

## Cultivating 331

Chapter 331: x Martial Saint Emerges

Under the night sky.

The radiance of the Yu King Pearl looked very gentle, with strands of mystical power dispersing within it.

The Blade Demon sensed some special resonance within and was shaken. He immediately understood that the resonance he had perceived a few days ago wasn't false; it probably originated from here. His anticipation grew as he let down his defenses.

Ning Qi manipulated some of the Power of Heaven and Earth to converge here.

In an instant.

The Yu King Pearl's light burst forth, and thread by thread of unique spirituality was drawn from within, with an unstable quality, as if it would crumble at any moment.

Ning Qi didn't hesitate for even a moment. The Power of Heaven and Earth he had long prepared enveloped it immediately, resonating with a special frequency.

In just a few breaths.

The original Power of Heaven and Earth and the strands of unique spirituality completely disappeared, replaced by a new force.

"This is Spiritual Qi!"

Ning Qi's eyes filled with wonder.

Even though it wasn't his first time synthesizing Spiritual Qi, witnessing it again was still astounding. Compared to the Power of Heaven and Earth, this force was brimming with vitality, as if all things were

born from it. The intensity might not differ much, but the Power of Heaven and Earth without spirit lacked variation, in a sense 'deadly stagnant', its potential capped.

The Blade Demon, sensing the emergence of Spiritual Qi, was even more so.

His body trembled slightly with excitement. Ning Qi had already explained the process to him earlier, but feeling the presence of Spiritual Qi still moved him to tears, as the path he pursued so arduously was finally taking shape.

"Taoist Friend Blade Demon, prepare to absorb the Spiritual Qi. If anything feels off, expel it immediately. Do not hesitate for a second!"

Ning Qi's voice was very stern.

This was an experiment fraught with risks.

The fate of the Giant Ape he had seen in Yuan Tiancheng's bloodline always made him cautious. Although the Blade Demon was now taking the risk, Ning Qi also needed to be extremely careful, and thus he only condensed a minuscule amount of Spiritual Qi at a time, so any dire consequences could be controlled.

The Blade Demon spoke with ardor:

"Taoist Friend Tianjian, proceed without reservation!"

With that said.

He had already started to use the Secret Technique taught by Ning Qi, forming the special shape of 'Three Flowers Gathering at the Top'. Ning Qi hesitated no longer, taking a deep breath and then channeling the synthesized Spiritual Qi into it.

The Blade Demon let out a primal growl, the sound laced with excitement.

Though scarce, this Spiritual Qi was fundamentally different from the Power of Heaven and Earth. Once refinement began, the difference was immediately noticeable.

Ning Qi's eyes shimmered with golden light as he focused entirely on observing the trajectory of this thread of Spiritual Qi, analyzing the numerous transformations.

In his observations.

The Spiritual Qi passed through the 'Three-Flower Funnel', seemingly purifying some impurities before flowing effortlessly into the Blade Demon's body, much smoother than when previously absorbing the Power of Heaven and Earth.

He mentally recorded numerous changes, while countless inspirations surged forth.

Practice brings true knowledge.

A thousand simulations could not surpass a single instance of practice; many of Ning Qi's previous ideas were constantly evolving.

"Although the effect of 'Three Flowers' filtration has been optimized several times, it isn't perfect. Perhaps a few more processes are needed?"

"After the Spiritual Qi enters the body, it seems to create a peculiar entanglement with the flesh. Could this be the path of advancement beyond the Martial Saint? Judging by Blade Demon's body's transformation, the reaction of the Five Organs seems most intense!"

Ning Qi had an epiphany.

"Three Flowers Gathering at the Top, Five Qi Toward Yuan."

"In the Celestial Human Realm, one cultivates the Three Flowers. Could it be that in the Martial Saint Realm, one cultivates the Five Qi? And perhaps the Five Qi correspond to the Five Organs?"

He observed carefully, realizing more than he had imagined.

However, this instance wasn't about breaking through to the Martial Saint Realm but rather observing how the refiner integrates Spiritual Qi into the flesh.

Before long.

Under successive refinements, the Spiritual Qi transformed into a peculiar Spiritual Power, a process Ning Qi deduced using the power of the Yu King Pearl, equally effective. With this new powerful force appearing within, the Blade Demon was astounded, feeling an intense craving for this force of unparalleled nature.

Fortunately, he remembered Ning Qi's earlier admonitions.

Calming his mind, the Blade Demon began guiding this thread of Spiritual Power to disperse throughout his body. Ning Qi's Golden Pupil of Illusion-breaking operated at full capacity, prepared to observe if the Five Organs were indeed the best place to store the Spiritual Power. His alternative hypothesis was the Dantian, but this experiment revealed distinctiveness in the Five Organs.

Yet suddenly.

An abrupt change occurred.

Ning Qi vaguely sensed that from within the Spiritual Power, strands of peculiar energy surged forth, entering the Blade Demon's body. Suddenly, in his previously optimal state, the Blade Demon's body shook violently. His eyes widened, and within his pupils, ferocity and agony were evident to the naked eye.

"Roar!!"

A low growl erupted, like a beast.

Like a piece of jade suddenly losing its luster, the Blade Demon's already aged face was instantly filled with deep furrows, becoming incredibly ancient. His hair, like withered leaves, lost all luster, and his eyes turned cloudy at a visible rate.

Ning Qi was horrified, the tragic fate of the Silver Giant Ape rushing to his mind at once.

"Taoist Friend Blade Demon, reverse the Secret Technique quickly!"

Ning Qi shouted urgently, simultaneously directing the Spiritual Power from the Yu King Pearl into the Blade Demon's body to help cleanse the previously absorbed Spiritual Power.

The Blade Demon, groggy and stunned, was awakened by the loud shout, gritting his teeth as he reversed the Secret Technique.

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With Ning Qi's assistance.

The trace of spiritual power that had merged into the body was immediately expelled.

At the same time, Ning Qi sensed the strange power from before suddenly vanish, as if it had never existed. Meanwhile, Blade Demon's condition finally improved significantly, with his pupils returning to their original jet-black state and the life energy in his body reversing.

In the back mountain.

A dead silence.

Only the sound of Blade Demon gasping for breath remained.

In his jet-black pupils, fear was visibly etched, despite having mentally prepared himself for the possibility of dying, he couldn't help but feel suffocated when truly facing such an unknown and terrifying entity.

If Ning Qi hadn't prepared numerous contingency plans beforehand, his fate would have been bleak.

"What... what exactly is it? In the spiritual qi... what on earth exists?" Blade Demon asked hoarsely.

He looked up at Ning Qi, eager for an answer.

But Ning Qi's eyes were also full of seriousness.

He slowly shook his head.

Everything remains unknown.

The only certainty now is that there is indeed a harmful substance within the spiritual qi; his perception couldn't be mistaken. This is the source of everything, Ning Qi took a deep breath and said:

"How do you feel now?"

Blade Demon observed himself inwardly, fully perceiving, and after a moment, said gravely:

"My lifespan has decreased somewhat, and the life energy within me has weakened a lot."

He felt lingering fear; if not for the reversal of the secret technique at the last moment with Ning Qi's help, he might have met his demise.

Ning Qi nodded slightly:

"It seems... the harmful substance within spiritual qi drastically reduces one's lifespan. If it's absorbed into the body, one might die from lifespan depletion!"

Blade Demon remained silent, his voice somewhat rough:

"In this case, doesn't it imply that the path to Martial Saint is a dead end? Without absorbing spiritual qi, one cannot reach the Martial Saint Realm, but absorbing it leads to lifespan depletion. Nothing works!"

He felt a bit hopeless, but then his eyes suddenly brightened:

"No, if that's the case, how did the Ancient Saints ascend? There must be a way!"

Ning Qi fell into contemplation, various thoughts rising unceasingly.

After a moment, he spoke:

"There are a few possibilities; either the Ancient Saints have already mastered the method to remove this harmful substance, filtering it out before absorbing spiritual qi, then naturally no problem would occur."

"Or, the Martial Saints might temporarily suppress the backlash from this harmful substance, waiting until reaching the Martial Saint Realm when lifespan extends, allowing them to withstand the backlash of this harmful substance."

"I lean towards the latter."

Ning Qi's eyes showed a slight wave.

From his previous conversation with Taoist Bai Shan, he had already understood some things, and now this is his evidence.

If the Ancient Saints had found a solution, perhaps the world wouldn't be the way it is now.

Blade Demon fell silent.

Does this mean that the Ancient Saints were merely enduring it?

Ning Qi smiled and reassured:

"Friend, there's no need to be discouraged. This time, it's not a total loss. At least we've discovered the presence of this toxic substance. What the Ancient Saints couldn't do doesn't mean I can't."

His words were calm, yet filled with strong confidence.

This time, it's not just no harvest, but rather a tremendous gain!

For Ning Qi.

The difficulty isn't the problem, it's not having a target.

Now that he can trace the path of this toxic substance, all it takes is a few more attempts to gradually find a way to eliminate it. In this, he has great confidence in himself.

Blade Demon was stunned, then also laughed.

He always instinctively forgets just what kind of prodigy stands before him; no matter how powerful the Ancient Saints are, they merely cultivated for more years, but when it comes to talent and insight, it's unlikely anyone could match the fearsome figure before him.

"Alright! Whatever plans you have, I'll fully cooperate!" Blade Demon straightened his body, raising his right arm like a blade.



Ning Qi merely waved his hand and smiled:

"The urgent matter for you now is to first restore your body. Since this toxic substance consumes lifespan and life energy, I also need to prepare some life-extending treasures and secret techniques."

As luck would have it.

Thanks to the previous situation with Qin Yun, the True Martial Sect is already fully collecting life-extending treasures, yielding some results. In his spare time, Ning Qi has been pondering the creation of life extension secret techniques, and now the foundation is laid.

Blade Demon nodded as well.

He used to scoff at life-extending treasures, because he was already at the Celestial Being Peak; if he couldn't find a path forward, living a long life meant little. But now, since there is hope, he won't reject it.

The two stood side by side in the night sky, exchanging insights on refining spiritual qi.

The spiritual light in Ning Qi's mind grew ever stronger.

Many ideas were born.

Time passed.

After Blade Demon's condition returned to peak, he and Ning Qi conducted another experiment. This time, Ning Qi was prepared, sensing the toxic substance within spiritual qi and spiritual power more clearly. Furthermore, with precautions taken, Blade Demon suffered less backlash.

This filled him with excitement.

The direction is right; now it's a matter of relentless effort.

Just need a few more trials to gradually grasp the essence of this toxic substance and its form within spiritual qi, then Ning Qi can certainly devise a secret technique to filter it.

Moreover.

There's an additional benefit.

That is, Ning Qi's mastery of spiritual power is growing at a visible pace, subtly advancing his strength further. At this rate, before long, even Taoist Bai Shan wouldn't be able to rival him.

In this manner, at least until a spiritual awakening, Ning Qi remains among the strongest.

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As for after the spiritual awakening, if Ning Qi wants to maintain his usual top-tier combat power, he must increase his foundation significantly during this period, striving to soar to great heights once the awakening occurs. He is currently working hard towards this goal.

Everyone at True Martial Mountain is secretly encouraging themselves.

At this moment, however, countless eyes across the land are focused on Liang State.

The Barbarian Emperor is leading the Barbarian Race's army to trample Liang State and has issued harsh words.

Yet, the Martial Saint of Great Yan has not shown up.

Everyone wonders, if not for the slight possibility of the Great Yan Martial Saint appearing, Liang State might have already fallen. Even so, the patience of the Barbarian Emperor is dwindling day by day, and it may not be long before the Great Yan's territory is torn apart.

Countless people are observing.

This is a signal.

If the Great Yan dynasty truly exposes its weakness, it will likely be beset by predators. Many have realized a great era is approaching and are unwilling to be mere stepping stones for others. They wish to accomplish something grand in the upcoming era.

...

Yan State.

The Imperial Capital, Taian.

An atmosphere of anxiety has already spread to this place of music and dance, and even the affluent citizens are aware of the setbacks on the Northern Border.

Urgent secret messages are delivered continuously.

The noble ministers are drenched in sweat.

The reigning Emperor is furious yet helpless.

Some hope for the Flame Martial Grand General to personally lead troops against the Northern Barbarians, but no consensus has been reached. Many believe that even the Flame Martial Grand General cannot withstand the revived Barbarian Emperor; the only hope lies with the Great Yan Martial Saint.

Deep within the Imperial Palace.

Martial Saint Ancestral Hall.

Rows of figures kneel on the ground, and outsiders would surely be shocked.

This is because not one of these people isn't at the pinnacle of Great Yan—The Great Yan Emperor, Flame Martial Grand General, and the oldest elders of the Royal Family are all kneeling.

"Ancestor, Great Yan is in peril!"

"Please, Ancestor, save our Great Yan!"

The mournful cries echo in the ancestral hall, moving all to tears. The pressure from the Barbarian Emperor has left everyone helpless. Although Great Yan's foundation is solid, no one can resist the Barbarian Emperor. The army suffers great losses daily, and at this rate, it's only a matter of time before it crumbles under the Northern Barbarian's iron feet.

They have sent people to True Profound Mountain for aid, only to be informed that the True Profound True Monarch has gone on a journey and is unable to help.

If the Great Yan Martial Saint does not appear soon,

the fall of Great Yan is imminent!

"Ancestor, if you can hear the call of your unfilial descendants, please come out and save Great Yan!"  
The Great Yan Emperor called out, prostrate on the ground.

Everyone instinctively called out.

But an ancient voice left everyone in a daze:

"Li Yanwu, come in."

After a moment of stupor, everyone erupted in excitement and joy.

"The Ancestor has responded!"

This voice came from the Great Yan Martial Saint.

Then, the tightly shut door deep within the ancestral hall opened with a roar, as dark as the maw of an unknown giant beast that devours all.

All eyes turned to the Flame Martial Grand General.

The Flame Martial Grand General took a deep breath, slowly stood up, and then walked towards the opening. When his figure disappeared into the dark, the doors closed, the heavy sound of branches causing a tremor in everyone's heart, their eyes flickering slightly.

After Li Yanwu ventured into the darkness, light gradually appeared before him.

His emotions were complex as he walked forward.

Soon,

the scene before him became clear.

There was no mysterious profundity as imagined, only a simple stone bed with an elderly man sitting cross-legged on it, on the verge of death. The elder slightly raised his head, his voice filled with the vicissitudes of life and stagnation:

"You're here."

Looking at the elder whose face bore a slight resemblance to his own, Li Yanwu shivered, quickly bowing his head:

"Li Yanwu, pays respects to Ancestor."

The elder nodded slowly, his eyes shining in the darkness like bright lamps, as if all the surrounding light emanated from these pupils.

He asked, "Are you ready?"

Li Yanwu's body trembled; his lips quivered, a thousand thoughts passed through his mind, but he finally nodded firmly:

"Li Yanwu is willing to give everything for Great Yan!"

The elder's gaze dimmed slightly:

"You are a good child, as was your father."

"I once promised your father that having used his body, I would not need yours. But now something has gone wrong with my body, and I have no choice but to break my promise."

Li Yanwu suddenly looked up, carefully scrutinizing that familiar face. This face had appeared countless times in his dreams, yet it had always been out of reach.

He took a deep breath:

"Ancestor, I understand. You need my body, so come and take it."

The elder sighed softly, extending a withered right hand to stroke Li Yanwu's head:

"If there is anything you wish to do, tell me."

Li Yanwu's eyes gleamed:

"Ancestor, I only wish that you will let Great Yan endure forever!"

The elder smiled:

"Alright."

Li Yanwu slowly drew closer, pausing slightly, and spoke softly:

"Ancestor, I have one small request."

"Speak."

"May I... hug my father?" His voice carried a barely noticeable tremor.

The elder sighed softly, refraining from speaking, and gently extended his arms.

Li Yanwu closed his eyes and hugged tightly.

He seemed to recall everything from his childhood, his father taking him to ride horses in the yard, accompanying him in martial arts training... Then those images shattered, and a hand silently reached out, as Li Yanwu's consciousness slowly descended into darkness, leaving only a faint murmur:

"Father... I, I'm here to be with you..."

In the darkness, sounds of squirming and ripping echoed.

Unknown how much time passed.

Before everything finally ceased.

Outside the Martial Saint Ancestral Hall, the eminent figures were all restless, vaguely aware of why Li Yanwu was called inside, but unsure if it was successful.

Eventually.

The heavy sound of branches was heard once more.

Instinctively, gazes turned to see a familiar figure stepping out.

Li Yanwu.

But everyone felt a jolt in spirit, for they knew that although the person looked like Li Yanwu, he was not Li Yanwu.

"Greetings, Ancestor!" Eyes lowered, no one dared to look directly.

The gaze overlooking the realm surveyed the surroundings, and a powerful voice resonated oppressively:

"From now on, this seat shall be the Great Yan Martial Saint, Li Yanwu!"

Chapter 334: Awakening



Liang State.

Town North Stronghold.

In the past, this was an insurmountable mountain in the hearts of the Barbarian Race, but now, it was filled with their banners, fluttering in the wind.

Inside the pass, Northern Barbarian soldiers sang and danced, venting their frustration of a thousand years.

They were ready and waiting for the Barbarian Emperor's command to sweep through Liang State, and then devour the fertile lands in the distance.

The Flame Saint of Great Yan had yet to respond, letting the violence in their hearts grow day by day. Occasionally, they looked at the distant Great Yan army with fierce eyes. They could clearly see the panic and anger on the faces of the distant Great Yan soldiers, which they relished, enjoying the thrill of toying with prey.

Weird cries sounded outside the stronghold.

Those were Northern Barbarian cavalry laughing. They brazenly swung their prey before the stationed Great Yan army, using their skilled horsemanship as provocation.

Of course.

It wasn't that there were no capable people within Great Yan, but they didn't dare to act.

If they killed these provocative cavalrymen, leading to a large-scale attack from the Northern Barbarians, they couldn't bear the consequences. Ultimately, it was because the Flame Saint had not appeared, leaving them without confidence.

Many Sects also sent strong figures to observe in the shadows, always grasping the latest developments.

But today.

The situation was different.

"Cowards of Great Yan, if you've got the guts, kill me!"

"What a pathetic joke you are. See what's on my shoulder? That's your woman!"

A group of Northern Barbarian cavalry laughed wildly, mocking brazenly.

The Great Yan soldiers watched this scene, their eyes red with anger. They wanted to act but dared not, forced to endure the provocation silently.

The Northern Barbarian cavalry insulted more viciously.

Yet the Great Yan military camp remained silent.

"Let's go, let's go, such a bunch of rubbish, truly boring!" The leader laughed loudly, preparing to return victoriously.

A sudden change occurred.

An arrow shot out from deep within the camp, tearing through the air, piercing directly through the leader's skull, and then continued to penetrate seven or eight Northern Barbarian cavalymen in succession. The remaining cavalry were terrified and retreated back.

The Great Yan soldiers were all invigorated.

But before they could rejoice.

Auras of powerful figures soared from the horizon; those were the Celestial Human Realm of the Northern Barbarians. A furious voice echoed the earth:

"Kill the sons of my Barbarian Race, deserving ten thousand deaths! Surrender the murderer, or today you'll pay a bloody price!"

Inside Town North Stronghold.

Barbarian soldiers roared angrily in support, their might overwhelming, and the cloud of war loomed threateningly over every Great Yan soldier. They turned pale, especially after seeing the majestic figure standing on Town North Pass. They couldn't help but tremble.

The Barbarian Emperor, invincible.

Within the Great Yan camp, a figure soared into the sky, holding a long spear, clad in cyan armor, exuding an awe-inspiring presence.

The Divine Feather Grand General took a deep breath, his gaze like lightning:

"I killed him. What do you intend to do?"

The Barbarian general sneered:

"Good! Very good, commit suicide to atone, or your Great Yan will flow with rivers of blood!"

The Divine Feather Grand General cursed angrily:

"Stop your damn nonsense!"

With that said.

A brilliant spear beam erupted from his spear and cleaved out.

The Barbarian general obviously did not expect the Great Yan people, who had been cowardly for so long, to suddenly be so bold. Caught unprepared, he was nearly split in two. Even so, he was quite embarrassed, and this broke his composure:

"Good! Seems you are tired of living!"

"Kill!"

He roared angrily.

In almost the blink of an eye.

A great battle was on the verge of breaking out.

The Great Yan soldiers, who had endured for so long, did not care anymore. Since the Grand General had acted, they only wanted to unleash their inner anger, and as for the aftermath, that was not their concern, nor was it for the Barbarian soldiers who seized the chance and disregarded everything.

On the earth.

The two armies clashed, shouts shaking the heavens.

Each powerful Martial Artist engaged in pitched battles.

Atop Town North Pass.

The Barbarian Emperor watched quietly, with Buddha Baoshu beside him. Everything afar looked like child's play to them, even the strongest figures on the Celestial Being List seemed pathetically weak in their eyes.

"It seems that the Flame Saint's body indeed has issues. Previously, the Demon Sect formed by remnants of Great Yu caused him significant trouble." Buddha Baoshu smiled.

The Barbarian Emperor first nodded, then shook his head:

"The Demon Sect does not have that capability. Even a Fake Saint cultivated by them could at most cause minor troubles. Most likely, it would still be the effect of the bloodline method."

He continued:

"Enough, thinking more is useless. Having waited this long without any appearance, it's indeed time to reap rewards, or else when the old guys also emerge, there won't be enough to share. We need not be greedy, occupying two states plus the original grasslands would suffice."

While speaking.

He stepped out and was already high above the battlefield.

Buddha Baoshu followed closely.

The two, like great suns, instinctively attracted everyone's attention.

Without the Barbarian Emperor's cue, Buddha Baoshu had already summoned the Glazed Treasure Tree, enveloped in a seven-colored radiance, which shook the hearts of all on the Great Yan side.

In a blink.

A sky-covering Buddha Palm condensed, its overwhelming pressure making everyone suffocate, as several hidden top-level Celestial Human Realm experts appeared, but were like ants before this Buddha Palm.

The Buddha Palm pressed down.

Northern Barbarians cheered, Great Yan was terrified.

The pupils of the Divine Feather Grand General shrank sharply, his tension mounting, fearing he would become a historical sinner of Great Yan. Today's events were not his own unauthorized actions but based on secret orders from the Imperial Capital.

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Just as he was in panic.

In the distant sky.

A wisp of flame soared high, insignificant at first, but in the blink of an eye, it transformed into a blazing sea of fire.

The sound of burning resounded through the void, and in just a moment, the fearsome Buddha Palm turned to ashes. Not only that, but the flame also had a strong follow-up force, burning along the Glazed Treasure Tree.

Buddha Baoshu's face changed dramatically, he let out a strange cry, and a strong golden light emerged from his body surface, desperately trying, even the Barbarian Emperor looked serious, sending waves of spiritual power to help Buddha Baoshu extinguish the flames.

A figure approached with hands behind his back.

He stood in the void, naturally possessing an aura of overlooking the world.

All those from Great Yan wore expressions of cheers and astonishment.

"Flame Martial Grand General!" The Divine Feather Grand General instinctively wanted to shout but stopped abruptly, only because the person before him, apart from looking like Flame Martial Grand General, differed completely in demeanor and aura.

The Barbarian Emperor and Buddha Baoshu finally extinguished the flames, and they looked at the elder in front of them with grave expressions:

"Flame Saint!"

Li Yanwu surveyed the battlefield and said calmly:

"Leave Great Yan, and I will not hold you accountable for today's crimes."

Although his words were calm, they were full of dominance.

On Great Yan's side, there was an uproar, while the Northern Barbarian soldiers trembled. The Martial Saint of Great Yan had intimidated the world for two thousand years, which was not something whose influence could be dispelled in a short time.

The Barbarian Emperor's expression was unsightly as he stood alongside Buddha Baoshu, confronting Li Yanwu.

"Flame Saint, today is different from the past. In the past, we were sleeping and it didn't matter if the world belonged to you. Now that we've returned, everything needs to be reshuffled." He stared at the front and continued, "I only need Liang State."

The battlefield below had gradually calmed down.

Countless people awaited eagerly.

But Li Yanwu merely uttered one word calmly:

"Go."

In an instant.

The winds and clouds changed.

Boundless flames rose behind him, illuminating the world brightly, and the layers of clouds high in the sky were burned clean. The Barbarian Emperor and Buddha Baoshu's expressions changed as they witnessed two Heaven-Reaching fire pillars bursting forth, then pressing toward them.

The Glazed Treasure Tree shone brightly, with a Buddha sitting atop it; dark energy condensed on the Barbarian Emperor, as a three-headed Heavenly Wolf roared and charged out.

But it was all in vain.

The momentum of the fire pillars was overwhelming and unstoppable.

The Buddha was washed away by the flames and instantly turned to ashes, and Buddha Baoshu was suppressed into the ground; the three-headed Heavenly Wolf resisted for a single breath, then also vanished, the Barbarian Emperor's expression changed, unwilling to be so embarrassed, but he was still sent flying backward by the impact of the fire pillar.

In that moment.

The world fell silent.

Everyone stared wide-eyed at the Great Yan Martial Saint.

Originally expecting a fierce battle, they hadn't anticipated such a huge disparity.



"Martial Saint! Martial Saint!"

Great Yan's side cheered thunderously.

Li Yanwu simply stood with hands behind his back, gazing forward.

At some point, a blind old man had reappeared on the battlefield, and some people had already recognized his identity.

Wind-listening Old Man!

If it were before the Celestial Being Grand Ceremony at True Profound Mountain, Wind-listening Old Man might have been just the first on the Celestial Being List, but now, everyone knew that this person was equally fierce beyond measure, previously on True Profound Mountain he easily separated four Ancient Saints.

Li Yanwu descended and met his gaze.

Wind-listening Old Man merely sighed softly:

"Taoist friend, long time no see, I hope you're well."

Li Yanwu nodded and said:

"I understand your point, or today's outcome wouldn't be like this."

The Barbarian Emperor and Buddha Baoshu returned in anger, landing behind Wind-listening Old Man, seemingly having found their reliance, they shouted angrily:

"Heaven Slaying Taoist Friend, you judge, isn't it excessive for us to return and divide a territory now?"

Li Yanwu's eyes turned cold.

Buddha Baoshu shuddered instinctively, having originally thought Li Yanwu's physical condition was problematic, how could he have known he was still excessively strong, but then the Barbarian Emperor said solemnly:

"Flame Saint, now we might not be your opponents, but after the Spiritual Awakening, can you fend off the two of us, not to mention so many Taoist friends?"

Li Yanwu remained disdainful:

"At that time, each will rely on their abilities, at least for now, get out!"

These uncereemonious words made the Barbarian Emperor's expression even worse, he wanted to say more.

Wind-listening Old Man gently waved his hand:

"You two should calm down as well."

The Barbarian Emperor's face turned even darker.

Both of the current strongest stand on the opposite side, they simply have no means of resistance.

Wind-listening Old Man continued:

"Barbarian Emperor, your Barbarian Grassland is already vast enough, there's no need to fight over these areas. As for the Taoist friends who will gradually awaken later, the Flame Saint will surely allocate

corresponding territories for them as well, and for the rest, remember, it's what the Flame Saint deserves."

When his words fell.

The Barbarian Emperor and Buddha Baoshu both fell silent.

Li Yanwu nodded lightly:

"Naturally, for the Taoist friends who awaken later, some territories can be divided out for them, but the main body of Great Yan, don't expect to touch it."

The Barbarian Emperor merely snorted coldly.

Today's matters can't be achieved, after a bout of fighting, they had gained nothing, and continuing would no longer be beneficial.

He said nothing more, just turned and left.

Li Yanwu's voice rang out behind him:

"Wait."

The Barbarian Emperor raged:

"What? Does the Flame Saint want to continue?"

He turned sharply, murderous intent condensed in his eyes.

Li Yanwu said coldly:

"People can leave, but debts can't be erased, stay as many men for how many Great Yan soldiers you killed this time."

The Barbarian Emperor's eyes showed ferocity that seemed tangible, as if holding back something, Buddha Baoshu gently pulled him, only then did the Barbarian Emperor suppress his inner killing intent bit by bit, he gazed deeply at Li Yanwu, then said coldly:

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"Alright."

After uttering this word, he swiftly fled away.

It wasn't because he felt pity for the millions of Northern Barbarian soldiers about to be enslaved or slaughtered, but simply because his reputation had been completely tarnished today, and he didn't want to stay any longer.

Buddha Baoshu smiled bitterly in his heart.

Ever since his emergence, he had faced defeat after defeat. He could only be grateful that he hadn't lost any Spirit Blood today like he did at True Profound Mountain.

After clasping his hands together in a gesture of respect, he followed closely behind the Barbarian Emperor.

Wind-listening Old Man nodded slightly toward Li Yanwu before turning to leave.

Only countless Northern Barbarian soldiers remained, their hearts filled with shock.

Li Yanwu looked at those fearful gazes and indifferently said:

"Kill."

...

The news of the battle in Liang State spread rapidly across the land.

Li Yanwu, the Flame Martial Grand General and Martial Saint of Great Yan, emerged triumphantly; the Barbarian Emperor retreated, and a million Northern Barbarian soldiers were slaughtered.

The world was once again shaken.

Inside Bright Martial Pavilion.

Ning Qi listened to Luo Wentian's recount of this news with slight surprise.

"Li Yanwu? Isn't that the Flame Martial Grand General? It's heard that the Great Yan Martial Saint who appeared on the battlefield of Liang State looks exactly like the Flame Martial Grand General, referred to as Flame Saint by the Barbarian Emperor and Buddha Baoshu."

He mulled over these thoughts, recalling Taoist Baishan's mention of a method to survive in the present world through bloodline inheritance, and he began to understand something.

"Linking through descendants and blood heirs... There seems to be some difference between Flame Saint and Wind-listening Old Man's Dharma Methods."

Ning Qi thought silently and then spoke:

"Flame Saint's strong return at a critical moment thwarted the Barbarian Emperor's plans. At least in the short term, Great Yan won't face the threat of division. However, it seems Flame Saint is also wary of the returning Ancient Saints, promising to allocate certain territories to them."

Luo Wentian nodded solemnly:

"Indeed. The dynasty has an unsurpassable obsession with unifying its territory, and now they're making concessions, which speaks volumes."

Taoist Longshan put down his teacup:

"Too much thinking is fruitless; at least this matter is unrelated to our True Martial Sect. With Flame Saint's emergence, those Martial Path sects will quiet down a bit. How is Town North King doing now?"

Luo Wentian replied:

"He's still recovering from his injuries. His luck was favorable; he managed to evade the Barbarian Emperor's wrath. Otherwise, he might have become a target for the Barbarian Emperor to set an example."

Taoist Longshan felt relieved:

"That's good, so Shiyi doesn't have to worry all the time."

Luo Wentian added:

"There's another matter."

"The remnants of the Demon Sect seem to have completely disappeared."

His expression was slightly serious.

Ning Qi's gaze paused.

Luo Wentian continued:

"A few days ago, the Demon Sect, backed by some unknown forces, was gaining momentum, but ever since the Celestial Being Grand Ceremony at True Profound Mountain with the return of Ancient Saints and the battle at Liang State, the remnants of the Demon Sect have gone utterly silent."

"It's uncertain if the Demon Sect's sect leader has come out or if some Ancient Saints are supporting them, or if there's another hidden hand at play."

Taoist Longshan nodded slowly:

"The world's dynamics have changed dramatically now; the threat from the Demon Sect is not as severe as before, but vigilance cannot be relaxed. Although there is no news of other Ancient Saints yet, it's possible some have already returned and are lurking in the shadows. It's wise to be cautious and avoid provoking these old monsters."

Ning Qi asked:

"Any news from the Southern Border?"

In this era of Ancient Saints re-emerging, the threat from the Southern Border didn't seem significant. He asked about it due to remembering the Blood Emperor Gu.

Recently.

He and Blade Demon conducted more trials in refining Spiritual Qi with notable progress.

With this progress, developing a Secret Technique to filter out toxins isn't difficult, at least a rough version is achievable. However, another problem arises: the Spirit in Yu King Pearl isn't enough for one to reach the Martial Saint Realm, halting further research. Ning Qi needs to find other external resources, he must plan ahead.

The Blood Emperor Gu naturally caught his attention.

Luo Wentian furrowed his brow slightly:

"Previous intelligence suggested the Southern Border was cultivating Blood King Gu amongst the Northern Barbarians, but now with the Barbarian Emperor's return, there might be conflict between them, so the Southern Border has likely retreated inward."

Ning Qi nodded slowly.

"Senior brother, focus more attention on this aspect. I have great use for it."

Luo Wentian promptly nodded with a serious expression.

...

In the blink of an eye, another month passed.

The world was bustling with chaos.

The aftermath of the battle in Liang State continued to ferment, sparking heated discussion everywhere.

With the Great Yan Martial Saint's emergence, Great Yan's prestige rose once more, and within its borders, Martial Path sects were all obedient, not daring to act conspicuously, as previous hidden thoughts were completely set aside.

But there are always exceptions.

Another Ancient Saint has emerged!



Not just one, but two in succession.

One named Red Sun Martial Saint, the other Martial Saint Heize, with the former appearing in Yun State, and the latter in Cang State. The former's legacy had long been lost in the stream of history, but the latter left behind a branch, namely the Mist Rain Pavilion which had previously presented a congratulatory gift at the Celestial Being Grand Ceremony of Taoist Longshan.

After the appearance of the two Martial Saints, they initially caused quite a stir, but Li Yanwu immediately rushed over.

After discussions.

Ultimately, territories in Yun State and Cang State were each allocated to the two Martial Saints, comprising not only fertile lands and a large population but also famous mountains and grand lakes.

At once, the world was captivated.

This almost signifies a country within a country.

The stature of the Ancient Saints soared, and the world realized that even the incredibly dominant Great Yan Martial Saint must show respect to the Ancient Saints, sparking hope among some Martial Path sects that an Ancient Saint might favor them.

Simply because Red Sun Martial Saint supported a sect in Yun State, renaming it to Red Sun Sect, which mutated and soared instantly, drawing envy from countless people.

Everyone knew.

This was merely a prelude.

With the return of these two Martial Saints, one after another will continue to awaken, shining prominently across the world.

Ning Qi felt a growing sense of urgency within him.

The experiment with Blade Demon was nearing a critical juncture.

And it was at this moment.

Bright Martial Pavilion conveyed an unexpected yet immensely joyous news.

Qin Yun, has finally awakened!

Chapter 337: The Emergence of True Martial Hall

Bright Martial Pavilion.

Many senior and junior brothers all came upon hearing the news, each with faces full of joy and anticipation.

Ever since Lan Yiyi left the mountain, several months had passed, but Qin Yun had not awoken. To say that they weren't anxious was impossible. However, Ning Qi had carefully checked and knew there was no problem, so he just waited silently.

Now, he has finally awakened.

When Ning Qi arrived, Luo Wentian, Xiong Shi, and others were all waiting outside the door.

"How is the Eighth Senior Brother now?" Ning Qi asked softly.

Luo Wentian also responded in a low voice:

"He just woke up, and only Master is inside right now."

Ning Qi nodded slightly.

His thoughts unconsciously drifted back to when he first ascended the mountain, somewhat chaotic. He knew that facing the current situation was not an easy matter for Qin Yun either.

Seeing Jiang Baishan pacing anxiously nearby, he merely patted him on the shoulder.

Inside the pavilion.

A white-haired elder knelt on the ground, tears streaming down his face.

"Master... This disciple is unfilial, please punish me!"

Taoist Longshan gazed at Qin Yun before him, somewhat dazed, vaguely seeing the once handsome and robust youth still smiling at him. In the blink of an eye, he merged with the white-haired elder before him, and there was a mix of sorrow and anger in his eyes.

"What wrong have you done?" He clasped his hands behind his back, slowly closing his eyes.

Qin Yun's body trembled slightly:

"This disciple was young and ignorant, led astray, and caused great harm. Today, to see Master once is already a blessing of three lifetimes. I only hope for Master's well-being, and after this, I will descend the mountain and leave..."

As he spoke, he kowtowed repeatedly.

Taoist Longshan angrily replied:

"You still want to descend the mountain? Do you so disdain the True Martial Sect?!"

He glared at Qin Yun, his fingers trembling slightly.

Qin Yun looked up, his face full of panic, shaking his head repeatedly:

"This disciple has no such intention! Ever since descending the mountain, there hasn't been a day I didn't want to return to True Martial Mountain. It's just... this disciple feels too ashamed to face Master, and too ashamed to face all the senior brothers..."

There was bitterness on his face.

Although he was asleep during this time, he had a vague perception of the outside world, strong at times and weak at others. He also knew about the care from his senior brothers, but the more it was like this, the more uneasy and guilty he felt. Perhaps it was for this reason that he only fully awoke now.

Taoist Longshan's expression softened slightly, coldly snorting:

"I know all about what you did in the Demon Sect. Considering you risked your life to save your Fifth Senior Brother, showing you still have some sense of attachment to the family, you are punished to guard the Scripture Pavilion for three years as penance!"

Seeing Qin Yun's aged face, his heart softened, and he said softly:

"Ba, come home."

Qin Yun stood frozen in place, then burst into tears, clutching Taoist Longshan's legs, his tears flowing like a spring, his long-suppressed emotions finally erupting uncontrollably:

"I was wrong! Master, I know I was wrong!"

Ever since the life-and-death ordeal at the Blood Demon Pool, he had gained insight into everything, with regrets constantly gnawing at his heart. Countless times, he wanted to return and plead guilty to

Taoist Longshan, but he didn't dare. Even passing by True Martial Mountain, he only dared to look from afar.

And now, he finally had the chance to come back again.

He cried louder, even the people outside the Bright Martial Pavilion could faintly hear the noise, and they all felt sorrowful, silently turning their backs.

Seeing Qin Yun like this, Taoist Longshan felt a pang in his heart, tears welling up.

He squatted down and gently patted Qin Yun's back, saying softly:

"It's good to know your mistake. In the future... don't do this again."

Qin Yun shook his head repeatedly.

"Never again... never again!"

His heart was in turmoil; only when you lose something do you realize what is truly precious.

Taoist Longshan felt much comforted in his heart.

After a long while.

Qin Yun's emotions gradually calmed down, and Taoist Longshan asked:

"Ba, how are you feeling now?"

He was asking about Qin Yun's physical condition.

Qin Yun paused slightly, then replied:

"Master, rest assured, everything is fine. Thanks to Miss Yiyi's Shared Destiny Gu, I truly don't know how to repay her kindness."

As he spoke, his expression turned somewhat complex.

Taoist Longshan was taken aback:

"You... you already know?"

He originally promised Lan Yiyi not to speak out and had already thought of an excuse, but unexpectedly, before he could say anything, Qin Yun was already aware of everything.

Qin Yun nodded:

"After I fell asleep, I would inexplicably wake up at times. Although it was a bit vague, I roughly knew it was Miss Yiyi who used the Shared Destiny Gu."

As he spoke, he touched his heart.

He couldn't feel the location of the Child Gu of the Shared Destiny Gu, only relying on a faint memory to know it was there.

Taoist Longshan sighed lightly.

"Well, since you learned it yourself, it doesn't count as breaking my promise to Miss Lan. As for how to repay her kindness in the future, you can consider it yourself." He said, looking at Qin Yun's face again, with some heartache, "Ba, since your lifespan has recovered, your appearance can't be restored?"

Qin Yun just smiled:

"The appearance doesn't matter. Being able to return to True Martial Mountain is already a blessing from heaven, and I dare not ask for too much."

He wished to retain his current appearance to remind himself.

Taoist Longshan sighed:

"Well, as your cultivation progresses, it will surely be restored. Otherwise, being so young and looking older than me, no one will know who's the master and who's the disciple."

As he spoke, both laughed.

"Shall we go see your senior brothers?"

Qin Yun's eyes fluttered, filled with both anticipation and nervousness. He finally took a deep breath and said:

"Okay!"

The door of the Bright Martial Pavilion slowly opened.

Those outside all turned to look at once.

#### Chapter 338: The Emergence of True Martial Hall\_2

Taoist Longshan was the first to step forward, followed by the hunched figure of Qin Yun. Everyone was initially startled, but upon seeing Taoist Longshan's expression, they gradually relaxed. Qin Yun looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar figures in front of him; tears instantly blurred his vision. He wanted to call out the names of his fellow senior brothers but felt as if something was caught in his throat.

A silhouette flashed over and pinched Qin Yun's ear:

"You sly old Ba! Have you grown wings? Sneaking out for years without a word. Do you think your third senior sister doesn't exist?"

Ye Qinghe huffed angrily, her eyes were a bit red, but her hands showed no mercy, applying considerable force, making Qin Yun grimace:

"Ah, easy, I was wrong, I'm wrong, senior sister! I'll never dare again!"

The sourness in everyone's hearts instantly dissipated, and all began laughing.

Song City laughed heartily beside them:

"Third senior sister, use more force! Otherwise, this brat won't remember!"

Qin Yun quickly pleaded for mercy, and Ye Qinghe finally let go after a while, standing with hands on hips, mockingly:

"Next time, I'll pinch off your ear!"

She looked Qin Yun over again, disdainful:

"I'll search for some exotic fruits to enhance your appearance when you return next time. You're so young yet look so old, walking out together, people might think you're my ancestor!"

Everybody erupted in laughter.

Qin Yun also smiled wryly.



Yet, he felt a warm glow in his heart, sensing the concern from his senior sister, alleviating much of his initial worries.

The atmosphere gradually quieted down.

Qin Yun took a deep breath, clasped his fists, and saluted his fellow senior brothers:

"Everything is Ba's fault; I am willing to take any punishment or scolding!"

Luo Wentian chuckled, patting his shoulder:

"It's good to have you back."

Everyone came forward, some patting his shoulder, some touching his head, some thumping his chest, and Jiang Baishan with slightly reddened eyes gave him a fierce hug.

Zhuang Chen and Li Ling just watched since Qin Yun had already descended the mountain before they joined, but they were also very pleased; it was a joyous occasion for True Martial Mountain.

Finally.

All eyes fell on Ning Qi.

Qin Yun didn't know when he became slightly nervous.

Ning Qi's lips curled slightly, revealing a gentle smile:

"Eighth senior brother, welcome home!"

Qin Yun teared up instantly.

He hastily wiped his eyes with his sleeve but couldn't stop the tears. During the years down the mountain, whenever he thought of True Martial Mountain, his deepest regrets were feeling like he had let down Taoist Longshan and Ning Qi, feeling he had failed to act as a senior brother.

As a senior brother, he should have protected his junior brothers, but he allowed jealousy to arise, which was so wrong.

Everyone felt deeply moved.

Sometimes, a single moment of difference can change the direction of one's life.

Qin Yun quietly said:

"Jiu, I have some things I want to say to you."

Ning Qi nodded.

The two walked side by side, heading towards the Scripture Pavilion.

Everyone exchanged glances; as they saw the disciples looking at themselves, Taoist Longshan just waved a hand:

"No matter, let the senior and junior talk alone."

Watching the backs of Ning Qi and Qin Yun, he sighed inwardly.

Some things need to be resolved by the two of them; otherwise, it remains a knot in the heart.

Ning Qi and Qin Yun walked side by side.

How many times had they walked this path before? But back then, Ning Qi sat on Qin Yun's shoulders, and now, Ning Qi had grown into a handsome young Taoist while Qin Yun had grown old.

"Unknowingly, Jiu, you've grown so much. I remember when I went down the mountain, you were only six." Qin Yun said in a low voice.

Ning Qi sighed:

"Indeed, time flies, and five years have passed."

Five years, a span that can be both short and long; sometimes a Celestial Human Realm secludes for more than five years, but to Ning Qi, it was indeed long. Back then, he was in the Inner Essence Realm, but now he could rival a Martial Saint, an unbelievable gap.

Unknowingly, the two had reached close to the Scripture Pavilion.

This now-expanded Scripture Pavilion was no longer as it was before.

Qin Yun looked up, his eyes complex:

"Jiu, the person who stopped me that night was you, wasn't it."

He referred to five years ago when his heart demon had emerged and he prepared to secretly invade the Seeking Tao Institute; he was stopped and awakened by Ning Qi's slap.

Initially, he always thought that person was the unknown foundational strength of True Martial Sect, but later, with True Man Tianjian's sudden emergence and Ning Qi's subsequent action, he finally connected the dots.

Ning Qi didn't deny it, slowly nodding, apologetically:

"That night, I didn't recognize you initially, which led to accidentally injuring you. Forgive me, eighth senior brother."

Qin Yun just smiled bitterly and shook his head:

"Ultimately, it was my fault. Jiu, if I hadn't given in to evil thoughts, none of this would've happened."

He solemnly apologized, bowing deeply.

Ning Qi sighed and helped him up:

"Eighth senior brother, it's all in the past; lingering in it bears no meaning. If we dwell deeply, I have my share of issues too. Let's move forward together and strive to elevate True Martial Sect to even greater heights!"

Qin Yun nodded vigorously.

Unknowingly, they arrived outside the Seeking Tao Institute, a place where Qin Yun was repelled without stepping outside the courtyard back then. But now the Institute was no longer as he remembered.

Surrounded by True Martial Peach Trees with delicate blossoms, as if in a dream; even in autumn, these now non-ordinary True Martial Peach Trees remained vibrant.

Chapter 339: True Martial Hall Emerges\_3

But more eye-catching was that flourishing Enlightenment Tea Tree, lush and verdant, extending from the courtyard, already towering, as a gentle breeze blew by, an exotic fragrance wafted through, and a look of astonishment appeared in Qin Yun's eyes.

Ning Qi smiled and invited:

"Let's go inside and take a look."

The two walked in slowly, not knowing why he felt increasingly at peace; he once unwillingly stepped into this place, feeling unbalanced, but now he was already clear-minded and insightful.

He suddenly said:

"Jiu, may I witness your true strength?"

He had already known that Ning Qi was True Man Tianjian but had never witnessed it.

Ning Qi turned his head and saw that Qin Yun's eyes held a certain longing, so he nodded slowly:

"Alright."

Qin Yun's eyes immediately brightened.

In the next moment,

His aura suddenly changed, the Power of Heaven and Earth surged and gathered, he had experienced a life-and-death tribulation, and now with the help of the Shared Destiny Gu, he was reborn, and his cultivation had advanced rather than declined, more formidable than when he first fought against Ghost Mask.

Black energy surged, there was some approval in Ning Qi's eyes, this was a path Qin Yun had forged himself, commendable.

However,

In front of the current Ning Qi, it was not much to look at.

He stood with his hands behind his back, without the slightest movement, a stream of bright white spiritual power shot into the sky, transforming into a True Dragon.

The True Dragon descended upon the world without roaring, without any unnecessary disturbances, only a gaze filled with majesty.

In an instant,

The power of Heaven and Earth around Qin Yun collapsed with a bang!

Such disparity, it would not be too much to compare it to a firefly next to a bright moon.

Qin Yun was dumbfounded, the threads of Heaven and Earth power surrounding him fell, seemingly unaware.

After a long time,

He finally smiled bitterly:

"I never expected that Jiu, you would be so strong! This power is simply incredible!"

His eyes were full of amazement and nothing else, such a gap was truly vast, and before Ning Qi, he was like an ant.

Ning Qi smiled and said:

"Spiritual Power, or rather, Martial Saint's power."

Qin Yun was immediately shocked.

Ning Qi briefly explained the events at True Profound Mountain, and Qin Yun was filled with yearning:

"I didn't expect that during my slumber so many major events occurred, the return of ancient sages, the revival of spiritual energy, I must strive to catch up and make my mark in this great era!"

As he spoke, he became more excited:

"Jiu, you are stronger than I am now, but it may not be the case in the future!"

Ning Qi laughed heartily:

"Good, I will watch with anticipation!"

The brothers exchanged a look, and all the estrangement dissipated into nothingness.

Qin Yun pondered, if Ning Qi had shown such cultivation far beyond imagination back then, would he still have harbored evil thoughts?

The answer was unknown, but he felt that most likely he still would, then he shook his head and stopped thinking, just as Ning Qi had said, dwelling on the past was of no use, perhaps experiencing this would not necessarily be a bad thing for the future.

Ning Qi took out a Heaven-Reaching Pill and solemnly handed it to Qin Yun.

In the future, with the revitalization of spirit, if there could be another achieving Celestial Being Perfection, the foundation of the True Martial Sect would be even deeper.

Qin Yun remained silent for a long time, just holding the Heaven-Reaching Pill tightly, his eyes becoming increasingly resolute.

...

After awakening, Qin Yun moved into the Scripture Pavilion, and all other disciples of the True Martial Sect were curious about how the Scripture Pavilion suddenly had an elderly guardian, but they were all respectful.

Ning Qi continued to experiment with Spiritual Power and Blade Demon, experiencing significant gains each time.

But there was one point that troubled Ning Qi.

It was that the toxic substances contained within the Spiritual Qi seemed somewhat elusive, uncontrollable, and he vaguely felt that if he didn't break through this hurdle, it would be very difficult to deduce a secret technique to filter out the toxic substances.

Day by day passed.

Ning Qi's speculation came true.

Just as he was deep in thought searching for a solution, another heavy news spread throughout the world.

The True Martial Hall, has emerged!

Chapter 340: Invitation

Black Sand Sea.

This is a coastal region of the Great Yan.

A small island shrouded in mist, a thousand feet high, suddenly appeared in the sea. It was first discovered by a group of fishermen who had been making their living in this area for years and were most familiar with the situation here, yet they never expected such a peculiar island to suddenly emerge.



Initially, they were somewhat fearful, but when an old man suggested that it might be an ancient relic, everyone became excited.

Exploration began.

However, they discovered that no matter what methods they used, they could not approach the misty area. As soon as they went a little deeper, they would inexplicably exit from another direction.

As time went by, some people lost their patience and eventually decided to sell the information in exchange for benefits.

Some martial sects discovered this place.

After a series of conflicts of interest, the news about the misty island finally spread out.

The Vast Sea Sword Sect, located in the coastal area, was the first to arrive.

Although he was defeated by the Blade Demon, he was also a top expert with Three Flowers Perfection. He ranked sixth on the Celestial Being List, and was not far from the Sword Path Ultimate Realm. Even though Ancient Saints had now returned, in the eyes of the majority of martial artists, he was still someone of great significance. Amidst the gaze of some others, the Vast Sea Sword Sect rushed into the misty area and eventually reached the small island. Everyone believed that the Vast Sea Sword Sect would be the first to seize the opportunity.

However.

To everyone's amazement, just half a two-hour period later, the Vast Sea Sword Sect retreated from the island, even seeming somewhat disheveled.

His gaze was somewhat complicated, appearing a mix of reluctance and wonder, indicating some intricacies within.

Someone couldn't help but boldly ask:

"May I ask, Lord of the Sword Sect, what exactly is inside?"

"True Martial Hall."

After leaving these few words, the Vast Sea Sword Sect hurried away.

The remaining people were all visibly shaken, feeling that this name exuded a certain aura.

Some sects with deep foundations began to search ancient texts overnight, wanting to know which ancient sect the True Martial Hall was associated with, to find a way to break through it. Soon, they found results.

"True Martial Sect!"

"According to ancient records, the True Martial Hall was the core inheritance hall of the ancient True Martial Sect. Could it be that ancient True Martial inheritance is contained within?"

"The ancient True Martial Sect was incredibly powerful, reportedly producing several remarkable Martial Saints, renowned across the world. Later, for unknown reasons, it disappeared in the long river of history, yet now it has reemerged!"

As soon as this news came out.

Everyone was in an uproar, spreading across the land.

Naturally.

People began to associate it with the current True Martial Sect.

"What is the relationship between the ancient True Martial Sect and the current True Martial Sect? Rumor has it that the former Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect, True Man Longshan, obtained ancient inheritance. Could it be the True Martial Hall's inheritance?"

Some people instinctively wanted to conceal this information.

But with so many people in the world, there were naturally some who wanted to use this opportunity to form a good relationship with the True Martial Sect. After all, compared to an elusive True Martial Hall, it was more important to establish a connection with the flourishing True Martial Sect. Anyone with foresight could see that with True Man Tianjian, True Man Longshan, and a group of promising talents, the True Martial Sect becoming a giant force was only a matter of time.

...

Seeking Tao Institute.

Ning Qi was contemplating how to solve the recent problem he encountered.

"The toxic substance in the spiritual qi is somewhat elusive; clearly, I've almost captured it these past two times, but it vanished immediately. This material is not tangible, yet not intangible, existing between the two."

He fiddled with a wisp of spiritual qi at his fingertips, lost in thought.

To find a filtering method, he naturally had to first understand the essence of this toxic substance. Otherwise, he wouldn't even know what it looked like, let alone how to filter it out.

While pondering.

Luo Wentian strode into the Seeking Tao Institute.

The first sentence made Ning Qi's spirit tremble:

"Jiu, the True Martial Hall you mentioned before has appeared!"

Ning Qi stood up and, along with Luo Wentian, instantly sped to the Bright Martial Pavilion. Sure enough, he saw Taoist Longshan already there.

Ning Qi and Taoist Longshan exchanged glances, both seeing a firm determination in each other's eyes.

Taoist Longshan slowly said:

"According to rumors in the world, that True Martial Hall should be the True Martial Underground Palace I encountered back then, or rather, the True Martial Underground Palace is part of that True Martial Hall!"

Ning Qi instantly recalled the scene when he had gone down the mountain in pursuit all those years ago.

Underground, it seemed as if some huge entity was leaving.

Now it appeared.

It was that small island.

Luo Wentian's eyes were grave:

"At this point, we must hurry over immediately; the True Martial Hall is the source of our True Martial Sect's heritage, giving us an innate closeness. If we can obtain the Martial Saint inheritance within, we will surely be able to rise prominently in the impending Spiritual Awakening!"

Now, as the Sect Leader, he was taking his identity more seriously, and everything he said and did was for the future of the True Martial Sect.

Taoist Longshan also nodded slowly.

Not obtaining the complete True Martial inheritance had always been his regret, and now that the opportunity had arisen, he naturally couldn't miss it. Of course, he wouldn't pretentiously claim that the True Martial Hall definitely belonged to the True Martial Sect and that others shouldn't interfere.

After all, it was ownerless, and it would depend on one's capabilities.

Both of their eyes turned to Ning Qi.

Ning Qi smiled slightly:

"Of course, we must go."

Previously, Taoist Baishan had told Ning Qi that he couldn't pass the Martial Saint Technique to Ning Qi ahead of time, but obtaining it from the True Martial inheritance was fine. Ning Qi just didn't expect the True Martial inheritance to appear in such a manner.

"If I can obtain the Martial Saint Technique, it will certainly be a reference for my upcoming deductions. Even if the Ancient Saints hadn't found a complete method to filter out the toxic substance, they surely had some insights."