

## Longevity 541

Chapter 541 - Green Emperor's Prayer Wishes to Reappear, a Glimmer of Hope Lies in the Two Youngsters\_3

As he spewed Divine Fire, trying to burn off the "Dog Skin Plaster" sticking to his mouth, Yang Longxi, seeing his own schemes had succeeded, couldn't help but burst into wild laughter:

"A bunch of juniors must now recognize the methods of the Dragon Rhino Ancestor."

"Don't cry, don't cry, your ability to struggle to this point is already praiseworthy."

"Moreover, after I succeed, it won't even count as a bad thing for you, nor can it even be considered a failure."

"I heard from my beloved disciple Sanyuan that you group of Great Sect talents have supported this kid with the Ancestor Dragon Bloodline, who's stuck to my mouth now, and together you've built the Ancestor Dragon Society, aiming for national salvation and the well-being of the world, so that tens of millions of mortals here no longer have to suffer from the Evil Demon's harassment, the trampling of wars, or the ravages of plagues."

"If that is your wish, this old ancestor can also realize it for you."

"Back in the day, I, Yang Longxi, also harbored such grand aspirations, and truly achieved them. While I may not have been the best Emperor, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say 'the country was peaceful and the people safe' when I was on the throne."

"Once my true body descends to this world, I will surely spread the Dragon Rhino Dao Power throughout this province, using my Dao to rescue these ignorant masses, hoping that everyone can transform into dragons and achieve Great Freedom... As long as the tens of millions in New Moon Province all become my Dragon Sons and Grandsons, all cultivate my 'Nine Revolutions Dragon God Scripture,' venerate me as the Daoist Ancestor, praise my honored name, and follow my Dao Path, naturally there will be no illness, no catastrophe."

"After a thousand years, this mortal world's charm is still intoxicating; this old ancestor simply cannot wait any longer."

Yang Longxi clearly saw that with every word he spoke, the expressions of Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, Lin Ru Niu, and other disciples of the Great Sects became uglier.

Even fear that they dared not believe began to emerge on their faces.

Almost simultaneously, they turned their heads to look at him.

Seeing this, the old monster felt extremely satisfied.

He thought his methods had completely subdued these talented juniors.

Little did they know, what Zhong Ziyang and the others were staring at... was Ying Qingdi.

In the minds of the nine of them, a revelation was thundering back.

It was Tao Qian's secret disclosure from the beginning.

"It's true, it's the prayer of Ying Qingdi."

"The rebellion succeeded, saving All People, freeing millions of New Moon from numerous calamities in this way?"

"Are our efforts and struggles nothing but a joke?"

"Is this the truth? Is this the conclusion?"

It's no wonder Zhong Ziyang and the others would think this way, acting so out of character.

When Tao Qian disclosed the secret, he mentioned many examples of how Ying Qingdi had realized his wishes from childhood in a special way.

But those instances were minor, inconsequential.

All the talents believed that with their methods, if they united against him, they could change the outcome.

Who would have thought that the final outcome would be like this; naturally, they were unable to accept it.

Just as they were overwhelmed and somewhat in a daze, abruptly, a message entered their ears:

"My friends, do not be disheartened."

"This is not over yet. I am sure that old monster will not get the Demon Pill, just look inside the Evil Cave."

These words, had they come from someone else, might not have been believed.

But coming from the Brother Lin Ru Niu, who had given them surprises several times before, the effect was different.

The nine, including Zhong Ziyang, hurriedly looked towards the corpse portal following the voice, and at that moment, indeed, there was a change.

On one side of the Evil Cave was Beichan, expert from the Xuan Dao sect, and in the firmament above was the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine, gliding around, devouring corpses for Alchemy.

It was precisely beneath that Demon Machine, a mountain-sized Floating Island suddenly exhibited traces of the Forbidden Technique, before immediately exploding.

A dozen figures flew out from it, the very first one being an odd-looking youngster.

This youngster appeared comical, with green robes, green hair, and a sausage-shaped mouth.

His mood was terrific, and as he flew out, he was grinning broadly.

Anyone could see why he was so delighted: treasures.

The youngster, like a Duobao Child on a tour out of the mountains, was adorned with treasures all over his body; rainbows and radiant lights, Immortal Radiance and Buddha Light, arose in strands, soaring through the sky.

His usual singing catchphrase also came through the portal: "I am a Wild Leek from the mountains, I come to this place to pick up treasures..."

Halfway through his song, he suddenly saw the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine moving above.

Far from showing fear on his face, he became even more excited, turning his head and shouting to two figures behind him:

"Little Age, Lian Jing'er."

"Quick, don't say Brother Shan Jiu doesn't look after you, there's a big thing up there, it's your favorite kind."

"Mealtime, mealtime."

Chapter 542 - The Mechanical Taisui Breaks the Evil Curse, Green Emperor Returns to Righteousness and Receives Heavenly Punishment

A Disturbance Within the Evil Cave: Jia Sanyuan, this rotten meat puppet, activated a Forbidden Technique to blow himself up along with his entire household, to refine a Demon Pill for Yang Longxi, welcoming this old monster into the mortal world.

From the perspective of others, it seemed like the formidable abilities of Yang Longxi, this Alchemist elder, were at play.

Yet in the eyes of those who knew the truth, such as Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, and Lin Bujue, it was clear that besides the old monster's cunningness, the real cause was Ying Qingdi.

It was this Yellow Robed God Son!

Each time he prayed, he could invoke the Divine Power of Outer Realm Evil Gods to influence worldly events, but the outcomes were always dire, grotesque and disturbing.

Ying Qingdi hoped the rebellion would succeed, and envisioned tens of millions in New Moon Province free from illness and calamity.

This was his most sincere wish from the depths of his heart.

However, the method his father, also known as [Yellow Robed Evil God] employed to fulfill it, was to allow Yang Longxi, an old monster in the Daoist Transformation Realm, to successfully descend to the world, and with his "Nine Revolutions Dragon God Scripture," to turn tens of millions into Dragon Beasts. The notion that everyone could become dragons, although they would lose their selves, indeed stepped them into the realm of the Transcendent.

Immortality wasn't possible, but ordinary illnesses and plagues could indeed do them no harm.

As for Evil Demons?

Once it happened, tens of millions in New Moon would themselves become Evil Demons.

Heavenly Talents originally thought they had some success in preventing it, not expecting that they were all within the control of the Yellow Robed Evil God.

Despite being struck repeatedly, even after hearing Tao Qian's transmissions and seeing new disturbances arising within the Evil Cave,

Zhong Ziyang and the others still scarcely believed there could be any reversal.

But soon, they all saw it was indeed different this time.

Shan Jiu appeared laden with treasures, attracting much attention.

Yet in the next moment, the appearance and actions of Little Age and Lian Jing'er drew away all gazes.

This included Yin Susu.

As an "acquaintance" of Tao Qian, she should have recognized the two youngsters instantly.

Yet, given the great distance and the drastic changes in both Little Age and Lian Jing'er, accompanied not by a male cultivator, but by a comically strange Wild Leek Demon and a female cultivator of the Devil Clan,

The Daughter of Devil God felt a vague familiarity upon seeing them but didn't recognize them immediately.

Without waiting for her to look longer, the two children bypassed Shan Jiu's body and promptly saw the [Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine] devouring corpses with abandon.

Immediately, their eyes lit up with an increased appetite.

As usual, it was Lian Jing'er who flew forward, with the Creation Treasure Wheel suspended behind her emitting brilliant light, fixing the Demon Machine.

In her hand, a three-pronged fork, ancient and mottled, forged from ancient bronze, was about to morph to dismantle the Forbidden Technique within the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine.

But what came forth was a monotonous, dense chant:

"Taishang Nine Revolutions Dragon Rhino Daoist Ancestor once summoned creatures from the Ten Directions in the Ten Thousand Dragon Cave Heaven, holding a gathering and expounding the Sublime Dharma. There was a Dragon King who approached the Daoist Ancestor and said: 'Yanfu Living Beings suffer due to their frail mortal bodies...'"

The source was none other than Jia Sanyuan, who used his body to block the orifice at the top of the Demon Machine.

This Jade-faced Immortal Man has truly been exploited to the extreme by his Master.

The "Dragon Rhino Dao Power" released with the chanting clashed against the luminous glow of Lian Jing'er's Creation Treasure Wheel, resulting in a deadlock for a moment.

However soon, Jia Sanyuan's blood-flesh, filled with sinister filth, suddenly caught Shan Jiu's attention.

Before the eyes of the crowd, the Wild Leek Demon hurriedly stuffed many treasures he had scavenged within the Evil Cave into his Leek Bag while shouting:

"Don't panic, Lian Jing'er, Brother Shan Jiu is here to help you."

"This pile of flesh reeks terribly but looks rather tasty, peculiar indeed."

"No matter, no matter, let's try it first."

Before he could finish,

A flash of green light.

The figure of the Wild Leek Demon had already passed Lian Jing'er and silently landed atop the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine.

Strangely enough, the Dragon Rhino evil power, potent enough to corrupt almost all life, was unable to turn Shan Jiu into Dragon Jiu.

In an instant, as the evil power approached him, a burst of colorful divine light erupted within the demon's body, not only neutralizing the evil power but also reversing it, contaminating the puppet that Jia Sanyuan had become.

The lump of flesh, devoid of its Three Souls and Seven Spirits, showed signs of growth once more.

This spectacle made many spectators' eyelids twitch, astonished.

"How is this possible?"

"There are countless types of Source Power in the Cultivation World, and they vary in strength. The Dragon Rhino evil power is no doubt among the highest ranks, yet it was neutralized and repelled by that radiance. It's clear which is stronger. Could the origin of this Wild Leek Demon be more astonishing than that of Yang Longxi, an old monster in the Daoist Transformation Realm?"

"While it's true that leeks becoming demons isn't the only instance in the world, it's certainly rare. How come we've never heard of such an entity before?"

The cultivators wondered, but Shan Jiu couldn't care less.

This Wild Leek Demon was always straightforward, eating when he wished, obtaining what he wanted, acting freely.

He moved with Flashing agility, not bothered by the stench of Jia Sanyuan, and after toppling him, Shan Jiu smacked his face with a palm, causing half of his head to collapse along with the crackling sound, the chanting halted as well.

"Shut up!"

"How you resemble those pitch-black baldies from Fenhai Temple, so annoying, reciting some nonsense scripture."

"Just be good and become nourishment for me, Shan Jiu."

Before he finished speaking, the sight of Shan Jiu eating, once horrifying to Tao Qian, was now witnessed by numerous cultivators.

Countless fine, tender white roots poured out from beneath Shan Jiu's gown sleeves.

Without mercy, they burrowed into Jia Sanyuan's body. After the first taste, Shan Jiu's eyes also brightened, exclaiming:

"Eh, the taste is actually quite good, somewhat like the dragon meat from our mountains, eel flesh, and a bit of stinky meat sauce mixed with a variety of insects."

Just as Shan Jiu finished his baffling remarks, Jia Sanyuan was gone.

This time, not even rotten flesh remained. After the Dragon Rhino evil power in his body was devoured, what was left was a gooey, foul-smelling, black and yellow substance resembling diarrhea, which seeped into the depths of the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine through the orifice.

Chapter 543 - Mechanical Taisui Breaks the Evil Curse, Green Emperor Returns to Righteousness and Receives Heavenly Punishment\_2

Those objects, which Shan Jiu found contemptible, were indeed genuine trash, making the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine "sneeze" several times in rapid succession, emitting quite a dissatisfied whinny.

The creature was dazed and confused, possessing little wisdom, and had no clue even as a great disaster loomed.

After consuming Jia Sanyuan, Sui Lian Jing'er flew over.

With the Mechanical Creation Secret Technique possessed by her own body, she conjured a key out of thin air and unlocked the mechanical limbs attached to the body of the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine.

No sooner had the Divine Machine Dice appeared than it was dissolved by Sui Lian Jing'er into bronze essence and devoured completely.

Already imbued with "Mechanical Divine Charm," Sui Lian Jing'er evolved once again.

Her body emitted numerous brilliant lights, shining brightly, indeed resembling an ancient Heavenly Court's mechanical Divine General descending to the mortal world, an extraordinariness anyone could see at a glance.

What followed closely was Little Age.

With no suppression artifact and the loss of the Divine Machine Dice, the Outer Realm Evil Spirit Meat God naturally sought rebellion.

Alas, this time it faced a Taisui Spirit God.

The Magical Treasure Valley God Gui in Tao Qian's hand was already quite restraining to the Evil Spirit.

And Little Age, that was an outright bane.

Drawing near, it opened its mouth to release a vast cloud of spore mist large enough to cover an entire mountain.

This was Little Age's innate Divine Power, "Taisui Drunken Divine Spirit Mist," which he did not need to refine; as his body grew, the power of this Divine Power also increased.

All beings of flesh and blood under the sky, be they of the Human Clan, Devil Clan, or God Demon Alien Species,

would all be intoxicated under this spirit mist.

The Meat God was no exception.

With precedent already set, no surprises arose; accompanied by the gush of crimson steam, a blood-flesh creature, like a jelly, emerged.

Back in Golden Sand City, it was merely a head.

But now, this mass was the "Original Machine."

The thing, enormous as several millstones, suspended in the air, nearly intoxicating Little Age with its blood-flesh Exotic Fragrance.

The little thing's drool began to flow from its mouth.

"So fragrant!"

After a shout of joy, Little Age leapt up and plunged into it.

With its tiny mouth open wide, it began to nibble away greedily.

The contrast between their sizes was no different than that between an ant and a giant beast.

Yet within the next few breaths, under the watchful eyes of the survivors from the Ancestor Dragon Society, Seven Evil Sects, Beichan Temple, Xuan Dao Sect, and others, the ant-like Little Age had devoured the "Meat God" until nothing was left.

With a loud pop, the blood vapor in the air dissipated.

Belly swollen and body rounded, Little Age floated down with a face full of satisfied smiles.

Sui Lian Jing'er and Shan Jiu met him, the three Alien Species nonchalantly disregarding any onlookers and discussing the tastes of different parts of the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine as if nobody else were present.

Beside them, in fact, there were quite a few people.

Like the stunningly enchanting Yunrong.

Or the remaining lineage of the Seven Evil Sects, the Sunv Sect, along with a group of Elder vein masters and several Disciples.

But they were all ignored as everyone watched Shan Jiu, Little Age, and Sui Lian Jing'er.

Who could have imagined?

A disaster that could have annihilated New Moon Province was thus resolved by the three little ones.

The Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine was devoured, and the Demon Pill that was about to be refined thus vanished without a trace.

The hope for the descent of Yang Longxi was hence destroyed.

For a moment, the entire Evil Cave fell silent.

And the most astonished were none other than Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, Lin Bujue, and the others who were previously tense to the point of despair.

Each one of them of exceptional wisdom, after the surprise, started to speculate in their hearts:

"The dreadfulness of Ying Qingdi's prayer lies not in Ying Qingdi, but in the Yellow Robed Evil God; without the Power to counter this Evil God's curse, it would certainly be difficult to break such a prayer curse. This Wild Leek Demon, Mechanical Alien Species, Taisui Spirit God seem to all come from extraordinary origins—could there be a presence behind them capable of resisting the Evil God's curse?"

"Those three Alien Species, as well as that female cultivator of the Devil Clan, all seem unlikely to be in charge... the one who earlier reminded us to look at the Evil Cave was clearly Brother Lin; could it be him?"

"That's right, it was Mr. Lin Daoist who revealed the secret of Ying Qingdi's bloodline. Knowing the danger of the curse, he still chose to stay at the Ancestor Dragon Society. Besides shared aspirations and ideals with us, he also likely has countermeasures."

"Brother Lin can contest the Yellow Robed God Son; his background surely isn't inferior to Ying Qingdi. And look at that Toad Pearl, Wa Dang, Oil of the Toad God... Could Brother Lin be the son of the Toad God?"

...

Tao Qian remained oblivious to the fact that he was gradually becoming a figure of mystery in the eyes of his fellow Daoists.

A Spirit Treasure True Inheritor who had been regarded as the son of the Toad God.

Tao Qian knew disaster would not ensue when the Ten Thousand Spirit Demon Machine rampaged through the Evil Cave, and indeed, as soon as Shan Jiu and Sui Lian Jing'er appeared, they vanquished that evil object in a flash.

It should be said that at this time, the crisis was resolved; prayers were answered, curses lifted, and he should have felt joy and relaxed.

Yet inexplicably, Tao Qian was feeling uneasy at this moment.

It was as if he remembered something, and he suddenly turned his head to look elsewhere while telepathically warning the others,

"Not good!"

"Hurry and rescue Ying Qingdi, and if anything goes wrong, kill him first."

Tao Qian responded extremely quickly.

Unfortunately, it was still too late.

As several people turned towards where Ying Qingdi and Yang Longxi were embroiled in battle, the latter having the upper hand, only waiting to use the Nine Revolutions Evil Buddha Dragon Divine Flame to burn all the attendants inside the Outer Realm Evil Treasure, the Yellow Heaven Evil Mirror, to death, so that once the mirror lost its dependents, it could no longer protect Ying Qingdi's charred corpse.

However, what everyone saw at this moment was a scene of reversal:

A multitude of twisted and agonized Yellow Robed Attendants within the treasure domain, their expressions suddenly changed, shifting from wails to sinister smiles.

As if extended from their blood and flesh, the "Yellow Robes" undulating and writhing, dark yellow evil light surging, easily resisting the Divine Fire, and one by one, more figures emerged, each holding a three meters and seven centimeters long, of an unknown material, dark yellow nail.

With a clatter, they actually surrounded Yang Longxi's massive Evil Dragon body tightly.

From under the hood's shadow, each of them spoke human words: "May the soul of the Ancestor Dragon protect you."

They then struck simultaneously.

Nail by nail, they pierced into Yang Longxi's body.

He tried to struggle and resist, but his body was suddenly embraced by the giant spirit charred corpse of Ying Qingdi, unable to move momentarily.

As those eerie nails penetrated his body, Yang Longxi's infant body immediately let out a painful wail, struggling desperately to break free from Ying Qingdi's embrace.

But was it already too late?

The Yellow Heaven Evil Mirror appeared overhead with a flash, displaying the Evil Seal on its surface, slowly descending with a sizzling sound, directly branding Yang Longxi's head.

Once the Evil Seal was formed, not only was Yang Longxi unable to struggle any longer, but he seemed to be experiencing something terrifying, shouting in fear,

"Yellow Robed Evil Seal!"

"You are not of Ancestor Dragon Bloodline, you are the son of the Evil God... stop, I submit, all here I relinquish to you, I give you my infant body too, do not follow me, do not come..."

What was Yang Longxi experiencing?

The others had no time to ponder, as they, including Tao Qian, all rushed towards Ying Qingdi.

While on the outside, it seemed to be nothing more than a charred corpse.

But not a single one of the ten believed that.

In less than half a breath, just in an instant, as everyone rushed halfway, they suddenly took control of Ying Qingdi, the old monster, and his charred exterior crumbled away.

The venerable and handsome president of the Ancestor Dragon Society, Ying Qingdi, reappeared.

Only this time, he seemed to be undergoing a transformation.

Or rather, he was collapsing.

Under the control of some chaotic will, he flipped over to sit on Yang Longxi's skull, as if he was using the Ultimate Happiness Realm's old monster as a mount.

Only it was unknown why?

His face was immensely distorted, immensely pained.

His eyes vacant, he covered his head with both hands, as if undergoing some kind of awakening, and as he received more and more information, the pain on his face and deep in his heart grew unbearably intense.

He looked in disbelief at everything before him, at all the members of the Ancestor Dragon Society, at Zhong Ziyang, at himself.

His mouth agape as if to scream, to roar, but he could not utter a single sound.

This scene struck those who saw it, as if they had been hit by lightning.

Especially Tao Qian, who was using his spiritual vision; his expression was the most troubled, and with some reluctance, he telepathically conveyed to the others,

"Because of his bloodline, the world must appear distorted and chaotic to Ying Qingdi's eyes, a completely different picture."

"He is unaware of the existence of prayers and curses; those sufferings he endured were trials, hardening his will, inciting more actions, and thus leading to even greater evil deeds."

"Just now, my three little ones broke the Yellow Robed Curse by fortunate coincidence, this may allow Ying Qingdi... to awaken?"

"For others, waking from a walk through fire is a great thing."

"But for Ying Qingdi... rearranging chaos, correcting distortions, is an unprecedented torture."

"Past deeds, one by one, are enough to torment and torture him to madness."

Chapter 544 - The Prajna Gold Saber Cuts Through Mortal Ties, Secret Skill of Asura Severs Flesh and Bone

Tao Qian finished speaking, and the illustrious heroes also followed with laments.

If Ying Qingdi were a duplicitous hypocrite harboring malice in his heart, they could have struck him down without any psychological burden, settling their accounts quickly.

But now, it seemed he was not such a person, merely a pitiable one.

Even so, he still needed to be killed.

The reason for their conflicted feelings, including Zhong Ziyang's, was Ying Qingdi's sudden clarity.

"If we kill him while he is twisted in chaos, it would be considered aiding his liberation."

"Killing him while he is clear-minded seems unbearable."

The cultivators sighed and felt repeatedly moved in their hearts, but their intention to kill was by no means diminished, and even grew more intense.

Pity as they might, they still had to kill the man, or future troubles would be endless.

As they pondered, Tao Qian was also surprised by the terrifying sight reflected in his eyes.

High Spirit Vision meant he could see the true nature of the world.

The current "Ying Qingdi," in the eyes of others, was undergoing a transformation and was in agony.

In Tao Qian's eyes, he saw only a vast, chaotic radiance, inside which was a mass of dark yellow flesh, writhing and howling.

At the center of the flesh was a face that was being stretched and spun like a vortex, the face of Ying Qingdi.

It was a dense yellow, overflowing with Evil Light.

After a few more glances, Tao Qian immediately sensed something was wrong.

Numerous "Yellow Robed Evil Seals" were, following his gaze, invading in reverse, and in a moment, his body's exterior, his internal organs, marrow, spirit... all showed signs of erosion.

The Record erupted in his mind: [Suffering from the corrosion of the Yellow Robed Bloodline's Source Power, with a chance to be transformed into a Yellow Robed Blood Slave... Exemption available! Exemption has been used!]

With the Record, the contamination dissolved.

But when he looked again, the Evil Qi returned, forcing Tao Qian to blink and exit the state of spiritual vision.

It was at this moment, he, along with the other heroes, witnessed another horrifying sight:

Whether it was Ying Qingdi's body or soul, most of it was the seed of the Yellow Robed Evil God.

The only thing that was hidden by the chaotic bloodline and tried to distort his "humanity" belonged to the Human Clan, to himself.

The Evil Curse was broken by Tao Qian, together with his subordinates, through a coincidental opportunity, and Ying Qingdi's humanity was restored.

In this way, he came to understand the causes and consequences, realizing how wrong and cruel his life had been.

Even though he was unmatched in battle and his cultivation reached heavenly heights, how could he bear it all at once?

His pained expression and struggling emotions also made everyone else uncomfortable.

Yet, no one dared say they could truly empathize with him.

After all, in this world, aside from himself, there was no other Ying Qingdi.

When he came to his senses, though he was in unbearable pain, his exceptional Spiritual Wisdom made him quickly realize some things that were easy to overlook in his chaotic distortion.

For instance, the secret plots of Tao Qian, Zhong Ziyang, and the other ten.

Realizing this, he was not only unangered but also felt joy mixed with boundless guilt.

Then, as if thinking of something, he suddenly shouted to the ten heroes charging towards him:

"Do not come any closer, you cannot kill me."

"Though I long to die at your hands, it cannot be, for once I suffer severe injury, the source of my bloodline within me will immediately act up, at that time the will of the Evil God taking over my body will send Divine Power, creating a true offspring of the Evil God, and it will be too late for regrets."

"I am aware of my past deeds, fellow Daoists, I, Ying Qingdi, have committed many wrongs, for which a thousand deaths would not suffice."

"Ziyang, besides the mortal heroes who died because of me, you are the one I owe the most."

"By some twisted fate, such is karma, if there is an afterlife, I will surely repay you."

The last two sentences were clearly directed at Zhong Ziyang.

At that moment, Ying Qingdi showed a face twisted with grief and covered in tears, tragic and pitiable.

His spirit, his Three Souls and Seven Spirits, though seemingly intact, were probably shattered to pieces.

He furiously pounded the Yellow Heaven Evil Mirror embedded in the old monster's forehead, looking at its fragile surface that was like steel and iron, allowing him to hammer without any movement or even a muffled sound.

As he vented his frustrations, he also said:

"Fellow Daoists, after my death, use your divine power to destroy all my flesh and bones, leave not a trace behind, lest you bring calamity to the human world."

Anyone hearing these words would know that these were his last.

The resolve to die in his eyes could not be hidden by any means.

After speaking, Ying Qingdi took a special weapon resembling the Jie Robes from his personal treasure bag.

Of unknown material, all that could be seen was the Golden Light surging on it, the blade full of compassion.

As soon as it was extracted, Buddhist chants resounded out of nowhere in the sky.

Immediately after, numerous images of Arhats and Bodhisattvas appeared.

Even someone unacquainted with such matters could see the preciousness of this blade.

Among the heroes, the Shazhei Monk exclaimed upon seeing this:

"This is a treasure from the Dharma Cakra Temple, named the Great Liberation Wisdom Gold Saber, used by the high monks of the temple to extract the root of ignorance."

"Mr. Ying is taking out this saber, could it be that he intends to..."

The Shazhei Monk was cut off mid-sentence when Tao Qian immediately saw that Zhong Ziyang, not far from his side, trembled, unable to hide his sorrow.

In the next moment, Ying Qingdi took action.

He first glanced around at the hundreds of Evil Spirit Servants hidden under the Yellow Robes and then looked at the Yellow Heaven Evil Mirror, the mirror surface immediately reflecting a disheveled, aged, and sorrowful face.

He could be seen with desperation reaching the heavens, resentful rage piercing through hell, half murmuring, half howling:

"I originally thought I, Ying Qingdi, was a cultivator with aspirations, seeking my own path, but in the end, it was all illusion."

"My body and soul are both conceived by the Evil God; coming into this world tainted, I only wish to leave a bit cleaner."

"Let it all return from whence it came, a body empty and clean is best."

Before his voice had faded, Ying Qingdi was seen holding the Prajna Gold Saber.

First, he cut off one of his own arms, then both his legs, and next he sliced open his abdomen, gutting himself and picking his bones... The scene unfolded too quickly for anyone to stop it, not that anyone would.

Under the current circumstance, the Ancestor Dragon Society had completely defeated the Seven Evil Sects and Alchemists.

Within the society, three factions existed, opposing neutrality and allegiance.

Conspirators like Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, and Tao Qian saw this and, while feeling intolerant of the act, they also had complex thoughts: If Ying Qingdi could end himself and thus prevent the descent of the Evil God, it might truly be a great liberation for him, and no one had any reason to stop it.

Those with evil intentions like Yin Susu and Xu Wenkai, the neutral party, felt the shock but also saw an opportunity, and they certainly wouldn't do anything.

The remaining faction, like Pei Hong and Linghu Ying, who were already servants of Ying Qingdi, had no possibility of stopping him.

Therefore, after the shocking scene occurred, the cultivators simply watched on, letting out small cries of alarm.

"Daoist Ancestor above, is Ying Qingdi really emulating the ancient Spirit God who scraped his bones to repay his father and sliced his flesh to repay his mother?"

"Hush, haven't you understood? Our leader is admitting to being the offspring of the Evil God, having committed many sins. He's now returning his Tao Body Dharma Body along with his Three Souls and Seven Spirits to that revered Outer Realm Evil God, dying cleanly to ensure our uprising succeeds."

"I initially didn't want to believe it, but looking at the expressions of Mr. Zhong Daoist and the others, could it really be true?"

"How could this happen? How could this be?"

"Alas, looking back, there were indeed signs – those Yellow Robed Attendants always appeared very sneaky and strange."

...

Who would have thought that after the successful uprising of the Ancestor Dragon Society, such a thing would suddenly erupt.

The "Reincarnated Ancestor Dragon Ying Qingdi", who was always revered, turned out to be the offspring of the Evil God, and from his own account and other information, it seemed he had committed many murderous sins while not in his right mind.

There were no fools present; the mystery unraveled, and with a little thought, they all remembered Ying Qingdi's past deeds of repeated battles despite defeats.

In the uprisings, whether it was cultivators or mortals, the death toll was always high, but... was Ying Qingdi the sole survivor?

Instantly, everyone felt a shiver down their spines.

In such an atmosphere, Ying Qingdi flayed himself with each slice, his actions appearing even more extremely sinister.

The Ancestor Dragon's cultivators were horrified, but for a moment did not know how to react, so they could only silently watch Ying Qingdi's actions.

At this very moment!

On the head of the Evil Dragon, flesh and blood fell piece by piece, plopping down upon the mirror surface, and in no time, there was left only a clean and white as jade, but still holding the Prajna Gold Saber, a skeleton.

Everyone knew: no ordinary blade, no ordinary scraping technique, could leave such cleanliness, at the least there would be some leftover blood and flesh, and ordinary methods couldn't even return the bloodline to the Evil God. If self-mutilation was too severe, it would still trigger a taboo, causing the will of the Evil God to come down from afar.

The Shazhei Monk obviously knew the truth, and after seeing this, his expression became even more complicated as he chanted:

"Om mani padme hum!"

"What Mr. Ying is practicing is the demon path's 'Secret Skill of Asura's Bone and Flesh,' cutting off his connection with the bloodline's source. This method is used to nurture the Asura Demon Soldiers, severing bones and flesh, cutting off worldly ties – thus, 'dust to dust, earth to earth.'"

"Now, with the addition of the Prajna Gold Saber, which digs out the root of ignorance, Mr. Ying isn't just removing his bloodline and bones; he's also severing his Three Souls and Seven Spirits. I'm afraid even his True Spirit will be utterly extinguished."

"Why must it come to this, why?"

After hearing these few lines, everyone present was deeply moved.

Looking down at the feet, indeed the pile of bloody flesh, organs, and bones had somehow turned to ash at some point, blown away by a gust of pre-emptive wind.

Everyone knew that once cultivation reached the level of Cavernous Mystery, true death was extremely difficult.

Especially for cultivators whose backgrounds were not ordinary, even at a dead end, they still had the option to reincarnate and cultivate anew.

But for reincarnation, the soul must exist.

At the least, a trace of the True Spirit must be retained.

If all is extinguished, then it is a complete death, with no trace left in the world.

And what Ying Qingdi was doing now was exactly this.

Everyone looked at the white skeleton, holding the saber and looking around; even without tears flowing, the heart-wrenching pain and the sorrow of the departing soul were still clearly felt.

His dark and hollow eye sockets turned to the people, and his hoarse voice came through:

"My friends, after my death, the Summoning Evil Curse will naturally unravel."

"Members of the Devil God Army, Taiping Army, and Heavenly Corpse Sect, you may be sent off out of the country."

"The entire Ancestor Dragon Society, and all the New Moon People are entrusted to you."

At the last sentence, the skeleton that Ying Qingdi had become suddenly flung the Prajna Gold Saber, embodying his will, to the top of his head.

Bodhisattva Arhats' ethereal images appeared, along with sorrowful Buddha chants.

The roar of Asura was also heard, coupled with surging Demon Light.

Amidst their mutual radiance, the originally white skeleton underwent a sudden change.

One yellow, one black, two beams of light suddenly manifested.

The former covered most, directly forming a massive amount of dense 'Yellow Robed Evil Seals', spreading out like insects until, even in this final moment, they continued to consume and contaminate, or perhaps merge with the latter.

The black light was heavy and solemn, although there was only a small portion left, it still fiercely battled against the thick yellow Evil Seals.

This abrupt scene not only struck fear into everyone but also thoroughly confirmed the self-narration of Ying Qingdi.

"Mr. Ying, being both the offspring of the Evil God and a descendant of the Ancestor Dragon."

"Seeing this scene of bloodline erosion, if he did not take his own life, in some time, might we have seen the birth of a true 'Evil Spirit Ancestor Dragon'?"

Realizing these things.

The cultivators, while feeling pity for Ying Qingdi, also felt a sense of relief.

It was at this moment the golden saber was about to fall.

Having heard the explanation from the Shazhei Monk, all the cultivators understood that once the gold saber sliced down, the crisis here would be averted.

Even Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, and others held this thought deep down.

But one person did not.

Chapter 545 - Reincarnated Ancestor Dragon Repays Old Debts, Tao Qian Encounters True Heart Demon

Tao Qian!

Even witnessing Ying Qingdi imitating ancient spirit gods by returning his bloodline to the source, and seeing the flesh tainted by the evil god's power turn into flying ash, Tao Qian's face didn't relax one bit.

Had the calamity ended just like that?

Were the descendants of evil gods so easily dealt with?

Perhaps, was Ying Qingdi's will that indomitable, that even after enduring the cruelest of punishments, he still made the best choice, tainted on arrival, departing pure?

As he pondered, Tao Qian's brows furrowed even tighter.

Motivated by a thought, he reactivated his spiritual vision and surveyed his surroundings, only to indeed see signs of the "Yellow Robed Evil Seal" dissipating in people who were cursed by the summoning divine spell, such as Pei Hong, Linghu Ying, Yin Juejun, and Duan Qiu.

And those Yellow Robed Attendants or the lustful charm Wei Ziyuan were also floating about, ready to re-enter the Yellow Heaven Evil Mirror.

The crisis seemed truly resolved?

But very soon, Tao Qian sensed that something was amiss.

The five princesses of the Devil God Army, Xu Wenkai of the Taiping Army, the Three Corpses Daoist of the Heavenly Corpse Sect, and other members of the heterodox sects about to be "sent off," far from showing defeat or anger on their faces,

On the contrary, they had a stirring of life force within, and taking advantage of the viewing ceremony, they started to gather around.

Tao Qian saw them, and they all noticed Tao Qian who sensed the "abnormality."

Especially Yin Susu!

Since Little Age appeared, although this Taisui Spirit God had grown a lot and changed dramatically, she still felt some inexplicable sensations.

At this moment, as she locked eyes with Tao Qian, that premonition intensified even more.

The demoness didn't have time to think further, and immediately judged that she had been discovered, she hurriedly shrieked,

"Attack!"

As her words fell, an alarming assault erupted from behind the ten individuals.

Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, and the rest were talents from Great Sects, and though their attention was drawn to Ying Qingdi, the backgrounds of people like Yin Susu, Xu Wenkai, and others were not weak in the slightest.

The sudden assault gave them a significant advantage.

The only one who reacted in time was Tao Qian, who managed just to unleash the protection of the Toad Pearl.

Devil God Blood Radiance, Taiping Dao Light, Heavenly Corpse Divine Ability... no, far from just these.

Once the fight began, the ten people suddenly realized.

Aside from themselves and a few cultivators and heroes yet to be tainted, everyone within the Ancestor Dragon Society had turned against them.

That rampant mana, alongside surging evil intent, scattered them in an instant.

This sudden change left several of them both shocked and angry.

It was not surprising that those harboring evil intentions like Yin Susu would revolt.

But people like Pei Hong and Linghu Ying, who were slaves in the Yellow Clothes, should have been uncontrollable by anyone.

Ying Qingdi was about to commit suicide and naturally could not spur them into a frenzy.

Their confusion made sense.

And the answer was immediately revealed:

After the ten were scattered, amidst the tide of evil mana, a figure whom everyone including Tao Qian had somehow overlooked came forth.

This person was a beautiful Daoist Nun.

With sparkling eyes and teeth, fair skin, and an innate elegance, she was commended as a great beauty by all who saw her.

Once she appeared, Tao Qian and the others immediately remembered her identity.

Yu Wenfang!

The True Disciple of a Daoist Great Sect, the Nature Sect, and Ying Qingdi's Daoist couple.

At the same time, she was the first to be completely tainted by Ying Qingdi.

Her sudden appearance was shocking, yet acceptable to the crowd, until they saw her extremely swollen, bulbous, and distended abdomen.

"How is this possible?"

"I just saw Wenfang yesterday, and there were no signs of pregnancy."

Among the ten, Shen Ruolan, who was close friends with Yu Wenfang, suddenly exclaimed.

But there was no need for her cry; when everyone saw Yu Wenfang with an obviously pregnant belly and then at those revolting Yellow Robed slaves, they immediately had an ominous premonition.

And in the next moment, that premonition turned into a cruel reality.

Supported by nearly the entire Ancestor Dragon Society's rebellion, Yu Wenfang moved swiftly to the top of the Evil Dragon's head, reaching out and catching the falling Prajna Gold Saber.

Her face was blank, her eyes dark and deep.

Taking the saber, she did not discard it but immediately slashed it towards a specific part of Ying Qingdi's skeletal frame.

It was the shinbone.

At some unknown time, a thick yellow evil god's bloodline had eroded the Ancestor Dragon Bloodline down to the last remaining bit in the shinbone.

That one piece was still holding on tenaciously, refusing to yield even in defeat.

Alas, that bloodline could withstand the invasion of the evil god but not Ying Qingdi's own will of "extreme sacrifice of bone and flesh to return to the bloodline."

With a crack, the shinbone separated from his body.

Instantly, a thick evil light surged, fixing the shinbone back in place and even beginning to regenerate flesh.

Only Yu Wenfang, or more accurately her unborn child, seemed to find the process too slow.

After discarding the Prajna Gold Saber, she viciously slit her abdomen open, dredged through it a few times, and lifted out an ugly, blood-and-flesh-blurred infant.

This infant was covered in thick yellow evil seals.

Even one glance at it sent chills down the spines of Tao Qian and the others.

Especially since the infant was looking at them with open eyes.

He was held aloft by Yu Wenfang, gazing at Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, Tao Qian, and the rest with a mad, cold look.

"Ying Qingdi!"

The ten of them felt on the verge of madness.

Though the gaze was now very unfamiliar, those like Zhong Ziyang who had spent a great deal of time with him, immediately recognized that the infant was unmistakably Ying Qingdi.

But if the infant was him, who then was the one who had been sacrificing his bones to the father and flesh to the mother just before?

Everyone was too stunned to make sense of it when suddenly, the baby seemed to be drawn by some force.

In front of everyone, it burst apart.

It turned into incredibly fine, thick yellow flesh buds, speck by speck, drop by drop, which meticulously splattered and covered the skeleton.

In a moment, the flesh regenerated.

The ostensibly doomed Ying Qingdi, he... had resurrected.

Tao Qian had been maintaining his spiritual vision the entire time. The process of Ying Qingdi's resurrection assaulted his Primordial Spirit and Soul, causing his eyes to turn bloodshot as tears streamed down his face, as he struggled to resist.

But, in the midst of it all, he had already discerned the reason behind it.

Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, Lin Bujue, and Qi Daozhen, these nine individuals, were enraged beyond measure, their killing intent soaring to the skies, each feeling as if they'd been made fools of.

Especially when they saw that everyone had rebelled and taken the opposing side, isolating the ten of them as if they were the ones betraying the Ancestor Dragon Society and the rebellion. This scene made it even harder for the nine to suppress their rage.

Just as Tao Qian was about to speak up, Yuan Gong's telepathic message suddenly echoed in his mind:

"Boy, don't take any more risks."

"That one called 'Ying Qingdi' is a good one and hasn't fooled you. He indeed intended to sacrifice himself to contribute to the accomplishment of your Ancestor Dragon Society's uprising. However, he was too naive, believing that by borrowing the Buddha Treasure from Dharma Cakra Temple and the Secret Skill of Asura, coupled with his steadfast Dao Heart, he could expel the Evil God's bloodline and die with a clear conscience."

"Is it really that simple?"

"Over the decades, how much Divine Power had he borrowed from the Yellow Robe in the Outer Realm, how many deeds had he done that should not have been possible? Despite the outcomes not being what he had wanted, he still had to pay the price—just now was the time for his repayment."

"The Yellow Robe borrowed his will to cut away the last bit of..."

"Humanity!"

Tao Qian suddenly spoke up, revealing the mystery.

Indeed, he had also figured it out.

Ying Qingdi was not only the offspring of an Evil God but also of the Ancestor Dragon bloodline.

The reason he possessed "humanity" was due to this remaining bloodline.

The Yellow Robed Evil God, to completely corrupt Ying Qingdi into its own offspring, probably would still need some time.

Yet, with this catastrophe unfolding, it easily achieved its goal.

Yu Wenfang!

This woman, as Ying Qingdi's Daoist couple, should have been always on the minds of Tao Qian and others, or at the very least, they should have taken her seriously.

But strangely, she was overlooked, and at the last moment, she appeared pregnant.

That baby, that clump of thick yellow flesh, must have been "the will of the Evil God's version of Ying Qingdi" controlling it.

After Yu Wenfang took the Golden Blade and cut off that section of the shin bone, he was able to resurrect successfully.

But by then, he had truly become a child of the Yellow Robe.

Poor Ying Qingdi, staking his life and thinking he was severing evil ties to save the common people.

In truth, he was merely repaying a past debt.

Upon this realization, Tao Qian felt as though he was suffocating.

Rarely, a look of utter despair also appeared on his face.

"This world...!"

Muttering to himself, Tao Qian suddenly felt an urge to destroy everything.

He had thought he'd seen enough ugliness and evil since his journey from Southern Yue to know the distortion of this world.

But now, having witnessed the tragic life of Ying Qingdi, he knew he had seen too little, and he wished to see no more.

Inside his spirit, senseless thoughts proliferated.

"This disgusting world, if I had the strength, I would destroy it."

"Despair and distortion, struggling through reincarnation—if in the end, one cannot escape being toyed with by Evil Gods, what's the point of pursuing Immortality? Better to follow Ying Qingdi's example and take your own life sooner."

"The tragedy of Ying Qingdi's life, to be deceived his whole life, who knows how desperate he must have felt when that last bit of his humanity was cut away."

"If it were me, would I be able to bear it?"

"I too have borrowed much strength; my soul, my fortune... do I also have to pay a price? Is my exemption also a deception by the Evil Gods in the dark?"

These irrational thoughts swirled in Tao Qian's mind, causing his face to twist and his energy to become chaotic, his mana congealing.

What was more dangerous was that his spirit platform opened wide, and an extremely enticing fragrance diffused out.

Given his current level of cultivation, plus the existence of a Spirit Treasure Sublime Body, if he were to attract a Heart Demon, it was very likely to be an entity of the "Demon Lord" or "Demon Lord" level.

Unfortunately, at this moment, Tao Qian was struggling to maintain control.

Thankfully, Yuan Gong in his arms immediately realized this and urgently telepathically shouted, "Foolish child, come to your senses at once!"

Almost simultaneously!

Two Records burst forth in Tao Qian's mind:

[Due to the high spiritual vision revealing part of the world's true nature, Heart Demons will arise, and the will be warped... Partial exemption granted!]

[Because of the Spirit Treasure Sublime Body... Full exemption granted!]

The next moment, Tao Qian indeed came to his senses.

First, he heard Yuan Gong's harsh shout, and then he saw the Records, breaking into a cold sweat.

Instinctively, he was about to close his spiritual vision but felt the upcoming battle might require it.

Seeing that he had come to his senses and perceiving his readiness to fight, Yuan Gong became even more furious.

It took a great deal of effort to find a good disciple and potential successor, someone who might even be coaxed into reviving the Secret Demon Sect—how could he afford to lose him here?

Without regard for anything else, Yuan Gong again telepathically roared:

"Foolish lad, you still can't see the big picture, intending to fight that offspring of the Evil God?"

"All ten of you may have your backgrounds, but look at that group of little demons on the opposite side, plus a young Evil God lacking humanity rounding up on you, even if you had Three Heads and Six Arms, how could you possibly win against them?"

"Do not collide with rocks with eggs, hurry and flee for your life."

"This New Moon Province is the territory of Xuan Dao Sect and Beichan Temple. Following the emergence of the Seven Evil Cave, they must come here to strangle the Evil Gods."

"Besides, haven't you said that those few have already sent messages asking for assistance from their Sect?"

"Judging the time, they should be arriving."

"If you really want to meddle, then go ahead and summon people, bring that rascal Duobao with his Heavenly Punishment Sword. It hasn't tasted blood in at least decades; no matter how many little demons there are here, he can kill them all."

Chapter 546 - One Against Ten, Yellow Robed Divine

Even without Yuan Gong's reminder, Tao Qian knew the danger.

The moment he had freed himself from the grasp of the mutated fallen demons, one look was enough for him to ascertain their dire situation.

Most members of the Ancestor Dragon Society had already revolted.

Apart from Foundation Establishment and Transcend Mortality cultivators who could not participate in battles of high-level cultivators, the number of cultivators on the opposing side who had reached the

Cavernous Mystery Realm had grown to nearly thirty. Each one of them had an extraordinary background, not the easy-to-deal-with loose cultivators from the wilderness.

On their side, although they had Tao Qian, Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, and Qi Daozhen—four from the Cavernous Mystery Realm—plus Shen Ruolan, who was also ferocious in battle, how could five or six people oppose thirty?

If it came to a life-and-death combat, the outcome would likely be grim.

Naturally, if they wanted to escape, it was not particularly difficult.

Regrettably, Ying Qingdi, having slaughtered the last shred of his humanity and wholly embraced the will of the Evil God, had regenerated flesh and blood and become a true descendant of the Yellow Robe. He was likely to "spread the teachings," extend the Yellow Robed Origin Qi, and even break the world barriers to introduce his father into this world.

The current Ying Qingdi, devoid of humanity, obviously would not regard the Human Clan as his kin.

In his eyes, all were merely provisions.

However, compared to the chaotic and insane Ying Qingdi, he was different at this moment.

Suddenly, he reached out his hand, and with a motion, the massive "Ancestor God Tablet" from the ruins of the Overlord Palace smashed into Yu Ding and moved in a flash, leaping to Ying Qingdi's side.

The next moment, he took the initiative to reach out to the tablet.

A thick burst of yellow Evil Light flashed, and the names of ten individuals, including "Lin Runiu" and "Zhong Ziyang," listed at the forefront, were directly erased.

Immediately after, he said to the ten people:

"Everyone, please withdraw."

"I do not wish to contend with you, nor do I desire to harm your lives."

"Erasing your names from the Ancestor God Tablet ends our karma here."

"How about that?"

These words, unexpectedly, not only surprised Tao Qian and his group of ten.

Even Yin Susu and Xu Wenkai, who had long conspired behind the scenes with Ying Qingdi, showed shock.

But quickly, they guessed the reason: each of these ten came from prestigious groups such as Taishang Dao, Fangcun Mountain, Toad Sect, Canxuan Sect, Demon Slaying Lineage, Spirit Coffin lineage, Shaoqing Sect – wasn't each of them a venerable force? Killing one or two was still manageable, but killing all would surely bring great disaster.

"It's better to let them go, best to let them go."

Yin Susu and others thought thus in their hearts.

Meanwhile, Tao Qian, Zhong Ziyang, and the ten of them exchanged glances, beyond surprise and anger, more filled with indignation.

"Originally, we thought Ying Qingdi, having severed his humanity, might become a chaotic lunatic. Such beings, though terrifyingly destructive, could still be dealt with in numerous ways."

"But now, this descendant of the Evil God only lacks humanity but his cunning and brutality have increased rather than decreased, even knowing to use stratagems."

"The New Moon is in peril, the Seventy-two provinces are in peril."

While thinking this, Zhong Ziyang continued to watch Ying Qingdi intently.

But no matter how he looked, whether even using secret skills, all he could see was a descendant of the Evil God exuding mutated contaminated Origin Qi.

Although that appearance, that demeanor, that Qi, were all Ying Qingdi's.

But Zhong Ziyang also knew, the Ying Qingdi in his heart, was already dead.

And his death must have been filled with despair.

"Mr. Ying, I know your final wish, and I will fulfill it for you."

This thought arose in Zhong Ziyang's heart, overflowing with killing intent.

He and Ying Qingdi had always been known as the two great pride of the Ancestor Dragon Society, with equal cultivation and battle prowess.

However, in truth, Ying Qingdi was superior by a notch.

Especially after losing his weakness, this slight gap had widened even more.

Feeling the killing intent brewing inside Zhong Ziyang, Ying Qingdi immediately knew the answer, sparing no words, and immediately made his move.

In the flickering of dense yellow Evil Light, he suddenly slammed a palm onto the Ancestor God Tablet.

Instantly, the names of hundreds of heroes on the tablet all lit up with dazzling brilliance.

One by one, corrupted by the Evil Light.

With each "name" corrupted, the person bearing that name would burst forth with dense yellow Evil Light.

Like flesh, the Yellow Robe wriggled and grew, dense yellow flesh buds proliferated, and that terrifying Yellow Robed Evil Seal, insect-like, emerged, climbed, and burrowed into the flesh and orifices.

Most members of the Ancestor Dragon Society had already defected to Ying Qingdi's side.

Only a few remained neutral, due to the many changes occurring in such a short time, not knowing who to believe, thus caught in a dilemma.

Who would have thought?

Suddenly, they were backstabbed by Ying Qingdi.

They were all individuals of remarkable backgrounds and impressive cultivation and divine skills. Once transformed into Yellow Robed Slaves, it was, of course, a great advantage for Ying Qingdi.

Under normal circumstances, no one could stop Ying Qingdi.

After all, these names, they wrote voluntarily and even received the immense and rare benefit of [Outer Realm Origin Profound Qi] after writing.

Having received the benefits, there were risks and costs, and now was the time to repay.

However, there were exceptions, as Tao Qian, Zhong Ziyang, and the group of ten had premeditated plans against Ying Qingdi, naturally they were prepared.

Just like in this moment, seeing Ying Qingdi's move.

Almost simultaneously, Zhong Ziyang also reacted.

"A creature without humanity, you're dreaming."

"Taishang Infinite, the Great Dao boundless."

"Flee!"

The Taishang True Inheritance, naturally, had means beyond the imagination of ordinary cultivators.

Underneath the tablet shining with Evil Light, suddenly, a Divine Talisman appeared, emanating Dao Power instantly transformed into a massive [Taishang Infinite Dao Array Map]. The surge of Dao Power, capable of startling even Tao Qian, wrapped around the Ancestor God Tablet and immediately pulled it deep into the array formation.

With a flash of brilliance, the Divine Tablet vanished.

This was precisely what Zhong Ziyang had planned, using the precious treasure [Taishang Infinite Daoist Talisman] to directly teleport the Ancestor God Tablet into the sect's Secret Realm of Taishang Dao.

Chapter 547 - Facing 10 with 1, Yellow Robed Divine\_2

According to Zhong Ziyang, inside was his Master and a group of Taishang Dao Elders, and they could at any time ask for the Taishang Dao Ancestor to descend to the world.

Let alone Ying Qingdi, even if his own father had given chase, he might not have gained any advantage.

Without a medium, the "Yellow Robed Evil Curse" naturally couldn't take effect, and that group of cultivators all fortunately survived.

As this scene unfolded, Ying Qingdi couldn't help but look towards Zhong Ziyang.

His voice was hoarse and unfamiliar, regretfully saying,

"My true self is influenced by human nature, and has always been reluctant to cast the prayerful Evil Curse on you, allowing you to roam freely until now."

"Yet, unexpectedly, you have ruined my plans."

"No matter, now that there are no interferences, even if you have a thousand methods and ten thousand Divine Powers, how can you stop me?"

Ying Qingdi's last question echoed.

Including Tao Qian, a sense of danger arose simultaneously within each of them.

Indeed, in the next moment, an unprecedented event occurred.

First, Ying Qingdi gestured with his hand, ordering Yin Susu, Xu Wenkai, Pei Hong, and Linghu Ying to head to the Seven Evil Sects gate, to work together with Qin Wuxiang and Han Xiao inside, arranging multiple Forbidden Techniques to stop or delay the return of the experts and high-level figures from Beichan Temple and Xuan Dao Sect.

As for himself, he undertook a shocking action.

Standing atop the head of the Evil Dragon, formed by the transformed body of the Yang Longxi fetus, he suddenly stomped his foot, and the Yellow Heaven Evil Mirror embedded in the dragon's forehead immediately emitted a surge of Evil Light.

It shone toward the sky, instantly carving a vast gaping rift.

A thick yellow viscous liquid from within poured down, completely engulfing Ying Qingdi's body.

And then, both he and the Evil Dragon beneath him began to swell.

Thick yellow Evil Light filled the heavens and the earth.

It was like an ominous celestial phenomenon that might have appeared only in the ancient era.

A giant spirit, draped in a yellow robe that flowed like flesh and blood itself, had glowing tentacles for hands, and even more thick yellow tendrils and meaty columns wriggled out from beneath the robe. Stomping on the Evil Dragon, it charged directly towards the ten people including Tao Qian.

No, the word "charged" should not be used.

After swelling, these individuals seemed like ants in its eyes, easily crushable with a mere grasp of its hand.

Indeed, it was just as so.

Zhong Ziyang, Tao Qian, Chen Xiyi, Qi Daozhen, Lin Bujue... all ten people struck together, each using their most formidable Divine Powers.

However, it was all for naught.

First, Zhong Ziyang's sixty-four thousand Yin-Yang Dust Needles could not pierce through the Yellow Robe, becoming stuck as if in a quagmire, struggling to move an inch. The Array he subsequently set up was also broken into pieces by over a dozen thick yellow tentacles amidst a cacophony of clinking and clanking, and the sixty-four thousand Divine Needles were scattered in all directions like a heavy downpour.

Then there was Chen Xiyi, who at this moment of dire combat finally unleashed a plethora of complex and powerful skills that lay between Daoist and Buddhist lines, even taking out over a dozen Buddha Treasures and Daoist Soldiers. But no matter what he did, he couldn't come close to Ying Qingdi.

Qi Daozhen's Purple Mansion Elixir Flame, said to burn all things, now couldn't melt even an inch of the Yellow Robe.

Shen Ruolan's Yue Girl Demon Slaying Sword could only leave white marks on those tentacles.

Lin Bujue's summoned thousands of spirit ghosts couldn't drink a drop of blood, bite a wisp of soul; with a flick of the Yellow Robe, they were less significant than millions of lice.

Even Tao Qian was powerless at this moment.

The once successful and notorious Toad God Tile, as soon as it was thrown, was blocked by a cold tentacle and immediately wrapped into a ball by over a dozen others, letting the Wa Dang struggle within yet unable to break through and certainly no chance to hit Ying Qingdi's head, which was hidden under the Yellow Robe.

In just a single confrontation!

The ten talents were all thwarted.

Zhong Ziyang, Chen Xiyi, and Qi Daozhen, who were specially targeted, were badly injured; Tao Qian, protected by the Toad Pearl, only lost the majority of his mana, leaving his body unharmed.

The rest were wounded to varying degrees, and clearly unable to continue fighting.

Who could have expected?

That ten against one would result in this outcome.

Earlier, when they had discussed within the belly of Nine Sons Ghost Mother, they hadn't foreseen such a result.

Although Ying Qingdi had the title of the Reincarnated Ancestor Dragon, unbeaten in slaughter, at most he was on the same level as Zhong Ziyang. It should have been a case of ten against one taking down Ying Qingdi in one fell swoop, how had it turned around so quickly?

As they had already come into contact through fighting, this time there was no need for Yuan Gong to remind.

A Record emerged in Tao Qian's mind.

After a glance, he couldn't help but smile bitterly, and loudly he said, "Brothers, this vile trickster has just borrowed strength from his Evil God of a wild father, making him truly reach the Ultimate Happiness Realm. We are not wronged in our loss."

After saying this, Tao Qian secretly transmitted a message.

"Everyone, given the situation, don't continue to be stubborn, let's retreat for now and focus on preserving ourselves and the million mortals in Shangyang City below."

"I just need a few moments from you to block him, for I have one treasure that can temporarily shelter a million people."

"Let's leave an empty city for him. Once the high-level figures from Beichan and Xuan Dao Sects break free from the Seven Evil Cave Heaven, we can return to slay Ying Qingdi. It won't be too late."

Not being one to act rashly, Tao Qian immediately thought of withdrawing when he realized the ten of them were no match for Ying Qingdi.

Everyone was practical; upon hearing the plan, they knew it was a sound approach.

"Good!"

"Let's do that!"

"Great!"

The nine echoed in agreement, ready to re-engage in battle in hopes of delaying further.

Yet at this moment, Ying Qingdi seemed to have seen through their thoughts.

In the ears of the ten, a cold voice arose:

"If you all refuse to leave, then you might as well stay for a while."

"As the host, I should entertain you a bit; don't find it too meager."

As these two sentences were spoken, Tao Qian didn't know what he saw, but his entire body became rigid.

The rest of the nine had the same reaction.

Thick yellow beams of light, chilly winds, fine ripples, and the cold, silky Yellow Robe... all came together to form a dense, thick yellow evil lake that instantly froze the bodies and souls of the ten within that area.

That evil lake had no substance; if they wished, the ten could escape in an instant.

But now, the ten had no control over their bodies.

Every cultivator possesses an innate desire for knowledge that goes beyond the ordinary.

Faced with Divine Power Skills and Cultivation Secret Manuals, they instinctively wanted to possess them.

If it were Evil Demon Magic, the ten could have resisted subconsciously.

But at this moment, what they were receiving was not Evil Demon Magic.

It was True Skill!

An endless stream of True Knowledge Secret Skills, like tides, surged forth and receded.

It was this extraordinary infusion of knowledge that caused the ten to fall into rigidity.

Let alone others, just look at Tao Qian.

In his mind, the Record was erupting like mad:

[You've just received a Fragment of the Ancient Secret Scroll "Emperor's Secret Scripture" ...]

[You've just received a Fragment of the Outer Realm Secret Technique "Great Abyss Spirit Communication Technique" ...]

[You've just received a Fragment of the Heterodox Secret Scroll "Medicine King Scripture" ...]

[You've just received a Fragment of the Buddhist Secret Book "Little Reincarnation View of All Realms" ...]

[You've just received a Fragment of the Ancient Secret Scroll "Bear Scripture Bird Stretching Diagram" ...]

...

These various secret techniques and scrolls were enough to drive anyone mad just by their names.

Even Tao Qian, an inheritor of the Spiritual Treasure lineage, was utterly unable to distract himself, passively and greedily absorbing everything.

Here, it was not just a matter of willpower.

The phenomena summoned by Ying Qingdi were a form of Divine Power, originating from the Outer Realm Great Book "Yellow Heaven Secret Scroll," known as [Yellow Heaven Divine Granting Technique].

It possessed both lethal capability and the nature of a gift.

Ordinary people hit by this technique would have their souls burst from the knowledge in an instant, dying a miserable death.

Even talents from Great Sects would find it difficult to break free upon suddenly encountering this spell, their lives in jeopardy.

Tao Qian's body and soul were both rigid, passively receiving the vast influx of knowledge and secret techniques to the point of paralysis.

In a daze, without any response.

The same outcome applied to the other nine, including Zhong Ziyang.

The onlookers did not know what had happened; they only saw the ten prodigies floating and drifting in that thick yellow evil lake, utterly compliant.

Only in Tao Qian's arms did Yuan Gong perceive the subtleties and, with a helpless sigh, said,

"Those straining upward seek the path; those immersed in it are too close to see... such a fine Evil Technique!"

"Even I, had I been careless enough to be hit by this spell in my younger years, would likely not have been able to break free."

"Yet the Yellow Robed Evil God from the Outer Realm, despite his infamous reputation, why so stingy?"

"Using True Knowledge Secret Skills to paralyze people, these mighty schemes are but fragments and incomplete scraps, without a single complete piece."

"If he really had the ability, he might as well give my good disciple the [All Heavens Secret Demon Scripture]."

Chapter 548 - The Taiji Demon-suppressing Immortal Sword, A Golden Ape Within the Square Inch

Above Shangyang City, a thick yellow evil lake spread open, within it lay Ten Talents, stiff and paralyzed, drifting like "Floating Corpses."

Yuan Gong sighed sarcastically, yet he did not immediately take action to rescue Tao Qian.

Although he could.

But Yuan Gong knew that, despite the danger of being subjected to the "Yellow Robed Divine Skill," it was also a rare opportunity.

In the Cultivation World, countless Loose Cultivators from the wilderness, or disciples from minor families, prayed to heaven and earth, seeking one magic they could not obtain.

Now, these ten talents had been granted some scattered fragments, and if they learned enough, the benefits didn't need to be stated.

With some luck, they might even be able to piece together formidable Divine Skills.

Or, if they had good insight, they might create new Magic on their own.

Of course, there was also danger.

Any person, even those as strong as Yuan Gong, Duobao, or even experts like Yang Longxi in the Daoist Transformation Realm,

Once they were force-fed too many True Knowledge Secret Skills, and exceeded their limits, they were bound to mutate and fall.

"This kid has a Spirit Treasure Sublime Body, he should be able to hold out longer."

"When abnormalities appear, I'll give him one blow to help him break free."

Yuan Gong thought this when the unexpected happened.

Tao Qian, who shouldn't have awakened, suddenly shuddered with a long-lost chill.

In his mind, a Record burst forth.

It was an unprecedented exemption from the Outer Realm Evil Technique "Yellow Robed Divine Skill," as a combination of factors including the Spirit Treasure Sublime Body, Tao Qian's own will, and an Abnormal Soul stacked together.

A massive amount of True Knowledge Secret Skill fragments dissipated in his mind, and Tao Qian opened his eyes.

In his pupils, there was neither regret nor sadness.

On the contrary, there was only shock and relief.

Taking advantage of Ying Qingdi's inability to act, Tao Qian waved his sleeve, extending the brilliance of the Toad Pearl, wrapping the other nine in its glow.

With a sudden shift, they broke free from the thick yellow evil lake.

Without the "Divine Dew," all nine regained consciousness simultaneously.

None of them had the slightest joy at the knowledge and Divine Power Secret Techniques they had gleaned in their minds; their feelings were just like Tao Qian's—nothing but fury.

But no matter how angry, it was of no use; the situation was clear now.

The ten of them, even with heaven-reaching abilities, could not stir up any trouble.

Not to mention Yin Susu or Xu Wenkai, these Chang Ghosts with wild ambitions; even against Ying Qingdi alone, they were no match.

Now he truly resembled an ancient Yellow Robed Spirit God, stepping on a mountain-sized Evil Dragon, overlooking the mortals of the earth. Above his head, the crack still remained, signifying that as long as Ying Qingdi wished, he could continue to borrow power from his wild sire, "Outer Realm Yellow Robe."

How could they fight this?

They were unequivocally unbeatable.

The only sliver of hope was to wait; only with the arrival of experts from Beichan Temple and the Xuan Dao Sect, might they turn defeat into victory.

But they weren't the only ones who realized this.

Ying Qingdi knew it too, and he had already dispatched people to delay the experts from the two sects.

In this time, Ying Qingdi was sure he could do something to take complete control of New Moon Province.

Realizing this, even Tao Qian and Zhong Ziyang, Ten Talents with resolute Dao Hearts and remarkable abilities, could not help but feel a touch of despair.

They stood together, backs to each other, forming a simple Array.

Looking around, they saw enemies everywhere.

Especially Ying Qingdi in front of them, like a divine God of heaven and earth, losing his patience as the horrifying intent to kill surged from his cold, crazed eyes.

"It seems we are to die here."

Zhong Ziyang, holding the Linglong Yellow Gourd, mused, his voice devoid of any sliver of fear towards the end of his life and the extinguishing of his path.

Chen Xiyi, shaking his feather fan, smiled and said, "What is there to fear in death? I'm just curious how this rascal will deal with Beichan and Xuan Dao; even though the Evil God's Offsprings are strong, I suppose they are not a match for the two sects, and he can't really draw the 'Outer Realm Yellow Robe' into this realm, right? He can't afford the price, and even if it truly can come, the Yellow Robe may not dare, as this realm is not the Great Abyss; the Evil Spirit God's true form invading will bring great disaster."

Qi Daozhen, who looked like a woodcutter, holding the Purple Mansion Elixir Furnace, also laughed and said, "It's not hard to guess, it's nothing more but some means of severing roots and destiny. I, ignorant and ill-informed, have never heard of the Yellow Robe, but looking at Mr. Ying's appearance, it must be known that he is a deceiving, corrupting Evil Spirit God; simply use a method to contaminate the tens of millions of Mortals in New Moon, and even if Beichan and Xuan Dao can win, they may choose to move, right, Shazhei brother?"

Hearing this, the Shazhei Monk immediately grasped the meaning in Qi Daozhen's words.

Scratching his bald head, he finally sighed helplessly, "Amitabha. A monk does not lie; Brother Qi is right. If things have not succeeded, my temple is willing to fight to the death with this rascal, but if the matter is settled, even if it wins, the masters and elders in the temple may decide to leave New Moon and seek another Mountain Gate."

Hearing their conversation, Shen Ruolan, the lethal star, became impatient, and with a flick of her finger, the Yue Girl Demon Slaying Sword in her hand instantly burst into a hundred feet of sword light, pointed directly at Ying Qingdi as she shouted, "If we must die, let's fight it out first."

Beside her, Lin Bujue, Dai Feipeng, Qin Ming, and a few others laughed loudly, shouting, "Well said, continue fighting, and if we are really going to die, we are willing to accompany you to the end."

...

When it comes to the power of slaying!

Shen Ruolan, who cultivated the "Yue Girl Demon Slaying Scripture," would not be weaker than Zhong Ziyang if not for her limitations at the Transcend Mortality Realm.

Sadly, she had emerged too early.

Her sword light could cut through Cavernous Mystery Evil Demons, but it couldn't cut Ying Qingdi.

Casually smashed by a thick yellow tentacle, the female sword fairy's face turned pale as she spat out blood.

Seeing this, the others stepped forth and charged, surrounding and attacking him.

Chapter 549 - The Taiji Demon-suppressing Immortal Sword, A Golden Ape Within the Square Inch - Part 2

These nine magnificent talents had joined the Ancestor Dragon Society much earlier than Tao Qian.

They had many shared experiences and aligned aspirations.

Now, if they were to face death together, not a single one would back down.

Although Tao Qian had joined the society more recently, he shared their goal of saving mortals.

However, unlike the nine who had exhausted all their means and Divine Skills, he still had some cards up his sleeve—not out of a deliberate desire to keep secrets, but because he had only one chance to use them. Once used, Master Tao would have to disengage and flee, or else he would once again bring disaster upon the New Moon.

"Well, it's time to seek help."

"But I'm not sure whether to use the 'Spirit Treasure True Man Named Commanding God Talisman' to summon Aunt Ma Yi or the Master, or should I use the snake scale to call Aunt Bai Yin, or perhaps summon both?"

As this thought flashed through his mind, Tao Qian's mood slightly relaxed.

Although he had yet to see Aunt Ma Yi, Duobao, and Bai Yin demonstrate their prowess,

he imagined that killing or driving away a descendant of an Evil God shouldn't be too difficult.

With this in mind, Tao Qian made his decision: Summon them all.

In the next moment!

Both the Divine Talisman and the snake scale were about to appear in his hands.

Unfortunately, it seemed as if fate itself was intent on preventing him, a Spirit Treasure True Inheritor from Penglai Sea, from summoning reinforcements to the battlefield.

Suddenly, Yuan Gong's voice transmitted again:

"Young man, do not act impulsively. Reinforcements have already arrived."

Almost immediately after Yuan Gong's voice ceased, Tao Qian also became aware.

All around the battlefield, lights flickered from different directions.

Rainbows and shadows shot towards them at high speed.

The first to appear was a Daoist whose energy and demeanor appeared identical to Zhong Ziyang's.

This Daoist, clad in a black robe, had a long beard, lean figure, and piercing eyes, and was seated on a black donkey radiating immortal light. In his hand, he held an ancient-style treasure sword, marked with yin and yang fish. As the sound of hooves echoed across the battlefield, this Daoist's voice also traveled through:

"Junior Brother Ziyang, why are you in such distress?"

"Stop risking your life and let your senior brother assist you."

Before his words faded, the Daoist wielded his sword with a downward slash.

Despite the hundreds of miles of distance, the sword light emitted by the Immortal Sword easily crossed over, first separating Ying Qingdi from the Ten Talents, then with a frightening turn, it aimed directly at the head of Ying Qingdi.

Although it was quickly intercepted by several thick yellow tentacles, the sword light instantly split into billions of black and white threads, enveloping Ying Qingdi like a storm.

The sound of rain beating bananas filled the area instantaneously.

Seemingly reaching a certain limit, accompanied by a "sizzling" sound, one after another thick yellow tentacle was severed and fell into the Evil Lake.

As the ten individuals were momentarily stunned, the black-robed Daoist had already moved closer.

Although he had achieved a feat, a look of worry rather than joy appeared on the Daoist's face as he greeted everyone with a bow, then addressed Zhong Ziyang:

"Junior Brother Ziyang, I see why you wanted me to borrow the 'Taiji Demon-suppressing Immortal Sword' from our master. You've actually provoked an offspring of an Evil God."

"An Evil Lake outside the realm, a Blood-flesh Yellow Robe... it's the child of that person, even gifted her 'Evil Mirror', and is clearly favored."

"Luckily, there are other Daoist friends here. Otherwise, we should be fleeing by now. The Demon-suppressing Immortal Sword is powerful but depends on who wields it. I'm still a bit short of reaching the Ultimate Happiness Realm, can't fight it, can't fight indeed."

After this Daoist finished speaking, everyone guessed his identity.

"Mei Su," mentioned by Zhong Ziyang as 'Senior Brother Mei Su', was rumored to be the strongest among the true disciples of Taishang Dao, only second in fame and power to the Great Master Wang Chan.

If compared to the Spirit Treasure True Inheritor, his status would be similar to Wei, who practiced Dual Cultivation of Dao and Demon.

However, hearing him mention being just short of reaching the Ultimate Happiness Realm, Tao Qian was startled and thought, "If he is close to entering Ultimate Happiness, then Wang Chan above him might already be in Ultimate Happiness Realm... It seems Taishang Dao truly deserves its reputation as the foremost among Daoist sects, their true disciples appear to be stronger than ours in Spirit Treasure Sect."

As Tao Qian pondered this, Yuan Gong, guessing his thoughts, also transmitted his voice unexpectedly.

The voice contained both surprise and schadenfreude:

"Young man, no need for comparison; your Spirit Treasure Sect's cultivation method is different from that of Taishang Dao."

"Not to mention your unique fate as an Alien Species, just take Xuu Xun. If I'm not mistaken, after he receives the teachings from Lingbao Tianzun, his cultivation and abilities will surge for a while, and he might not lose to that youngster named Wang Chan."

"Right now, you should worry about yourself. Using the 'Secret Demon Transformation Technique' habitually will eventually meet someone knowledgeable."

"This junior named Mei Su has precisely cultivated a pair of 'Taiqing Dharma Eyes'. You, I'm afraid, have been seen through."

Hearing this, Tao Qian was startled, and he instinctively looked towards the black-robed Daoist.

The vest fell off?

Indeed, as the two exchanged glances, a flicker of clear light flashed in the Daoist's eyes. At first, he felt shocked and angry, thinking that a Secret Demon Child was hiding here to assassinate Zhong Ziyang.

But then, seeing Tao Qian's true appearance and the treasure aura enveloping him, he couldn't help but turn his anger into laughter.

He didn't expose Tao Qian but instead secretly transmitted a message to him:

"If I'm not mistaken, Daoist, you must be the currently acclaimed number one talent of the Daoist sect, Tao Qian, Daoist Tao."

"Initially, I was worried about Junior Brother Ziyang's life, but since Daoist Tao is here, I presume all is well."

These flattering words made Tao Qian feel embarrassed, and he didn't know how to respond for a moment.

Fortunately, at that moment, something unexpected happened.

Their greetings and eye contact had lasted only a few moments.

Meanwhile, Ying Qingdi was still contending with the Taiji Demon-suppressing Immortal Sword brought by Mei Su of the Taishang Dao. As tentacles fell and the Yellow Robe vibrated, numerous formidable presences suddenly invaded the battlefield.

The second one caught everyone's eye.

From the west, a thick devil fog surged, covering the sky and blotting out the sun, with golden light exploding within it.

A short figure flew out—it was an odd ape with a pointed mouth and cheeky face, covered in dark golden fur, and wearing golden armor.

This ape was not of the Human Clan, but its eyes were exceptionally agile, and it clearly possessed Extraordinary Powers from birth. It blinked, and in an instant, threads of gold streaked through the air, seemingly able to see through various mystical illusions and barriers.

In its hand was a dark gold long staff, undoubtedly a Divine Weapon.

For when it swung, the heaven and earth resonated, causing thunder and lightning, with storms and rainbows rolling in.

Seeing this, nobody could miss it.

This ape was undoubtedly a powerful Cultivator of an Innate Abnormal Species, obviously of the Cavernous Mystery Realm, and ordinary Cavernous Mystery cultivators probably couldn't even stand as his match.

After appearing, it didn't immediately attack Ying Qingdi.

Instead, it called out to Chen Xiyi:

"Big brother, little Saint is here!"

"Hmm? Who has bullied you... could it be they are seeking death?"

The ape's golden eyes sparkled, immediately noticing that his own brother Chen Xiyi was seriously injured.

The ape's mind swiftly pinpointed the root cause and immediately set its gaze on Ying Qingdi.

In its eyes, the killing intent condensed into substantial golden light and chaos.

Seeing Ying Qingdi's Giant Spirit Dharma Body was too large, it seemed discontented and shouted:

"Only you are big, can't I be also?"

"Watch my Fangcun Mountain's Sublime Dharma, grow bigger, and longer!"

With thunderbolts in the clear sky, in a moment, an immensely giant Golden Ape appeared.

It bared its teeth at Ying Qingdi and yelled:

"You bastard, how dare you hurt my brother, take this from my staff."

Before the words ended, the dark gold staff, capable of stirring the vast ocean, had already smashed down.

In the next moment, apart from the sounds of sword light cutting through flesh, a series of dull thumps immediately followed.

A scene all too familiar to Tao Qian unfolded.

When he had previously used the Buddha Bird Relics to transform into the Sky-Supporting Ancient Ape, his actions were similarly rough and violent, intimidating to those who saw.

Moreover, he was borrowing power, losing a bit of the Innate natural essence.

But this Cultivating Ape was the real deal.

Even Mei Su of the Taishang Dao, upon seeing this, felt it was an eye-opener, couldn't help but exclaim: "What a Cultivating Ape, truly a heroic figure."

At the same time, the one who was more excited was Yuan Gong, who was in Tao Qian's arms.

He was originally also an ape, and seeing his kind successfully embarking on the path of cultivation brought him immense gratification.

He could barely contain himself once he saw the talents of this Golden Ape, and transmitted a message to Tao Qian:

"Innate Abnormal Species! This little monkey is like me, a spirit monster formed from an Innate Abnormal Species."

"Young man, for the first time, I'm asking you for a favor."

"If you can lure this little monkey to join my Secret Demon Sect, I will surely reward you greatly."

Chapter 550 - Sun Golden Rope, Authority of the Zhengyi Alliance

In the sky, the "strong reinforcement" summoned by Chen Xiyi, the Golden Ape descended from Fangcun Mountain, grappled fiercely with Ying Qingdi.

Chen Xiyi had previously stated in the belly of the Nine Sons Ghost Mother was in no way an exaggeration, and was even understated.

This Ape Practitioner, named "Sun Xiaosheng," possessed combat strength more ferocious than anyone else present.

He found the Dharma Image of Ying Qingdi too large, so he too used divine power to enlarge himself.

The two, almost like divine spirits, clashed together, soon turning the area into a realm of chaos, to the extent that the reinforcements called by Qi Daozhen, Shen Ruolan, Liu Yuying, and Dai Feipeng couldn't intervene.

The only one who could interfere was the treasure from Taishang Dao, the Taiji Demon-suppressing Immortal Sword.

In the midst of this, there was an episode.

Sun Xiaosheng, disliking how the Demon Suppressing Sword coordinated with him, forcibly snatched it up, wanting to wield the Immortal Sword in one hand and the golden staff in the other, claiming he would chop Ying Qingdi into pieces—truly an unparalleled evil god.

Had not Mei Su from Taishang True Inheritance timely cast a spell to make the Demon Suppressing Sword cooperate with this fierce ape, the stubborn Immortal Sword might have turned to chop the ape's head instead.

This scene, to bystanders, made the ape descended from Fangcun Mountain seem extremely arrogant.

But inside Tao Qian's embrace, Yuan Gong was even more delighted and eagerly murmured:

"Good monkey, truly a good monkey."

"Born a Golden Ape of an alien species, mastering both Daoist and Buddhist Laws, skilled with the staff, and adept in swordsmanship—free of restrictions, with unmatched hegemony... good disciple, tell me, isn't our Secret Demon Sect the most suitable place for this little monkey's cultivation?"

"You listen to my advice, it won't be hard to coax him over."

"I see that this little monkey, although cloaked in Buddha Light, has devilish aura and hostility within his soul that hasn't been diminished at all. He must have had a period of idle wandering and mixing before he joined Fangcun Mountain, already having developed a wild nature."

"I know how Fangcun Mountain trains disciples; now that this little monkey has just developed his supernatural powers, they will surely send him to tumble in the mortal world next, to stabilize his fickle mind and tether his willful heart, refining the ferocity from his soul. If he can achieve a pure child's heart, Fangcun Mountain might eventually have a genuine Buddha to preside... hiss, this monkey's talents surpass mine; Fangcun Mountain is really in luck!"

"But all is not lost, he surely won't be able to return to the mountain soon; you just need to make friends with him, and I'll contact a few old friends to arrange some calamities to deepen your camaraderie, then..."

As Tao Qian listened, initially, all was fine.

It was merely Yuan Gong admiring the Golden Ape, murmuring incessantly.

However, as the talk went on, it certainly turned towards "how to entice someone into the Secret Demon Sect."

It must be said that the Secret Demon Sect, being a demon sect, had means that didn't seem very righteous.

Tao Qian's brows twitched, and he quickly sent a telepathic message back:

"Stop, stop!"

"Master Yuan, are you sure you see clearly, I, Tao Qian, am still officially the Spirit Treasure True Inheritor; how can I do such things."

"Don't make it difficult for me, earlier you had me try to coax Ruolan sister, saying she was a promising seed in Sword Dao, and it's a waste for her to cultivate the 'Yue Girl Demon Slaying Scripture.' Now you want me to coax this Golden Ape, who clearly is a favorite true inheritor of Fangcun Mountain, with astonishing supernatural powers and a host of treasures; our Secret Demon Sect's reputation doesn't seem very good either. If I coax him and it enrages the monkey to spit or strike me with his staff, where shall I put my face?"

"Moreover, you know well that Fangcun Mountain isn't easy to provoke, with a host of fierce cultivators proficient in both Daoist and Buddhist paths up that mountain; would they allow someone to snatch away their beloved?"

"We still need to worry about rebuilding the Secret Demon Sect; why bother provoking such a huge monster? What if it stirs up several in the Daoist Transformation Realm, or even a Tribulation Immortal? That could only complicate our major task of re-establishment, how would that be good?"

Tao Qian finished speaking, and Yuan Gong couldn't help but be silent.

Though he immensely coveted the Golden Ape's talents, when compared to the major task of rebuilding the Secret Demon Sect, the latter was more essential.

With this thought, Yuan Gong couldn't help but sigh:

"Disciple, your words are reasonable; for now, we shouldn't provoke Fangcun Mountain, but if it were members of Taishang Demon Sect, we could plot something."

"Fangcun Mountain won't do; there are several tough ones on that mountain, unbeatable, unbeatable."

"Hmph, just unbeatable for now; once our Secret Demon Sect shakes off this rundown state, sooner or later we'll show them."

"Disciple, you must strive harder; don't let others look down on us."

As his voice fell, the statue trembled once or twice and then fell silent, evidently Yuan Gong adopting an out-of-sight, out-of-mind approach.

These telepathic messages, though complex, had all transpired in an instant.

Back in the arena, the Golden Ape from Fangcun Mountain was still locked in combat with Ying Qingdi. Even though the latter's cultivation realm and supernatural powers were stronger, he was constantly entangled by the Golden Ape, occasionally having to have large swaths of dense yellow tendrils cut down or being hammered by the dark gold staff on his Dharma Body—it was a pitiable sight.

Taking advantage of this lull, Tao Qian still had the leisure to observe some other unexpected guests.

No need to mention other reinforcements; there were soon many more surprising presences.

The most noticeable was a female cultivator!

Also, an old acquaintance of Tao Qian.

A prominent figure within the National Salvation Congress supported by the Primordial Sect... the Shaoqing Witch, Shi Yingqiong!

While Shen Ruolan, who practiced the Yue Girl Demon Slaying Scripture, was certainly a menacing star, she paled in comparison to the Shi family's girl.

Tao Qian had heard of her news when he previously hung the sky lantern.

Moved by the corruption of the world, she had persuaded the Shaoqing Sect and, wielding a sword, visited many Sword Cultivation Sects in the Cultivation World, forming an alliance of slayers that swept through province by province, slaying Evil Demons and suppressing ghosts... After such an experience, compared to her days in Demon City, she had transformed multiple times, extraordinary beyond measure.

Tao Qian went to look at her, and even though she didn't turn to look back, he could feel as if sword light was piercing towards him.