

Cultivating 351

Chapter 351: Life Poison_2

He respectfully bowed to the elder.

The elder waved his hand and said:

"Come to me again after you've reached the Martial Saint Realm, and I will tell you everything."

Ning Qi understood that because he hadn't yet been contaminated by the aura of Life Poison, the elder warned him about the backlash, but once he reached the Martial Saint Realm, it wouldn't be necessary.

"Thank you, elder!" Ning Qi bowed once more.

Today's visit to the True Martial Hall.

Had yielded significant gains.

Not only did he obtain the Martial Saint Technique and the Secret Technique to alleviate Life Poison, he also gained a clearer understanding of Life Poison, at least no longer like a headless fly.

"The poison of the Rule exists between reality and illusion, to cultivate the world with poison, truly a grand gesture!" He murmured to himself.

"With the Dharma Method, given your talents and comprehension, on the day of Spiritual Awakening, you will surely step into the Martial Saint Realm. Come back again then," the elder sighed softly, "Don't overthink, when the time comes, everything will be clear. Work hard."

He looked at Ning Qi with a certain expectation in his eyes.

Ning Qi nodded earnestly.

"I will."

"As for these rare books, you can take them all with you, store them inside your pearl."

As he spoke, he pointed his finger, and a stream of Spiritual Power instantly surged into the Yu King Pearl. Ning Qi, astonished, discovered that the space within the pearl expanded a hundredfold, large enough to fit a small mountain.

The elder smiled and said:

"I don't have such abilities; I just helped restore the pearl's original capabilities. The material of this pearl is indeed exceptional."

Ning Qi suddenly understood.

He was truly a bit shocked earlier; to create such a miracle with a wave of the hand is hard to imagine how strong the elder is.

"Thank you, elder."

Ning Qi expressed his gratitude, then activated the Yu King Pearl. The vast array of books began to dance towards him like snowflakes, a spectacular sight.

He couldn't help but slightly raise the corner of his mouth.

This gain is indeed great and can immensely enrich the True Martial Sect's foundation. With this complete inheritance, looking across the world, no Sect can rival the True Martial Sect in terms of depth, among them are many rare books that would aid Ning Qi.

A moment passed.

The Scripture Pavilion was empty.

The hunchbacked elder chuckled:

"Good lad, you really are thorough."

Ning Qi smiled, offering no rebuttal.

Having passed the test by his own abilities, he surely took everything away.

The elder shook his head with a smile.

"Go now."

A vortex had appeared in the void.

Ning Qi nodded, glanced at the elder once more, seeing the expectation and encouragement in his eyes, he felt an inexplicable warmth in his heart before stepping forward.

Watching Ning Qi's disappearing back.

The hunchbacked elder's eyes turned somber:

"Being here for so many years, having seen so many fascinating individuals, I've really gotten used to it. If possible, I truly don't want to move, just wonder if this little fellow named Ning Qi can do it."

"True Martial... True Martial..."

...

Black Sand Sea.

As time passed, more and more powerful Martial Artists arrived, making this place increasingly lively.

But at this moment.

The atmosphere was somewhat noisy.

Martial Artists looked in amazement at the foggy area ahead; earlier, the fog suddenly began to churn violently as if boiling, and those who had just entered were all thrown out, falling into the sea in embarrassment.

This left everyone puzzled.

Previously, even those who couldn't make it through the mist just ended up confused, emerging from other directions; it was never like this before.

Someone ventured to try entering again.

But found out.

The mist ahead seemed to have turned into a copper wall and iron bastion, making it impossible to enter.

Above sea and sea floor, all around, were the same, without the slightest gap.

Such a change immediately caused an uproar among everyone.

"Why is it suddenly like this? Could it be that the True Martial Hall is about to hide away?" Everyone became nervous. An ancient ruin has barely appeared, opportunities are right before them, yet before getting anything, it's going to hide, how could they be content with this?

"Maybe it's not hiding, but another reason!"

Someone's eyes flickered.

"It might be that someone has already obtained the inheritance of the True Martial Hall!"

This immediately reminded everyone.

Various gazes turned bizarre, accompanied by murmurs from unknown sources expressing everyone's thoughts:

"If I recall correctly, the person who entered from the True Martial Sect has yet to come out."

These words didn't name anyone.

But guided everyone to wonder, did the True Martial Sect already obtain the True Martial Hall's inheritance, causing such a change?

Sharp-minded individuals quickly realized that the speaker was clearly ill-intentioned, wanting to stir the waters.

Clearly.

Many were unwilling to return empty-handed.

Gazes flickered, focusing on the fog ahead.

Each strong person on the Martial Path perceived the surroundings fully, to ensure no fish slipped through the net.

Within the stagnant atmosphere.

The mist suddenly stalled, like a giant object opening its mouth, suddenly spitting out something foreign.

A figure tumbled out.

"It's someone from the True Martial Sect! I remember him!" Someone exclaimed.

That was a young third-generation disciple from the True Martial Sect.

Having failed the trial, feeling somewhat frustrated and dejected, but immediately his heart tightened, he instinctively glanced around, finding the sea crowded with warships, almost impermeable, not only that, above the horizon, there were also many powerful figures floating.

Those fiery gazes were full of aggression and malice.

"Gulp." He couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva.

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The oppressive feeling before them was truly overwhelming.

This disciple couldn't help but grasp the sword in his hand. Although his body was trembling slightly, his gaze gradually became resolute.

He couldn't disgrace the prestige of the True Martial Sect.

The expressions of the crowd varied, all waiting.

At that moment.

The mist violently surged once again.

One figure after another was spat out.

"They are all disciples of the True Martial Sect! Except for Taoist Longshan and a young Taoist, none are missing." The crowd's gazes grew even more fervent.

This phenomenon made it hard for them not to associate the changes in the ancient relic with the entry of the True Martial Sect's members.

Ye Qinghe took a deep breath.

She exchanged a glance with He Yan, and upon seeing that Ning Qi and Taoist Longshan were not present, both felt a sense of worry rise within them.

However.

She remained calm, ignoring the many gazes, leading her disciples over the waves, intending to head toward the agreed-upon Jade Snake Island.

But things were evidently not going to be so smooth.

Subtle auras vaguely locked onto them, and someone laughed:

"Miss..."

"Third disciple under True Man Longshan, Ye Qinghe!" The female Taoist raised her eyebrows, striking a valiant figure, catching many eyes with interest.

"Greetings, Miss Ye, I have something to inquire about."

Ye Qinghe looked at the person exuding the aura of a Celestial Being, suppressing the impatience in her heart:

"Please speak."

"May I ask what change happened within the True Martial Hall? Why suddenly can everyone no longer enter?"

Ye Qinghe could clearly feel the surrounding gazes heat up instantly. With her cleverness, it was not difficult to guess what these people were thinking, but the problem was, they didn't know either.

Ye Qinghe replied neither overbearing nor servilely:

"We also just emerged realizing the changes in the mist. We did enter the True Martial Hall, but like those who entered before, we failed to pass the test."

She spoke the truth.

They entered the test below the Celestial Human Realm, which tested comprehension and combat power, simply feeling the difficulty to be terrifyingly abnormal.

The crowd's eyes flickered.

Immediately someone within spoke in a strange, sarcastic tone:

"Lies! If your True Martial Sect hadn't obtained the inheritance, how could the mist of the True Martial Hall suddenly undergo such drastic changes? Everyone, the True Martial Sect just wants to monopolize the inheritance!"

Ye Qinghe and He Yan were both shocked and angry, looking around, but couldn't locate the source of the voice.

That elusive voice echoed many's thoughts:

"In my opinion, since this True Martial inheritance is open to the world, it should be shared by all. This would be the most beneficial choice for the Martial Realm, don't you all agree?"

The Celestial Being who was speaking with Ye Qinghe earlier was preparing to speak, but suddenly his expression changed.

A sharp beam of sword light shot out from the mist.

It precisely pierced through a small man on the side of a warship, a smug look still lingering at the corner of his mouth, but his eyes were filled with disbelief and fear.

The previously sarcastic voice abruptly ceased.

Everyone's hearts palpitated, all looking toward the mist.

A figure with a crane-like, immortal bearing stepped out; who else could it be but Taoist Longshan?

The True Martial Sect members were overjoyed, immediately heading forward to greet him, while Taoist Longshan calmly surveyed the crowd:

"Don't say my True Martial Sect didn't obtain the inheritance. Even if we did, it is the fortune of my Sect. Do you all wish to seize it?"

He felt somewhat regretful.

Though he barely passed the Yin Yang Fist test, the subsequent Four Symbols Palm was extremely difficult. He only managed to comprehend half before running out of time. However, he overcame several of the combat challenges afterwards, and his overall assessment granted him some rewards, supplementing much of the True Martial inheritance he had previously acquired.

But he wasn't entirely disappointed.

With Ning Qi around, there was still hope.

For now, he needed to resolve the trouble in front of him.

The Celestial Human Realm martial artist who spoke earlier felt a cold chill on his neck.

Before Taoist Longshan appeared, he still had some confidence, but with Taoist Longshan now out, he dared not act rashly. He vividly remembered when Longshan alone suppressed two Celestial Being List masters.

"True Man Longshan, I beg to differ. If I had obtained such an inheritance, I would naturally share it to benefit the world." A swordsman in purple clothing laughed.

Taoist Longshan shook his head and sighed:

"Purple Sword Elder, if I am not mistaken, you have visited the True Martial Sword Stele multiple times. Are you now repaying kindness with enmity against the True Martial Sect?"

Some people's gazes on the Purple Sword Elder immediately turned disdainful.

This truly was inappropriate.

But the Purple Sword Elder remained unabashed:

"True Man speaks correctly. I merely mean that, since the True Martial Sect is willing to open the True Martial Sword Stele to the world, having obtained the inheritance, they should naturally continue this fine tradition. It was precisely the influence of the Sword Stele that led me to think this way. True Man, please don't take offense."

Saying this, he bowed deeply.

Two words emerged in everyone's hearts.

Shameless!

But the majority just remained silent, needing someone to step forward and provide a seemingly rational excuse.

The law does not punish the masses.

If everyone handled this matter together today, even if True Man Tianjian wanted to pursue it in the future, there would be nowhere to start. Could he possibly hunt down each and every one of them?

The members of the True Martial Sect glared at the Purple Sword Elder with anger.

Taoist Longshan stared at him for a moment and then said blandly:

"It's a pity, I did not pass the test, nor did I obtain the True Martial inheritance, disappointing you."

"Then how does True Man explain the changes in the mist? How could there be such coincidences in the world?"

"I do not know."

Taoist Longshan led his disciples, stepping into the air, intending to depart.

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But a series of auras locked onto him, obscure and unclear.

Some people were still hesitating.

Taoist Longshan knew he could not wait any longer. The more he appeared weak, the more others would think the True Martial Sect was easy to bully.

"True Man, your words are untruthful..." The Purple Sword Elder was still chattering, but Taoist Longshan had already taken action.

Boom!

The Bridge of Celestial Being activated, the surging Power of Heaven and Earth gathered, and two Fist Seals transformed into Yin and Yang, each containing profound mysteries, pressuring down towards the Purple Sword Elder. The Purple Sword Elder was greatly shocked. Earlier, he had heard that Taoist Longshan single-handedly suppressed the Black Death Blade Venerate and the White Eyebrow Ascendant, which he thought was somewhat exaggerated.

But now it seemed, it was likely more than true.

He hurriedly drew his sword, the Sword Qi like a rainbow, wrapped in purple aura, full of sharpness and eeriness. Over the sea, a conspicuous dividing line appeared, extending far, and several battleships were neatly sliced in half with one sword, the martial artists on the ships hurriedly jumping into the sea.

But this rainbow Sword Qi couldn't stop the two Fist Seals at all.

This was the Yin and Yang change comprehended by Taoist Longshan from the Yin Yang Fist, taking its essence and integrating it into his own Dao.

The two Fist Seals pulled at each other, and the Sword Qi immediately twisted.

Under the horrified gaze of the Purple Sword Elder.

The Fist Seal suppressed.

The sea surface collapsed.

He was blasted away, vomiting blood, this expert ranked even above the Black Death Blade Venerate and the White Eyebrow Ascendant was similarly not a match for Taoist Longshan, and was clearly much inferior.

The atmosphere of the scene instantly quieted.

The previous fervor gradually cooled.

Some people, who had been blinded by greed, slowly came to their senses.

The strength of Taoist Longshan made many people reconsider their actions.

The Purple Sword Elder returned coughing blood, his expression uncertain. Looking at the calm-faced Taoist Longshan, for some reason, he felt a tinge of fear, the man before him was truly an enigma.

"True Man, I apologize for any offense today." He willingly conceded, then clasped his hands and retreated.

This person was a rare shameless and thick-skinned strongest, nothing was more important than his life, and he would never entangle in something unachievable. Now that he was injured, he wouldn't be able to gain an advantage in the struggle for the inheritance, so he might as well give up and watch the developments.

The retreat of the Purple Sword Elder made everyone's expression change.

Originally observing Black Death Blade Venerate and White Eyebrow Ascendant also calmed their Primordial Cores, their gazes becoming steadily composed. Taoist Longshan's swift and decisive action had had its effect, greatly intimidating the crowd.

Taoist Longshan sighed in relief.

He was about to leave with his excited disciples.

In the distance, a fluctuation occurred once again, and a powerful swordsman appeared.

"It's Luofu Sword Venerate! It's said that he has a grudge with the True Martial Sect, and when the Celestial Sword True Man was born, he was humiliated." Someone recognized the newcomer's identity.

Luofu Sword Venerate's face twitched slightly; those words were a sore spot for him, he hadn't appeared in public for years, yet people remembered so clearly.

He coldly looked at the True Martial Sect True Man and said:

"If I'm not mistaken, the technique you used just now was the Yin Yang Fist."

"I'm afraid many here know that the Yin Yang Fist is the test of the Enlightenment Gate. Given how you used it, you must have comprehended it fully and passed the test, yet you still dare say you didn't receive the inheritance?"

Luofu Sword Venerate hit the nail on the head.

Their gazes changed again.

Previously, there was no concrete information to prove the True Martial Sect had obtained the inheritance, coupled with Taoist Longshan's formidable stance, they had planned to give up, but now their minds were active again.

"Perhaps... True Man Longshan could provide us an explanation." Luofu Sword Venerate clutched his sword to his chest, a mocking smile playing on his lips.

Taoist Longshan's gaze was icy:

"What thing are you, that this True Man needs to explain to you?"

Luofu Sword Venerate's expression changed.

Just as he was about to speak, a faint voice came from afar:

"He is not qualified, but perhaps this Sage might let you explain?"

Chapter 354: The Young Taoist

Before anyone arrived, the thick sense of oppression already surged forward.

Everyone's expressions changed.

At this moment.

The sea was calm, and the battleships seemed frozen on its surface, not moving a bit, while everyone looked towards the distant horizon, their hearts involuntarily starting to beat slightly faster.

The previously arrogant Luofu Sword Venerate respectfully bowed:

"Welcome, Red Sun Martial Saint!"

Swoosh!

In an instant, the entire audience was in an uproar.

Everyone's minds heated up, the blood in their bodies started to boil, although they had guessed part of it from the newcomer's self-introduction, now with Luofu Sword Venerate's confirmation, there was no doubt about his identity.

Red Sun Martial Saint.

A Martial Saint who had just emerged recently, furthermore, had established the Red Sun Sect, stirring the winds and clouds across the world. The Great Yan Martial Saint personally allocated a region for the Red Sun Sect to use freely, with full dominion rights.

Only now did everyone realize, Luofu Sword Venerate had already joined the Red Sun Sect, presumably, the Red Sun Martial Saint had promised some terms.

Taoist Longshan's heart sank.

The sudden reappearance of Luofu Sword Venerate to stir up others' greed had already made the situation difficult, and now, it had escalated to an extremely challenging mode, with the arrival of an Ancient Saint, leaving him without any confidence.

Under the gazes of everyone.

An extremely luxurious golden carriage appeared, surrounded by Celestial Human Realm experts on all four sides, lifting the carriage, the sight already awe-inspiring, but what drew the most attention was the old man in the carriage, clad in a golden red magnificent robe, like the great day, hair and beard entirely red, with a bald head at the top, exposing a shiny head.

This bald elder lay leisurely on the carriage, beside him were several stunning women casting longing glances, their arms like soft willows, with utmost tenderness and charm.

The carriage stood in midair, the Celestial Human Realm martial artists lifting it had proud chests, not only without a trace of shame, but with immense pride.

Ask the world, how many can pull a carriage for a Martial Saint?

"We pay respects to the Red Sun Martial Saint!" A vast voice sounded in unison, everyone bowed their heads to show respect.

Strength is revered.

A timeless truth everywhere.

But True Martial Sect members did not move.

Even fools could see the visitors' bad intent.

Luofu Sword Venerate coldly shouted:

"Taoist Longshan, the Martial Saint asks you, why do you not respond?! Do you dare to despise the Martial Saint?"

At this moment, he felt quite spirited, releasing long-suppressed anger.

Since the rise of True Man Tianjian, his days had been miserably difficult, often being ridiculed, but now, with the Red Sun Martial Saint backing him, he was no longer afraid, thinking that even True Man Tianjian, no matter how strong, could not surpass a Martial Saint?

Seeing the True Martial Sect in a wretched state now only brought immense satisfaction to him.

Taoist Longshan gazed at him deeply, then slightly bowed towards the old man in the carriage:

"I've met the Red Sun Martial Saint, my humble self did not lie. Upon entering the True Martial Hall, I luckily passed the first test of comprehension, the Yin Yang Fist, but failed at the second test, the Four Symbols Palm. However, I did pass a few combat tests and gained some opportunity rewards."

"But as for the True Martial legacy, indeed, my humble self did not obtain it."

He spoke earnestly, even mentioning the names of the tests within.

Everyone looked thoughtful.

Could it be that the mysterious changes were really unrelated to the True Martial Sect?

Red Sun Martial Saint laughed, finally casting his first glance at Taoist Longshan since his arrival. His laughter carried a hint of ridicule, seemingly mixed with disdain:

"I am aware."

"The True Martial Hall's test is inherently unreasonable, the nine tests of comprehension are immensely difficult, with no hope for anyone to pass. Throughout ancient and modern times, no prodigies have managed to pass. Given that you, approaching a hundred years old before reaching Celestial Human Realm, are a waste, how could you possibly pass?"

Everyone's expressions changed.

Taoist Longshan reaching Celestial Human Realm near a hundred years old was already top-tier talent. If such individuals are considered waste, what would that make them, even less than waste?

True Martial Sect members were indignant.

But Taoist Longshan's expression remained calm.

"Since the Martial Saint knows our True Martial Sect did not obtain the inheritance, may we be allowed to leave."

Red Sun Martial Saint slightly straightened up, looked at Taoist Longshan with interest:

"No."

Taoist Longshan asked in a deep voice:

"Why?"

In the Red Sun Martial Saint's eyes, a bright light suddenly shot out, shining brilliantly like the great sun, his power overwhelmingly majestic, his voice vast and grand:

"Because you disrespected me."

Taoist Longshan's expression changed, only feeling overwhelming pressure descending, as if seeing two great suns appear in the sky, one hanging high in the sky, the other close at hand, the terrifying pressure causing cold sweat on his forehead. He tried to resist using the Power of Heaven and Earth, but it was to no avail, the changes of Yin and Yang were powerless before such absolute power disparity.

"Pfft."

Taoist Longshan's face flushed red, he spat blood and flew back.

Ye Qinghe and others caught him, also spitting blood, just the slightest aftershock causing unbearable pressure for them, they dared not express their anger, could only clench their fists tightly.

Everyone held their breath.

The previous strength of Taoist Longshan was witnessed by everyone, but now in front of the Red Sun Martial Saint, he seemed like a child, making everyone realize even more the significance of Ancient Saints, this was a gap in strength like a chasm, there were even rumors this was far from the peak of Ancient Saints.

Taoist Longshan steadied himself, spat another mouthful of blood, his lungs shaking, clearly taking internal injuries.

He understood.

This was the Red Sun Martial Saint not even bothering to take him seriously, striking casually, otherwise, he would be killed instantly. A sense of powerlessness arose in his heart, looking at Luofu Sword Venerate beside him, he understood, this Red Sun Martial Saint was just finding an excuse, the real reason likely being to vent for his newly recruited subordinate.

Chapter 355: The Young Taoist_2

"The Martial Saint has taught us a lesson." Taoist Longshan lowered his head.

His character was forthright; if he were alone, he would never submit, not even to a Martial Saint. But now, he had several disciples with him.

Ye Qinghe and He Yan's eyes turned red as they desperately held back, and the blood in the chests of each third-generation disciple burned fiercely.

Luofu Sword Venerate's mouth widened into a smile.

Both Black Death Blade Venerate and White Eyebrow Ascendant laughed as well, finding some schadenfreude, yet deeply tempted. If they could join under this Red Sun Martial Saint, there might be hope to attain the chance to become a Martial Saint in the future.

Black Death Blade Venerate spoke just in time:

"To report to the Martial Saint, there's still someone from the True Martial Sect who hasn't come out."

Red Sun Martial Saint glanced over, then looked at the changing fog ahead, his eyes gradually showing some astonishment:

"Really?"

For the first time, he sat up straight, and the stunning women around him tactfully ceased their actions.

Black Death Blade Venerate grew nervous, originally intending to curry favor, but now it seemed as if this information was quite important?

He hurriedly said:

"I would never dare deceive the Martial Saint. There's still a young Daoist from the True Martial Sect, no more than twenty years of age, who went in and hasn't come out. This fog's changes might be related to him."

Upon hearing this.

The people of the True Martial Sect were all furious.

Especially Taoist Longshan, who wished he could slay Black Death Blade Venerate with his gaze.

They naturally knew Black Death Blade Venerate was referring to Ning Qi.

Red Sun Martial Saint clicked his tongue twice, his gaze even more intrigued:

"I didn't realize your True Martial Sect has such talented individuals."

He originally came just to see if the True Martial Hall was still the same and to quench his past grievances, perhaps to see if there was another chance to attempt that final test. After all, the True Martial Hall is acknowledged as mysterious and ancient, with no one knowing when this lineage was passed down.

But unexpectedly, there was an unexpected gain. The person capable of causing such changes in the True Martial Hall indicates substantial gains.

Since that's the case, might as well wait.

Perhaps there's hope for a glimpse at that final test.

At this thought, Red Sun Martial Saint felt a bit fervent. Compared to other old monsters, his foundation was much weaker. If he could obtain something from the True Martial Hall, he might have enough competitiveness when great opportunities arise.

"I heard your sect has someone called True Man Tianjian who isn't bad. Did he come?" Red Sun Martial Saint asked nonchalantly.

Taoist Longshan replied woodenly:

"Senior Tianjian's whereabouts are unpredictable; I do not know."

Red Sun Martial Saint clicked his tongue again:

"I heard his Celestial Sword is quite impressive. How about this, go call him here. If he can satisfy me, I'll let you leave today without holding your offense against you."

Taoist Longshan's pupils contracted, but he did not act.

Those aware of True Man Tianjian's identity all had their pupils blaze with anger. Ning Qi was still within the fog; where could they find a True Man Tianjian? Besides, the Red Sun Martial Saint before them

clearly harbored no good intentions. Even if they did call True Man Tianjian, what good would it do, but to suffer more humiliation.

"Unwilling?" Red Sun Martial Saint squinted, an ominous aura gradually rising.

Taoist Longshan stood in front of everyone, bearing it alone.

Blood continuously oozed from the corner of his mouth, and under the immense pressure, every sinew and bone in his body let out intolerable creaking sounds, as if about to collapse the next second.

He raised his head high, his gaze unyielding:

"If you want to take our lives, by all means, come. A mighty Martial Saint bullying the weak without fear of being a laughingstock for the world!"

Red Sun Martial Saint laughed.

"Still got some backbone? That's interesting. I've changed my mind. You're not afraid of death, right? In that case, I'll let you watch as your disciples are eradicated like ants before your eyes."

His words were understated, yet filled with a cold, icy ruthlessness.

Once his voice fell.

A colossal crimson hand formed, sweeping down upon Taoist Longshan with overwhelming force, like a giant against an ant. The two were not even on the same scale. Everyone was in awe of the Martial Saint's power, while the True Martial Sect's people felt a bit of despair.

However, none showed fear.

Looking at the continually coughing Taoist Longshan, everyone only regretted their inadequate strength.

"Red Sun old dog, if there's a next time, I will surely slay you!" Ye Qinghe coldly shouted, his pupils tinged with blood.

"An ant dares to challenge the full moon?" Red Sun Martial Saint sneered.

The gigantic hand descended oppressively.

Everyone held their breath.

Taoist Longshan sighed softly, not expecting to fall on the eve of the True Martial Sect's rise. He had given it his all, but the difference was simply too vast.

At this moment.

A dragon's roar echoed across the sky, making everyone's soul tremble. They heard immense fury from that roar.

Instinctively, everyone looked over.

A white True Dragon emerged from the fog, its might unparalleled and exuding a suffocating pressure. The True Dragon arrived, summoning wind and rain, overturning the seas, countless warships swaying side to side. Celestial Human Realm experts were all astonished. The True Dragon exhaled, a white streak suddenly rushed out, shattering the crimson giant hand suppressing the True Martial Sect into pieces.

Roar!!

The True Dragon's long howl shook everyone to the core.

But what captured everyone's attention was the young Daoist standing atop the True Dragon's head, dressed in white, transcending the mundane.

He uttered not a word, but merely stared coldly at Red Sun Martial Saint, yet everyone inexplicably felt a chill to their bones, as if calamity was looming.

Another Ancient Saint?

But someone had already recognized the newcomer, eyes filled with disbelief.

Who else could it be if not the young Daoist from the True Martial Sect who had not appeared?

Chapter 356: The Young Taoist_3

The members of the True Martial Sect were incredibly excited, each trembling with excitement. Taoist Longshan let out a long breath, his eyes full of relief. He wasn't afraid of death, only afraid that these disciples still growing strong would die with him, and that would be a real pity.

Taoist Longshan, Ye Qinghe, and a few others who knew Ning Qi's identity felt somewhat reassured. The other third-generation disciples stared wide-eyed, filled with shock and excitement:

"Ninth Master Uncle is actually this powerful?"

Although they didn't know Ning Qi's exact age, they knew he was very, very young.

The next moment.

The Red Sun Martial Saint answered their doubts.

"Which fellow Daoist has descended?" The Red Sun Martial Saint was somewhat uncertain and surprised.

He perceived the same ancient aura from Ning Qi, obviously also an Ancient Saint resurrected to the present, but for a moment, he couldn't quite discern Ning Qi's origin. Just from the white dragon aura

beneath the young Taoist's feet, he knew that this person in front of him had extraordinary mastery over spiritual power, someone with such abilities could not possibly be an unknown figure.

Ning Qi ignored him.

He rode the white dragon and landed in front of the True Martial Sect crowd, looking at the bloodstains on Taoist Longshan's Taoist robe and his debilitated aura, his eyes turned even colder.

He circulated the Gang Qi within him, transforming it into a majestic vitality, injecting it into Taoist Longshan. Like withered wood meeting spring, Taoist Longshan's state rapidly recovered at a visible speed. This display made the pupils of the Red Sun Martial Saint contract again, a few names flashing in his mind but then dismissed one by one.

"What a grand stance you have, fellow Daoist!" The Red Sun Martial Saint snorted coldly, his eyes gradually turning hostile.

Ning Qi still did not respond.

He turned his head to look at the others, Ye Qinghe quickly disclosed to Ning Qi everything that had happened before.

Ning Qi listened.

His expression became increasingly calm.

Repeatedly being ignored, the Red Sun Martial Saint gradually lost patience. Even as an Ancient Saint, even the Great Yan Martial Saint must treat him with respect. The reason he was so courteous was only because he didn't want to create unnecessary enemies, but Ning Qi's continued disregard made him feel humiliated.

"A hidden and elusive character..." Before the shout was finished.

Ning Qi acted again.

He waved his hand, and numerous Celestial Swords gathered in mid-air. As this signature ultimate skill was unleashed, everyone was utterly stunned, and the identity of the young Taoist became glaringly obvious.

Celestial Sword True Man?!

But wasn't Celestial Sword True Man an aged, decrepit old man? How could he be so young, could this be his true identity?

Everyone's heart was filled with shock.

Especially Luofu Sword Venerate, whose body couldn't help but tremble, for Celestial Sword True Man had already become a shadow in his mind. Now that he suddenly appeared in front of him, he instinctively leaned towards the Red Sun Martial Saint, but in the next moment, his body trembled even more violently.

In the skies above, hundreds of Celestial Swords split into three.

One aimed at Luofu Sword Venerate, another at Black Death Blade Venerate, and the last targeted White Eyebrow Ascendant.

In Ning Qi's heart.

These three deserved death.

The undisguised killing intent caused all three to drastically change their expressions, their eyes filled with fear. The terrifying blade aura left them utterly at a loss, and Luofu Sword Venerate screamed shrilly:

"Martial Saint, save me!"

The other two also rushed towards the Red Sun Martial Saint.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's expression was even uglier, he didn't care about the lives of these three, but this move undoubtedly ignored his presence, a contempt that ignited his rage.

"Such gall! I must see who you really are!"

He stepped out from his golden palanquin, pointed a finger, and a Great Sun Compass immediately appeared before his chest. It was covered with numerous intricate patterns, dizzying to behold, seemingly engraving images of exotic beasts.

The compass spun slowly, with a humming sound echoing through the sky, making everyone feel anxious, finally locking onto a bird-like exotic beast.

The next moment.

Firelight erupted, accompanied by a sharp screech, a Golden Crow emerged from the compass.

With the appearance of the Golden Crow, the temperature rose sharply, evaporating the sea into a massive pit, a spectacular sight. Three streams of True Flame spewed from the Golden Crow's mouth, intercepting the Celestial Swords in three different directions.

Ning Qi wanted to kill, but he insisted on saving!

Everyone held their breath.

The duel between two Ancient Saints made their scalps tingle, a careless move could cost them dearly.

Ning Qi's expression remained as calm as still water.

He stood in the void, the white dragon beneath him roared and charged, stirring up clouds and rain, pillars of water soared into the sky, forming a cage to trap the True Flame. Ning Qi wielded the Small True Martial Seal's mysteries, suppressing the space, instantly halting the aggressive True Flame of the Golden Crow.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's expression changed drastically, as he tried to change his tactics, it was already too late, helplessly watching as those Celestial Swords bore down upon them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Though the three Celestial Being List experts were indeed powerful, compared to Ning Qi, they were far inferior.

In the face of the Celestial Swords, they had no ability to resist.

The Celestial Swords swept the earth.

Countless people were speechless, staring in stunned silence at this scene, as the ocean capsized, even the seabed was exposed.

When everything calmed down.

Where were the traces of the three Luofu Sword Venerate?

Not even a crumb remained.

Everyone shivered involuntarily, looking at the young Taoist with deep reverence.

This Celestial Sword True Man... what a deadly nature!

Indeed, to see him is far more terrifying than tales.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's furious roar broke the silence:

"Good! Very good! It seems you really wish to break off relations, this Saint doesn't care who you are, if you don't leave something behind today, others will think the Red Sun is weak and easy to bully!"

His face was so dark it could drip water, the compass on his chest started to spin rapidly, unleashing streaks of brilliant crimson and gold light.

Chapter 357: The Young Taoist_4

Originally, he just did it out of defiance, but now it's a battle of dignity.

A round of the Great Sun floated in the sky, the Golden Crow spread its wings, becoming more ferocious and terrifyingly hot, making even the Celestial Human Realm martial artists sweat profusely. The other martial artists felt parched, as if their life would be cut off the next second. If they weren't at a distance, they would instantly turn into dried corpses, or even become dust.

The seawater was evaporated into white mist, and the white mist was burned away, causing the whole sea surface to continuously descend without surrounding water filling in. Where the two stood, a terrifying sea hole was formed.

This scene was incredibly frightening, and countless people were shocked by the strength of the Ancient Saint.

Yet Ning Qi remained very calm.

"Those who insult my master shall die."

The faint words brimmed with killing intent, the three before were just appetizers, Red Sun Martial Saint was the root of it all.

The Red Sun Martial Saint before him was far inferior to Taoist Baishan and Barbarian Emperor, at best on par with Buddha Baoshu. Previously, he had no fear of Buddha Baoshu at True Profound Mountain, and over time, during his trials with Blade Demon, his mastery over spiritual power had only continued to advance his strength, so naturally he wouldn't fear the Red Sun Martial Saint now.

The Yu King Pearl trembled, giving it its all, the White Dragon Scale Armor shone brightly, dragon claws frosty and eager to tear through the void.

In the next moment.

The White Dragon and the Golden Crow clashed fiercely.

Pitches of black cracks formed where the two spiritual beasts fought, quickly dissipating, with ripples oscillating the sky and the surrounding power of heaven and earth becoming chaotic.

"This is the Ancient Saint who once appeared at True Profound Mountain, who would have thought he's from the True Martial Sect! No wonder the True Martial Sect rose so quickly, to have an Ancient Saint as their foundation!"

Someone recognized Ning Qi from his appearance at True Profound Mountain and exclaimed.

They saw.

The White Dragon was evidently superior, fiercely suppressing the Golden Crow. If not for the Great Sun Compass continuously supplying spiritual power, the Golden Crow would have already shown signs of decline.

But even so, the difference in strength was clear at a glance.

Red Sun Martial Saint's expression turned ugly. Suddenly, he seemed to remember something, exclaiming in shock and rage:

"Who are you? If you're an Ancient Saint, you can't enter the True Martial Hall, who are you really?!"

He harbored a terrible suspicion but found it hard to believe.

Ning Qi merely smiled calmly:

"A frog at the bottom of a well."

The Red Sun Martial Saint's face flushed crimson from the scorn, feeling immensely uncomfortable, unable to help but question if there was truly some secret he was unaware of.

Ning Qi formed hand seals.

Spiritual power changed unpredictably.

The so-called White Dragon and Golden Crow were merely appearances, the deepest contest was in their mastery over spiritual power.

Having figured out the Red Sun Martial Saint's details, Ning Qi ceased to hold back.

With coldness in his eyes, Red Sun Martial Saint insulted his master, he must die!

Even if he couldn't kill him now, he would remember this account and make him pay dearly.

Energy surged within.

Ning Qi's strength was never just from the Yu King Pearl.

Discarding those Martial Saint Secret Treasures, his own power was far more terrifying than the current Ancient Saints!

The Bridge of Celestial Being operated, Three Flowers Gathering at the Top.

Strands of power of heaven and earth gathered, ignoring the chaotic environment.

Then, under all the shocked gazes.

One after another Celestial Swords formed, the current scene far more terrifying than before, the Celestial Swords vast as stars, densely filling the void, an endless aura so sharp even the Red Sun Martial Saint's eyes showed incredulity.

It was unmistakable, this was purely the explosive power of the manifestation of the power of heaven and earth.

Ning Qi's gaze was calm and cold.

"All Swords Return to the Root!"

Chapter 358: Fiercely Beating the Ancient Saint

Watching the myriad Celestial Swords above the sky, the Red Sun Martial Saint was shaken, a look of disbelief in his eyes.

"How can one person possibly command such immense Power of Heaven and Earth? Could it be some special Secret Treasure?"

A tempest raged in his heart.

It's understandable why he thought this way.

It was truly incredible; one Celestial Sword was already powerful enough, but a myriad Celestial Swords? That was a force even the Ancient Saints feared and respected. It must be known that every epoch's

prodigies built unparalleled foundations far beyond ordinary Celestial Beings, essentially becoming invincible within the Celestial Human Realm.

But the young Taoist before him had a foundation even stronger than theirs.

This was somewhat beyond his understanding.

"What is this person's true origin?" Thoughts spun in his mind, countless figures appearing and disappearing.

But there was no more time for him to ponder.

The myriad Celestial Swords launched their attack.

The ocean was entirely suppressed.

The countless onlookers were aghast, having retreated again and again since the battle's start, yet now forced to keep retreating, nearly unable to see the shadows of the two combatants. Some Martial Artists with lower cultivation could only judge the progress of the battle by the changes in aura.

Ye Qinghe's mouth was slightly agape:

"Is this what Jiu looks like when he goes all out? Truly impressive!"

Her heart was filled with astonishment and immense relief.

The little brat who used to follow her around has unknowingly become so powerful, now a towering pillar of the True Martial Sect.

One after another, disciples of the True Martial Sect shivered with excitement.

They simply believed Ning Qi was the reincarnation of an Ancient Saint, completely immersed in the battle before them.

Under countless awe-struck gazes.

The Celestial Swords descended like stars, carving tiny cracks in the void with their extreme sharpness.

Ning Qi didn't probe with Sword Qi; he went all out from the start.

The Red Sun Martial Saint felt immense pressure, roaring furiously at the sky. The Great Sun behind him exploded with unabashed might, golden-red rays bursting forth, the Compass spinning rapidly, a majestically fierce Fire Lion charging out, followed by countless Fire Crows.

Both had already exerted their full strength.

Fire Crows incinerated the sea, Celestial Swords subdued the sun.

This scene reflected in everyone's eyes, destined to be remembered for a lifetime.

Rumble! Rumble!!

Terrifying roars echoed without end.

The Celestial Swords pierced through each Fire Crow, unstoppable, as the Golden Crow and Fire Lion both charged forth but were suppressed by the encirclement of Celestial Swords. The terrifying quantity overwhelmed the quality, dyeing the sky crimson. The two sides held firm, but it was clear that the Celestial Sword's sharpness remained undiminished.

Ning Qi changed his Sword Technique.

The remaining Celestial Swords transformed once more.

In the next moment, a giant Celestial Sword coalesced, resembling a sword-shaped ancient mountain, not only sharper but exuding an overwhelmingly heavy aura, advancing with grand majesty to further suppress the Red Sun Martial Saint.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's expression changed dramatically, a thick sense of threat prickling his entire body with alarm.

Almost without hesitation, he spat out a mouthful of Spirit Blood, feeling deep pain, his heart bleeding, but helpless.

The originally dim Great Sun was nourished by Spirit Blood, exploding with brilliant radiance once more.

The giant Celestial Sword collided with the crimson Great Sun.

The terrifying booming sounds plunged heaven and earth into temporary silence, everyone stared blankly at the scene, followed by an explosion of sound, causing everyone to cover their ears in discomfort, some bleeding from seven orifices, hastily consuming life-saving pills, this battle was more perilous than life-or-death struggles themselves, yet many couldn't help but watch.

The light subsided.

The young Taoist stood gracefully on his dragon mount, calmly watching ahead, whereas the Red Sun Martial Saint looked somewhat disheveled, his complexion slightly pale, enraged beyond measure, a sinister glint in his eyes.

"Good! Good! Good! It seems today we fight to the death!" he gnashed his teeth, "Since you don't wish to yield, then let's have a good fight today, even if it means the plans of ten thousand years go up in smoke!"

Ning Qi remained silent, only sneering lightly.

He saw through the other's bravado, pointing out the plans of ten thousand years going up in smoke, merely wanting to intimidate him.

What a pity.

He himself was not an Ancient Saint.

Today, even if he couldn't slay the opponent, he would make him pay a sufficient price—one mouthful of Spirit Blood was far from enough.

Thinking of his master's coughing blood, his eyes turned icy once more.

Power of Heaven and Earth gathered, calming the aura within his body at lightning speed, while the White Dragon beneath him raised its head, ready to strike again, as the Red Sun Martial Saint inwardly cursed but prepared to fight desperately once more. If he left in such disgrace, his reputation would be entirely ruined.

But suddenly.

Both turned simultaneously towards a direction, far out at sea, an elder with blind eyes approached, leaning on a cane, sighing with helplessness.

Thinking of the elder's actions atop True Profound Mountain earlier, Ning Qi's expression slightly changed, while the Red Sun Martial Saint felt a joy in his heart, coldly laughing:

"Today, we'll see who stands supreme!"

He was confident the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint would intervene, thus no longer anxious, not wanting to tarnish his prestige.

Ning Qi, seeing the other's arrogance, remained silent.

Only the White Dragon charged more ferociously.

Should the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint choose to intervene, he was temporarily powerless, but as long as the intervention was not voiced, he would act as if unseen.

Wisps of Spiritual Power made the void tremble.

The White Dragon battered the dim Golden Crow, while the Red Sun Martial Saint resisted without using Spirit Blood amplification. The Great Sun Compass had fallen into his hand at some point, supplying Spiritual Power to its utmost.

Chapter 359: Fiercely Beating the Ancient Saint_2

The Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint had already arrived near.

He was about to speak.

Suddenly.

The usually calm mist changed.

In the stunned expressions of everyone, the mist seemed like a giant beast opening its massive mouth, swallowing the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint.

Ning Qi's eyes flickered, as if understanding something, a slight smile arose in his eyes.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's expression changed drastically.

Ning Qi had no intention of wasting time.

In this brief moment, the Gang Essence within him had recovered greatly. He waved his hand, and the void once again manifested densely packed Celestial Swords. Although not as many as before, it was enough to form another gigantic Celestial Sword.

Watching the gigantic Celestial Sword suppressing down once more, the Red Sun Martial Saint gritted his teeth and spat a mouthful of Spirit Blood. The Great Sun's light soared dramatically as the Golden Crow let out a mournful cry.

The rumbling noise echoed once more across the sky.

But this time.

Ning Qi did not stop.

His eyes glimmered with golden light, filled with cold killing intent. Previously, he had already gauged the Red Sun Martial Saint's true strength — with enough explosive force but only willing to spit one or two bouts of Spirit Blood sparingly. This was the opportunity!

The same tactic naturally couldn't be used a second time.

At this moment.

When the Great Sun and Celestial Sword clashed.

Ning Qi, with heart and mind united, brazenly unleashed the Innate Divine Sword Qi that had been nurtured within him for long!

The strength of "All Swords Return to the Root" lies in its endless continuity and vitality, while the Innate Divine Sword Qi's strength lies in its extreme sharpness and explosiveness. If discussing single-target lethality, the Innate Divine Sword Qi surpasses the gigantic Celestial Sword by a margin.

In the void, a space crack as thick as a finger extended hundreds of zhangs, surprisingly not dissipating immediately.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's expression turned horrified, his pupils filled with disbelief.

But at this moment, he was in a state where his old force was gone while new force had not yet arisen. Although Spirit Blood was useful, it couldn't be spat willingly. His roar was tinged with a hint of fear:

"Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint, save me!"

The mist rolled, but no one emerged.

He felt somewhat desperate, at a critical moment, he could only grit his teeth and cast out the Great Sun Compass. The Golden Crow cried mournfully, pierced by the terrifying sword Qi, and the Great Sun Compass collided with it, emitting a crisp ding, the light dimming even further. The sword Qi flashed momentarily, as a peculiar aura surged from the Red Sun Martial Saint's body, letting out a strange cry. An arm flew into the air, then got shattered into dust, leaving only the Great Sun Compass being swept back by the sword Qi's aftershock.

Ning Qi's eyebrow raised slightly.

Indeed, this Ancient Saint was difficult to kill.

But he wouldn't give up.

He prepared to forcefully nurture a second Innate Divine Sword Qi.

Ning Qi took a step forward, his entire body radiating light. He struck out a palm, causing the void to tremble. His physical body was incredibly powerful. A slap landed on the Red Sun Martial Saint's mouth, knocking out several teeth instantly, spraying blood wildly. Ning Qi sighed, truly the Ancient Saint had tough skin and thick flesh. Others would have been reduced to blood mist by now.

The members of the True Martial Sect watched with extreme excitement, their blood boiling.

Taoist Longshan's mouth, without knowing when, had slightly curved upward.

Ning Qi landed a few more slaps, seizing an opening to treat the Red Sun Martial Saint like a soccer ball, kicking him away.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

On the sea, the young Taoist was unimaginably fierce.

The Red Sun Martial Saint was sent flying several hundred zhangs, his eyes bloodshot.

The utter humiliation!

The utter humiliation indeed!

His furious aura surged, he was ready to risk it all in a death struggle.

A soft sigh sounded, and Ning Qi's fist was halted by an irresistible force, gently causing him to retreat. His gaze flickered, sword Qi swept up the fallen Great Sun Compass, retreating, knowing to quit while ahead. The forcibly nurtured Innate Divine Sword Qi within him gradually calmed.

At some point, the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint had appeared between the two of them.

"Red Sun, stop it. If you exhaust your Spirit Blood, you'll have to start over," the old man sighed gently.

The violent aura of the Red Sun Martial Saint was soothed by a powerful force, yet his eyes were entirely bloodshot, like a fierce beast ready to devour people. He glared at Ning Qi, wishing to tear him limb from limb. Though losing an arm didn't affect his prowess as a Martial Saint, being beaten up in front of so many people drove him to madness.

"He must pay the price!" the Red Sun Martial Saint shouted furiously.

Ning Qi met his gaze calmly:

"Then continue, I'm not afraid."

The Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint felt a headache, he glanced imperceptibly at the young Taoist, a ripple in his heart arose, this child was truly extraordinary. He then looked at the Red Sun Martial Saint, finally saying:

"Today's matter ends here."

Ning Qi knew it was impossible to continue further, and having not suffered any loss, he naturally nodded quietly.

But how could the Red Sun Martial Saint agree?

He suffered great losses today.

His dignity shattered.

In the future, he feared becoming a laughingstock.

"Absolutely impossible!" his eyes were icy cold.

The blind old man suddenly turned his head, his hollow gaze sending chills down to the soul. He stared at the Red Sun Martial Saint, calmly stating:

"I said, it's over."

The Red Sun Martial Saint seemed to have been doused with a bucket of cold water, his original anger and resentment immediately extinguished completely, his expression fluctuated, finally clenching his teeth and saying:

"Fine, for the sake of the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint's face!"

But in his heart, he was thinking that if he found an opportunity when the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint was absent, he'd surely reclaim today's humiliation entirely!

When the Spiritual Awakening occurred, and the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint was too occupied, that might be his chance.

He had vaguely gauged the details of the young Taoist before him, seeming not to be an Ancient Saint. Although his foundation was beyond ordinary and his methods were peculiar, his background was not as deep as his own.

With this thought, he coldly glanced at Ning Qi, gradually calming his anger.

"Return the Great Sun Compass to me!"

Ning Qi's face remained unwavering:

"What compass, never seen it."

The Red Sun Martial Saint was furious beyond measure. He had clearly seen this kid pull the compass back when he was unable to control it, making it disappear. And now, daring to lie through his teeth, utterly shameless!

"You're talking nonsense, it was clearly you who took it!" he looked towards the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint.

Ning Qi, with an innocent expression, said:

"Honestly never seen it, a low-quality item like that might have been just shattered by my sword Qi just now."

The Red Sun Martial Saint was infuriated even more.

The Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint said somewhat helplessly:

"Young friend..."

Ning Qi felt some regret, originally he wanted to take the Great Sun Compass to study it, to see how it differed from the Yu King Pearl. But now it seemed, he might have to return it, given the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint's strength, he couldn't go too far.

But at this moment.

A loud boom reverberated.

Everyone's attention was drawn over.

They saw the originally covering mist around the sea suddenly surge violently, then begin to rapidly contract. An isolated island appeared before everyone's eyes, its scenery unseen, entirely shrouded in mist, only vague glimpses of Immortal Crane Spirit Beasts flying, a gentle breeze revealing faint glimpses of Immortal Palaces within.

Many martial artists were shocked.

"Is this the true appearance of the True Martial Hall? Isn't it a Celestial Palace fallen to the mortal world?"

The majority of people here had never set foot on the island, at this moment all were stirred with excitement, some couldn't restrain themselves from moving towards the isolated island.

But in the next instant.

Those people stopped in horror.

Boom!

Another thunderous boom.

The sea overturned, and sky-reaching water columns shot straight into the clouds.

Then.

The island hiding the Celestial Palace 'came to life', accompanied by a long, ancient howl. The island floated in mid-air, endless waves cascading down its sides, under the cover of the white mist, resembling a divine waterfall from the Heavenly Palace.

Everyone was struck dumb with amazement.

This was no ordinary island.

It was obviously a colossal turtle beast!

The giant turtle exceeded a thousand zhangs, at this moment holding up its head, roaring deeply. Its four limbs moved like heavenly pillars stepping on the sea, and its tail, like a spirit snake, coiled within the mist.

Ning Qi's mind was shaken, in awe, he finally understood what the traces he had discovered when searching the True Martial Underground Palace years ago were — it was this giant turtle.

He and the giant turtle locked eyes, noticing that familiar admiring expression, further affirming his previous speculation.

The Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint wasn't suddenly wrapped into the white mist for no reason, Ning Qi's mouth couldn't help but curve slightly, he knew the whereabouts of the Great Sun Compass was probably already determined.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's face, however, gradually turned sullen.

The giant turtle moved its gaze, finally settling on the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint, its deep voice resonating across the sky:

"Old friend, long time no see."

Chapter 360: Ancient Saint Tianjian

The Profound Turtle carried the True Martial Hall on its back.

Its entire body was shrouded in White Mist, mysterious and unfathomable, as if it were a mythical beast from ancient history. Everyone held their breath, the invisible pressure preventing them from acting presumptuously, especially since some had previously suggested blowing up White Mist Island; now they trembled even more.

Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint's gaze fell on the giant turtle, seemingly displeased. Had the turtle not suddenly pulled him into the White Mist, the dispute would have already ended.

However.

He glimpsed the giant turtle's protective intent towards Ning Qi, and a realization dawned on him.

"Long time no see," a weathered voice spoke. "You do not seem to be in a good state."

The blind old man frowned, sensing that the life force of the giant turtle was not as strong and exuberant as before, which was unusual. He glanced thoughtfully at Ning Qi.

The giant turtle raised its head:

"I'm fine, just not dead yet."

Ning Qi remained silent.

With the two great figures speaking, no one else dared interrupt. The Red Sun Martial Saint wanted to speak several times but held back.

The giant turtle did not look at him.

Its appearance was solely to support Ning Qi, as long as Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint understood. The giant turtle spoke a few words, its enormous pupils gradually closing, as if to fall asleep, with a deep voice:

"I'll sleep for some time, call me if there's an emergency."

The white mist covering its body began to glow, and the Immortal Palace Spirit Beast on its back became more blurred and aesthetic, invoking a sense of longing.

The massive body descended again, stirring up stormy waves.

In just a few breaths, the once enormous body completely vanished from the sea surface, and the Black Sand Sea, once a marvel of white mist, became extremely ordinary again. People looked on in confusion and finally confirmed that the True Martial Hall was indeed carried by a gigantic turtle.

If they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, they never would have believed it.

Gratitude welled up in Ning Qi's heart, but his expression remained unchanged as the turtle left, its departing gaze holding a hint of a mischievous smile.

The Red Sun Martial Saint was about to speak.

But the Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint spoke first:

"Enough, let's end this matter here."

The words were calm and powerful, leaving no room for argument.

Ning Qi slightly bowed, a gesture of respect for an unparalleled powerhouse.

The Red Sun Martial Saint's pupils contracted repeatedly, his face alternating between green and white, and finally, he snorted coldly. He looked at Ning Qi with a venomous gaze:

"Some things, if taken by force, beware of breaking your hand!"

This was the Lifebound Secret Treasure of the Ancient Saint, embedded with numerous imprints, and forcibly using it could result in backlash.

Ning Qi was indifferent, not bothering to respond.

Heaven-Slaying Martial Saint shook his head slightly and stepped away.

The Red Sun Martial Saint snorted coldly and also vanished into the sky, with several Celestial Human Realm martial artists carrying a golden chariot hurriedly following, fearing that if they delayed, they would be killed by this young Taoist with a single sword stroke; even the Ancient Saint had suffered a setback, so they dared not be presumptuous.

One after another, eyes filled with awe turned to Ning Qi.

Today's battle was unparalleled.

Two Ancient Saints fought fiercely, boiling the seas with their might, terrifying and beyond imagination.

Especially Ning Qi's identity astonished them; the reputedly world-renowned True Man Tianjian was actually an Ancient Saint, and a youthful one at that, completely upending everyone's understanding.

Furthermore, the revelation of the True Martial Hall's Inheritance Island amazed them.

Every incident made everyone feel exhilarated.

Ning Qi ignored those gazes.

He landed beside Taoist Longshan and said in a low voice:

"Master, this disciple is incompetent and failed to slay that Red Sun; when I find the opportunity in the future, I will undoubtedly avenge today's disgrace for you."

Taoist Longshan merely smiled and waved his hand.

If pursued further, the Red Sun Martial Saint was far more miserable; exchanging with an Ancient Saint one-for-one was not a loss!

"Do not act impulsively; your future is boundless. If you lack patience, you may ruin grand plans. You have already done well, and I am most gratified."

Ning Qi remained silent.

He had already sentenced the Red Sun Martial Saint to death in his heart.

Taoist Longshan saw Ning Qi's silence and knew what he was thinking, shook his head helplessly, and said no more. Seeing the awe-filled gazes around, he knew this was not a place to stay for long.

"Let's go back."

Ning Qi nodded, waving his hand, the vast Power of Heaven and Earth enveloped everyone, flying rapidly, and they disappeared over the Black Sand Sea.

The previously quiet atmosphere gradually became lively.

Excited discussions resounded across the sea, with people commenting on the recent events and sharing their insights. Some even sneaked into the sea to search, hoping to find any remnants of useful items left by the Inheritance Island.

As the events here spread.

The entire world was shaken once more.

This time.

The battle between the two Ancient Saints became the focal point, although it was essentially a one-sided bout, with the Red Sun Martial Saint becoming a backdrop while Ning Qi's fame soared.

Some called him the Ancient Saint Tianjian, while others referred to him as the White Dragon Ancient Saint.

In any case.

The reputation of the True Martial Sect rose once more, having been significantly diminished during the era of the Ancient Saints' return. But now, the True Martial Sect had produced another Ancient Saint, astonishing everyone.

There was also talk of the True Martial Hall's inheritance.

Some believed it was merely an arbitrary act by the ancient gigantic turtle, feeling disturbed and leaving; others thought otherwise, certain that the inheritance had already been taken.

Some observant individuals, noting the giant turtle's vague support for Ning Qi's actions, concluded that the True Martial Sect had indeed obtained the True Martial Hall's inheritance.

But no evidence was available.

Numerous theories circulated vociferously, but no one dared to verify them.

...

At the Bright Martial Pavilion.

The numerous core members of the True Martial Sect gathered eagerly, their expressions excited. They had heard of Ning Qi's formidable feat of violently beating the Ancient Saint Red Sun, which filled them with fervor.