

## Starlit Path 104

### Chapter 104: The Overlord's Trial and a Request for Aid

The Overlord, Xiang Shaoyun, initially dismissed the little maid, Ni Yu, despite her being the Young Lord's servant. What could she do against him, a titan of Western Liang? But as she hurled her black wok, his perception shifted. The wok came at him like a devouring black hole, no mere cookware but a mountain, a sky. The crushing pressure made the lake beneath him boil, the white waves he'd summoned with his blood and spiritual energy collapsing.

Boom! The lake erupted, water spraying like a torrential downpour. In the falling rain, Xiang Shaoyun's eyes burned, locked on the drifting wok. "Young Lord Lu!" he roared. It wasn't Ni Yu controlling it—it was the Young Lord himself.

In the pavilion, Lü Dongxuan, seated across from the Young Lord, felt an immense pressure, as if the air had frozen, a mountain bearing down. Sweat beaded on his forehead, his hand too weak to lift a chess piece, yet he forced himself to sit upright. "Such terrifying pressure... Is this a cultivator's might?" he thought, relieved that joining White Jade Pavilion might be his life's wisest choice.

The Young Lord, one hand propping his chin, pressed a chess piece onto the board, his white robes and hair fluttering. On the lake, the wok collided with the Overlord. Unfazed, Xiang Shaoyun punched, fearless. Thud! Sound waves rippled, stirring waves across the lake. The wok flew back to Ni Yu's hands, while the Overlord sank halfway into the water.

Ni Yu's mouth gaped, her eyes wide, clutching the wok with chubby hands. "I... I'm already this strong?" she marveled, unaware of her own might. Swallowing hard, she fished out a sugar-coated Qi Gathering Pill, popping it under her tongue before crunching it. Emboldened, she shouted, "One pot down, two to go, big guy! Ready?"

The Overlord climbed from the water, his gaze heavy. On the island, Jing Yue rubbed his eyes in disbelief, then glanced at the pavilion's second floor, where the Young Lord leaned against the railing. He understood—the Young Lord was using Ni Yu to suppress the Overlord.

Lu Changkong and his army, watching from their boats, were stunned. The Overlord, a legend, was being overpowered by the Young Lord's lazy, gluttonous maid? If it were Ning Zhao or Nie Changqing, top-tier cultivators, it would make sense, but Ni Yu with a wok? Absurd.

Mo Liuqi, on his boat, watched with gleaming eyes. The Overlord ignored Ni Yu, his gaze fixed on the misty pavilion, where a white-robed youth played chess. His spirit surged. Stepping forward, waves exploded beneath him. Ni Yu, glaring, swung the wok again.

In the pavilion, the Young Lord chuckled, unhurriedly picking another piece. Click. The piece hit the board, and the spiritual pressure intensified. The Overlord was formidable, especially in his demonic state, stronger than most cultivators. Suppressing him with spiritual pressure alone would require over five hundred strands of spiritual energy, but Ni Yu's wok, refined into a spiritual artifact through alchemy, was perfect for the task.

The second wok strike came, and the Overlord roared, black demonic energy coiling around him. Fish trembled in the lake, white waves spreading like serpents. Enveloped in demonic aura, he punched again. Thud! The lake erupted, but this time, only half his foot sank. The wok was repelled, but the third strike followed swiftly, spinning with crushing spiritual pressure, like a mountain bearing down, suffocating all.

Ni Yu, shocked, munched two more pills. The Overlord's demonic energy surged, his roar beastly. Thud! He collided with the wok, which held firm as he plummeted into the lake, waves crashing. The wok returned to Ni Yu. Lu Changkong's boats rocked in the aftermath, and he smiled. "Let's go," he ordered, leading his troops away. The Overlord couldn't stir trouble in Beiluo.

Calm returned to the lake. In the pavilion, Lü Dongxuan exhaled as the Young Lord's three moves felt like blows to his heart. "Let him come up," the Young Lord said, stretching lazily, pleased with humbling the Overlord. Ni Yu, hearing his voice, grinned, her eyes crescent moons. "Yes, Young Master," she replied.

The lake swirled, and the Overlord surfaced, swimming to shore, his towering frame dripping. Ni Yu, wok on her back, looked up at the over-two-meter giant, her bravado fading. "Your wok's something else," he said, wiping water from his face, smiling.

Ni Yu, barely reaching his thigh, wilted. "The Young Master invites you," she mumbled, leading the way. The Overlord, eager, glanced at the pavilion. As expected, the Young Lord surpassed Qi Core cultivators. This visit was worth it. Scanning the lake, he inhaled the spiritual energy. "A true paradise," he murmured.

Spotting Jing Yue, he ignored him. Seeing Lü Mu, he raised a brow—Tianji School? His gaze shifted to Mingyue, hiding behind Lü Mu, and froze. "Ming... Mingsang?" he whispered, but shook his head. No, despite her striking resemblance, her aura was different.

"Who's that?" Mingyue asked, watching the Overlord head to the pavilion.

"Xiang Shaoyun, Overlord of Western Liang, a peerless hero who can fight thousands," Lü Mu said, leaning on his cane. Mingyue's eyes sparkled, captivated.

The Overlord ascended the pavilion, pausing at the plaques like Lü Dongxuan, then climbed to meet the Young Lord. Clad in white, the Young Lord exuded effortless grace. Lü Dongxuan, gold chain gleaming, grinned at him. "Sit," the Young Lord said, a cushion sliding to Xiang Shaoyun.

Their first formal meeting. Xiang Shaoyun studied the delicate, pale youth—this was the world’s foremost cultivator? “Why does the Overlord visit Beiluo?” the Young Lord asked, sipping plum wine.

Lü Dongxuan sat quietly, smiling. Xiang Shaoyun’s eyes burned. “Among the world’s heroes, only you, Young Lord, catch my eye. Most cultivators linger in the Qi Core realm, but I seek what lies beyond. I came to Beiluo for answers—and to discuss serious matters.”

The Young Lord raised a brow, sipping. “This is Lü Dongxuan, master of the Tianji School, now part of White Jade Pavilion as the Tianji Pavilion.” Xiang Shaoyun blinked—a Hundred School faction, absorbed? “White Jade Pavilion will periodically share cultivation secrets and immortal realm news,” the Young Lord continued. “You wish to know what follows the Qi Core? It’s no secret—I’ve discussed it with my maid and coachman.”

Xiang Shaoyun, stunned, bowed earnestly. “Please, enlighten me.”

The Young Lord smiled, noting the Overlord’s growth after life’s trials. “After Qi Core is the Body Zang realm,” he said. “The second immortal secret realm will soon appear, likely containing methods to reach it.”

Xiang Shaoyun inhaled deeply, shifting topics. Sitting on the cushion, he bowed solemnly. “The world is divided among four powers: Southern County, Western Liang, Northern County, and Great Zhou. Northern County has Mo Beike, Southern County the Sword Sect, Great Zhou Kong Xiu. Western Liang lacks such talent. Thus, I ask you, Young Lord, to leave this island and aid me in unifying the realm.”