

Starlit Path 129

Chapter 129: Young Master Lu Ventures Out

Lu was indeed troubled. The Dragon Blood Pill was an exceptional foundation-building elixir, capable of infusing the body with dragon blood for immense strength. If its latent power was awakened, physical prowess could surge several-fold. Lu had plans for it—to bolster North Luo City's strength.

The world knew North Luo for White Jade Capital, not the city itself. Without the sect, North Luo was just another vulnerable city. Lu wanted to change that. Relying solely on White Jade Capital, as seen in the capital's street battle where Nie Changqing and Ning Zhao fought while North Luo's five hundred cavalry merely supported, didn't align with his vision. A stronger North Luo would enhance White Jade Capital's mystique.

"Dragon blood... only the candle dragon is a true heavenly dragon now. Using its blood is too extravagant," Lu mused, leaning on his new wheelchair—Thousand-Blade Chair, forged from a thousand low-grade Yellow-rank spiritual blades, forming a high-grade Yellow-rank artifact. He named it humbly, befitting his elegance. His hand grazed the armrest, blades spinning like blooming lotuses, radiating cold sharpness.

"Candle dragon blood is too much. I'll use ordinary dragon blood for now," he decided. Non-heavenly dragon blood would suffice for mortals. Choosing the least favored dragon, his mind flashed through the eight. It settled on the black dragon. "You'll do. You love meat; you've got plenty of blood," he muttered.

In the capital, the black dragon lounging atop the Dragon Gate stiffened, scales bristling, eyes wide with dread spreading from tail to head.

Lu's wheelchair glided to the North Luo Lake's vortex, his gaze piercing the Dragon Gate's barrier to the realm within. Jing Yue, among North Luo's army, fought clay statues, absorbing their spiritual energy.

Slicing a statue's head, he landed, pulling a Qi-Gathering Pill from his chest, licking it before reluctantly pocketing it. "Too sweet. Ni Yu's batch has too much sugar. She needs a pill-tester," he grumbled, charging back. "No more running. With North Luo's army, why flee? Whoever runs is a coward!"

On the iron bridge, oppressive air swirled. Sword lights crisscrossed like a torrential storm, sealing every inch. Ning Zhao, bloodied and scarred, gritted her teeth, parrying the purple-smoke figures' relentless assault. She teetered on death's edge; the realm was no game. Even North Luo's soldiers entered alive and left as corpses. She couldn't slacken—failure meant death.

Young Master Lu had sent her here, and she refused to disappoint him. Though his strength outpaced hers, she yearned to shield him from all troubles. Her talent was modest, but Lu had given her an ancient cultivator's pill from Wolong Ridge. She wouldn't fail him. Her Cicada Wing Sword flashed, spiritual energy repelling the smoke figures. Wiping blood from her lips, she charged again.

From the pavilion, Lu watched quietly, aware of her stubborn pursuit of his footsteps despite the impossible gap. "Even mortals can ascend to immortality," he thought. Ning Zhao's starting point surpassed most. Sitting in his Thousand-Blade Chair, like gliding on snow, he descended from White Jade Capital to the island.

Ni Yu, hunched over her black wok refining pills, gaped as Lu appeared. Wiping her face, she scurried toward him, but he waved her off. She stumbled back to her wok. "Keep refining," his faint voice echoed.

Lu Dongxuan and Lu Mu Dui, brewing tea, stood. "Young Master."

Lu nodded. Ming Yue, clutching her pipa, stared curiously at the elegant youth in the flamboyant wheelchair. Was this the mysterious, temperamental Lu who killed at a whim? He seemed approachable.

Noticing her, Lu found her vaguely familiar. “Ming Yue, come meet the Young Master,” Lu Dongxuan urged. She scurried over, nervous. “Y-Young Master...”

Ming Yue... Ming Sang? Sisters? Lu nodded, acknowledging her. Lu Dongxuan, gold chain gleaming, grinned. “Young Master, what of Ming Yue’s potential? Can she study cultivation under you?”

“Let her play the pipa here. When she infuses spiritual energy into her music, then we’ll talk,” Lu said lightly. His wheelchair glided toward the lake’s Dragon Gate.

Lu Dongxuan gasped. Spiritual music? How? Ming Yue, gripping her pipa, ran to the stone steps, playing determinedly. Lu reached the lake, his wheelchair’s blades forming a sled-like base, sliding into the Dragon Gate.

Lu Dongxuan and Lu Mu Dui exchanged stunned glances. Young Master Lu, leaving the island for the realm? A first! What was he doing?

Inside, the blood-soaked realm fell silent as Lu’s radiant wheelchair appeared, his white robe pristine, one hand on his chin, the other tapping the wool blanket over his legs. His glance froze the battling statues. Luo Cheng, panting and bloodied, gaped. Jing Yue was dumbfounded. “The recluse Young Master in the realm?!”

Lu's presence halted all action. North Luo's soldiers gazed at him with awe and reverence. He nodded, fingers brushing the armrest. With a piano-like gesture, he swept forward. A sharp clang rang out, and a silver blade shot from the wheelchair, slicing through every statue like a white streak. They shattered, spiritual energy flooding nearby soldiers.

The blade returned, embedding in the armrest. Soldiers knelt, ecstatic, believing it a gift. "Thank you, Young Master!" Lu said nothing, gliding forward, entering the iron bridge, his figure blurring.

Jing Yue trembled. That blade could've beheaded him from a hundred miles away. But why was Lu here? He bypassed Ning Zhao's battle, unnoticed by her or the smoke figures. Her fight raged—bloody, frenzied—while Lu, hair fluttering, moved as if on a leisurely outing. Crossing the bridge, he ascended the floating island, then followed the chains to the central palace of the eight gates.

On the palace's jade platform, a stirring presence—the realm's dormant master—reacted. Lu, unfazed, tapped the armrest rhythmically. The presence froze, then dissipated. Scanning the chains, he found the capital's Dragon Gate. "Convenient," he smirked, gliding across the bridge to the capital's realm.

There, the old eunuch battled a statue. Spotting Lu's white-robed figure, he froze. "North Luo's Young Master?!" Lu swept his hand, releasing silver blades—one leading, others forming a large silver bowl. They shot out, accompanied by a terrified roar. Moments later, they returned, the bowl brimming with crimson blood, hovering before Lu.

Satisfied, Lu glanced at the eunuch, whose familiar oppressive dread buckled his legs. Turning, Lu glided back across the bridge, vanishing.