoroughly."

The current Ning Qi was far more terrifying than before.

It was simply inconceivable for such a young person to have achieved this level of accomplishment— unheard of in both ancient and modern times. If not witnessed firsthand, the Blade Demon could never have believed such a prodigious person existed in the world.

Chapter 330: The World Trembles_3

A faint shadow.

The figure that immediately mastered the Blade Intent of his Demon Blade began to overlap completely with the young Daoist in front of him.

Blade Demon's eyes were filled with astonishment.

After that, joy followed.

The stronger Ning Qi was, the greater the possibility of deducing the Martial Saint Technique.

However, he also understood that Ning Qi's unexpected revelation today likely indicated an extraordinary event.

"Taoist Friend Tianjian, has something happened? If you need my assistance, feel free to say the word," he said solemnly, as he had previously promised to guard True Martial Mountain for Ning Qi for ten years, and he would not break his word.

Ning Qi waved his hand and smiled:

"Indeed, there is a great matter, but it does not require your intervention. Let me tell you the whole story, and you can consider it after hearing it."

Blade Demon felt a jolt of spirit.

Ning Qi began to speak slowly.

He revealed everything he could about his encounters this time coming down the mountain and also spoke about his desire to deduce the Martial Saint Technique, needing Blade Demon to cooperate in the experiments. Of course, Ning Qi did not conceal the unforeseen changes in the power of heaven and earth, all potential risks included.

Treating me with sincerity, I shall reciprocate with sincerity.

Blade Demon listened, his eyes glowing brighter, ending in a burst of hearty laughter, full of vigor.

"The Ancient Saints return, and Spiritual Awakening! How fortunate am I, Blade Demon, to witness such a great era! Exciting! Exciting!"

His hair and beard flew in the wind, expressing his genuine excitement.

Afterwards.

He addressed Ning Qi with a solemn tone:

"Taoist Friend Tianjian, tell me how to cooperate with you!"

Ning Qi replied seriously:

"Have you really thought this through? Even if you choose not to, I will still share the Martial Saint Technique with you in the future, and once Spiritual Awakening is complete, it's possible that the Ancient Saints will also release the Martial Saint Technique."

This was not an attempt to deceive Blade Demon but rather an inference Ning Qi made from Taoist Baishan's words, suggesting that when the timing is right, various Martial Saint Techniques will resurface.

Blade Demon laughed and shook his head:

"If that's the case, I would miss the great opportunity of Spiritual Awakening!"

His eyes shone brightly.

"If I cannot seize this chance to soar to great heights, how can I find a place in this grand era, let alone compete with the Ancient Saints!"

"Moreover, Taoist Friend Tianjian, you mentioned the changes between heaven and earth have not been resolved even by the Ancient Saints. If I can assist you in solving it, that would also be a great achievement, perhaps even surpassing the Ancient Saints! Only such a Martial Saint Technique could be the strongest!"

Blade Demon's eyes were filled with trust; after learning that Ning Qi was merely a youth, his trust in Ning Qi grew, eager to witness the birth of these unprecedented achievements personally. To participate in them was a blessing.

Blade Demon had never lacked a streak of madness.

He understood that if Ning Qi wanted to kill him, he wouldn't have needed such a method; simply refraining from saving him earlier would have resulted in his spontaneous detonation and death.

Feeling that trust, Ning Qi smiled.

"Alright! Together, let's uncover the root of these changes in heaven and earth!"

He already had ideas in mind.

Now that Blade Demon nodded, it further strengthened his confidence.

"According to the words of Taoist Baishan, the power of heaven and earth lacks Spirit, making it impossible to reach the Martial Saint Realm. However, I don't need Blade Demon to reach the Martial Saint Realm right now; it's only about studying the consequences of absorbing the power of heaven and earth, and some Spirit is naturally sufficient."

"Where does this Spirit come from? Naturally, it's the Yu King Pearl!"

"I extract the Spirit from it and merge it with the power of heaven and earth, naturally transforming it into complete Spiritual Qi. It may not be enough to create a Martial Saint, but ample for deduction at least!"

Ning Qi had long since devised a plan in his mind.

Before having deep conversations with Taoist Baishan, he had no idea what Spirit was, nor any concept of it. But after careful study, he vaguely understood its nature. Previously, when the Yu King Pearl was gathering Spiritual Power, he sensed its uniqueness.

Later on the way back.

He tried multiple times, finally acquiring the ability to temporarily draw out a part of it from the Yu King Pearl.

Furthermore.

Ning Qi successfully fused the Spirit with the existing power of heaven and earth during experiments, achieving the optimal ratio and successfully obtaining his own blended Spiritual Qi.

Thinking of this.

Ning Qi couldn't help but smile.

Under the entire heavens, those who can achieve what he did must be few and far between; even among the Ancient Saints, most probably cannot accomplish this, as it requires an extremely strong understanding of Spiritual Qi and Spiritual Power, something at least Buddha Baoshu cannot do.

"Friend, focus your mind!" Ning Qi instructed.

The two sat cross-legged on the stone platform at the back of the mountain.

Blade Demon closed his eyes, emptying his mind, and soon heard Ning Qi's voice, containing profound mystique, encompassing the secrets of the Three Flowers of Heaven, Earth, and Human. It served as a foundation, expanding further, producing numerous variations through the Three Flowers Gathering at the Top.

Blade Demon listened, admiring with sincerity.

This was a supreme secret technique for absorbing the power of heaven and earth; he could clearly see traces of his previous experiences in this secret technique, yet it was vastly different, with much more profound content, which would likely remain beyond his grasp even if he pondered for a thousand years.

He realized the significant difference between himself and Ning Qi.

This, of course, was the Dharma Method that Ning Qi had realized by meditating on the condensation of Spiritual Power by the Yu King Pearl.

Time passed.

Moonlight poured down, showering their bodies.

Blade Demon spoke deeply:

"Friend, I have comprehended this method, please proceed!"

Though feeling some degree of nervousness was inevitable, he remained calm. He led a solitary life, without any attachments, driven by the singular desire to explore the greater pinnacle of the Martial Path. Now, having the fortune of being part of it, he simply felt joy.

Ning Qi nodded.

He was equally focused.

Blade Demon trusted him, so both emotionally and rationally, he was responsible for Blade Demon's safety.

"Rather slow down than be overly aggressive."

Ning Qi thought intently.

The Yu King Pearl instantly floated before the two of them.