

Starlit Path 170

Chapter 170: No Regrets in Becoming a Demon, the Overlord Breaks into Body Zang

“Huh? Not dead?” From the Guifang army, atop a litter borne by eight warriors, the golden-haired youth’s face flickered with surprise. A peak Foundation Establishment monk’s full-force punch had failed to kill a mere Qi Condensation cultivator? That strike could have shattered a city wall. Even an ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivator would have been crippled or killed. “This guy’s body... it’s tough,” the youth remarked, intrigued.

The monk dispersed his fist’s energy, clasping his hands and gazing calmly at the Overlord. Moments ago, he’d sensed a presence watching from the heavens, distracting him long enough for the Overlord to land a painful axe blow to his neck. It nearly severed his head—a humiliating prospect for a peak Foundation Establishment wanderer, defeated by a native before even facing the Lord of the Plane. Especially with another wanderer watching.

Yet, as a Buddha, he could forgive. “Amitabha,” he intoned. “Donor, you’ve fallen to demonic ways. Let this poor monk guide you.”

He stepped forward. The Overlord’s bloodshot eyes burned, pushing himself to the brink. Under this immense pressure, he felt the barrier to the Body Zang Realm. But breaking through was so hard. “Demonic?” he growled. “So what? I, Xiang Shaoyun, live with no regrets. What does it matter if I’m a demon?”

His shield shattered, he gripped his axe and charged the monk. “Demons are sin, burdened with karma,” the monk said serenely, as if the battlefield’s screams, blood, and severed limbs were irrelevant. The Overlord loathed the monk’s sanctimonious air, worse than the hypocritical Confucian scholars. The monk’s aura suppressed his demonic energy, fueling his disgust.

Demonic energy surged from his Qi Core, coiling around him. At Wolong Ridge, he'd embraced the demonic path without regret, driven to gain the strength to protect those he cherished. Even Young Master Lu had never called him wrong. Yet this bald monk dared label him sinful? "What are you to judge me?" the Overlord roared, hurling his axe. It spun through the air, whistling toward the monk's head.

"You're no match for this poor monk," the monk said, raising a palm. A golden light enveloped him, halting the axe. The Overlord unleashed more demonic energy, leaping with explosive force. His fist slammed into the golden barrier, sending shockwaves rippling, but it held firm.

The monk, robes fluttering, gazed at him with pity. "Donor, your obsession has tainted your mind, corrupting your purity. Lay down your weapon and become a Buddha." He pushed out a palm, and a massive force struck the Overlord, sending him flying like a cannonball.

The monk caught the axe, black energy seeping from it. "See? Your weapon is steeped in demonic taint, soaked in blood and slaughter. It needs purification. If you persist as a demon, you'll harm the world." With a crack, he snapped the axe, its fragments thudding to the ground.

The Overlord rose again, startling the monk. This man was relentless. Charging with demonic energy at its peak, his body thrummed with vital force, kicking up a storm of sand and stone like an enraged lion. The monk dodged effortlessly, his peak Foundation Establishment prowess far surpassing Qi Condensation. "Your body reflects this world's filth," he said. "It must be purified to become a land of bliss, a Buddha's realm of kindness."

"Spare me your nonsense," the Overlord spat, blood mixed with his words. The monk's eyes flared, and golden light erupted behind him, forming six spectral arms. They struck in unison, hammering the Overlord. Each blow felt like a mountain, yet he rose each time, his armor in tatters.

The Xiang Family Army watched, eyes wide with fury. Their invincible Overlord, humiliated by this monk? Xu Chu, enraged, swung his spiked iron balls, smashing red-robed monks to pulp. “Governor! I’m coming!” he bellowed, charging the monk like a whirlwind, his iron balls tearing through Peacock Kingdom soldiers.

The monk glanced at Xu Chu, flicking a finger. A blast of air shattered the iron balls, sending Xu Chu flying hundreds of meters, crashing to the ground in pain. Seizing the moment, the Overlord landed a fist on the monk’s face, snapping his head aside.

As Xiang Family soldiers rushed to aid, the monk’s six arms swatted them, their bodies bursting. “See? As a demon, you cause countless deaths,” the monk said. “Join my Buddha, and this slaughter ends.” Another fist sent the Overlord flying, but he landed on his feet, blood spraying.

Seeing his fallen men, rage boiled within him. His eyes burned crimson. He was too weak. Memories flooded back—of kneeling before the white-robed youth in White Jade Capital, who said strength was the key to stability and protection. He’d chased power, yet the Body Zang Realm eluded him. He’d faced North County’s fifty thousand alone, traded wounds to slay the Purple Mist couple, yet still fell short. Now, watching his comrades fall, a chilling sorrow gave way to a surge of violent energy from his Qi Core.

“Demons are destined for tragedy,” the monk said. “Since you cannot be saved, I will not take you.” Chanting sutras, he summoned a ten-zhang golden Buddha, its palm crashing down, cracking the earth.

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At White Jade Capital’s pavilion, Lu, cloaked in a crane robe, propped his chin with one hand, swirling a wine cup with the other. “Enough pressure now?” he mused. “Breaking into Body Zang through demonic

transformation is no small feat. Once you reach it, I'll return the soul I took." He shook his cup, the plum wine spiraling.

Outside Hu Rao Pass, snow and sand swirled, bitter and desolate. Corpses littered the ground, Xiliang cavalry standing blood-soaked, blades drawn. A towering golden Buddha dominated the battlefield, drawing all eyes. The golden-haired youth smirked. "It's over." But his smile faded as the Overlord's aura persisted.

The monk, robes fluttering, stared as the Overlord stood in a palm-shaped crater, his body swollen with power. Black demonic energy seeped from the cracked earth, swirling around him. Raising his head, his eyes glowed deep crimson. "Body Zang... break!" he roared. Demonic energy surged, recalling Wolong Ridge, where he'd first embraced the demonic path, accepting it without regret.

"My West County, my army," he bellowed. "I, the Overlord, will protect them!" Demonic energy and blood coalesced into an axe and shield. Charging the golden Buddha, a vortex of demonic energy spun above him.

The golden-haired youth stood, stunned. "Breaking through to Foundation Establishment in battle? Is this native insane?" A bad feeling crept over him. If the natives were this fierce, how terrifying was the Lord of the Plane? Stepping off his litter, he leaped across his warriors' heads, his tattered armor glowing with light. Reaching out, he conjured a radiant greatsword.

On Lakeheart Island, amid White Jade Capital's mists, Lu's lips curved. "Impressive. The strongest Body Zang in history, born of demonic resolve." He nodded, anticipating the explosive power of this breakthrough. Could a newly ascended Body Zang defeat an attribute-enhanced one? These wanderers, as the golden-haired youth noted, were peak Foundation Establishment—stronger than the ancient Body Zang in the dragon gate's palace. If the Overlord could slay one, it would be intriguing.

"Since you've reached Body Zang, I'll return your soul," Lu said, smiling. "No regrets in becoming a demon—what a resolve." Standing from his wheelchair, his white robe turned black. With a flick of his finger, a translucent light shot from the pavilion.

The monk, shocked by the Overlord's breakthrough, spoke coldly. "Too deep in demonic ways to be saved. Even at Foundation Establishment, you cannot break my Buddha body." Chanting, the golden Buddha glowed brighter, its sutras thundering. The Overlord, eyes blood-red, charged with a black axe trailing demonic energy and a blood-forged shield, appearing before the Buddha and monk. His axe struck the golden form, ringing like metal on metal.

"You cannot break my Buddha body," the monk said calmly. The Overlord glared. Suddenly, ripples spread through the air, like a stone disturbing a still lake. A translucent light pierced the Overlord's brow. His crimson eyes cleared, clarity surging. Behind him, a black figure materialized—the Demon Lord.

The monk, encased in the golden Buddha, froze as the Demon Lord's shadow seemed to glance back. His calm shattered, replaced by rising panic.