

Starlit Path 241

Chapter 241: This Man's Divination Is Truly Accurate

Beiluo, Lake Heart Isle.

Lu slowly opened his eyes; the dancing lines in his pupils gradually faded.

Leaning on the wheelchair, Lu pinched the bronze wine cup and took a sip of green plum wine.

"Intimidated three sides; not sure if it works. All I can do is bluff for you. Entered origin space once; plane lord remembers me. Enter again; likely expelled by origin. So..."

"Can only scare them."

Lu drank; murmured.

Perhaps deter.

Make Du Longyang, one-arm knife, empress wary.

At least no Nascent chase Nie etc.

Enough sneaky develop time.

Lu smiled.

Fingers tap wheelchair arm.

Isle quiet.

Elegant serene; purple bamboo rustle.

"Mid-martial world; how develop?"

"Good; probe mid-martial; observe learn."

Lu pondered.

Indeed; Wuhuang mid-martial; Lu lost.

Mid to high harder; requirements high.

Old methods: secrets; qi density...

But...

Effect weaken; longer.

Key; no clue.

Three mini Lu dispatched top mid-martial; pure learn.

See gain.

Sort mid-martial reform plan.

Long.

Lu sense; transmit Lv Dongxuan.

Beiluo lake; lone boat fish Lv; mind move; stand boat.

"Young Master..."

Lv raincoat; smile arch Baiyujing.

"Forbidden open; crisis chance..."

"Many fearless enter; list; announce world... if fall; inform."

Lu slow.

Lv silent.

"Young Master... benevolent."

Lv sigh.

Forbidden; likely demon land; enter disregard life.

Nameless die; bones rot unknown.

But announce; posthumous fame.

Die grand; not obscure.

"Enter for strong; not purpose; stop."

Lu faint.

"Record first batch."

Lv slight bow: "Yes."

"First; Baiyujing Nie Changqing."

Lu fingers phoenix arm; tap.

"Second; Dao Pavilion Li Sansi."

Lv stun; Li enter?

Guts?

Lu no mind Lv; continue: "Third; Yongcheng Temple Ding Jiudeng."

Lv brows cluster; who; never heard.

"Another sneaky... Weird Hex Mo Tianyu."

"Go."

"Add warning; below Body; enter think thrice."

Lu.

Lv deep inhale.

Bow Lu; turn; boat; misty lake ripple vanish.

...

Tianji Pavilion news fast; sky pigeons.

One day; world know.

Nie enter; known.

But...

Dao Li Sansi enter; shock world.

"Dao Li Sansi enter..."

"Death rebirth; Baiyujing Nie Heaven Lock; Li ordinary Body; death high."

"Weird Hex Mo Tianyu ghost? Confucianism chief?"

World clamor.

Factions vary.

But admire; enter fearless.

Ding low fame; little mention.

...

South Forbidden.

Tianji secret letter.

Sit crowd know.

"Sansi child; how... no news enter! If accident..."

Xie face change; past Li chaos no care.

Now dangerous forbidden; panic.

Li Sansui eyes fear; tight letter.

Sudden turn; rush forbidden.

Lucky Tang quick; block.

"Aside."

Li cold.

"Enter death..."

Tang furrow.

Distant Xie recover; drink: "Sansui no nonsense."

Li fist; teeth.

Sword Saint Hua: "Sansui no rush; enter no find Sansi."

"Unknown behind; go mishap; waste life?"

Ear admonish.

Li slight head down; shoulders tremble.

Then head; Xie Hua Tang.

"But... brother; only kin."

Li eyes wave; lip bite.

All silent.

Indeed.

Li Sansi Sansui orphan; depend.

"Go Beiluo... ask Young Master Lu?"

Xie.

"Strength entry Body; enter no help Sansi..."

Li inhale.

Seek Lu; only way.

No hesitate; Li leave South.

...

Tianji spread; world shake.

But signal; below Body no enter.

Some restless suppress.

Now forbidden.

Four mad escape.

Ridge.

Nie far temple; speed run; snow rage.

Behind air tear constant.

Three purple Jindan Wu Emperor.

Hear Du; mad.

Kill Nie head; Pavilion entry; pie sky chance; miss?

Pavilion top Jindan law; speed nine turn!

Three ordinary inner.

Du news fresh.

People List genius no act; once; no share.

Burst means; chase Nie.

Nie speed burst.

Ridge vast; dead trees; no hide.

Nie leap; no shake three.

Nie know; no shake hide; face Wu Emperor genius Jindan surround!

Then Young Master fair; meaningless.

Nie wipe blood mouth; white red; ridge snow run.

Eyes flicker; kill three.

Desperate survive; seize chance.

Three chase Nie.

Mo sudden easy.

Ignored...

All chase Nie; no one him.

Mo watch vanish snow Nie three; lips.

"My hex... too accurate."

Mo smack.

Happy laugh.

No help Nie; how?

Qi dan...

No Body; any Wu Emperor kill.

No drag fine.

Steps; snow mountain ridge down.

Sudden.

Mo tremble.

Front; purple burst; terror aura; Mo qi dan tremble.

Strong!

All Jindan!

Mo quick banner ground; snow bury; fear text expose.

Just.

Near ten land.

"Hm?"

Purple scan Mo; shell coppers...

"Fortune江湖 warlock?"

"Cultivate ok; qi nine."

Purple smile; no mind.

Mo watch; smile.

Wu Emperor lazy; burst; snow leap leave.

See leave.

Mo relief.

But...

Three coppers; self hex.

Coppers snow; pick; face change.

"Great auspicious?"

"Done..."

"How auspicious?" Mo panic.

Indeed next; terror aura boom.

Mo eyes blind.

Distant; figure slow; pass snow melt.

Terror; Mo heart gripped.

"This... strong!"

> previous purple; much!

Cold; high god.

Glance Mo; sudden eyes move.

Coppers.

"Artifact?"

Light open.

Instant front Mo.

Mo no resist; coppers hand.

"Pity; no spirituality; lowest artifact."

Scan; lose interest; throw back Mo.

No rush chase Nie.

Confident; infect Mo.

"Divine me."

"Good; live."

Purple hunt; gaze brilliant pressure.

Mo pressure; breath hard.

"Good..."

Mo pick coppers.

"Ask name?"

"Feng Yilou."

Purple sit ground; faint Mo.

Mo hear; inhale; shock.

See Mo; Feng corners pick.

Past doubt Mo smuggle.

Now expression; know People List ninth Feng Yilou; likely no.

"Fast."

Feng faint.

Mo serious; qi dan; coppers sway.

Throw; spin.

Pa!

Shell raise; coppers in; spin.

Last Mo palm slap.

Coppers roll.

"Sir this direction... auspicious!"

Mo profound.

"Fancy."

Feng pout.

"Likely met other Wu Emperor; know chase?"

Feng boring; stand; gaze Mo point; smile.

"Saw chased that direction escape?"

Feng.

Mo stun; brain supplement?

See Mo; Feng hands behind; purple hunt; faint gold dan brilliant.

"Feng Yilou; People List ninth; seven turn Jindan."

"Remember?"

Feng glance.

"Eh; yes yes."

Mo quick nod; smile.

Madder than past Mo; no society beat.

Such; Mo handle experience.

Feng stretch; next step; snow melt.

Feng form; auspicious direction leap.

Mo shake; see vanish.

Quick shell coppers pocket; vanish snow.

Mo no why direction auspicious Feng...

Mo lazy; slip first.

No mind Mo.

Mere qi江湖; Feng nothing.

Feng Mo point; because sense; indeed weird.

Jindan sun.

Feng speed; aura loud; snow burn melt.

Hm?

Sudden.

Feng pupils shrink.

Five li.

Feng see...

Distant white; palm crystal person; slow walk.

Dense qi burst crystal.

"Qi liquid?!"

Feng eyes joy.

Warlock true; accurate; direction qi liquid treasure!

No wonder auspicious!

Feng body; seven turn strong burst; rush liquid.

Heaven treasure; refine; instant turn!

Lu sense mini Lu.

Snow slow walk.

Lu ponder Wu Emperor Pavilion enter.

Pavilion books; world intro; cultivate laws.

Enter; broaden view help.

Ponder.

Strong aura burst.

Brilliant gold figure; surge Lu.

Lu stun.

Wu Emperor purple; fanatic; rabid dog pounce mini Lu.

Mini Lu slight confuse.

Next...

Confuse fade.

Brighter...

Watch Wu Emperor; Lu sudden recall first descend; Tian Xu body.

Now no occupy Tian Xu strong.

But...

Occupy door Jindan weak... no difficulty.

Mini Lu eyes; purple form gradual overlap Tian Xu...

Chapter 242: Where Did Senior Brother Go?

Nie Changqing fled at full speed, the three purple-robed inner disciples of Wu Emperor City closing in.

Not that Nie couldn't outrun them—his Heaven Lock cultivation made his spine a dragon, qi and blood plus spiritual sense in harmony, comprehensive. Running, qi and blood endless, speed and endurance far beyond ordinary Jindan.

Even Wu Emperor disciples, same realm, couldn't match in footrace.

But Nie slowed deliberately.

Endless flight no solution; must kill.

"Caught up!"

Three purple inner eyes bright.

All Jindan; several two-turn; no fear tricks.

Nie mere entry Jindan; weaker.

Thus...

Confident slay.

"Kill!"

Three no hesitate; meet kill.

Sword light tear snow; goose feathers shred.

Countless swords weave net; cover Nie!

"No escape!"

One Wu Emperor eyes excite greedy.

Kill Nie; head; Pavilion entry; heaven chance; how resist?

Nie stumble; fall snow.

Swords instant shroud...

Ground quake; snow cascade reverse; fly grains clear.

Three Wu Emperor joy.

"Success?"

Soon faces change.

Snow blast; snow dragon vivid; whiskers scales tail real.

Nie white hunt; hand talisman.

Xie Yunling defense.

Activate water dragon; snow wrap; snow dragon.

Three no mind; talisman Foundation; no threat.

But for Nie...

Enough.

Nie hand waist Dragon Slayer.

Breath mobilize; boil; steam surge.

"Blade Control."

Nie low roar.

Snow dragon pounce; Nie leap down.

Waist Dragon Slayer sudden fly; gold blade.

Slash one Wu Emperor.

Rolling intent release.

Three no ordinary; no fear hesitate; face kill blade.

No delay.

Boom!

Three sky rise.

Before snow dragon battle.

Blade sword collide; swords diffuse!

But.

Swords amid; gold blade swan song; tear all; slash.

Puchi!

One Wu Emperor head sky.

Another wail; half body slash.

Last cough fly; weapon halve!

"Artifact?!"

"His blade artifact!"

Fall Wu Emperor shock roar.

But turn; two companions dead.

Nie land; cold; emotionless.

Form 掠; blade wipe.

Wu Emperor neck blood line.

Kill; retreat; snow cover.

Nie actions fluid.

Snow mourn; dye white.

Nie white flow; qi pill sugar coat; mouth tongue; vanish misty snow.

Killers prepare killed.

They kill him; Nie kill back.

Nie vanish soon.

Black shadow snow burst; speed; three corpses.

See dead purple; remaining shock angry.

"Feng Yilou senior where?"

"He not here? Madman killed how many... four guards dead; outer Jindan; face ground stomp!"

"Kill! Not just Pavilion; revenge!"

Disciples angry; send some bodies Wu Emperor; rest chase Nie.

These chasers strong.

Even five-turn Jindan; Nie meet; defeat sure.

...

Feng Yilou pounce; full snow mud.

Spirit liquid mini hands behind; float.

Feng body cold; mini danger feel.

Boom!

Feng Jindan cycle; hot sun; brilliant gold.

Stare Lu liquid.

Back pack undo; fold spear fall; unfold long spear.

Tip tremble; terrible qi; snow stagnate.

People List ninth; how fail liquid mini?

Feng confident arrogant.

Jindan five-turn impact Nascent; genius beyond.

Six to nine; each abyss.

Feng seven-turn; world top genius.

Thus confident arrogant.

Spear thrust; sonic; Feng admire Wu Emperor first spear Du Longyang.

No disciple; but pointed; spear high.

Mini Lu eyes brilliant watch Feng.

Spear stir snow.

Mini drift; steady spear tip.

Feng pupils shrink.

Sudden mind wave.

Low roar; act.

But...

Daze; mini behind white snow; wheelchair; board; sleeve piece.

Him?!

Feng tremble.

Remember; Du tribulation; last thunder stole!

Du level!

Feng heart shrink.

Unexpected wild mountain meet.

Mini spear slow walk; Feng front.

Feng bitter.

Pride shatter.

Mini hand up.

Tiny finger; Feng brow.

Feng mind quake; sense suppress vast.

Lose consciousness; black.

Feng ground.

Still; snow pile.

Long.

Snow scatter.

Feng sit; neck twist.

Confident arrogant gone; lazy calm.

"Hm... pseudo-seize? Suppress sense; own sense control body..."

Feng stand; spin.

Light laugh.

Hands behind; pick spear; fold; back; Wu Emperor walk.

Du discover; Lu no care.

Seize not full; Lu sense leave; Feng recover; weak days; no death.

Like Tian Xu.

Found; Lu leave.

Snow vast; Feng aura converge; quiet lotus; snow slow.

...

Waterfall three thousand chi.

Roar deafening.

Pond waves; Li Sansi burst head; spit water.

Too hard.

Cross wall; enter; strong chase; Body ok; later Jindan Nascent.

Past Li proud; world Body perfect top ten.

Enter; understand Zhu Long "too weak".

No regret.

Enter strong?

Glance endless waterfall; struggle out; lie long; no linger; leap before; sense Lu chance.

Nascent no; but Jindan yes...

Jindan chase; nine death.

No stay; caught done.

Flip; qi steam; clothes dry; wood sword break; no weapon; strength down thirty.

Scan; valley.

Miasma; Body qi seal; block.

Li lost; direction; pick branch; pinch release; branch fall; follow.

Valley vast; walk long; rustle.

Distant black robe knife speed.

Li face change; converge; crawl grass.

Unexpected fast.

Now strength; expose death.

Absolute Knife weakest Foundation...

Sudden.

Li nape wind.

Knife sudden slash.

Found; Jindan sense sharp.

Li heart shrink; roll; burst out.

Mind steady; past weak; chased much.

Past qi blood; warrior no match cultivator; thousand army run.

Say Li blue ox; one wood sword; knock pass; guard three cities.

Actually no 潇洒.

Boom!

Absolute Knife constant qi.

Li robe tear; back burn; blood flow.

Sudden.

Behind chasers slow; hesitate.

Li turn; Absolute Knife cold stare.

Like line; no cross.

Li happy.

Place no trespass?

Like Dao forbidden?

Li no run; hands waist; wounds grimace; stare Absolute; hand curve hook.

"Come!"

Li shout.

Outside Absolute chest blast.

Sudden.

Li stiff.

Heaven qi instant drain...

Vines ground spread...

Puchi!

Vines ankle; distant Absolute too.

Then vines pull; drag Absolute Li valley deep.

Absolute draw slash; vines tighter; dumpling.

Li see; no struggle.

Vines pull dark cave.

Cave dim wet.

Ceiling stalactite; cold drop; spine chill.

Absolute fear shout.

"We outside; no enter; why pull?"

Know forbidden prisoner.

Fear infect Li.

Sudden.

Dark cave light sound; evil charm.

"World many things; reason no important; excuse no; explain guess; mere survive murmur; actually; I want; then do."

Li mind quake.

Gaze distant; vines pile.

Center; figure.

Vines worm; push figure front.

Woman; filthy; hair dry scatter; vines near Absolute; tremble hand up; like touch art.

Li lips line; close eyes; turn head.

Too hard; escape chase; fall demon.

Suppress laugh woman; next filthy open mouth; Absolute neck bite.

Blood splash...

Li face full.

Chapter 243: The Aura of the Human List's Top Rank!

Lu was no stranger to Martial Emperor City.

The last time he had seized the body of Young Master Tianxu, he had glimpsed the city from afar, so he was quite familiar with it.

Now possessing Feng Yilou's body—though Lu had no idea why this man had crossed his path—at least his appearance had spared Lu a lot of hassle.

His purple robe fluttered wildly in the wind and snow.

With hands clasped behind his back, Lu descended the barren mountain. He didn't join the inner disciples of Martial Emperor City in their pursuit of Nie Changqing.

Instead, he headed straight into the city on his own, intent on delving deeper into this world.

What kind of world was this? Lu was curious. He knew it was a top-tier mid-level martial world, but the details eluded him.

A top-tier mid-level martial world should be on the cusp of evolving into a high-level one.

It would serve as a perfect benchmark for him.

To understand a world, nothing beat exploring it step by step—except, perhaps, gleaning knowledge from books.

Along the way, many purple-robed inner disciples ascending the barren mountain spotted Feng Yilou and froze.

"Senior Brother Feng, why aren't you chasing that thief? You're heading down the mountain instead?"

"Senior Brother Feng is being so low-key today—it's unbelievable!"

"It's weird; Feng Yilou isn't even showing off his seven-revolution golden core?"

...

Murmurs from the purple-robed inner disciples carried through the blizzard, making Lu's eyes twitch.

Not flashy enough?

Lu smiled. At his waist hung a jade pendant, the symbol of a Martial Emperor City disciple's identity, engraved with the body's name: Feng Yilou.

He tucked away the token, hands behind his back, and leisurely descended the mountain.

Even in Feng Yilou's body, Lu was still Lu. He did things his way, not bending to the original owner's habits.

He wasn't fazed at the thought of being recognized.

At the mountain's base, Lu glanced back, wondering if Old Nie had escaped the hunt.

Du Longyang's bounty had pushed Nie Changqing halfway into hell.

But that kind of pressure might just forge him stronger.

Humming a tune, Lu dashed toward Martial Emperor City.

Controlling his spiritual sense, he maneuvered the body, getting a feel for its power.

His feet exploded against the ground, kicking up snow and mud as Feng Yilou's form streaked forward in a straight purple flash.

Faint arcs of lightning danced in the air—that was the movement technique, Thunder Surge Art, swift as thunder.

Movement arts tested control above all, making Thunder Surge Art ideal for mastering this vessel.

The nearly fifty-li journey ended in no time.

Lu looked up at the majestic Martial Emperor City, its overwhelming pressure radiating outward, leaving one struggling for breath.

The entire city was a single powerhouse.

Standing beneath its walls, Lu's robes billowed.

Even the grandest city on the Five Phoenixes Continent—the Great Zhou Dynasty's imperial capital—paled in comparison, lacking this imposing might.

The walls towered high, etched with strange patterns that reinforced their stability.

Controlling Feng Yilou's body, Lu eyed the walls; lines danced in his vision as he simulated the formations.

In his eyes, the arrays broke down like puzzle pieces.

After a brief study, he saw through them. With the Preaching Platform's Eight Trigrams Array at his disposal, formations came naturally to him.

Dismissing them, Lu prepared to enter.

At the base, the massive gates stood unguarded.

A curtain of array energy cascaded down like a veil.

Lu raised a brow, realizing the city's array masters were utterly confident in their work.

A smirk tugged at his lips. He raised a hand, fingers dancing as he tapped the gate's formation. In moments, he unraveled it, parting it like a curtain.

He strolled in leisurely.

Martial Emperor City buzzed with life. Lu even spotted bizarre creatures—winged horses, griffin-like beasts pulling carriages as transport.

His eyes lit up.

Demonic beasts?

Thoughtfully, Lu absorbed everything around him.

Ideas for upgrading the Five Phoenixes Continent.

Upon entering, he reined in his spiritual sense a bit. The city teemed with powerful auras, none weaker than Du Longyang's.

Exposure wasn't a big deal, but finding another decent body afterward would be a pain.

So, he played it cautious.

"The Scripture Pavilion of Martial Emperor City..."

Lu's eyes flickered. That was his target. As a top force in this world, its pavilion might hold the texts he sought.

"It's him—the ninth on the Human List, Feng Yilou!"

"Didn't he leave the city to hunt that stowaway? Why's he back? Heading to the Scripture Pavilion? I heard Feng Yilou tries to enter every time but fails miserably. How does he have the nerve to keep trying?"

"The Scripture Pavilion is no joke. Only Nascent Soul cultivators get one free browse through its shelves."

Whispers rustled around him.

Lu ignored them at first, but the pavilion details piqued his interest.

He shifted, his form leaving trails of lightning-like arcs in the air.

The next instant, he appeared beside a gossiping purple-robed disciple.

"You know how to enter the Scripture Pavilion?"

Lu asked faintly, staring at the disciple.

The man jumped, terrified—realizing he'd badmouthed Feng Yilou right to his face. His heart sank.

He dropped to his knees with a thud, face pale with fear.

"Senior Brother Feng, spare me... I shouldn't have gossiped..."

Lu was speechless. The original Feng Yilou must have had a nasty temper.

"Answer me."

Lu patted his shoulder gently.

The disciple trembled. How could the ninth-ranked on the Human List not know how to enter? The guy who failed challenges repeatedly?

This was obviously an excuse to pick a fight. Right or wrong, a beating was coming.

Still, he answered honestly.

"The Scripture Pavilion has a challenge for entry. Inner disciples must defeat the guardian elder to gain access."

Lu narrowed his eyes.

He hadn't inherited Feng Yilou's memories, so this was news.

Challenge the guardian elder?

Elders were Nascent Soul realm—meaning Golden Core challengers had to bridge that gap.

The odds were brutal, barring most disciples entirely.

Lu smiled.

He ignored the kneeling, shivering figure.

Was he really that petty?

Watching Lu walk away with hands behind his back, the disciple was stunned. With Feng Yilou's infamous temper, a thrashing was expected.

But he just... left? Casually, like the question was genuine.

But... everyone knew the rules. Why ask?

The disciple was baffled.

Entering the inner sect, disciples eyed Feng Yilou with fear laced with disgust.

Lu didn't mind. Feng Yilou had clearly burned bridges—but it kept annoyances at bay.

He grabbed another disciple, asked for the pavilion's location.

In the terrified response, Lu got directions, patted the shoulder amicably—and scared the poor guy into collapsing.

Lu arrived at the Scripture Pavilion.

It was a vast, exquisite tower—vermilion walls, glazed eaves, blue bricks and green tiles exuding grandeur.

Somewhat secluded, even desolate.

Stepping through the vermilion walls, he crossed a wide plaza of blue bricks, stairs sprawling up to the pavilion's base.

His gaze landed on an old sweeper on the stone steps.

Ancient, white-haired and bearded, hunched over, gently brushing. Dust and leaves danced under the broom, swirling into the dustpan like a dragon.

Impeccable control.

"Feng Yilou, back again?"

The old man looked up. Lu paused—the sweeper was blind, eyes milky and vacant.

"Seven-revolution golden core, but your control is abysmal. You're nowhere near ready for the pavilion... Come back at nine revolutions."

He resumed sweeping.

Lu smiled. "I wish to browse the pavilion. What are the terms?"

The sweeper paused, slowly raising his head, turbid eyes "gazing" toward Lu.

"I'll suppress my strength to seven-revolution golden core. Beat me, and you enter."

The blind sweeper said.

Lu nodded, drawing a collapsible spear from his back pack. The tip clanged against the ground.

The sweeper lowered his head, sweeping on.

Bristles whispered over the steps.

Lu, in Feng Yilou's body, flicked the spear up, eyeing the elder.

"Here I come."

The sweeper didn't react, sweeping calmly.

Lu grinned, tapping the spear tip lightly on the ground. "I'm really coming now."

Thunder arcs flashed. Feng Yilou's form vanished, reappearing amid afterimages.

The sweeper stiffened, head snapping up, hair and beard whipping in the gust.

His broom shot up.

A spear had thrust down unnoticed, laced with piercing intent!

Crack!

The broom flew. The elder's aura surged; he retreated steps, shattering blue bricks with each.

"You..."

Shock rippled through him.

This was Feng Yilou?

His senses confirmed the aura, even the soul—unchanged.

"You've been hiding your strength?"

The elder grew solemn.

Lu thrust again mid-air.

He knew no fancy moves—just speed, bolstered by Thunder Surge Art. One thrust.

As the saying goes: In all martial arts, speed reigns supreme.

No spear mastery needed—if it was fast enough.

Dragging the spear one-handed, Lu stomped lightly. Lightning crackled.

He vanished again.

Blind but spiritually sharp, the elder felt the pressure—from a Golden Core junior, no less.

He stuck to seven-revolution strength, too proud for more.

Outside the pavilion, disciples peeked covertly.

Gasps escaped at the fight.

Unbelievable.

Feng Yilou challenging again—and dominating the guardian elder!

Were their eyes playing tricks?

At Martial Emperor City's peak, Du Longyang opened his eyes mid-meditation.

Puzzled, he glanced toward the pavilion. The battle there surprised even him.

"Feng Yilou again—using the old blind man as a whetstone."

Du Longyang chuckled.

He had high hopes for the kid.

But his expression darkened.

The hunt for Nie Changqing dragged on without success. In his senses, disciple auras winked out—dead.

Counter-killed by the stowaway.

Dozens of Golden Cores chasing a fresh one-revolution... and losing so many.

Was the intruder that strong, or Martial Emperor City's Golden Cores that weak?

Same realm, but worlds apart.

This void gate crasher had iron will, power, potential.

"If he survives, a latent dragon on the Human List."

Du Longyang sighed.

As he did, the pavilion fight ended decisively.

Lightning flashed.

The blind elder stepped back.

A spear grazed his cheek, embedding in the ground.

Blood trickled down.

Peeking disciples held their breath, excitement blazing.

He... won?

An inner disciple beat the elder?

History made!

Senior Brother Feng... this strong?!

Beating an elder meant top-three Human List strength, at least!

He'd been hiding it all!

The hunched elder picked up his broom, coughing. "First two floors are yours to browse. Third... absolutely not. No damage, no theft—or death without mercy."

He resumed sweeping.

Lu folded the spear, ignored him, and pushed the ancient doors. Creaks echoed with ageless timbre.

As Lu entered...

Du Longyang appeared.

"He won?"

He frowned at the blind elder.

A nod.

Du Longyang eyed the spear mark.

"No spear intent, but speed amplifies the thrust... Unorthodox, yet rivaling nine-revolution power."

"Feng Yilou... he has the makings of the Human List's top!"

Du Longyang marveled.

Gazing at the pavilion, eyes hopeful: "Let him find something this time... It's been far too long since Martial Emperor City claimed the Human List's peak."

Eavesdropping disciples spread the word. Soon, it swept the city.

Inner disciple Feng Yilou—poised for the Human List's top!

And now...

Lu, in Feng Yilou's body, stepped into the Scripture Pavilion.

Chapter 244: Empty the Scripture Pavilion!

Beiluo, Lake Heart Isle.

Lu placing pieces; eyes condense; corners up.

"Oh, entered?"

Lu smile.

Soul splits; not clever; past orchid finger plane lord used; but weaker than Lu's.

"Wu Emperor Pavilion; top mid-martial power; records many..."

Lu lean Thousand Blade; play warm piece.

Gaze ponder.

Perhaps... expected things.

Hand up; beckon.

Isle chrysanthemum sway; peach bloom; bamboo rustle sand.

Mist shroud; cover isle sky.

Beiluo lake.

Lv Dongxuan bamboo raft fish; sense.

"Young Master retreat; no visitors."

Lu faint.

Words drift.

Lv shock; arch bow: "Yes."

Beiluo West Mountain.

Trial tower.

Ning Zhao attribute qi open eyes.

See Ni Yu sit; qi vortex head.

"Ni Yu... Body Storage!"

Ning lashes tremble; eyes comfort.

Among cultivators; Ni unique.

No battles; no hard cultivate; just pills.

Only pill-pop Body.

Ning sense; gaze Yi Yue.

Yi Yue open; pale; force smile.

Ning sigh.

"No discourage; heaven rewards diligent."

Ning.

Yi lips line: "Sister Ning; know..."

"Young Master said; but... can I?"

"No talent... diligence useful?"

Yi lost; glance breakthrough Ni; leave tower.

Ning speechless.

Watch vanish Yi; sigh.

Ni open; chubby face tangle.

"Sister Yi angry?"

Ni.

Ning up; pat head.

"Each own path; Young Master say; all cultivate long life; Yi no find path."

Ning.

Ni smile; eyes slit.

"Sister; Body; Temper Pill refine... pot; try for me?"

Ni.

Distant Jing Yue open; half-smile: "Ni girl; unfair; always me try."

Ni eye roll; qi pill sugar; mouth calm.

Out tower Yi; lost.

Heart maze; aimless Beiluo city.

Diligent > most; but qi dan low; Lu early say weak talent.

But will enter qi dan; peak.

No quit.

Beiluo lake; ripple; mist.

Want isle; Lv raft; fish tell retreat.

Yi maze; world abandon.

"Yi; why strong?"

"Good Young Master maid; no?"

Lv rod; curious.

"Maid; even mortal; world no despise."

Lv.

"But maid... how ordinary?"

Yi counter.

Lv stun; speechless.

Reason; Baiyujing lord maid mortal; world shock.

"Young Master no worldly eyes."

Lv think.

Yi hug legs; dock; breeze; gaze drift.

"But maid; I worldly..."

Raft Lv sigh.

Around excellent; ordinary sin.

Others no; self yes.

Yi silent.

Glance Baiyujing.

Lips; kowtow; up; leave.

Night dim.

Yi tell none; pack; alone leave Beiluo; snow night; down mountain.

Proud; strong.

Like past; maids strength; Yi stubborn intro.

...

Nie escape wild mountain.

Out; fish sea; vast leap.

Hide crowd; Wu Emperor hard find.

No wait; ambush weak.

Kill Jindan after Jindan.

Nie cautious; hear seven-turn pride kill; seven = seven poles; strong.

Meet; death.

Pressure; strength steady rise.

Escape; quench vertebra.

Knife intent deeper.

Unknown level; but > entry much.

Wu Emperor out.

Ruined village mud path.

Nie draw Dragon Slayer; red drip.

"Two-turn."

Nie exhale; ground purple inner; smile.

Last qi pill; swallow.

Kill two-turn; qi dan empty.

Sudden wind.

Snow stagnate.

Distant village mouth.

Purple youth stand; waist knife; hand handle.

Nie killing qi.

From youth.

"Smuggler; mad blade."

"Hard find."

Youth magnetic; slow.

"Wu Emperor inner purple fifth; six-turn Jindan; Wang Qianxun."

Youth.

"Your artifact blade... interested."

Youth smile.

"Leave blade; spare life; how?"

...

Absolute Knife valley.

Li Sansi ordeal.

Valley woman demon; evil poison.

Dark snake.

Absolute vine bind; woman three day; meals; drain blood; death cruel.

Li upside cave top; watch kill; hair to despair.

Absolute gone; his turn.

Unknown realm; > Heaven Lock; even Young Master feel!

Demon = Young Master level!

But time; Li know sealed.

Upside; screams; observe cave.

Body five organs; eyes nose mouth ears...

Body night vision.

Dim; see bones.

Human; animal; snake bug dry...

Woman cave; snakes bugs live.

Li no pity; soon same.

Last Absolute die.

Li ears quiet.

Cave woman breath; vine shift.

Finally blood face front.

Eyes night candle; chill.

Stare Li; charm voice.

"Not Absolute Knife..."

Li stun; talk not bite.

"Chased by Absolute?"

Li open; woman first.

"Skin good; rare Absolute enemy..."

Woman; long dirty nails; cheek brush.

Li stiff.

No.

"Want live?"

Woman; tongue lips.

"If... live good."

Li.

"Live yes; promise one..."

Woman.

"Miss say."

Li twitch; ill intent?

"Miss?"

"Hahaha..."

"Young skin twenty; palace sealed fifty! Miss? Hahaha..."

Woman laugh; vines wall; stones fall.

"Release; but kill Absolute dog... Ye Shoudao!"

Woman cold.

Li killing suffocate.

"Ask... Ye who? Realm?"

Li need know.

"Ye; Absolute lord; one-arm dog; hypocrite; Nascent peak; baby change... know arm?"

"Palace bite!"

Woman cold laugh.

Li cold.

"Miss joke... weak; how vs Nascent peak."

Li.

"Know weak; but base good; palace Nascent borrow body; help Nascent early!"

Woman; tongue lips.

Li soul ice.

Woman... body cauldron?

Li pupils shrink.

Qi cycle; armor; fight; die dignity!

"Hahaha..."

Woman charm laugh cave.

Next.

Mouth open; blood spray; face wrap lift.

...

Da Qian.

Prison cart slow; main royal road.

Sides citizens; women; point cart person.

Cart.

Ding Jiudeng calm knee; palms together.

Caught; fear.

But daze; boring; fear gone.

Cart shake palace.

Ding know no escape.

Around; ten Jindan; dozens Foundation.

Escape? Bald no.

Sky beautiful; birds; Ding sigh.

Too miserable.

...

Wu Emperor; Pavilion.

Lu control Feng; watch Pavilion.

Three floors; dense scrolls; some ancient.

Lu hands behind; first shelf; slow draw bamboo slip.

Open; blur; unknown script.

Lu (Feng) furrow.

Unknown; Pavilion meaningless; lose learn mid-martial plan.

Sudden.

Lu think.

Mind; eyes lines dance.

Scan lines; speed flip.

Records scan mind; reflect preach dais.

Dais.

Lu form; eight trigram.

Wave; three-leg furnace center.

Scanned fall furnace.

Level two furnace; translate understand; compress book; float.

Center; Lu satisfied smile.

Eyes bright; float book; bold idea.

Perhaps...

Empty Wu Emperor Pavilion all.

Chapter 245: Accidentally Peering into a Massive Secret

On Beiluo's Lake Heart Island.

Amid the hazy spiritual energy, Lu smiled.

A book materialized in his hands—the result of scanning the Martial Emperor City Scripture Pavilion's texts via the Preaching Platform.

He flipped it open slowly and began reading.

Atop the White Jade Capital Pavilion, all was serene as usual, with sandalwood incense rising gently, filling the air with a calming, mind-focusing fragrance.

Meanwhile, inside the Martial Emperor City Scripture Pavilion.

Lu, controlling Feng Yilou, was hard at work. He spread out book after book, not bothering to read them—just scanning each one before returning it to the shelves.

In the Preaching Platform, another book condensed.

One after another.

Lu didn't stop with Feng Yilou's body.

Books floated in the air within the platform, turning the once-empty space into a crowded library.

He'd emptied the entire pavilion.

This wouldn't do, Lu thought. With a shift of his mind, he conjured bookshelves, organizing the volumes by category.

Most of Martial Emperor City's collection consisted of ordinary cultivation methods, tiered by realm.

Foundation Building had the most—181 different methods, covering all sorts of spiritual energy attributes. Some even branched into four or five variants.

Foundation Building alone accounted for nearly 20,000 volumes.

Qi Condensation, though a lower realm, had fewer—around 10,000, Lu estimated.

Golden Core methods followed, far more profound. Many sparked ideas for Lu.

His eyes gleamed.

Nascent Soul methods? None on the first or second floors. Lu didn't push it.

Beyond cultivation arts, there were combat skills, spells, and offensive techniques.

He scanned them all and shelved them.

Useful, yes—but not what he sought.

He wanted to understand this world, to study building a mid-level martial one.

In the pavilion.

Lu sat cross-legged as Feng Yilou, surrounded by scattered books.

He'd combed through every shelf, even the obscure ones.

Plenty of value, but nothing he truly cared about.

"The first two floors cover Qi Condensation to Golden Core. Helpful for Five Phoenixes' growth. Spreading them could spark a hundred schools of thought, guiding the mission forward."

"But what I need... isn't here."

Lu frowned.

No unofficial histories, no world geography—nothing.

Any trace of this world's lore seemed erased by an invisible hand.

Disappointment flickered, then faded. He looked up to the third floor.

The blind sweeper had forbidden it.

But Lu? He didn't follow rules.

Once the lower floors were fully recorded, he guided Feng Yilou upward.

Creaking wooden stairs.

Lines danced in his vision—the prohibition array on the third floor, woven from spiritual energy.

"Forcing my way in would shatter it and draw attention. Trouble."

Lu pondered.

Then, runes surfaced on his palm. He chose to decode it. His hand pressed against the patterns; under his spiritual sense, they flowed like fish.

Soon, the array dissolved silently, without a ripple.

Lu smiled. Precise, but with the Preaching Platform, his array mastery was unmatched.

He entered the third floor.

Few books—two shelves.

One held dozens of Nascent Soul methods.

The other, just three volumes.

He scanned the Nascent Soul arts.

With a beckoning wave, the three books floated before him.

First: Martial Emperor Scripture, radiating profound mystery, seemingly tied to the heavenly source.

"The Martial Emperor Scripture... Nascent Soul pinnacle, Infant Transformation realm?"

Lu grew intrigued.

His plan for Five Phoenixes' future path was simple at first: Qi Core, Body Storage, Heavenly Lock—straight upward.

But it was harsh for average talents. The jump from Body Storage to Heavenly Lock exposed the flaws.

Perhaps he could preach this world's methods too.

Genius paths from White Jade Capital.

Common ones to fuel prosperity.

Snapping back, he scanned the Martial Emperor Scripture into the pavilion.

Replacing it, he took the next.

"Hunyuan Unity Spear?"

A spear manual—Du Longyang's art, devastating in attack.

"System, grade these two if transmitted."

Prompts appeared.

"Martial Emperor Scripture: Mysterious Tier Low-Grade Cultivation Method."

"Hunyuan Unity Spear: Mysterious Tier High-Grade Technique."

Both Mysterious Tier?!

Lu inhaled sharply.

He recorded them.

Then the third.

His gaze slid to the title. He froze.

"Heavenly Origin (Incomplete)?"

An array sealed it—like a lock.

Mysterious. Lu deduced in the Preaching Platform before unlocking.

The moment it opened, a roar echoed, a vast will crashing down.

A vision unfolded.

A bloodied figure atop a peak, howling at the heavens. Clouds coalesced into a giant hand.

The impact nearly shredded Lu's spiritual sense.

He steadied his mind and turned the first page.

Shocking words leaped out.

"Immortality is a scam! Tribulation ascension is a massive lie! Heed this, descendants!"

...

Outside the pavilion.

The blind sweeper sensed something.

His face twisted.

Broom in hand, he slipped inside silently. The doors slammed shut.

No sound.

On the third floor.

The blind elder appeared at the stairs.

"What? The third-floor array is broken?!"

Horror struck him.

He burst in, sensing Lu flipping through a book. He raised his head, brows furrowed.

"Bold! I said no third floor!"

Fury boiled.

Nascent Soul aura erupted, terror filling the space.

The elder tilted his head, broom shaking—spiritual energy coalescing into an invisible rune array.

Lu, in Feng Yilou, looked up, surprised. "An array? So... Martial Emperor City's mysterious array master is you."

"You..."

The elder raged.

"You're not Feng Yilou. Who are you?"

"Few on Tianyuan Continent could break my arrays!"

He slapped the broom. Runes surged toward Feng Yilou.

Boom!

Lu's spiritual sense wavered under the pressure.

But he reclaimed the body.

His palm traced the air, compressing energy into lines.

Dust gathered into the "Kan" trigram.

The arrays clashed—not with thunder, but suppression.

The broom snapped.

Lu's rune loomed overhead like a towering peak, green light cascading, pinning the elder.

"You sealed this remnant to hide it from the world."

"Let me guess..."

Lu paced as Feng Yilou.

"That line isn't the key—Heavenly Origin isn't. The warning is. You saw it, the will blinded you. Yet you sealed the book anyway."

His words echoed.

The pinned elder shuddered.

"That line... left by Martial Emperor City's lord, the Martial Emperor."

"And you followed someone... called, if I'm right... Plane Lord."

Lu said faintly.

The elder's vacant eyes blazed.

"Who are you?!"

He roared.

A mere disciple analyzing secrets? "Plane Lord"—heard only once, etched in memory.

Ignoring the shock, "Feng Yilou" continued: "Tribulation ascension a lie—enough to enrage the Martial Emperor. He ascended, but no 'immortal realm.' Likely a man-made world."

"In short, duped."

"By your lord, the Plane Lord. What exactly? Unclear."

The elder trembled harder.

He sensed a lofty soul gazing down.

"Heavenly Origin (Incomplete) has more volumes with the full account... You uphold the 'ascend to immortality' myth, so you split and sealed it."

"I came for knowledge, to learn mid-martial worlds. Accidentally uncovered a massive secret—and now I'm interested."

"Feng Yilou" laughed.

The elder froze under "Kan," fear mounting. Each word stripped his facade.

He'd seen Feng Yilou as a driven genius, worth nurturing. Ascension? Bonus "achievement." He'd even bent rules, letting him in.

But now... he'd gone blind indeed, inviting a hidden terror—like a wolf among sheep!

"Are the secrets in the other volumes? Where are they?"

Lu paced, asking.

Knowing silence, he wove runes into an array, flicking it toward the elder.

It drifted.

The elder's veins bulged; he thrashed.

Hm?

Lu, in Feng Yilou, paused.

The pinned elder's aura shifted. A supreme presence descended, erasing his soul. Overwhelming power poured from the heavens.

"Kan" shattered.

The elder's Nascent Soul melted, the infant wailing in agony.

His aura soared.

Lu frowned, stomping the floor.

Boom!

He rocketed upward, shattering the roof.

The elder floated, robes whipping, grinning eerily, soaring in pursuit.

At Martial Emperor City's summit.

Du Longyang's eyes snapped open, staring in disbelief.

A chilling, terrifying aura exploded!

"Who?!"

Rage flared. Black spear in hand, spiritual energy surged; he streaked through the air.

The city boiled over Du Longyang's earlier words: Feng Yilou, poised for Human List top.

His roar stalled the fervor. Powerhouses turned to the pavilion.

Atop its roof.

Dreadful auras clashed.

The blind elder's pressure panicked all. More shocking: opposite him, purple-robed Feng Yilou stood calmly.

Du Longyang's might bore down.

Facing both, Feng Yilou stood hands clasped, effortlessly poised.

Disciples and experts gasped...

This wasn't Human List top potential.

Senior Brother Feng had Heavenly List caliber!

Chapter 246: Slay the “Immortal”!

Martial Emperor City had become the epicenter of a vortex of overwhelming auras.

Whistling sounds filled the air as figures streaked upward, one after another.

Some drifted through the sky in flowing robes, soaring horizontally.

The blind elder hovered mid-air, his body wrapped in thunderous energy whips that cracked the atmosphere with mournful wails.

Lu's strand of spiritual sense, attached to Feng Yilou, stood atop the roof.

He eyed the elder—whose aura had utterly transformed—and raised a brow.

He'd only come to borrow books from the Scripture Pavilion. No intent to stir trouble. Yet he'd stumbled on a world-shaking secret and drawn out its apex powerhouse.

Instantly erasing a Nascent Soul's soul to seize the body? Even Lu couldn't pull that off.

He doubted the occupier could either.

"A wisp of spiritual imprint planted long ago in the elder's soul, enslaving him. That's how it crushed the original and took over."

"No wonder he felt off from the start."

Lu, in Feng Yilou's purple-robed form, robes snapping in the wind atop the pavilion.

Elsewhere.

Du Longyang's terrifying aura detonated. He crashed onto the roof like a blazing mini-sun, dominance incarnate.

He cultivated the Martial Emperor Scripture—utmost yang, utmost rigidity.

He squinted at the blind elder, a glint flashing deep in his eyes.

"Old blind man?"

No response. The elder stood hands clasped, ignoring the world's top spearman entirely.

In his eyes, Du Longyang was beneath notice.

From afar.

Martial Emperor City's Nascent Souls flew out, hovering around the roof.

They formed seals; the city's grand array activated.

Rumbling—like an ancient horror awakening.

The city quaked.

Energy surged from every disciple, funneling into a golden-armored war god atop the formation.

The god's eyes blazed; it roared to the heavens.

Lu glanced over, intrigued.

"A composite array in the path of formations?"

Worthy of a millennia-old top power.

The war god finally elicited a reaction. The elder smirked oddly.

Du Longyang gripped his spear one-handed, scanning the Nascent Souls and disciples.

"Hold!"

Then, eyes blazing with pressure, he stared at the elder.

"Senior... are you an immortal?!"

His lips trembled as he fixed on the man.

Lu, controlling Feng Yilou from afar, shot Du Longyang a pitying look.

The whole world, kept in the dark.

Raised like pigs—growing, strengthening—then, at tribulation success, leaving Tianyuan Continent's "pen" for the "immortal realm."

Fattened swine heading to slaughter.

"Immortal?"

The elder finally acknowledged him, nodding slightly.

Robes billowing with ethereal grace.

Feng Yilou, under Lu, snorted and laughed.

He saw his old self in this poser—conning others.

Whoosh!

The elder vanished, teleport-like, appearing beside Lu—speed's illusion at extremes.

Lu's Feng Yilou stomped; thunder boomed as he vanished too.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

They clashed in the void, shockwaves rippling.

Evenly matched.

Du Longyang's eyes narrowed—their speed blurred even for him.

"And you?"

He turned to Feng Yilou, no longer fooled.

He knew the real one's limits.

Suddenly, realization dawned.

Murderous light exploded in his gaze!

"You?!"

"The tribulation thief!"

He roared, spear rising.

A strand of qi surged from his dantian, through meridians, into the black spear.

A strike laced with potent heavenly dao aura!

Lu smiled in Feng Yilou.

Boom!

Du Longyang lunged.

One step shattered roof tiles skyward.

Oppressive air cracked under the strain!

Black light radiated, void humming.

The world's top spear—full power, no joke.

The array-fueled golden war god moved too.

Golden brilliance flared.

It drew an energy blade, slashing toward Lu's vessel.

Lu abandoned Feng Yilou instantly.

Above the body's head, his spiritual phantom emerged—white robes, seated on the Thousand Blades Chair.

A spirit fluid droplet burst into myriad silver blades.

He dared not underestimate Martial Emperor City's combined assault.

In the city.

Mo Tianyu, in scholar's robes, held three copper coins, mid-fortune for a customer.

He looked up in shock at Lu's phantom over the city.

"Heavens... Young Lord Lu from Beiluo—omnipresent?"

He inhaled deeply.

And causing quite the ruckus.

Who pissed off the petty-hearted Young Lord to dismantle Martial Emperor City?

Aura laced with intent and heavenly source threatened to pierce the firmament.

Lu's phantom narrowed eyes, raised a hand—pinching like a lotus.

Flicked.

The Thousand Blades Lotus Sword Array from the spirit fluid howled out.

Like a blooming silver lotus, spinning before him.

Hm?

Lu's face turned odd, ready for the onslaught.

Because...

Du Longyang's full-power Hunyuan Unity Spear—fueled by rage over stolen tribulation—thrust not at him, but the blind elder.

Lu wasn't the only stunned one.

Nascent Souls controlling the war god froze.

What was Du Longyang doing?

The elder, caught off-guard, countered hastily.

Dong!

Energy waves erupted, blasting the pavilion roof to rubble. The entire structure collapsed!

"Immortal?!"

"I'm slaying an immortal!"

Du Longyang's icy voice thundered.

"Shame it's not your true body—or today, I, Du Longyang, would slaughter a god!"

He stood amid debris, spear pointed at the elder's gaping wound.

"Why."

The elder spoke at last—aloof, cold, puzzled.

"So-called immortality... just a scam! The first Martial Emperor's warning—you thought sealing it with your dog would hide the truth, toy with the world?"

Du Longyang's robes and hair whipped, unwilling yet resolute to shatter fate.

Lu, afar, smirked knowingly.

Tianyuan's powerhouses weren't fools. They'd suspected.

Plotting against the "immortals" all along?

Schemes and counterschemes.

Bunch of cunning old foxes.

Lu chuckled.

From possessing Young Master Tianxu to watch Du Longyang's tribulation—they'd been laying traps.

Why else would the yin-cultivating, yang-fearing Young Master Tianxu brave discomfort to watch his rival?

Not worried about a post-breakthrough spear through the heart?

Lu smiled. The one-armed swordsman, Young Master Tianxu, the Empress... and that ascetic monk.

They'd allied with Du Longyang.

To strike the "immortal" during ascension.

To shatter the lie.

Even to slay gods.

Pity...

Lu sighed regretfully. His possession had unwittingly disrupted their plan.

He felt a twinge of awkwardness.

Not intentional—just spectating, learning from the lightning punishment.

"Martial Emperor City elders—activate the Golden Geng Shuo Armor Array! Slay him!"

Du Longyang roared, spear aloft.

The elder's face chilled.

"Mortals daring immortals—death sentence."

He opened his mouth; sword qi erupted!

Immense, spanning the sky, brimming with source energy.

Boom!

The war god's blade clashed—shredded instantly.

Array shattered.

Disciples coughed blood, pale.

Elders plummeted, spewing crimson.

Du Longyang roared.

Martial Emperor Scripture surged; Hunyuan Unity Spear met the qi—but pinned to the roof.

One slash would bisect the city!

In desperation, he eyed Lu's phantom.

"Request your aid for Martial Emperor City—the tribulation theft is forgiven!"

Lu, amid lotus petals, deadpanned: "This young master didn't steal it. The lightning bent toward me uninvited."

Du Longyang nearly spat blood.

"Fine. Aid us—and void gate intruders? We won't block, capture, or kill!"

He barred the spear; robes tore, body lacerated by sword qi.

"Deal."

Lu agreed.

Seated on the Thousand Blades Chair, he pinched like plucking a lotus.

Flicked.

The sword array engulfed the elder.

His body exploded into shreds.

A white figure of pure source energy emerged, facing Lu—carving isolated space from the world.

"You shouldn't interfere... Your frail plane source will suffer calamity for this, marked."

The white figure intoned emotionlessly.

Lu, white-robed on the chair, smiled.

"Threatening me?"

"I remember you."

All vanished.

The lotus array tore it apart.

The dao-source sword qi crumbled.

Du Longyang's spear clanged into the roof; he panted heavily.

Fist clenched at the fading white light.

"Immortal!"

Deep breath.

He turned to Lu's fading phantom, eyes gleaming.

Who was this man?

What lay beyond the void gate?

He'd tried entering—infant transformation pinnacle barred by plane source.

Curious.

Thought Lu allied with immortals—ruining their god-slay plan.

Yet now, Lu exposed the pawn.

Unreadable motives.

A shit-stirrer muddying Tianyuan.

Lu's strand exhausted; phantom turned transparent.

Facing Du Longyang, he smiled, hands behind back—casual, enigmatic—fading away.

Mystery and flair above all.

In the city.

Citizens terrified by the battle.

Mo Tianyu thrilled, coins clenched red.

Young Lord Lu's glory—from the same origins, pride swelled!

His shaken customer glared: "Still reading fortunes?"

Mo Tianyu laughed, waving off: "Lucky you! Good mood—no charge today."

The man huffed, disgusted, and fled.

Outside the city.

A figure drifted in, treading air like wind-riding.

Nascent Soul—thousands of li a day.

Above the ruined pavilion.

He arrived on the breeze.

"Amitabha, City Lord Du, this monk is late."

The ascetic from the western peaks.

"Sudden eruption—normal you couldn't make it from afar..."

Du Longyang waved.

"Our 'god-slay' plan proceeds. Just the immortal's dog-imprint died—unreturned, the immortal knows nothing."

"We continue."

The monk pressed palms, bowed.

Du Longyang gazed outward, eyes flickering: "But this time... we need an ally..."

Chapter 247: A Scripture Tower Rises on Beiluo Lake

Outside Martial Emperor City.

Another battle erupted.

Nie Changqing raced at breakneck speed, Dragon Slayer unleashing slash after slash of golden blade qi. The intent-infused glow seemed to melt the snow-blanketed ground.

Immense pressure bore down on him—like teetering on a tightrope over an abyss. One slip, and he'd plummet.

His opponent, a Martial Emperor City disciple at six-revolution Golden Core, overwhelmed him in speed, power, and combat prowess.

Nie's only edges: blade intent and the surging vital blood from unlocking Heavenly Locks.

The disciple, Ye Qianxun, watched with amusement. A six-revolution core held over six times the spiritual energy of a one-revolution—and explosive force to match.

Clashing with Nie was like a child swinging at an adult: dangerous, but not lethal.

"This blade... Dragon Slayer?"

"What a fine weapon."

Ye Qianxun remarked.

Their duel outside the city shook snow from the ground; stray qi carved lasting scars into withered trees.

Nie's battle experience was hard-earned—every ounce of strength fought for.

Prolonging this meant certain defeat. The energy gap was too vast.

His eyes hardened.

Four talismans slipped into his palm. Spiritual sense activated them.

Gifts from Dao Pavilion's Xie Yunling—compressed dao arts, attribute-aligned for potent bursts.

Xie had used one during the escape; four remained.

Boom!

They ignited.

Dao manifested naturally.

Firelight, earthen yellow, golden gleam, verdant wood...

Four attribute colors exploded around Nie, forming massive beasts.

He leaned forward, charging Ye Qianxun.

Ye's expression grew solemn.

But Nie struck first.

From his robes, he drew a small metal bead.

He hurled it. The orb bloomed mid-air into a drifting, gorgeous pear blossom, reflecting dazzling light.

"What is this?!"

Ye's heart jolted—threat radiating from the flower.

"An artifact?!"

"How many do you have?!"

He inhaled sharply.

Golden core hovering, golden light burst from him; spinning spiritual energy formed a shield around his body.

Nie remained icy.

"This... is the Torrential Pear Blossom Needle—the pinnacle of hidden weapons!"

He punched, vital blood roaring.

His fist smashed the shield—flesh blurring to pulp—halting the spin!

Air rippled violently.

Scorching waves erupted, melting snow to water.

The pear blossom spun beautifully; fine silver needles, heated red-hot, flung out like a downpour.

Ye stomped, cratering the ground, trying to retreat—too slow.

The barrage covered the area, no escape.

Even Nie was enveloped.

Pfft! Pfft!

Needles piercing flesh.

Beasts rampaging.

Snow vanished; ground littered with needles.

Ye's back bristled with them, each piercing deep.

But he lived.

He stood, spiritual energy expelling the needles.

"Torrential Pear Blossom..."

"Exquisite artifact craftsmanship."

He gazed where Nie had fled. "Trading wounds for escape—ruthless."

What lay beyond the void gate?

Ye's curiosity deepened.

He ceased pursuit, stepping back toward the city. Even from afar, he'd sensed terrifying fluctuations.

Something had happened.

Behind a dead tree.

Nie leaned, lashes trembling. Silence—only snow falling.

One palm mangled, bleeding; back shredded; aura feeble.

"Worthy of Senior Gongshu—challenging the Young Master as a mortal... This Torrential Pear Blossom is devastating."

"Penetration needs work. Must report to Senior Gongshu."

Nie coughed blood, chuckling softly.

He'd survived.

Six-revolution Golden Core—formidable.

Five-revolution broke limits; six shattered shackles.

Snow chilled, but his heart burned.

Gripping Dragon Slayer, he propped against the ground, rising slowly.

Suddenly.

His body stiffened; icy dread flooded him.

In the distance.

Amid swirling snow.

A figure approached slowly; falling flakes twisted around him.

Terrifying aura, crushing pressure—Nie couldn't twitch a finger.

Only his ragged breathing echoed.

"Amitabha."

A chant.

Nie saw: bald monk in tattered robes, barefoot, prayer beads like fists around his neck.

"This monk from Bitter Buddha Temple, Yuan Shang... greets the benefactor."

Palm upright, he bowed slightly.

Powerful!

Overwhelmingly so!

Sweat beaded on Nie's forehead.

This monk's pressure eclipsed even the Nascent Soul he'd faced!

Nie roared inwardly, struggling. He wouldn't die here.

He must return alive!

Unyielding eyes. Fourth bone tempered—he shattered the second Heavenly Lock. Spine dragon-roared.

The monk's binding vanished.

Under mortal peril, Nie entered Second Stage Heavenly Lock.

Ground exploded; he shot backward, Dragon Slayer slashing golden qi at the monk.

"Amitabha. Benefactor's killing intent runs deep..."

The monk intoned.

Like plucking a flower, he flicked.

Nie's qi shattered.

One step—he appeared behind Nie.

"Nascent Souls dare act?"

"The Young Master said: if you intervene, slaughter all Nascent Souls!"

Nie gritted.

"Don't doubt—he means it!"

"Amitabha."

"This monk means no harm—merely invites benefactor on a trip."

Without waiting, he lifted Nie and soared, treading air like wind.

...

Beiluo, Lake Heart Island.

Lu opened his eyes slowly.

Calm, seated in his wheelchair, robes fluttering, fingers tapping the armrest.

"Slay immortals?"

"Indeed, those who climb to a world's peak aren't fools. Bold enough to choose god-slaying."

He smiled.

Eyes rippling; mist over the island dispersed.

He gazed at the shimmering lake, lost in thought.

One day, might Five Phoenixes' powerhouses choose to slay "immortals"?

Him as the target?

Lu pondered.

Then chuckled.

"This Lu Ping'an devotes himself wholly to this continent's prosperity."

Suddenly.

His spiritual energy reserves surged.

Puzzled, then realization.

"Pressure drives progress. Old Nie... broke through?"

Thoughtful.

He raised a hand; mind shifted. Lines danced in his vision.

The Spirit Pressure Chessboard appeared; lines formed a tower.

He pinched it, hurling toward Beiluo Lake.

A building materialized—shrouded in ethereal mist, modest yet calming.

Stocked with thousands of volumes refined via the Myriad Methods Furnace.

Scanning Martial Emperor City's pavilion convinced him: immense aid for Five Phoenixes.

Golden Core and Heavenly Lock paths coexisted.

Heavenly Lock was arduous; not for all. These texts could guide the untalented toward Golden Core.

On Beiluo Lake.

A bamboo raft drifted quietly.

Lü Dongxuan tended a stove, grilling fish. Little Yinglong drooled at the other end, eyes pleading.

Lü watched warily, guarding against theft.

Suddenly.

Lu's voice in his mind.

"Come to the island."

Lü startled, glancing toward Lake Heart Island. "Young Master emerged?"

But then—Little Yinglong snatched the fish and flapped away.

"Stealing again!"

Lü fumed, helpless.

He poled to the island.

Raft docked.

Lü straightened robes, striding to White Jade Capital Pavilion.

Bowed to Lu leaning on the second-floor railing.

"Young Master."

Lu held a bronze cup, nodding.

"See that building?"

He pointed across the lake—a misty tower, unseen before.

Lü blinked. A structure on Beiluo Lake?

Young Master's work?

"It's called the Scripture Tower. Enter and see what you learn."

Lü paused. Scripture Tower?

A library?

On Beiluo Lake?

Curious but obedient, he poled over.

Pushing the doors, he entered—dazzled.

Candles flickered softly, illuminating shelves.

He inhaled. Countless volumes—unbelievable.

He pulled one.

"Tiger Roar Art, Yellow Tier Low-Grade sonic technique. Cultivate to roar like a fierce tiger, intimidating foes."

Hand trembling—a cultivation skill?

Another: unseen technique.

Amazement grew.

Even full methods!

Current world had few.

This tower brimmed with them—hot potato in hand. Young Master was stirring things!

Lü exited, poled back.

"Young Master..."

Bowed.

"Done?"

Lu smiled.

"Thoughts?"

Sipped plum wine.

"These texts, if spread, would profoundly impact cultivation. Give the scattered world direction, accelerate growth..."

Lü said candidly.

Current cultivation was chaotic—White Jade Capital aside, just faction armies flexing.

No diverse styles, no hundred schools blooming.

Lu smiled, nodding approval.

"Go to North Luo West Mountain. Summon those loitering below the trial tower. Wasting time there yields nothing. Next month, the tower opens to cultivators. After, only the accomplished enter."

Lü paused. One month?

"Yes."

He sensed massive ripples ahead.

"Young Master, what achievement for later entry?"

Lu waved off.

"Later."

speechless, Lü bowed, poled away.

Lu watched him leave.

Swirled his cup.

Suddenly.

Lines danced; he squinted.

"Hm?"

"Kidnapped Old Nie... What are they planning?"

Chapter 248: The Possessed Li Sansi

Nie Changqing felt like he was soaring through the clouds for the first time. Though he'd entered Heavenly Lock, true flight eluded him.

Leaps and bounds, perhaps—but sustained flight? Far off.

Golden Core might achieve it with tools, like sword-riding. True wind-treading required Nascent Soul.

As the world clarified.

Nie found himself in Martial Emperor City.

His heart sank. After endless pursuit by its disciples, being inside spelled doom—gruesome doom.

"Amitabha."

"Benefactor, fear not. This monk brought you; he'll take you out safely. If any in Martial Emperor City detain you, this monk will punch their heads clean off."

The ascetic pressed one palm forward, bowing slightly.

Only then did Nie study him: tattered monk robes, sleeves torn, revealing muscled arms; prayer beads the size of fists around his neck.

"Master Yuan Shang, don't scare the lad."

Laughter boomed.

Nie's spiritual sense caught a terrifying aura enveloping him.

Next instant: a black-robed man with a black spear on his back. The weapon's aura matched Dragon Slayer—a spirit tool.

"Martial Emperor City Lord, Du Longyang."

He regarded Nie.

City lord?

Big shot.

Nie inhaled, hand on Dragon Slayer at his waist.

"No need for worry. If we wanted you dead, you'd be long gone."

"A mere Golden Core means nothing here."

Du Longyang said coolly, dominant as an overlord.

"You wouldn't dare... Young Master said if Martial Emperor City's Nascent Souls act, he'll slaughter every one."

Nie slung Dragon Slayer over one shoulder, staring.

Du Longyang's eyes narrowed; crushing aura exploded like mountains descending.

"City Lord Du."

As Nie gasped, Yuan Shang stepped forward, shielding him completely.

"This one is under my invitation. Can't die before me."

Du Longyang's pressure vanished; the city's gloom lifted.

Nie breathed deep. Both matched Young Master's caliber.

No wonder Young Master grew solemn at the forbidden zone.

So many horrors in this outsider demon lair.

Du Longyang smiled appreciatively.

"Exceptional talent. Weak now, but surviving our inner disciples' hunt? Impressive."

"Worry not—I've ordered a halt to your pursuit."

Nie squinted, knife still ready.

Carrot after the stick?

"Join Martial Emperor City?"

Yuan Shang glanced surprised. He'd expected hostility, not recruitment.

Nie's path wasn't standard Golden Core—solid foundations, attributes grasped in Foundation Building.

Valuable asset.

So Yuan Shang spoke.

"If benefactor joins Bitter Buddha Temple, this monk will teach the secret Great Brahma Art."

Du Longyang shot him a look. "Old monk, stealing from my city?"

"City Lord, fair competition. Want to fight? This monk will punch your head off!"

Yuan Shang pressed palm upright, calm.

Du Longyang fumed but let it go—knew the temper.

A clash of utmost yang paths would raze the city.

"To business."

He grumbled.

Nie stayed vigilant, knife slung.

"Benefactor, can you contact your Young Master?"

Yuan Shang described Lu.

Nie's brow arched. They wanted him as a bridge.

Why seek Young Master?

Outsider demons plotting against him?

Central palace visions: ancient powerhouses fallen to invaders—most human-like.

Du Longyang saw hesitation, knew contact was possible.

"No fear. Just need your Young Master's help."

"What help?"

Nie frowned.

No dragging Young Master into danger.

They exchanged troubled glances.

"No answer, no contact."

Nie calm—death at worst.

Escape impossible anyway.

Yuan Shang sighed gravely.

"Your Young Master's strength is unfathomable. Only he can aid us."

Du Longyang gazed skyward, wistful.

Never imagined seeking outsiders under this heaven.

They'd guessed Lu's origin: another world via void gate.

"What is it?"

Nie unmoved.

"Slay immortals."

Du Longyang said.

Nie froze.

That explosive?

God-slaying?

Human endeavor?

Involve Young Master in this horror?

"You outsider demons—why think my Young Master aids evil?"

"Outsider demons."

Both stunned, exchanging looks. Unexpected term.

Yuan Shang chuckled.

"So benefactor's hostility stems from 'outsider demons'?"

"Rest assured—this monk swears on Nascent Soul explosion: Tianyuan powerhouses never invaded others. Orthodox or demonic—no. Demons? Unknown, sealed in Heavenly Demon Tower with the 'Heavenly Demon.'"

"Records show Tianyuan suffered invasion—immortal-like horrors shattering mountains, rivers... Countless dead. 'Heavenly Demon' likely from then. Your 'demons' are probably them."

"Shattering void to ascend is near-impossible. How invade elsewhere? If any invaded... benefactor, you're the intruder."

Yuan Shang smiled.

Nie fell silent.

...

Beiluo, Lake Heart Island.

Lu leaned on Thousand Blades Chair, guessing events.

He tapped the armrest; whistling rose, phoenix cry echoing.

Phoenix Feather Sword streaked as fire.

He condensed spirit fluid into mini-Lu, who sat cross-legged atop the sword—sword-riding into the dragon gate.

Little Yinglong atop the gate jolted awake.

South Prefecture.

Phoenix Feather Sword burst from the gate, a fiery tongue like a soaring phoenix, racing to the forbidden zone.

It descended.

Cultivators meditating opened eyes.

Tang Yimo sensed first, shocked.

The sword arced like a meteor into the zone.

"Young Lord Lu's sword!"

"Young Master's... intervening? Old Nie in danger?"

"Forbidden zone is perilous. Hope Changqing returns safe."

Faces grave.

Xie Yunling, Hua Dongliu, elders sighed.

The sword pierced the air wall.

Ripples faded; zone reverted to spiritless void.

Boom!

Red glow from snowy Bodhisattva Temple.

A red miniature sword exploded outward.

Snow melted in its wake.

Mini-Lu sat atop, soaring high.

Into Martial Emperor City.

Post-chaos powerhouses looked up in alarm.

A red sword.

Nascent Souls flew, trailing.

In the city.

Feng Yilou awoke, furious—not at Lu's possession.

But the charlatan grinning in snow: "That way—auspicious."

Never let him see that fraud.

Or teach true "auspicious"!

Suddenly.

Eyes bulged.

Phoenix Feather Sword overhead, mini-figure atop.

"It's him!"

Heart clenched.

Disciples approached to console their "Heavenly List potential" brother.

But he scrambled away in terror, fleeing deeper, roaring.

All baffled.

In the city.

Yuan Shang and Du Longyang locked eyes, stunned.

Nie sensed familiarity.

"Young Master?!"

Deep breath.

They soared out.

Phoenix Feather Sword hovered, facing them.

...

Dark valley.

Li Sansi sat like withered wood, sensing all.

But immobile—body not his.

"Once 'Vine Demon Seed' covers you, shatter the core, form Nascent Soul... Enjoy strength growing!"

Seductive female voice echoed.

His mind froze.

"What did you do?"

Li Sansi horrified.

"Nothing—soul fusion. Don't worry; I won't erase you. Watch this skin break the seal, escape Absolute Blade Gate, slaughter them all—and that hypocrite!"

Voice mad, fervent.

Li Sansi panicked. No world domination—just survival.

"Your core's formed... Solid foundations, stable—no collapse. This palace chose well."

Voice faded.

Li frantic.

Alive, but worse than dead?

"Forced growth isn't ideal, but I can't wait. Infused my lifetime energy. Shatter core to Nascent Soul—emergence!"

"No... out of my body!"

Li roared.

"Hahaha..."

Silence.

Despair, helplessness.

He strained—eyes only movable, soul detached.

Cave: corpses, a gaping-mouthed husk below, vines dull—energy drained into him, remodeling.

Eyes scanned.

Dreary, icy; stalactite drips bone-chilling.

Despair.

Forbidden zone entry—catastrophe.

Stronger, but body stolen.

Suddenly.

Eyes fixed.

Ground: a flute.

Memories: Buzhou Peak, blue stone, endless flute melodies.

Mood sank.

Facing death, loved ones flash.

Expected: Li Sansui, Xie Yunling, Dao Pavilion disciples.

But: girl hugging knees, alone atop peak, watching sunrise—pitiful, endearing.

Emotions tangled.

Purpose of strength?

No farewell to Li Sansui, entering zone—why?

Now...

He understood.

Staring at the flute.

Buzhou Peak.

Spring-blooming.

Girl on blue stone, playing flute—wrong note.

Stopped.

Turned slowly.

Long, curved lashes trembled; closed eyes faced...

Great Xuan Forbidden Zone.

Chapter 249: Zhu Long's Little Scheme

Above Martial Emperor City.

The atmosphere grew heavy. Nascent Soul elders tread the wind, hovering, robes whipping as they stared at the fiery red sword.

Du Longyang and the ascetic arrived similarly.

Mini-Lu, condensed from spirit fluid, sat cross-legged atop Phoenix Feather Sword—like a peerless sword immortal riding the blade.

Du Longyang and Yuan Shang turned solemn. They'd never seen Lu's true face or clashed with his real body, but his strength was undeniable.

"A top-grade artifact!"

Du Longyang eyed Phoenix Feather Sword, inhaling deeply.

Yuan Shang nodded.

As apex experts, their discernment was keen. They'd witnessed Lu wield it before—but illusory. This real sword exceeded estimates.

Lake Heart Island, White Jade Capital Pavilion.

Lu leaned in his wheelchair, bronze cup in hand, lips curved. "You seized this young master's disciple to threaten me?"

Simultaneously, mini-Lu atop the sword echoed the words.

"Misunderstanding. This monk merely invited the benefactor to discuss contacting you."

Yuan Shang hurried, preventing escalation.

They needed Lu—couldn't afford rift over misunderstanding.

Mini-Lu folded arms, brows arching.

"Oh? Contact me? For what?"

Du Longyang glanced at disciples below, smiling.

"Inside."

He drifted aside, clearing path to the inner hall.

Yuan Shang pressed palm upright, gesturing invitation.

Disciples and elders below gawked.

This man ruined Du Longyang's tribulation—now a honored guest?

Du Longyang offered no explanation—none needed.

Mini-Lu entered the hall on the sword.

Nie Changqing awaited, bowing oddly. "Young Master."

Mini-Lu nodded calmly.

"Good—progress in battle."

Nie beamed faintly.

"Thanks for the praise."

Du Longyang and Yuan Shang sealed the hall with arrays.

"You hail from beyond the void gate?"

"How to address?"

Du Longyang cupped fists—first true interaction.

Past were grudges.

"Young Master Lu."

No more.

"Young Master Lu..."

Du Longyang smiled. "Using spirit fluid as avatar—your spiritual control surpasses norms."

Lu smirked.

"I warned: Nascent Soul interference, I slaughter all in Martial Emperor City. Remember?"

Du Longyang's face soured.

City lord, Tianyuan's top spear—threatened.

Yet powerless.

Nascent Souls were a faction's core—deterrence.

Targeted by a mysterious Infant Transformation? Unprotectable.

Assassination? Unstoppable.

He swallowed it.

Yuan Shang smoothed: "Past. Young Master exposed the immortal's dog—we're grateful."

Lu waved—coincidence.

He'd ignore the blind elder otherwise.

"Not just Martial Emperor City. Bitter Buddha Temple's great Buddha ascended, issuing Buddhist warning at the end. We've suspected the immortal realm, ascension—a lie."

Yuan Shang cut to chase.

Du Longyang: "You raided our pavilion—saw Heavenly Origin? First Martial Emperor's warning to the world, like the Buddha's."

"Not just us. Great Qian's first Empress, Absolute Blade Gate's founder, many ancient ascendants left fragments."

"Ascension—a massive lie."

"We investigated secretly, found immortal dogs."

"But how many? Unknown—marks etched in souls."

Mini-Lu laughed.

"So, enlist me for god-slaying?"

They nodded.

"Trust an outsider?"

"Better than opaque immortal dogs."

Du Longyang helpless.

Nie silent—no qualification to interject.

God-slaying? Dog-hunting?

Boss level.

Hall fell quiet, tense—like aura standoff.

"Hm..."

"God-slaying, fine."

"I'll agree—but benefits?"

Mini-Lu calm.

They exchanged glances—main event.

No free aid.

"Unrestrict void gate? Your disciples roam Tianyuan freely?"

Du Longyang probed.

Mini-Lu eyed him like an idiot.

"Think I'm foolish?"

Pressure forged entry—removing it defeated purpose.

"State demands."

Yuan Shang palm upright.

Lake Heart Island.

Lu smiled.

Sipped plum wine.

Tapped armrest rhythmically.

"What to demand?"

"God-slaying... skimping insults the title."

Chin in hand.

Tianyuan: mature mid-martial—spirit tools, pills, arrays complete.

Far beyond nascent Five Phoenixes—much to learn.

Learning accelerates growth—for individuals, worlds.

But hesitation—he'd emptied Martial Emperor pavilion.

In city.

Du Longyang, seeing delay, felt pressure.

Inhaled: "Aid... one first-grade artifact?!"

Mini-Lu: "First-grade?"

Du Longyang pointed at sword. "Top like yours."

Lu frowned.

"Young Master, first-grade rarest—coveted, bloodbaths."

Yuan Shang.

"I don't fancy artifacts. This sword? Mere accessory."

They: ...

Lu sighed. "Fine, not difficult... one first-grade artifact, two equivalent pills... convenience for the kids—no hunt-on-sight..."

Three demands.

They exchanged troubled looks.

"Last two yes... first impossible."

"Even we lack a second."

Du Longyang.

"Truly none."

Yuan Shang.

"World's first-grades? Finger-count."

Lu sighed regretfully.

"One then."

"Call when slaying."

No lingering.

Sword whistled, red streak shattering barrier—unimpeded, vanishing with mini-Lu.

Decisive.

Nie remained.

Mouth agape—like abandoned at dragon gate.

But awed.

Worthy of Young Master—priceless aid!

Yuan Shang to Du Longyang: "Reliable?"

"Reliable or not... better than hidden dogs."

Du Longyang inhaled, gazing skyward gravely.

Monumental resolve.

"Inform Empress, Absolute Blade, Tianxu?"

Yuan Shang.

"Empress notified. Others—no, precaution."

Yuan Shang paled—suspect them?

...

Buzhou Peak.

Zhu Long's lashes trembled.

Sensed Li Sansi near death.

Matured mind, own judgments.

Lu created her; Li Sansi taught the world.

Complex feelings.

Didn't want him dead.

But aiding? Dad angry...

Dilemma—pity if died.

Lashes fluttered, eyed dragon gate, lips pursed.

Left blue stone.

Into gate.

Emerged on Beiluo Lake.

Lively—cultivators boating to Scripture Tower; one month only.

From gate, closed eyes toward misty island.

Pursed lips, stepped on water.

Distant.

Little Yinglong frolicking in tower stiffened, whipped around—sensed terror.

Wind-like, burst out, wings flapping.

Dove into lone, bewildered closed-eye girl on lake.

"Plop" into arms.

But Zhu Long pinched neck scruff, lifted.

He puckered, ready to spray.

Pinch tightened—ticklish; water gushed out.

"Shh."

Slender finger to lips.

Pointed island, then gate.

His eyes lit.

Covered mouth.

Big sis sneaking him out to play?

Curved lips, placed on shoulder, tiptoed on water—into gate.

Distant.

Lü Dongxuan fishing, late notice.

"Eh?"

"Dragon bro quiet today?"

Pondered.

Wrinkles bunched, sly grin.

"Good—no fish thief."

"Heh heh..."

Zhu Long with Little Yinglong through gate—to Buzhou Peak.

He romped joyfully—first outside!

But soon pinched, lifted.

Deep breath.

Tucked bamboo flute at waist.

His eyes brightened, grabbed, played poorly—opened mouth to bite.

Her closed face tilted; he froze, released, innocent smile.

Resolve.

Step out.

Plummeted from peak.

Snowy base.

Boom!

Shockwave.

Streamers, shattering snow, blasting afar.

Chapter 250: Brother, Want a Fortune Reading?

Phoenix Feather Sword streaked across the sky, passing through two dragon gates before returning to Lake Heart Island.

The dense mist shrouding the island dispersed.

The sword settled into place, and mini-Lu burst into spiritual energy with a pop, vanishing into the air.

"Still scared, huh? Dragging Little Yinglong as a scapegoat to share the blame later?"

Lu shook his head, speechless.

Childlike indeed.

He knew Zhu Long's actions—his main focus was bargaining in Martial Emperor City, but he sensed her little moves.

"Getting more human. Good."

He smiled.

No blocking her or retrieving Little Yinglong.

Li Sansi's possession was unforeseen.

Death by Absolute Blade pursuit? Lu wouldn't intervene—his choice.

But possession?

Unacceptable.

Li Sansi, his nurtured Body Storage—stolen like a ripe peach?

Worse: post-possession cultivation rewards wouldn't go to Lu.

Intolerable.

Lu leaned back in his wheelchair, breeze rustling. He picked a chess piece.

Placed it gently.

...

Nie Changqing left Martial Emperor City. Hostility lingered heavy among disciples.

Understandable—he'd slain many Golden Cores.

Even Du Longyang barely tolerated him, spared only for Lu.

From afar, Mo Tianyu's eyes lit up.

"Old Nie!"

He dashed from the crowd, divination cloth in hand—script in this world's tongue.

"Old Mo? You here?"

Nie genuinely shocked.

Mo Tianyu in the city?

Alive?!

Mo smiled—old friends in foreign land, heartwarming.

Surprised too—Nie emerged whole after capture.

Young Lord Lu's influence.

Mo pondered: if he were trapped, would Lu save him?

Likely not.

Only his divinations to rely on.

"Out first."

Nie pulled him toward the gate.

Mo blinked.

Only then noticing the cold, angry glares.

Lips twitched...

"Bad timing?"

"Pretend not knowing you—still okay?"

Nie glanced, smiled: "Guess."

"I'm leaving. Stay, and who knows when you're dragged into an alley and beaten dead."

"Qi Condensation like you—Golden Core kills with less than five fingers."

Mo rolled eyes, hurried with cloth.

At the gate.

Familiar figure: six-revolution Ye Qianxun.

"City Lord's order—no more hunts. Lucky you..."

Leaning on icy wall.

"But killing our disciples? Debt unpaid."

"Guard your blade... I'll claim it."

Torrential Pear Blossom strong, but likely one-use.

Fourth-fifth grade artifact—precious.

Unprepared, Ye suffered; wounds ached.

Nie glanced coolly.

Strong foe—pushed him to Second Stage Heavenly Lock, but victory distant.

"Arrogant..."

Mo squinted, cloth ready.

"Needs a reading."

Stepped forward.

"Brother, fortune?"

Ye puzzled.

Nie speechless.

Flee, not divine!

Suddenly.

Mo's hairs stood—killing intent.

"Old Nie, run!"

Dragged him out.

"Old Nie? Surname Nie?"

Ye arms folded, amused. "City Lord allows challenges... Want battle breakthroughs? Dare—inner disciples await."

Nie looked back deeply.

Pulled beyond gate.

Voice drifted: "Wait. I'll beat all Martial Emperor City."

Disciples stirred.

Audacious!

As Ye squinted, street end exploded with sun-like aura.

"Fortune-teller! Life for life!"

Feng Yilou raged.

Found the charlatan!

Void gate infiltrator.

Deceived him!

"Senior Feng—calm!"

Ye sensed murder, restrained him.

"City Lord bans kills—or expulsion!"

"Expel then! End him!"

Eyes red.

Not refined like Ximen Xianzhi—yang cultivation, temper unrestrained.

"Don't! Ruin future over Qi Condensation fraud?"

Ye helpless, held firm.

Feng saw reason.

But furious.

Embraced, roaring.

Outside, Mo sweated.

"Near death."

"Sighed. Divinations from heart, thought... Too serious."

Nie knife slung, glanced back.

"Old Nie, plans?"

"Return?"

"No."

Snow steps.

"Recover, cultivate, challenge city."

Mo stunned.

"Young Master no orders?"

Heart stung—Lu forgot him.

But snow trekking: "Praised quick Second Stage. Keep pushing."

"Need pressure, drive... No hunts now—perfect sparring."

"Young Master's reason?" Mo puzzled.

"Can't say—promised."

Mo nodded, no press. Vanished in snow woods.

Suddenly: "Old Nie, challenge time—tell me. Pre-read auspiciousness."

"Good."

"Remember—my readings... spot-on."

Nie: ...

...

Zhu Long and Little Yinglong smashed through air wall.

Great Xuan guards reacted too late; Xuanwu Guards cowed by aura.

Ignored.

Boom!

Little Yinglong mouth agape, cold wind—ecstatic.

Exited zone—ripples.

"More came!"

"Strike—no escape!"

Blade qi slashed.

Absolute Blade swordsmen thundered.

Zhu Long closed eyes, unexpected foes.

But mere Foundation—unconcerned.

Hand raised, pressed down.

Boom...

Bodies burst—blood fireworks.

Little Yinglong on shoulder awed, excited—leapt.

But scruff-pulled back.

Bloody mist.

Zhu Long shot forward.

Golden Core blade qi slashed.

"Dare kill disciples?!"

Frowned, grabbed remotely.

Qi shattered.

Pressed—body exploded, core cracked, blood mist.

Emotionless—eyes open once, bones everywhere.

Death routine.

Suddenly.

Stunned, lashes trembled—familiar aura.

Little Yinglong perked happily.

Mist parted.

Light streaked, landed on shoulder.

"Dad..."

Lips pursed.

Caught...

Little Yinglong flapped, saw mini-Lu—mouth opened for water arrow.

Mini-Lu glanced, pointed.

Spirit chain sealed mouth.

Struggled futile—despaired, slumped.

"Go."

"See world. Settle later."

Lu said.

Curious her strength.

Heavenly Lock entered—combat? Dragon species, cross-realm—Nascent Soul level?

Lashes trembled.

Tempted return.

Boom!

Golden Core death triggered.

Terrifying aura from Absolute Blade—Nascent Soul approaching.

Saw closed-eye Zhu Long, mini-Lu on shoulder.

Both Nascent-level.

Turned, fled—remembered mini-Lu, forced sect ban.

No fight—escape.

Junior clashes promised?

Nascent instant!

Trust?

Ignored fleeing.

Lu pointed valley—Li Sansi's soul fading.

Valley, cave.

Vines shuddered.

Li Sansi eyes snapped open—crimson.

"Intruders!"

"Golden Core? No... Nascent aura!"

Mouth spoke seductive female.

"Rescuers?"

Li dazed—someone?

"Kill, nourish—shatter core fast!"

Cold, excited smile.

Elsewhere.

Absolute Blade.

Panicked Nascent returned.

Cliff-seated Ye Shoudao opened eyes.

"Golden Core with Nascent aura... Monster!"

Chasm uncrossable.

Even Human List top three couldn't.

Void gate casual—could!

Rose, black robes whipping, one-armed blade—streaked to valley.

Zhu Long entered—eerie, lifeless cold.

Suddenly.

Rustling forests.

Vines slithered like serpents.

Planned stealth.

Detected—accelerated.

Mini-Lu on shoulder brow raised.

"Daring first strike?"

"No mercy."

Smiled, waved.

Chain shattered.

"Go."

Listless Little Yinglong eyes blazed.

Dragon roar.

Shot forward.

En route—body swelled, swelled!