

## Starlit Path 184

Chapter 184: Under White Jade Capital, the Young Master Lectures on the Dao

One move, one world. In the dense fog, Lu played a chess piece against the Buddha's soul-piece on the spiritual pressure chessboard. Through the game, Lu glimpsed the Buddha's life, as if watching a film or dreaming. Each wanderer carried a fallen world's legacy, offering Lu valuable insights.

In the dream, a dashing young master wielded a fan, excelling in martial and literary arts. He roamed the 江湖, slaying villains and bandits, his talent unmatched. Reaching Qi Condensation's peak in years, he grew bored, unable to break into Foundation Establishment. Defiant, he challenged thirty-six sects with his fan, defeating all, laughing at the world's heroes.

The sects, humiliated, conspired in a manor. The manor lord used his daughter as bait, orchestrating a chance meeting. The young master and the naive girl wandered together, fighting injustice. When he attempted his Foundation Establishment breakthrough at the manor, the sects attacked. Betrayed, his elegance shattered, he fought bloodied and despairing. The girl, realizing her error, died to save him.

Fleeing, he sought refuge in a temple, becoming a monk, questioning a weeping Buddha statue: Why save me, not her? A year later, he achieved Foundation Establishment, becoming his world's lord. Visiting the thirty-six sects, he annihilated them, leaving rivers of blood. He secluded himself, mastering Buddhist truths until invaders turned him into an evil Buddha, his world scorched.

Lu opened his eyes, the Buddha's soul-piece gone. "Buddha and evil, a thin line," he murmured, not judging but studying the Buddhist path. That world's weak Buddhism, deepened by the monk's questioning, drew invaders, leading to its ruin. "Worlds are connected. His Buddha may tie to higher realms—mid or high-martial. Buddhism can evolve further," Lu mused.

A golden relic formed on the chessboard, a Buddhist "seed." Lu preserved it, valuing its rarity. With his Ten Thousand Methods Furnace, he could refine it later. Ignoring the trembling golden-haired youth and

Xirong King's souls, he suppressed them and the golden glow back into the lake. A subtle fluctuation from the relic tried to sway him. "Sneaky, trying to convert me," Lu scoffed. "Who can sway me?" A silver blade sliced the fog, dispersing it.

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The crowd gaped as the Buddha's shadow split. Lu emerged from the fog, wheelchair gliding. "Young Master!" Ning Zhao and others bowed. Lu nodded, scanning them, pleased to see their progress. His gaze lingered on Jing Yue, whose soul had transformed, sharp as a sword. "Sword intent," Lu noted, impressed. The world's origin enhanced sword intent's potential, unlike Hua Dongliu's decades-long struggle to grasp its basics. Now, high-level sword intent could kill without drawing a blade or harm spiritual consciousness.

"Well done," Lu said to Jing Yue, who beamed, feeling as refreshed as eating chilled watermelon. Lu Changkong and Lü Dongxuan hesitated to ask about the world's transformation, but Lu, anticipating, raised a hand. "The phenomenon was an immortal's grand design, shifting the world's structure. We've truly entered the cultivators' era. Spiritual energy erupted from eight dragon gates, covering Zhou. Those with spiritual roots became cultivators."

"This is good," he continued. "Before, immortal fate was limited to powers like South County's Nanfu Army, West County's Xiang Family, and the capital's Black Dragon Guards. Now, with countless cultivation paths, Zhou can rival the Hundred Schools' golden age." His amplified voice resonated, prompting reflection. A cultivators' Hundred Schools? Wouldn't that threaten White Jade Capital? Yet, they realized White Jade Capital stood above, orchestrating it.

"I know you're puzzled by the phenomenon. In three days, I'll explain its changes at White Jade Capital's pavilion and discuss realms beyond Body Zang. These initial transformation days are prime for cultivation—don't miss them." Lu ascended to the pavilion's second floor, his voice lingering.

Stunned, the crowd buzzed. “Realms beyond Body Zang?” “A cultivators’ era?” Eyes gleamed with curiosity. Lü Dongxuan, trembling with excitement, clutched his gold chain. “Big things are coming! Lü Mudui, prepare xuanhuang paper for a Tianji decree!” Lü Mudui paled—another blood-coughing decree? Spitting blood, he drafted: Three days hence, under White Jade Capital, the Young Master lectures on the Dao.

Lü Dongxuan grinned. “Explaining is lecturing, just fancier. Tianji Pavilion delivers the Young Master’s will with flair—White Jade Capital’s face!” He foresaw the decree shaking the world. The capital’s cultivators would flock to Beiluo, though whether Lu allowed them entry was not his concern. “We don’t sell tickets!”

Lu Changkong, seeing the decree, grew solemn, anticipating the uproar. White Jade Capital’s ceasefire decree had halted wars; a lecture on cultivation would draw all cultivators. Glancing at Lu, sipping wine by the railing, Lu Changkong smiled. With Lu’s temperament, even if every cultivator swarmed Beiluo, order was assured. Lu Ping’an’s reputation precedes him.