

Starlit Path 180

Chapter 180: Bully My White Jade Capital's Children and Think You Can Run?

In North County, outside Tianhan Pass, the snow ceased, and the sky cleared. The Xirong King, his charred face exposed after tearing off his human mask, stared gravely at the three fiery phoenixes. The world was transforming, and so were these chickens.

Sparks flickered on his blackened face, but unlike the phoenixes' blazing heat, his flames were cold, ghostly white, tinged with deathly aura—solar fire versus underworld frost. The phoenixes clashed with him, their intensity growing as Bai Qingniao, their controller, gained insights from the world's shift. Her flames threatened to overpower his “Bone~~fire~~Fire.”

Sensing the challenge, the Xirong King retreated, his head ablaze with white flames. An invisible wave rippled from him, igniting the ground. A chilling scene unfolded: corpses of Xirong and North County soldiers, touched by his flames, rose as if alive, their eyes burning white. Dozens swayed, blood dripping, shaking off snow.

The King's fingers, tipped with white fire, manipulated these corpses like puppets. With a flick, they charged Bai Qingniao, scattering snow like frenzied beasts. The phoenixes moved to intercept, but the King blocked them. Bai Qingniao, unprepared for such horror, panicked.

Nie Shuang roared, stepping before her, planting his feet firmly. Facing the charging corpses, he struck with practiced precision, honed by countless punches in Beiluo Lake. His fist, shadowed by a phantom, unleashed unmatched force, blasting the corpses away.

“Big Head! Nice work!” Bai Qingniao cheered, her panic easing. The battlefield, initially terrified by reanimated comrades, rallied at Nie Shuang's stand. Even Dantai Xuan, restrained and bloodshot, shouted approval. “Worthy of White Jade Capital!”

The Xirong King, surprised, seized Bai Qingniao's distraction, charging her with crushing pressure. Nie Shuang, undaunted, felt it surpass even his father's aura. "So strong..." he gritted, but his stance held like rooted pines, unwavering.

He recalled Nie Changqing's words by Beiluo Lake: "Shuang'er, one day you'll grow from boy to man. Only strength lets you protect yourself and those behind you." Bai Qingniao screamed, "Big Head, run!" as the King closed in, her inexperience evident.

Luo Cheng, fueled by dragon blood pills, charged but faltered under the King's pressure. Nie Shuang, eyes blazing, stood firm. He couldn't retreat—Bai Qingniao depended on him. Evoking that rainy night when Nie Changqing roared for him to flee, he punched, imagining the King as Beiluo Lake's waves.

The King, unfazed by Nie Shuang's youth, countered with a fist. Their blows collided—peak Foundation Establishment against Qi Condensation. Snow exploded, corpses flew, and the King stepped back slightly, stunned by Nie Shuang's solid strike. Nie Shuang staggered, each step denting the ground, blood streaming from his nose, yet his eyes shone with triumph. "I... did it!"

Jiang Li caught him, his own hand bloodied from the recoil. Bai Qingniao, eyes red, channeled Nine Phoenix Transformation with newfound clarity. "Xiao Fengyi, Feng'er, Fengsan—attack!" The phoenixes, fueled by her rage, surged, showing signs of evolution. The King, feeling the pressure, retreated, realizing he couldn't kill her.

Glancing at Nie Shuang, Bai Qingniao, Jiang Li, and the cursing Dantai Xuan, he doused his flames, donned his mask, and vanished, his army retreating with him. Bai Qingniao ceased her technique, the phoenixes reverting to chicks. Xiao Feng'er and Fengsan lay exhausted, while Xiao Fengyi dragged them to her. She nourished them with her technique, tucked them into her basket, and rushed to Nie Shuang.

Jiang Li was stable, his injuries from the King's strike minor. Nie Shuang, bloodied but elated, gasped, "I did it!" before fainting in Jiang Li's arms. Snow resumed falling.

Li Sansi emerged from Wentiang Peak's dragon gate, wooden sword in hand, robes loose. Snow melted in his palm. He'd intended to exit Buzhou Peak's gate to aid Tianhan Pass and see Zhu Long, but it rejected him, its aura stirring ominously. Defeated, he chose Wentiang Peak.

As he emerged, the world transformed, spiritual energy erupting from the gate. Now, with the shift over, he sprinted toward Tianhan Pass, his Body Zang stamina rivaling a horse. Yet, the distance left him melancholic, running through snow with a heavy heart.

Beiluo Lake was shrouded in misty spiritual energy. On the island, chrysanthemums and peach blossoms bloomed vibrantly. Ni Yu, under her black wok, absorbed energy, munching a sugar-coated Qi Gathering Pill like candy. "Boring," she muttered. Yi Yue, having reached Qi Condensation's peak, declined a pill, wary of overdoing it.

"Ning's getting stronger—probably finishing her fourth Zang!" Ni Yu gossiped, resembling a village auntie. Yi Yue sighed at her antics. "What's Young Master doing on the lake?" Ni Yu wondered, crunching pills. "Stop eating those," Yi Yue chided. Ni Yu shrugged—pills were just snacks now, ineffective at her peak.

---Support me on [Patreon](/aiden_connor) to unlock more chapters early and get exclusive content!

On the calm lake, Lu sat in his Thousand Blades Chair. The Buddha's soul, pierced by a silver blade, dared not move under Lu's terrifying pressure. Despite his Qi Condensation aura, it rivaled a Golden Core elder's. Worse, he suppressed another Golden Core presence in the lake. "What kind of demonic world is this?" the souls thought, regretting their choice.

Lu eyed them, their capture purposeful. Like the mid-martial lord's spiritual clone, their souls—tied to fallen worlds—held value. His brow furrowed, the lake rippling, nearly shattering the Buddha's soul. The youth froze, terrified of Lu's Golden Core-like might.

"Noticing Nie Shuang's efforts," Lu nodded. "As Nie Changqing said, no one bullies White Jade Capital's girls—or children." Summoning his chessboard, he scoffed, "Bully my kids and think you can run? Too naive."

Sleeves rolled, he placed a black piece on the board.