

## Starlit Path 116

### Chapter 116: The Eight Dragons' Roar and the Dragon Gate's Emergence

\*The Imperial Capital\*

In the Scholars' Pavilion, an aged eunuch stood respectfully at the entrance. Mo Tianyu, chest bared and wine gourd in hand, lounged casually.

"Eunuch, the Master sees no one," Mo Tianyu said.

"Master Mo, His Majesty ordered me to summon the National Teacher. If I fail, he'll have my legs broken," the eunuch replied, his face creased with a wry smile, flicking his whisk.

"Oh? His Majesty said that?" Mo Tianyu raised an eyebrow, surprised.

"With Zhao Kuo's rebellion, the capital lies in ruins. His Majesty urgently needs the National Teacher to take charge," the eunuch explained. "He says, 'With the National Teacher for wisdom and Jiang Li for warfare, Great Zhou will rise.'"

Mo Tianyu frowned. "No. The Master said no visitors, and that's final." He paused, eyes gleaming. "How about I read your fortune instead?"

The eunuch's face paled. "No, no, thank you!"

A cough echoed from the pavilion. The National Teacher, clad in Confucian robes and hunched with age, emerged slowly, supported by Kong Nanfei. "Tianyu, don't trouble the eunuch. I'll go," he said.

The eunuch trembled, nearly weeping with gratitude. "National Teacher," he bowed deeply.

The National Teacher lifted him gently, sighing. "You've served the late emperor and watched the young emperor grow. It hasn't been easy."

"Let's go," he said with a faint smile.

"Yes, sir," the eunuch replied, bowing again.

Outside, a lavish five-horse carriage awaited. As the National Teacher boarded, word of his departure from the pavilion swept through the capital. The carriage rolled forward, and he lifted the curtain, gazing at the desolate streets patrolled by armored guards. A somber air cloaked the imperial city.

"Jiang Li lives up to his Military School legacy. His command is impressive," the National Teacher remarked. "Though Bai Fengtian is gone, Jiang Li keeps the school alive."

Kong Nanfei nodded. "I thought the emperor's nine edicts recalling Jiang Li meant imprisonment, like Bai Fengtian. But Zhao Kuo's rebellion gave him a chance."

“All because of Lu Ping’an in North Luo,” Kong Nanfei added.

“How so?” the National Teacher asked, leaning back with a smile.

“If Lu Ping’an hadn’t sent five hundred North Luo cavalry to wreak havoc in the capital, and if his three cultivators hadn’t repelled Zhao Kuo’s eight thousand elite troops, Zhao Kuo might not have rebelled so soon,” Kong Nanfei explained.

The National Teacher stroked his beard. “Blame no one. The moment Zhao Kuo drafted his manifesto, his fate was sealed. He shouldn’t have dragged Ping’an into it.”

The carriage reached the Purple Gold Palace. As the National Teacher alighted, Kong Nanfei’s expression shifted, his gaze darting toward the palace gardens.

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\*Southern Prefecture, Great Marsh: Coiling Dragonland\*

Tang Yimo, blood-soaked and wreathed in black qi, stood locked in a tense standoff with the coiling dragon of the marsh. Its serpentine eyes gleamed coldly, toxic miasma swirling around it.

Outside, Tang Xiansheng, clad in armor, watched with glowing excitement. His eldest son, Tang Baiyun, stared at Tang Yimo with envy and resentment.

“Well done!” Tang Xiansheng shouted, elated. Tang Yimo’s valor exceeded his expectations. A dragon that a thousand cavalry couldn’t subdue, yet Tang Yimo held his own.

“My son!” Tang Xiansheng clapped, laughing heartily. With Tang Yimo, ambitions he’d long suppressed might finally take shape.

On the marsh, Tang Yimo balanced on the water, facing the dragon. Activating the Eight Meridians Escaping Armor Magic

, he’d opened the first meridian, barely matching the creature’s might. A true fight’s outcome was uncertain.

Suddenly, the marsh waters churned beneath him, a terrifying force brewing. “Retreat!” Tang Yimo shouted, alarmed. The dragon dove into the depths, the marsh boiling as mud sprayed.

Fleeing the water, Tang Yimo stared back. A massive vortex formed, revealing a white, egg-like spiritual energy shield floating within, radiating oppressive power.

“Immortal opportunity...” Tang Yimo murmured.

The Southern army gaped. Tang Xiansheng dismounted, joining his son. “Yimo, what’s happening?”

Having never visited the Wolong Ridge Secret Realm, he was clueless. “The Dragonland holds an immortal opportunity. It’s emerging,” Tang Yimo said.

“Immortal opportunity? Is it dangerous?” Tang Xiansheng’s eyes flashed.

Tang Yimo glanced at him coolly. “Very.”

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\*East Yan River, Western Prefecture: Mirage Dragonland\*

The Western army camped beyond the river, watching its mist-shrouded waters. The Overlord’s figure flickered within the colorful haze.

Suddenly, clouds shifted above. The river surged into a towering vortex, revealing a white, egg-like energy shield.

With a roar, the Overlord shattered the mirage-like mist. “The immortal opportunity!” his confident voice boomed across the river. “Lu Ping’an said the Dragonlands hold cultivation methods for the Hidden Body Realm. I will claim it!”

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\*Dongyang Prefecture, Rift Valley: Crimson Dragonland

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Charred corpses littered the valley, reeking of burnt flesh. Dongyang's forces had suffered dearly. The crimson fire dragon melted stone with its heat, incinerating anyone who drew near. Even master martial artists perished, burned by its fiery breath.

The Dongyang Governor glimpsed a white, egg-like shield in the valley—another immortal opportunity like Wolong Ridge. But no one could enter. The agony of seeing such a prize, yet being powerless to claim it, was unbearable.

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\*Tianhuang Mountain, Star-Picking Peak: Cloud Dragonland\*

A phenomenon stirred the Daoist Sect. On the peak's bluestone platform, Daoists looked up, eyes alight with excitement. An elderly Daoist approached, gazing at the white, egg-like shield amid rolling clouds.

"Sansui, you're destined for this dragonland's heavenly dragon. Seize this opportunity," he said. "It's a pity Sansi isn't here. His Wolong Ridge experience would've helped."

“Don’t call me Sansui. Call me Mochou,” the Daoist nun replied coldly, staring at a translucent, cloud-like creature weaving through the mist, meeting her gaze.

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\*North Luo, Lakeheart Island\*

Atop White Jade Capital’s second-floor terrace, Lu sat alone in his wheelchair. The spiritual pressure board flickered with shifting red dots. The wheelchair rolled to a sandalwood table, where Lu plucked a green plum, dropping it into warm wine. As a tart aroma rose, he scooped a spoonful with a bamboo ladle, sipping directly from it.

He smiled, satisfied, then guided the wheelchair back to the board. Dense red dots marked the eight spiritual pressure barriers. Pinching a black chess piece, he placed it at the board’s center.

Click.

The sound seemed to echo through the heavens. Lu’s soul surged, rippling across the world.

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Before each Dragonland, a terrifying spiritual pressure erupted, overwhelming onlookers. Hidden dragons emerged, each coiled around a white, egg-like shield, unleashing distinct roars. The eight dragons' cries shattered their shells, which burst like bubbles in sunlight.

Behind each, a grand, ancient dragon-patterned "Dragon Gate" materialized.

The Eight Dragons roared, and the Dragon Gates appeared.

The Dragonland Secret Realms... opened!