

My System 561

Chapter 561: The Great Tang Emperor, Thousand-Character Token _4

Behind the ferocious mask lay eyes as profound as an ancient well.

When Cheng Guang entered the bamboo house, the young man seemed to still be gazing at the pond outside the window in a dazed manner.

He stared in that way for a good while.

He didn't turn his head to look at Cheng Guang.

It was as if he hadn't even noticed Cheng Guang's presence.

Cheng Guang saw the young man's behavior and didn't mind, a slight smile appearing on his lips. He just stood quietly to the side, observing the young man.

This young man was the Great Tang Emperor, treated with such respect by Zhou Qingxu.

He looked very young, but Cheng Guang had no idea how old he truly was.

He was also unclear about the extent of the Great Tang Emperor's cultivation realm strength.

For now, he decided to quietly watch for changes.

If there were no changes later, he would immediately use his means to escape from this place.

Cheng Guang's mind flickered with thoughts, having already made up his mind.

Seconds and minutes ticked by.

Cheng Guang didn't have to wait too long before he suddenly heard a sigh from the young man who had been focusing on the pond outside the bamboo house.

Following that,

The young man slowly turned his head to look at Cheng Guang.

When Cheng Guang's eyes collided with those of the young man in black clothes and hair,

For a moment, the world around Cheng Guang spun, and all the scenery began to twist.

The dark aspects within Cheng Guang's mind surfaced one after another, resentment, greed, and cruelty all inundating him.

"This is..."

Cheng Guang had already lost himself, but when his Primordial Spirit fell into the darkness, or perhaps it was said, in his ears, a flash of golden light suddenly shimmered.

An image of a man with a halo above his head, dressed in a Buddha Robe, appeared in Cheng Guang's mind, hands together, muttering: "Amitabha Buddha."

The moment that voice sounded, Cheng Guang's mind instantly cleared up.

Cheng Guang took a deep breath; the confusion in his eyes gradually vanished, and the twisted world around him returned to normal.

The young man saw how Cheng Guang had snapped back to his senses, his eyes slightly raised in surprise, taking a few more glances at Cheng Guang, then seeming to sense something from Cheng Guang's presence.

A trace of shock flashed in his eyes.

"Master Xuanzang..."

"No, it might not be him, Master Xuanzang can no longer be revived and reborn, so why do I sense the aura of Master Xuanzang from this Town-Nation Duke's Heir?"

The young man murmured to himself, shocked, but his face showed no unusual expression.

"Princely Heir of Great Zhou."

After a pause, the young man was the first to speak, observing Cheng Guang and uttering his identity in an even tone.

"Your strength is indeed a bit peculiar; your cultivation realm seems to have been forcibly elevated, and you've even utilized Tri-color Grass, no wonder Zhou Qingxu has no way to deal with you."

The young man slowly spoke.

With just a few words, he had peeled away Cheng Guang's background.

Cheng Guang, listening to the young man's words, couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth.

He truly hadn't expected that the Great Tang Emperor knew of the existence of the Tri-color Grass.

Had it not been for the system task alert, Cheng Guang still wouldn't know what Tri-color Grass was or its function.

Yet the Great Tang Emperor knew.

Could it be,

Was the Great Tang Emperor really some ancient immortal who was buried in a coffin and had climbed out again?

Cheng Guang did not conceal the emotions within his heart, and the young man could tell what Cheng Guang was thinking just by looking at his face.

The Great Tang Emperor's face showed a smile, and though he laughed, he made no sound, "Although with your means, with your identity, you have quite a few ways to gather intelligence, I still can't figure out how you came to learn about Great Tang's existence."

"Or even how you made contact with me through Zhou Qingxu."

"What do you want to do with me?"

The Great Tang Emperor smiled slowly and voiced his doubts.

Cheng Guang, facing the gaze of the Great Tang Emperor, did not feel much intimidation but calmly and steadily replied.

"I also learned of Great Tang by accident, and I don't quite remember how it came to be."

"I don't quite remember..."

The Great Tang Emperor nodded slightly, not saying much, only responded: "Hmm... continue..."

Cheng Guang then said, "As for contacting you through Zhou Qingxu, my main purpose is that I hope to join Great Tang."

When the Great Tang Emperor heard Cheng Guang's words, he smiled again, "You want to join Great Tang?"

"Are you sure?"

Cheng Guang's expression remained unchanged as he said, "There are extraordinary people and wonders in the world, no one knows what the future holds."

"If a Sky-Man as powerful as Zhou Qingxu is willing to follow you, it seems to me there's nothing out of the ordinary for me to want to join Great Tang."

The Great Tang Emperor smiled and nodded, "Makes sense."

After saying this, the Great Tang Emperor fell silent again, silently observing Cheng Guang.

If the Great Tang Emperor had not seen the possibility of Master Xuanzang's aura on Cheng Guang, upon learning Cheng Guang's purpose for finding him, he would have immediately rejected him.

Even if Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, had vast power in the mortal realm and a prestigious identity, he was nothing but a passing cloud in the eyes of the Great Tang Emperor himself.

But,

Having seen a different aura on Cheng Guang, the Great Tang Emperor suddenly changed his original thought.

Chapter 562: The Great Tang Emperor, Thousand-Character Token _5

As he understood it,

in the world today, there were already many powerful beings and deified figures from the past, revived and intending to compete for the Fate of the Heavenly Dao once again.

When Master Xuanzang died, he might have left some contingencies, or perhaps he was reincarnated—it was hard to say.

The Great Tang Emperor thought of this and couldn't help but give Cheng Guang a few more glances.

“Have you ever read the scriptures?”

Cheng Guang nodded, not quite understanding why the Great Tang Emperor suddenly asked him this, but he still nodded, “I have glanced through some.”

Hearing this, the Great Tang Emperor continued, “And how about it, can you understand them, and have you gained any insights?”

Cheng Guang shook his head, “I don't know much about the scriptures.”

“I only know generally what they are about.”

The Great Tang Emperor gave a slight nod; his purpose in asking was merely to gauge the likelihood that Cheng Guang was Master Xuanzang reincarnated.

On Chen Guang, the Duke of the State's Heir, the aura of Master Xuanzang had appeared just faintly.

If it weren't for the Great Tang Emperor himself possessing strong cultivation and keen senses, he might not have connected Chen Guang, the Duke of the State's Heir, with the Master Xuanzang he knew so well.

And now, Cheng Guang's understanding of the scriptures, as he described it, did not seem to belong to the reincarnation of Master Xuanzang.

If it were Master Xuanzang, he would naturally have his own understanding of the scriptures, and even after reincarnation, this dedication and insight would not be lost so easily.

At this thought,

a touch of disappointment appeared on the youthful countenance of the Great Tang Emperor, although he didn't know why Cheng Guang exuded the aura of Master Xuanzang, it seemed certain that he could not be Master Xuanzang.

"The body is like the bodhi tree, the mind like a clear shining stand; always polish it diligently, and do not let dust alight."

"This verse once chanted to me by Master Xuanzang seems to have a better counterpart, but with the master's passing, things have changed, and the better verse of Zen poetry is now lost beyond recall."

"If this Town-Nation Duke's Heir were Master Xuanzang reborn, perhaps he might know it."

The Great Tang Emperor closed his eyes, murmuring to himself, rolling the black pearls in his hand as if in pious recitation of something.

Then, he extended his hand, called a writing brush through the air, and wrote from thin air.

The ink hung in space as if solidified, pausing mid-air.

He wrote down the verse he had just recited aloud.

Turning his gaze slightly, he looked toward Cheng Guang.

“Can you compose a Zen verse better than mine?”

“If you succeed, I will agree to let you join Great Tang.”

Cheng Guang, witnessing the Zen verse written by the Great Tang Emperor in midair, couldn't help but widen his eyes slightly.

Simultaneously, a strange feeling arose in his heart.

What exactly is going on?

Is this a question meant to be given away?

Cheng Guang felt that the question posed by the Great Tang Emperor was far too simple; he hesitated for a moment, wondering whether he should write down the answer as decisively as he could.

While Cheng Guang hesitated,

the Great Tang Emperor grew a bit impatient.

He found his own actions somewhat laughable.

Not to mention that he could not yet confirm Cheng Guang as the reincarnation of Master Xuanzang, even if he were, it wasn't certain he would remember how to recite the other verse of Zen poetry.

The Great Tang Emperor reminisced about the days long past spent with Master Xuanzang, with a trace of melancholy surfacing in his eyes.

His youthful face bore an incongruous look of weariness.

Just as the Great Tang Emperor was about to wave and dismiss Cheng Guang's request to join Great Tang, suddenly, he heard Cheng Guang starting to speak.

"The bodhi is originally without any tree, the mirror also not a stand. Fundamentally there is not a single thing—where could any dust arise?"

The moment Cheng Guang spoke these words, the Great Tang Emperor was left speechless, his intended words stuck in his throat.

His deep, dark eyes intently fixed on Cheng Guang, puzzled as to how the Duke of the State's Heir could suddenly recite such a verse of Zen poetry.

"From where did you learn this verse?"

The Great Tang Emperor gazed at Cheng Guang intently, attempting to discern clues from any changes in his expression.

Cheng Guang's expression remained unchanged as he replied, "It seems I have heard it somewhere, and when I heard your excellency recite that verse of Zen poetry just now, I felt it was lacking, so I spontaneously recited the verse that came to mind."

"Heard it somewhere occasionally..."

The Great Tang Emperor echoed the words softly, then, as if having come to a resolution, he clenched his hand discreetly and opened it slowly.

He smiled all at once, "If the Town-Nation Duke's Heir wishes to join our Great Tang, then I shall agree to it."

"Though Great Tang has only just been established, even in secrecy, I have prepared much, and we have some foundation to speak of."

With that, the Great Tang Emperor breathed deeply and took a Token out from his inner robes, infused it with a breath of energy, and presented it before Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang instinctively accepted it, and noticed that it bore a prominent “Thousand” character.

Supporting his chin with one hand, the Great Tang Emperor’s deep, dark eyes watched Cheng Guang, “Considering you are the Town-Nation Duke’s Heir, you can’t be placed casually upon joining my Great Tang. For now, you are granted the Thousand-Character Token.”

“It may not be of much use at the moment, probably no more than a symbol of identity.”

“If the city of Chang’an of our Great Tang were still around...”

With these words, sadness touched the young face of the Great Tang Emperor once more, and it seemed he wished no further conversation with Cheng Guang, as he waved his hand dismissively.

Chapter 563: The Great Tang Emperor, Thousand-Character Token _6

“You go ahead.”

After the Great Tang Emperor spoke, he pushed out an invisible force from his hand, propelling Cheng Guang out of the house toward the outside.

Cheng Guang was pushed out the bamboo house’s door by the Great Tang Emperor with a pair of invisible hands.

Standing inside the bamboo house, Zhou Qingxu, who had been anxiously waiting, immediately came forward to greet him.

Seeing that Cheng Guang was unharmed, Zhou Qingxu instinctively gasped in surprise, a hint of regret flashing across his heart, but he quickly suppressed that feeling.

Just as Zhou Qingxu was about to say something,

the corner of his eye suddenly caught a glimpse of the “Thousand” character Token in Cheng Guang’s embrace.

On seeing the Token, Zhou Qingxu’s breathing suddenly hitched, and his face inexplicably took on a tinge of shock and fear.

“This...”

“How could that esteemed person have given you, Princely Heir, this Thousand-Character Token?”

Zhou Qingxu’s usual easygoing and lazy demeanor couldn’t be maintained any longer, and he involuntarily took his hands out from his sleeves, staring blankly at Cheng Guang, eyes wide with astonishment.

Compared to Zhou Qingxu, Cheng Guang’s reaction was much calmer.

He held the Thousand-Character Token in his hand and casually tossed it, “What’s the matter?”

“Is this Thousand-Character Token very precious?”

Zhou Qingxu hastily pressed down on Cheng Guang’s hand, as if he feared Cheng Guang would drop the Token.

At the same time,

Zhou Qingxu's gaze was tightly fixed on the Thousand-Character Token, the yearning and aspiration in his eyes seemingly impossible to hide.

After a good while,

Zhou Qingxu finally managed to calm his emotions, took a deep breath, released Cheng Guang's hand with a slight apologetic chuckle, and then slowly began to speak:

"Princely Heir, this Thousand-Character Token is very precious."

"In our Great Tang, aside from that person, there are also twelve Sect Leaders and countless followers."

"We, the twelve Sect Leaders, were all cultivated by that person. Even when reaching the level of a Sky-Man, even with my current level of cultivation, that person has only ever rewarded us with the Hundred-Character Token."

"Even for this..."

"That person still appeared disdainful, believing that we weren't qualified enough."

"But..."

"Now, that esteemed person actually rewarded you, Princely Heir, with a Thousand-Character Token..."

"This is simply..."

As Zhou Qingxu spoke, his tone once again became incredulous.

Hearing this, Cheng Guang finally showed a slight change in expression, and couldn't help but look back at the young man with black hair and black clothing inside the bamboo house.

The Thousand-Character Token!

It was actually so precious.

This time,

Cheng Guang had been prepared to use the Emperor's Face Token in order to join the Great Tang.

Faced with the unknown Great Tang Emperor, Cheng Guang still felt some tension in his heart; joining the Great Tang and completing the system tasks would naturally be good.

If he couldn't complete them,

it didn't matter.

Cheng Guang's attitude was quite open-hearted, but still, he had not expected that after meeting the Great Tang Emperor,

the mysterious figure behind Great Tang was not as terrifying as he had imagined,

nor as dangerous as he had thought.

But why did Zhou Qingxu, upon mentioning that Great Tang Emperor, show such a frightened demeanor?

Could it be differential treatment??

At this thought, Cheng Guang grew confused again; he couldn't understand what it was about him that made the Great Tang Emperor treat him differently from others.

Even going so far as to reward him with the Thousand-Character Token, which Zhou Qingxu so desperately desired, yet couldn't attain.

Could it be because of the Zen poetry he had recited??

Cheng Guang's brow furrowed slightly, feeling that there was perhaps more to the story than met the eye.

"The Great Tang Emperor started by asking if I had read any scriptures, and then gave me a topic on a piece of Zen poetry..."

"This situation is very strange."

"It seems he is verifying something..."

Cheng Guang recalled this and suddenly realized that the Great Tang Emperor might have had some purpose in mind when he started conversing with him from the beginning.

What he verified about Cheng Guang afterward.

That was why he was treated so differently.

At this thought, Cheng Guang suddenly associated it with the figure that had appeared in his mind at the beginning.

The Saint Monk, Tang Sanzang.

Could it be because of Tang Sanzang?

Cheng Guang couldn't help but take a deep breath, gazing blankly at the young man in the bamboo house.

If this young man treated him differently because of Tang Sanzang, because Cheng Guang carried the aura of Tang Sanzang.

Then wouldn't that prove?

This young man...

Most likely knew Tang Sanzang too?

The Great Tang Emperor...

Was he the King of Tang from that year??

As Cheng Guang came to this realization, his eyes started twinkling, and his emotions were greatly stirred.

After calming himself for a while, Cheng Guang turned to Zhou Qingxu and asked:

"Mr. Zhou."

"What is the purpose of this Thousand-Character Token?"

Zhou Qingxu, upon hearing this, did not deliberately conceal the information and said to Cheng Guang:
"With the Thousand-Character Token, one can access the second floor of the Library."

"In that Library, one can find many of the Great Person's collections."

“I obtained my current level of cultivation from within the Library, albeit on the lowest floor, the first. Now that you, Princely Heir, hold this Thousand-Character Token, you can ascend to the second floor.”

“The entities within the second floor might allow the Princely Heir’s cultivation strength to surpass mine in one fell swoop.”

Zhou Qingxu sighed, clasping his hands together and hiding them in his sleeves.

His face was filled with a faint worry.

Feeling that if you compare yourself with others, you will only become vexed.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly, understanding from Zhou Qingxu’s words that the Thousand-Character Token, in some sense, also represented a form of resource.

The Library that Zhou Qingxu mentioned was probably the same entity as the Book Collection Pavilion of Duke Zhen’s Mansion.

However.

The items contained within the Great Tang Library were all collected by the Great Tang Emperor himself.

They were far beyond what Duke Zhen’s Mansion’s Book Collection Pavilion could match.

Cheng Guang was now curious about what was kept inside the Great Tang Library.

Just as he was about to withdraw his gaze to ask Zhou Qingxu where the Library was.

The Great Tang Emperor inside the bamboo house suddenly laughed:

“Zhou Qingxu, take Duke of the State’s Heir to have a look at the Library.”

“Tell the two elders at the Library to take out the Buddhist Robes and give them to the Princely Heir.”

Zhou Qingxu heard the voice of the Great Tang Emperor and showed a look of respect mixed with some fear, bowing his head in response.

Right afterward, he stepped aside, “Princely Heir, this way.”

Speaking, he pulled Cheng Guang and started walking towards the distance.

As Zhou Qingxu led Cheng Guang away from the side of the pool, the gaze of the Great Tang Emperor remained intently upon the water.

He observed the pool for a good while.

Suddenly, he seemed to notice something, and he couldn’t help but sit up slightly.

Following the Great Tang Emperor’s gaze.

One could see that within the pool, a faint mysterious light began to flicker.

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Chapter 564: Sacrificing the Body to the Buddha, Alone!

The pool that the Great Tang Emperor had been gazing at.

It was originally empty, with nothing but the pitch-black abyss of water which, upon a single glance, remained inscrutable.

But at this moment.

It suddenly began to emit a faint glow.

The strands of light, like reflections on a mirror, refracted a series of fantastical luminance, and beneath the surface of the pool, they conjured an image.

Within that image was a temple, with its wooden beams in disrepair, its grey curtains slightly hanging, and a Buddha statue fallen to the ground, its body broken and face fierce.

And behind the grey curtains.

On the Lotus Platform where the Buddha statue once sat, there now sat an old monk in grey robes.

The grey-robed old monk's face bore the signs of age and weather, his skin spotted with many somber blemishes, and he slightly bowed his head, giving the impression of someone in the twilight years of life.

Had it not been for the faint rising and falling of the grey-robed old monk's chest.

One might have suspected he was already dead without any doubt.

Under the watchful eye of the Great Tang Emperor, the old monk's breath became slightly more rapid.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes wide.

His gaze swept around the surroundings.

Quickly.

The grey-robed old monk seemed to sense the presence of the Great Tang Emperor, looking towards the direction where the emperor was, as if his gaze could penetrate the void and instantly see the emperor's visage.

Upon seeing the Great Tang Emperor.

The grey-robed old monk's eyes twitched violently several times, as if he was particularly shocked, but this shock did not linger on his face for long before he suppressed it.

"Your Majesty?"

The grey-robed old monk slowly spoke, his voice was not loud or deep, but it was extremely hoarse.

The water in the pool rippled slightly.

Although the grey-robed old monk did not know where he was, his voice perfectly reached the ears of the Great Tang Emperor.

The Great Tang Emperor listened to the old monk's voice, the young face beneath the fierce mask did not change in the slightest, only a hint of coldness appeared, which he then quickly suppressed again.

"Abbot, it's been a long time."

"You've hidden for so many years, the disaster of that year turned out to be a blessing for you, after that incident, you were treated like an honored guest by the Buddha Sect."

"If the Heavenly Dao hadn't collapsed, perhaps you could have lived freely for a lifetime."

The Great Tang Emperor said in an even tone.

Hearing the Great Tang Emperor's words, the grey-robed old monk's expression became visibly uglier, yet facing the emperor, the old monk seemed to have some concerns and did not dare to speak his mind, merely lowering his eyebrows in thought.

After a while, he spoke again.

"Your Majesty, the matters of the past were instigated by the Buddha Sect, we were merely pawns, the death of the Saint Monk is not much related to me, why must Your Majesty trouble me further."

The grey-robed old monk pleaded earnestly.

The Great Tang Emperor's face remained calm, simply quietly observing the old monk, his eyes barely fluctuating.

Silence.

In the silence of the Great Tang Emperor, the grey-robed old monk seemed to feel an immense pressure, his previously expressionless face now forced to show a few stiff smiles.

Just as he was about to say something more.

The Great Tang Emperor spoke again.

"A pawn?"

"You are right, you are a pawn, but you are also one of them."

"The Saint Monk's journey to the west was my plan for the Great Tang's future prosperity, but it became a board for the deities and Buddhas to compete for the fate of the world."

“Even after they achieved their goals, they did not stop, wanting to annihilate completely, spreading this secret affair as though it was a great deed done for the Great Tang.”

“The Saint Monk was deceived, the great sage was deceived, I too was deceived.”

“I, a mere mortal, if not for the collapse of the Heavenly Dao, and the corruption of the path of cultivation in the world, with the deities and Buddhas present, what could I possibly have done?”

“Now, the Heavenly Dao may restart...”

“I, too, will Fight for Heaven’s Destiny.”

“Let those exalted deities and Buddhas know that mortals can vie for Heaven!”

The Great Tang Emperor said, the eyes beneath the fierce mask became exceedingly resolved, and his tone was filled with icy intent.

The Emperor’s words reached the old monk’s ears, causing the old monk’s face to uncontrollably tremble again.

The grey-robed old monk, just by listening to the Emperor’s words, felt that the Great Tang Emperor was mad.

After a brief pause, then widening his eyes, he stared intently at the Great Tang Emperor.

“Your Majesty, how can we possibly contend with those existences?”

“And how can we reach the Fate of the Heavenly Dao?”

The grey-robed old monk said, his face becoming extremely unsightly.

Listening to the old monk's words, the Great Tang Emperor did not say much, just calmly fixed his gaze on the old monk, and softly stated:

"You've managed to survive in this world, that's already not easy."

"I'm giving you a choice."

"Either die or become my Vanguard."

After the Great Tang Emperor's words came out, the grey-robed old monk couldn't help but twitch slightly, his expression becoming exceedingly unpleasant.

A choice??

Is this really a choice for me?

The grey-robed old monk took a deep breath, wanting to say something, but in the end, no words came out. With a sigh, he relented.

"Your Majesty, just tell me what you want me to do, and I will do it."

Chapter 565: Consuming the Buddha with One's Body, Alone! 2

The grey-robed old monk knew that the only reason the Great Tang Emperor hadn't killed him at this moment was that he still had some utilitarian value.

Otherwise.

The Great Tang Emperor would certainly not engage in any unnecessary chatter with him, and he probably would have been severed with a sword before he even had a chance to speak.

The Great Tang Emperor nodded slightly, then his gaze slowly moved away from the pond, landing on the distance, "In this world, I do not know how many have awakened, I need you to collect all of your former colleagues."

"Many people from the temples across Great Tang should still be clinging to life now, those who have been contaminated by the way of heaven and earth the most have been from the Buddha Sect."

"Even if they have managed to survive until now, their nature is mostly mad, you should either subdue them or awaken them, just as long as you can make them useful to me."

The Great Tang Emperor finished speaking.

The grey-robed old monk was so shocked that he was momentarily at a loss for words, feeling like an intern who had just started work and had been tasked with taking the company public.

"Your Majesty, about this task..."

The grey-robed old monk paused for a while, wanting to say more.

However, the Great Tang Emperor was no longer interested in listening, he waved his hand and abruptly dispersed the image in the pond.

The faint glow emanating from the pond quickly thinned, barely visible, until it disappeared completely and nothing could be seen anymore.

Once the pond had returned to calm.

The Great Tang Emperor lay back in his lounge chair, gazed at the pond for a moment, then seemed to realize something, his eyes following the direction Cheng Guang had left in.

“The Saint Monk is dead, with no chance of survival, and the hope for reincarnation is extremely slim.”

“The Saint Monk...”

“Could it be him?”

The Great Tang Emperor muttered to himself.

Underneath the fierce mask, his eyes revealed a trace of confusion at the right moment.

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At this time, Cheng Guang was unaware of what the Great Tang Emperor was thinking, nor did he know that the Great Tang Emperor had once again begun to doubt the aura of Tang Sanzang on him.

Cheng Guang didn't really care about this.

It was normal for the Great Tang Emperor to not see through him.

If the Great Tang Emperor could see through him, that would be truly strange.

After all, the aura of Tang Sanzang on Cheng Guang was merely brought about by the Fruits of Path to Divinity.

In a certain sense, Tang Sanzang had long died countless times over.

Thoroughly dead indeed.

Otherwise.

Cheng Guang wouldn't have been able to obtain the Fruits of Path to Divinity of Tang Sanzang through the Heavenly Dao Pill.

Accompanied step by step by Zhou Qingxu, Cheng Guang made his way towards the Library.

The location of the Library was far from the bamboo house where the Great Tang Emperor resided.

It seemed as distant as the horizon.

But.

After walking a few steps following Zhou Qingxu, Cheng Guang noticed to his surprise that the Library was drawing closer with each step.

It was as if the space of this world was moving with his footsteps, rapidly shrinking in sync.

This was odd.

Could it be that this world was not a proper world after all?

Cheng Guang's eyes narrowed slightly, filled with doubt.

"Princely Heir, this is the Mirror World."

"A world created by the Master's own hands, where everything changes according to the Master's will."

"Entering this world also requires the Master's consent."

“Other than the Master’s invitation, even we, the Twelve Sect Leaders, cannot enter this Mirror World.”

Zhou Qingxu seemed to notice the confusion in Cheng Guang’s eyes and timely spoke up to clarify for Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly upon hearing this.

“I see.”

Zhou Qingxu, leading Cheng Guang, moved through myriad scenes, and soon enough, the figure of the Library appeared before them.

Cheng Guang stood in front of the Library, surveying it.

The Library used by the Great Tang Emperor to store objects was even more majestic and imposing than Cheng Guang had imagined, constructed entirely of purple sandalwood, emitting a distinct fragrance as soon as he approached.

It was pleasant but not overwhelming, as if it bore the scent of countless years.

At the same time.

Cheng Guang also saw that the Library had five stories, each level roughly several zhang high, with considerable space between floors, as if each level was a vast square.

“Princely Heir, please come this way.”

As Cheng Guang was sizing up the Library, Zhou Qingxu courteously stepped aside, indicating the direction for Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang gave a slight nod.

Following Zhou Qingxu's footsteps, he entered the Library.

The interior of the Library was quite different from what Cheng Guang had imagined, with rows upon rows of bookshelves.

There weren't many books, nor were there numerous shelves.

Mostly, there were sealed rooms.

Each room contained a jade pillar, upon which were placed items of various sizes.

As Cheng Guang passed by these rooms, observing their contents and looking at the objects on the jade pillars, he couldn't help but slightly furrow his brows.

It wasn't that he found the assortment of strange things in the Great Tang Emperor's Library peculiar.

Rather, these strange things themselves were inherently odd.

Even without getting close, just by looking through the wooden door at the items on the jade pillars, Cheng Guang could feel an aura of evil and filth.

By merely glancing, many of the darker emotions in the depths of Cheng Guang's heart were stirred up.

This feeling was a bit stronger than when he had encountered the Queen of the South Ming, but much weaker than when he had seen the Great Tang Emperor.

Looking at the items on these jade pillars, Cheng Guang needed only to focus his thoughts to suppress all the dark emotions in his heart, without the need for the Saint Dao Fruit in his Primordial Spirit to take effect.

Chapter 566: Sacrificing the Body to the Buddha, Alone! _3

“Princely Heir, these are all Fruits of Path to Divinity. Most of them are lightly corrupted and their powers aren’t that strong, so the enhancement to one’s cultivation is also quite limited.”

“The elder gave you the Thousand-Character Token; if possible, you can choose those Fruits of Path to Divinity on the second floor. The boost they provide to your cultivation is not something those on this floor can compare with.”

“But there’s one thing the Princely Heir must be mindful of.”

“The more a Fruit of Path to Divinity enhances one’s cultivation strength, the more severe its corruptive influence on a person. If the cultivation level is low, it’s not much of a problem, but once it surpasses the realm of Sky-Man, the impact of the Fruits of Path to Divinity on a person will become increasingly significant.”

“A single misstep, and one might become a devil or a demon beast.”

“According to the elder, many of the demon beasts in this world, a very long time ago, were just ordinary spirits or ordinary human race cultivators.”

Zhou Qingxu softly explained.

Cheng Guang’s eyes slightly widened as he listened to Zhou Qingxu’s words.

The more powerful the Fruits of Path to Divinity, the greater the effect they have on a person.

Many cultivators, after reaching the realm of Sky-Man, had sudden drastic changes in disposition, all because of the contamination from heaven and earth.

However.

Those Sky-Men had not obtained the Fruits of Path to Divinity. Their personalities changed, at most becoming a bit eccentric, and they did not fall to the level of becoming devils or demon beasts.

But once one obtained the Fruits of Path to Divinity, while the potential for further advancement in cultivation became possible, the risks involved in the process of cultivation also increased accordingly.

As Cheng Guang contemplated this, he suddenly thought of the Fruit of Path to Divinity he had just acquired.

The Fruit of Path to Divinity of Tang Sanzang.

It was a Spiritual Essence inherited directly from the Heavenly Dao.

Why is it that after I obtained the Fruit of Path to Divinity, I haven't experienced much influence?

As Cheng Guang pondered over this, he felt somewhat puzzled.

Just as Cheng Guang was about to ask Zhou Qingxu for more information about the Fruits of Path to Divinity,

Zhou Qingxu suddenly stopped in his tracks.

He looked towards the end of the Library corridor.

Bowing respectfully, he then spoke out loud:

"I pay my respects to Elder Shi, Elder Bai."

Hearing Zhou Qingxu's words, Cheng Guang paused his steps and glanced upward, following Zhou Qingxu's gaze towards the distance.

Looking towards the end of the Library corridor, a hint of confusion flashed in Cheng Guang's eyes.

At the end of the corridor.

There was nothing at all.

Who is Zhou Qingxu greeting?

While Cheng Guang thought this, about to turn his head away from the corridor's end, he felt a sudden chill in his brow, and a flash of white light crossed his eyes.

Looking into the distance once again,

Cheng Guang was taken aback to see

Two elderly figures standing at the end of the corridor.

The two elders, one with white hair, one with black, had different hair colors but shared the same aura of decay.

Instead of appearing pallid, their complexions were rosy, seemingly incorporeal, as they resided within the walls of the Library.

As Cheng Guang scrutinized the two elders, the elders were likewise observing him.

When their gazes met,

Cheng Guang politely lowered his head in greeting, then spoke:

“I pay my respects to the two elders.”

Contrasting the elders’ initial shock, they then stared at Cheng Guang as if they had seen a ghost.

“You, boy, can you actually see us two?”

The white-haired elder, after being stunned for a good while, watched Cheng Guang with eyes full of emotion, as if perplexed why Cheng Guang could see their figures.

Cheng Guang sincerely nodded.

“Yes, I can see you.”

At these words from Cheng Guang,

both the white-haired and the black-haired elders fell silent, exchanged a look, and felt as if they were dreaming.

“In this world, aside from that stinking cur Li Er, is there someone else who could see us?”

“The Netherworld has long ceased to exist, Immortal Buddhas are no more; there shouldn’t be anyone who can see us. Could this person be some immortal being reincarnated?”

“I don’t know, Elder Bai, why don’t you ask him yourself?”

“Why don’t you ask him yourself, Elder Hei?”

The white-haired elder and the black-haired elder each said a piece, soon appearing to argue with each other, glaring indignantly.

Cheng Guang, hearing the dialogue between the two elders, could not help but be slightly amused.

“Elders, it’s probably better not to quarrel. Quarreling can hurt feelings. Is there something strange in my being able to see you both?”

The white-haired elder and the black-haired elder, hearing Cheng Guang’s words, seemed to tacitly close their mouths, no longer arguing, but instead turned their attention to Cheng Guang.

Watching Cheng Guang,

One moment,

the white-haired elder and the black-haired elder were at the end of the first-floor corridor of the Library, but the next moment, they appeared within the walls beside Cheng Guang.

The two of them surrounded Cheng Guang, one to the left and one to the right.

“You say, what’s strange about you seeing us?”

“Of course it’s strange!”

“We two are only visible to the dead, and you, a living person, are able to see us. Isn’t that very strange?”

“Besides, your cultivation level isn’t that high, not yet reaching the point where you could see us without being dead.”

“You’re very strange!!”

The two elders took turns explaining the matter clearly.

Cheng Guang only just heard the white-haired elder and the black-haired elder say that only the dead could see them, and was utterly shocked.

What is this situation?

Only the dead can see you??

Chapter 567: Sacrificing the Body to the Buddha, Alone! _4

“The living are not worthy to see you? Or is it that you are already dead?”

Cheng Guang was shocked for quite a while, again somewhat unable to understand what the white-haired elder and the black-haired elder were talking about.

His understanding of this world was once again shattered by the two men, the white-haired elder and the black-haired elder.

Ideas whirled through Cheng Guang’s mind, but he couldn’t make sense of the situation.

In the silence of Cheng Guang,

the white-haired elder and the black-haired elder simultaneously fixed their gaze on Cheng Guang, as if observing him, and yet seemingly appraising him.

After a good while,

the two men suddenly spoke in perfect unison.

“Hei.”

“Bai.”

“I think.”

“This person seems to have died.”

“But then, it seems like he hasn’t.”

The two men spoke their final synchronized sentence, and afterwards, they exchanged glances once again.

In their eyes, both saw the shock reflected.

As the white-haired elder and the black-haired elder murmured to each other,

Cheng Guang, still in a daze, was becoming restless, barely able to hold back.

Dead.

But it seems not dead.

Isn’t this proof that I am a transmigrator?

Cheng Guang had been in this world for some time, but he had never encountered someone who could see through him.

The white-haired elder and the black-haired elder...

What in the world are they???

They can actually see through his facade???

Could it be they came from the Hall of Yama???!

Cheng Guang couldn't help but ridicule in his heart, and at the same time, he couldn't sit still any longer. He chuckled, "How can the elders say such things? I'm very much alive. How could I have died and then lived again?"

"I came to the Library this time and hope for the elders' guidance. I'll be on my way shortly."

As he spoke, Cheng Guang took out the Thousand-Character Token that the Great Tang Emperor had given him.

Upon the reveal of Cheng Guang's Thousand-Character Token,

the white-haired elder and the black-haired elder stopped their ruminations, returned to their senses, and their gaze landed on the Thousand-Character Token in Cheng Guang's palm.

"Thousand-Character Token?"

"Li Er, that damn cur, was actually so generous? He gave you the Thousand-Character Token?"

"Fine then, you can go straight to the second floor in a while."

The white-haired elder and the black-haired elder said, then simultaneously turned around, their bodies once again merging into the wall.

At the same time,

the end of the passageway on the first floor, a heavy door that had been closed for who knows how long and was already covered in dust, slowly opened.

It was also at this moment that Zhou Qingxu's voice appeared in Cheng Guang's ear.

"Princely Heir, Princely Heir, are you alright?"

"Princely Heir..."

Zhou Qingxu's voice started off very distant, then it became extremely close.

Cheng Guang turned his head to look around but did not see Zhou Qingxu's figure.

This discovery gave Cheng Guang a sudden shock.

He could clearly hear Zhou Qingxu's voice but could not see him.

Had he encountered some sort of ghostly disturbance?

All of a sudden, Cheng Guang felt a chill, feeling as if the scenery of the passageway around him was retreating at breakneck speed, like a fast-ebbing tide.

Cheng Guang felt dizzy and his vision blurred.

Instinctively, he closed his eyes, and upon opening them again,

Cheng Guang saw Zhou Qingxu, who had just disappeared, reappearing before his eyes.

“Princely Heir?”

Zhou Qingxu waved a hand in front of Cheng Guang’s eyes, filled with confusion.

“Princely Heir, why did you suddenly freeze? Did something happen?”

Cheng Guang snapped back to reality, staring blankly at Zhou Qingxu, his brows slightly furrowed.

“I haven’t moved just now?”

Zhou Qingxu nodded slightly.

“Yes, after I greeted the two elders, you haven’t moved a bit.”

“I thought the Princely Heir was distracted by something.”

Hearing this, Cheng Guang’s brows furrowed even tighter, “No, didn’t you just see the two elders?”

Zhou Qingxu tucked his hands into his sleeves and chuckled.

“Princely Heir must be joking. Even if it were not just me, even Xu Zhong, that fellow with the highest cultivation and strength among the Twelve Sect Leaders, cannot see the two elders.”

“Perhaps only the Emperor knows what the two elders look like.”

Saying so, Zhou Qingxu then turned respectfully towards the far end of the passageway and called out, "Elders, the Emperor commands that the Buddhist Robes be taken out and handed to the Princely Heir."

Not long after Zhou Qingxu spoke,

a piece of Buddhist Robes came flying down from above, as if dragged by someone carelessly throwing it over.

Zhou Qingxu hurried forward and firmly caught the Buddhist Robes in his hands.

The mere touch of the Buddhist Robes made Zhou Qingxu's complexion slightly pale, as if his aura had heightened.

Zhou Qingxu dared not touch it for long, quickly folding it up, taking out a jade box to gather it in, and only after ceasing to feel the aura of the Buddhist Robes did he slowly exhale in relief.

"Princely Heir, this is the Buddhist Robes the Emperor wants to give you."

"You can take it with you for now and study it when you return. The Emperor doesn't give just anything; it's generally not bad."

"Looking at these Buddhist Robes, they seem to also serve as a medium for the Fruits of Path to Divinity."

"The quality is better than the majority of the Saint Dao Fruits on the first floor."

Having said that, Zhou Qingxu's gaze once again turned toward the end of the passageway.

"These Buddhist Robes come from a higher level; who knows from which floor they actually are."

Zhou Qingxu murmured to himself,

while Cheng Guang took the Buddhist Robes, yet his gaze was not at all lost like Zhou Qingxu's. Instead, he looked towards the end of the passageway, at the two old men lying within the wall, staring at Cheng Guang with a haunted expression.

Chapter 568: Sacrificing the Body to the Buddha, Alone! _5

The two old men were still whispering to each other.

"Hei, listen to me, there's definitely something off about this young man. Li Er, that damned dog shit, even gave him the Saint Monk's Buddhist Robes, which he respects the most."

"What is Li Er planning to do?"

"A mere mortal daring to 'Fight for Heaven' is one thing, but we have to lend him a helping hand, not knowing whether he's the fool or we are."

"Enough, enough, don't think about it too much. After the collapse of the underworld, where else can we, the Yin Gods, have any space to exist? It's only this Library built of locust rosewood that can accommodate us now."

"The final battle for the Dao has nothing to do with the two of us. Whether Li Er wins or loses, all I need is for the order of this world to be restored."

"Alas, we Yin Gods have long been rejected by the world; who knows how many Yin Gods are still out there."

"You better stop thinking about it. If the two small fry like us have survived, those Hall Masters surely have their own means of saving themselves."

The white-haired old man and the black-haired old man were talking back and forth, not paying too much attention to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang didn't mind.

Holding the Buddhist Robes, he examined them closely for a moment.

In his eyes,

Wisps of golden light seemed to be emanating from the robes.

There wasn't much of the Evil Aura around them, unlike those around the jade pillars on the first floor of the Library.

What's the situation here?

What's the condition of these Buddhist Robes?

Why did Zhou Qingxu turn pale after just touching them?

Is there a problem with the Buddhist Robes, or with me?

Or is Zhou Qingxu the one with the problem?

Cheng Guang was a bit perplexed again.

Regardless,

The Buddhist Robes posed no threat to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang wasn't in a rush to find out the use of the Buddhist Robes; instead, he prepared to go up to the second floor first.

Since the Great Tang Emperor had given him the Thousand-Character Token, he naturally couldn't waste it.

Cheng Guang slowly walked towards the end of the corridor.

Zhou Qingxu stood still, not following Cheng Guang forward.

His qualifications did not allow him to accompany Cheng Guang to the second floor.

Zhou Qingxu could only stand in place, watching Cheng Guang leave.

As Cheng Guang's figure gradually disappeared at the end of the corridor, a hint of envy emerged in Zhou Qingxu's eyes.

Zhou Qingxu was truly envious.

Each of the Twelve Sect Leaders only had a Hundred Character Token.

But Cheng Guang,

Cheng Guang, the Town-Nation Duke's Heir, had just joined Great Tang, and the senior had already awarded him a Thousand-Character Token.

It's truly maddening to compare oneself to others.

Zhou Qingxu inexplicably felt a little emo.

He tucked his hands into his sleeves and slowly let out a sigh.

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Cheng Guang walked through the great door.

He was watched all the way by the black-haired and white-haired old men.

Although Cheng Guang didn't feel uncomfortable being watched,

As the Duke of the State's Heir, wherever he went, he was the center of attention. Cheng Guang was accustomed to such matters.

So Cheng Guang subconsciously thought that even here,

Being watched by the black-haired and white-haired old men, he wouldn't care.

But as it turned out,

He was overthinking it.

The scrutiny from the black-haired and white-haired old men was overwhelmingly oppressive to Cheng Guang.

Especially since the two of them were lying stiff within the walls, with only their eyeballs constantly moving, staring at him.

Cheng Guang couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat all over his body.

Just when Cheng Guang was about to lose his patience and wanted to say something,

The black-haired and white-haired old men timely withdrew their gaze.

Their bodies faded away gradually.

Although Cheng Guang didn't know why the black-haired and white-haired old men suddenly stopped staring at him, he still felt relieved.

He reached the second floor.

The scenery on the second floor was similar to the first.

But there were fewer rooms.

Around the jade pillars in the rooms, there were more intricate traces than in the rooms on the first floor.

Some ink strokes appeared chaotically painted, yet vaguely formed a pattern resembling chains,

Sealing the contents on top of the jade pillars tightly.

Even without entering the rooms, just by looking at the pillars, Cheng Guang felt a twinge in his heart.

Whispers filled his ears,

Swarming and almost driving one to madness.

Cheng Guang listened to the murmurs around him, yet they did not affect him much, as the Fruits of Path to Divinity in his mind were shining with light.

A clear chant of Buddhist hymn rose,

And the murmuring in Cheng Guang's ears gradually weakened, and in a short period of time, he could no longer feel any whispers.

At this time, looking again at the objects in the second floor's jade pillars, Cheng Guang was no longer affected.

The Evil Aura he had felt previously had completely vanished.

There was no trace left at all.

The porcelain and fans on top of the jade pillars now seemed utterly ordinary.

"Is this..."

"Could it be that I can't sense the Evil Aura from these objects because of my Saint Dao Fruit?"

"Now that the Heavenly Dao is tainted, my Saint Dao Fruit must also be contaminated, and severely so. Why am I not affected at all?"

"Or is it that I'm actually affected, just not aware of it myself?"

Chapter 569: Sacrificing the Body to the Buddha, Alone! _6

Cheng Guang murmured to himself.

His mind sunk slightly.

Submerging into the depths of his consciousness.

Cheng Guang discovered that his Primordial Spirit now displayed two colors.

One white and one gold.

The white represented Cheng Guang's original Primordial Spirit, which had not yet fused with the Sacred Fruit.

The gold, however, was his Primordial Spirit that had merged with the Fruits of Path to Divinity.

Within that golden hue, he could see streaks of will and enlightenment transforming into flowing light, circling within his mind.

Cheng Guang merely glanced at the Primordial Spirit within his consciousness before planning to withdraw from it.

But it was right here,

Cheng Guang suddenly saw

that the half of his Primordial Spirit, which had fused with Tang Sanzang's Fruits of Path to Divinity, trembled. Immediately after, there flashed within the Primordial Spirit an even more dazzling radiance.

Under Cheng Guang's gaze, that brilliant golden luster gradually gathered into a figure neither too large nor too small.

The figure wore Buddhist robes and resembled a monk, with hands pressed together and a face conveying sincerity and compassion as it spoke one phrase.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

As the voice resounded within his mind,

Cheng Guang’s body, from the inside out, sparkled with streaks of Buddhist light.

All of the “Fruits of Path to Divinity” on the second level, as if sensing Cheng Guang’s presence, changed from their ferocious demeanor to curling up and whimpering, pleading for mercy as soon as the Buddhist light flickered on his body.

And at this moment,

Cheng Guang’s originally closed eyes slowly opened, and as he looked at everything around him, he sighed and once again slowly brought his hands together in prayer.

The Buddhist robes that Cheng Guang had stored in his storage ring

flew out without any warning,

unfolding in midair and draping over Cheng Guang.

At the same time,

all of the “Fruits of Path to Divinity” on the second level trembled softly.

The filth and impurities on their bodies flowed out like water, converging towards Cheng Guang.

But those streaks of pitch black, when they landed on Cheng Guang,

did not contaminate the golden luster on his body; instead, they made the golden glow even more sanctified.

Cheng Guang was oblivious to the outside world; he remained in his consciousness, observing the golden monk that had suddenly appeared within his Primordial Spirit.

Under Cheng Guang's gaze,

the golden monk within the Primordial Spirit became more solid.

From an initial blur, the figure's features gradually became clear.

Cheng Guang stared intently.

As seconds and minutes of waiting passed,

he suddenly saw the monk's features clearly.

Upon recognizing the monk's appearance, Cheng Guang's eyes couldn't help but widen slightly, a look of shock in his eyes, yet he appeared reflective.

The monk was none other than Cheng Guang himself.

Cheng Guang did not understand why another figure resembling a monk had formed within his Primordial Spirit.

However,

he had a rough idea that this was perhaps the effect of the Fruits of Path to Divinity he had obtained.

Cheng Guang also realized,

the Fruits of Path to Divinity he had received

were different from what Zhou Qingxu and the others, and the Chicken Demons in the Secret Realm of Five Daos Mountain had acquired.

The way they, from some objects, acquired the Fruits of Path to Divinity, differed vastly from the way Cheng Guang directly received the Fruits of Path to Divinity from the Heavenly Dao.

Perhaps...

my method of cultivation is the orthodox one?

But then again,

why does the tainted Heavenly Dao grant me a Saint Dao Fruit that is untainted?

Why am I unaffected?

This was something Cheng Guang could not understand no matter how much he pondered.

Taking a deep breath,

Cheng Guang stopped thinking about it.

Let nature take its course.

Just as Cheng Guang's primordial spirit was about to slowly withdraw from his mind,

he suddenly paused in shock.

Because he discovered

he could no longer control his own body.

He could “see”,

his body, suspended in the second layer.

On his body, Buddhist robes had been draped at some unknown time.

The robes fluttered, golden and pure.

All the “Fruits of Path to Divinity” within the rooms of the second layer seemed to be drawn by him.

Through the window,

Cheng Guang could see that the sky outside the library had already begun to darken.

“What’s happening, what am I doing??”

“No, what is my body doing???”

At this time, Cheng Guang was completely dumbfounded.

He had completely lost the ability to control his body.

He could only watch helplessly as his body went on a rampage.

In a short time,

Cheng Guang saw figures appearing one after another.

Due to his actions, the figures that appeared around him were mostly looking at him with a look of great horror.

These figures,

Cheng Guang did not recognize.

The majority were very unfamiliar.

However, it seemed that among them were quite a few core members of the Great Tang, and a few people standing with Zhou Qingxu had a breath of cultivation that was not weak.

“Are they one of the Twelve Sect Leaders of the Great Tang?”

Cheng Guang looked at the people beside Zhou Qingxu.

He did not look long,

before he noticed that beside him, the figures of an old man with black hair and an old man with white hair slowly appeared.

They both looked at him in utter shock.

“What’s going on here?”

“Is this young man attracting evil filth??”

“The pollution on the Fruits of Path to Divinity seems to have been purified a bit.”

The black-haired old man was so shocked he didn't know what to say.

“He's using himself to attract evil filth; isn't he afraid of going completely mad?”

“We must stop him!”

The white-haired old man thought the same.

But before he could voice his concerns,

the white-haired old man felt another figure suddenly appear beside him.

The white-haired old man turned his head.

He looked at the young man dressed in black with black hair who had appeared suddenly beside him.

The young man wore a fierce mask, obscuring his expression. Through the mask, one could only make out the moved expression in his eyes below.

“Saint Monk...”

“Is it you, Saint Monk...”

The Great Tang Emperor began to speak slowly, and although his voice was young, it trembled, and upon closer listening, it even carried a hint of sobbing.

Just hearing the Great Tang Emperor say the words “Saint Monk”,

completely shocked the black-haired old man and the white-haired old man.

“Saint Monk??”

“The one who, back then, decayed with Buddha, and alone, opposed gods by himself?”

“Hadn’t he died long ago?”

“Could it be that this young man is him?”

The black-haired old man and the white-haired old man whispered to themselves, looking at Cheng Guang enveloped in golden light, their mouths twitching slightly.

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Chapter 570: Competing for the Fate of the Heavenly Dao

The black-haired elder and the white-haired elder were both struck with astonishment, not knowing what to say for a moment.

They could only stare blankly into the distance at Cheng Guang, enveloped in golden radiance, wordlessly silent.

At this time, the Great Tang Emperor's emotions were somewhat overwhelming as he watched Cheng Guang, draped in Buddhist Robes, his eyes indifferent and sacred, much like the way he once sacrificed himself to embody the Buddha, his eyes trembling continuously.

At this moment.

Countless people near the Library were all watching Cheng Guang.

Being watched by so many, Cheng Guang also felt a numbing sensation on his scalp.

It was only then that he realized, he had unwittingly extracted all of the evil filth within many of the "Fruits of Path to Divinity" on the second floor of the Library.

This evil filth was so dense that it could change the color of heaven and earth.

Ordinary people would go mad in mere moments upon contact with this evil filth.

Even Sky-Men couldn't withstand it.

But at this moment.

Cheng Guang was able to breathe freely under this dense evil filth without feeling the slightest bit wrong.

"What is happening to me?"

"Did the Saint Dao Fruit within my Primordial Spirit take control of me on its own??"

Cheng Guang was full of confusion, completely clueless about the spectacle unfolding before him.

Cheng Guang couldn't control his body,

and could only watch helplessly as his body, under the control of Tang Sanzang's Saint Dao Fruit, gradually purified the evil within the second floor of the Library.

Fortunately, this change didn't last long, sparing Cheng Guang from waiting too much.

After merely a quarter of an hour,

the golden radiance on Cheng Guang's body began to retract, and the evil aura within the "Fruits of Path to Divinity" on the second floor all shrank back, escaping as if tucking their tails and running away,

displaying a slight fear towards Cheng Guang.

As Cheng Guang's body slowly descended to the ground, he discovered that he could now control his previously unresponsive hands and feet.

Cheng Guang looked at his hands in bewilderment. The inexplicable actions of Tang Sanzang's "Saint Dao Fruit" seemed to have induced subtle changes throughout his body, yet he couldn't discern what had changed.

However, the surrounding evil filth now had a very weak effect on him.

On the contrary, his influence over the evil seemed to have grown stronger.

Simply standing there, he could make the sinister aura within the "Fruits of Path to Divinity" tremble.

"Why does the 'Fruits of Path to Divinity' have such an effect?"

"Could it be that Tang Sanzang still has his own consciousness?"

Cheng Guang murmured to himself, feeling as if his mind was scrambled.

In his view, Tang Sanzang's Saint Dao Fruit was at most a tool.

A person can't be dominated by a tool, can they?

Cheng Guang was thinking this when he suddenly noticed something.

His gaze once again fell on the Buddhist Robes he was wearing.

Not long after he donned these Robes, the system messages timely flooded into Cheng Guang's mind.

[Bloodstained Buddhist Robes: These robes have an extraordinary past. The obsession of their owner has lingered on them. When you wear them, in a short time, the past owner of the robes might descend upon you. Aside from that, the material of the robes is not simple. If you explore carefully, you might discover the wondrous uses of these robes.]

Reading the system's prompt in his mind, a flash of understanding crossed Cheng Guang's eyes.

But then.

He was baffled yet again.

Because.

The robes could allow the past owner to descend upon the wearer.

And just now.

He hadn't put on the robes himself.

It was his "Saint Dao Fruit" that autonomously donned the robes.

Could this mean that his "Saint Dao Fruit" still had some instinctual consciousness?

Having sensed the presence of the "Buddhist Robes," it took the initiative to wear them.

Otherwise, even if the robes could momentarily summon Tang Sanzang, it would have been of no use.

Furthermore.

Cheng Guang realized.

The function of the robes was to allow the past owner to descend upon him, but Tang Sanzang was dead and couldn't possibly descend.

What controlled his body

was a mere obsession.

An obsession that had settled upon the robes.

An obsession determined to sweep away evil.

This could also explain why something like this had happened just now.

Taking a deep breath, Cheng Guang removed the Robes and murmured to himself:

“Inside my Saint Dao Fruit, there’s also an obsession of Tang Sanzang. Normally, if I encounter a situation where my Primordial Spirit is unguarded, I don’t need to act on my own. The Saint Dao Fruit and the Proving Dao Map in my mind will take action themselves.”

“They hold a mindset of absolute annihilation, a need to purify the evil.”

“This time should have been the same, except that the presence of the Buddhist Robes allowed the obsession within the Saint Dao Fruit of my Primordial Spirit to encounter the obsession within the robes.”

“The two combining and creating a chemical reaction.”

Having understood all of this, Cheng Guang felt a sense of relief wash over him, and then he slowly exhaled, feeling the surrounding gazes intensify.

Cheng Guang looked up and around.

After a quick scan of the crowd,

Cheng Guang, though unfamiliar with most of them, still knew that the majority of these people were from the Great Tang.

A sweep of his eyes revealed countless Sky-Men.

At least a hundred!

Although most of them seemed to have just ascended to Sky-Men, their cultivation and strength might not be weaker than Cheng Guang’s.

But this was already very formidable.

These hundreds of Sky-Men, along with numerous others at most in the Ninth-order Martial Emperor Realm, were powerful enough to sweep across the world.