

Starlit Path 281

Chapter 281: Young Master Lu's Grand Gesture—White Jade Capital in the Skies!

The instant the origin water emerged, dense origin power dispersed.

An extraordinary aura stunned the cultivators on Lake Heart Island.

They felt the world's spiritual qi thicken several times in a blink.

A palm-sized three-legged furnace hovered mid-air, endlessly pouring origin water.

Cascading like a glassy waterfall under sunlight.

Second floor of White Jade Capital pavilions.

Ning Zhao stared blankly. The spreading water triggered her cultivation art involuntarily.

Faintly, her dragon-like spine emerged, a massive beast inhaling and exhaling energy, drawing in the water.

Tempering her flesh bit by bit.

Heavenly Lock realm's difficulty: spine forging—thirty-three vertebrae, each demanding immense energy.

Her prior tribulation feedback tempered several.

Now, origin water accelerated it.

Not just her.

Nie Changqing sensed the shift instantly.

"Tribulation success feedback energy..."

"Young Master gathered it... into a lake?"

Nie Changqing was horrified.

Lu's scale—terrifying!

How?!

Robbed the thunder punishment?!

The Empress Ni Chunqiu, helping Ni Yu sugar-coat Body Tempering Pills, looked up—eyes shocked, complex.

"Origin water."

Speechless.

She remembered post-tribulation "immortal realm" with its origin lake.

Lu battled Yuanshang, pocketed the lake in a small furnace.

Thought for his cultivation.

Instead...

Pouring it now—to reconstruct an origin lake?

Remodeling his sanctuary with it!

Others used precious water for practice; Lu for decor...

Truly unique, Young Master Lu.

Lu sat wheeled, balcony winds fluttering his white robes.

Soul sense controlled the Myriad Methods Furnace, unleashing the lake.

Smiling lightly, eyes lining—mind envisioning new White Jade Capital.

Beiluo Lake.

Little Yinglong's chubby wings tucked; cannonballed in.

Splash!

Mouth agape, gulped wildly—but belly bloated after bites.

Didn't leave; floated spread-eagled.

A bona fide salted fish.

Island.

Nie Changqing sat, spine roaring, absorbing like Ning Zhao.

All entered cultivation.

Origin power aided far beyond qi—seize the chance.

Even the Empress cross-legged.

Immortal Slaughter wounded her; invasions followed.

Pills restored strength, but hidden injuries lingered.

Lu's release: perfect recovery, purge ailments.

All cultivated.

Lu smiled.

"White Jade Capital in the heavens, twelve towers, five cities."

Fingers tapped armrest.

Remodeling planned long ago.

Task: hide White Jade Capital—start here.

Floating ethereal sky island.

Palm slapped armrest.

Boom!

Thousand Blades disassembled.

Five Phoenix Plume Swords whistled, phoenix cries.

Lu spread hand, controlled, slammed down.

Swords and blades fanned to island edges, into Beiluo Lake.

Water threatened eruption.

Island quaked.

Earthquake-like.

Beiluo City shook.

Lu Manor.

Lu Changkong sensed, gazed island-ward.

"Fan'er up to?"

Grave.

Luo Yue followed; they sped to lakeside.

Big commotion.

Western Mountains: cultivators felt anomaly, rushed.

Bai Qingniao wide-eyed; Little Phoenix One peeked from her collar.

Jiang Li, Chi Lian beside, staring misty island.

Sima Qingshan book-boxed, face astonished—soul sense pierced fog, saw activity.

An Miaoyu umbrella'd, red-caped, beside him.

Tang Yimo at Sima's side, asked—Sima shook head.

"Huge disturbance—what?"

"Lake Heart Island direction—invader battling Young Master Lu?"

"Unlikely—who matches him?"

Cultivators exchanged glances.

Curious, but clueless.

Felt roars; lake churned, fish surfaced gulping madly.

Meanwhile...

Lu's soul sense unleashed, blades controlled.

Splash!

Water roared like bursting bottle.

Waves; mists swirled by currents.

Plumes cried brightly.

Then...

Island uprooted!

Soil splashed; inverted cone floated via swords and blades, separating from lake!

White Jade Capital atop, Lu sat, pinched runes.

"Kan, Gen, Qian, Zhen..."

Runes floated, infused island.

It ascended...

Swords/blades dispersed—no fall, kept rising.

Boom!

Collided into sky origin lake.

Gurgle...

Island.

Skyward chrysanthemums, azure peaches swayed wildly, bathed—revived.

Purple bamboos bubbled, absorbing.

Nie Changqing, Ning Zhao etc. immersed.

Rushing water pressured skin.

No discomfort, no suffocation.

Amazed gazes.

Island rose through lake, atop it.

From Beiluo Lake to origin lake.

Pavilions.

Lu unstained by water.

Ning Zhao on second floor, trembling—stunned. This "slight" remodel?

White Jade Capital: no longer lake-floated, sky-suspended.

Mythic sky palace!

All paused cultivation, stood—world shrinking below, hearts pounding.

Empress sighed.

Young Master Lu... flamboyantly so.

Beiluo City.

Folk awed, emerged homes, skyward.

Island rose toward heavenly lake—White Jade Capital suspended within.

As if wind-bound.

Lu Changkong ran, halted, silent gazing floating island.

"City Lord... Young Master's intent?"

Luo Yue knife-sheathed, inhaled—unbelievable sky island.

Sima Qingshan, Tang Yimo etc. dumbstruck.

Lu's methods: beyond cognition.

Floating island.

Lu on Thousand Blades, airborne, robes/hair fluttering.

Smiling.

Eyes lining.

Raised hand, pointed—pinched.

Rumble!

Tower built skyward, soaring.

Majestic, eaves divine.

"This tower: Forging Pavilion."

Words fell.

Gongsun Yu on island trembled, teleported before it.

"Thank you, Young Master!"

Old face excited, bowed.

Lu smiled.

Gazed elsewhere, pointed.

Preaching Platform's virtual tower materialized, rising.

Lighter than heavy Forging, tower-like—mystical.

"This: Tianji Pavilion."

Lu said.

Lü Dongxuan's gold chain quivered; vanished, sat before.

"Thank you!"

Bloomed like chrysanthemum—investment paid!

Lu chuckled, nodded.

Raised again—another emerged.

"This: Alchemy Pavilion."

Ni Yu black-pot-backed vanished, reappeared before.

Thrilled, flushed.

Grabbed sugar-coated Qi Pills, stuffed mouth.

"Th-thank you!"

Life peak!

Lu smiled.

Robes fluttering.

Beckoned—library soared from Beiluo, to origin lake.

"This: Scripture Pavilion."

Pondered.

Soon, Lü Mu Dui bamboo-staffed, hatted, before it.

Stunned—equal to Lü Dongxuan?

Excited inwardly, calm out.

Bowed: "Thank you."

Four towers rose, misty qi, origin ripples—divine.

Lakeside.

World agape.

Manifesting towers from void—immortal descent.

White Jade Capital: legendary blessed land!

Sky island: more ethereal, unfathomable.

Lu leaned Thousand Blades, balcony breeze.

No more towers—four for phase one.

Someday: twelve...

Ning Zhao poured wine.

Heart still shocked.

White Jade Capital: independent force!

More immortal now.

Elusive, untouchable.

Beiluo.

Commoners knelt skyward, excited, devout.

Chanted prayers, wishes...

Already immortal-like; now pure myth.

Lu Changkong stood.

Complex.

Devout citizens, awed cultivators.

Felt unusual.

Lu laying groundwork...

For what?

Unsure, but wistful.

Remodel stunned all.

Cultivators revered more.

How not—godlike!

Many pondered differently.

Grand remodel + auction in three days.

Spirits rose.

Already valued; now more—big move!

Many via dragon gates returned, spread word.

World stirred.

Tang Yimo sky-gazed White Jade Capital.

Swallowed—yearned Lu's enigma.

Parted Sima, dragon gate to South Commandery.

Rushed Nanjiang City.

Fundraise for auction.

Not just him—clan cultivators messaged; world surged.

Guessed auction purpose?

Sky island White Jade Capital.

Remodel done; Lu stayed atop.

Wheeled, eyes lining.

Mind in Preaching Platform.

Huge secret realm built; thought—massive Dao Stele placed, realm sublimating.

Spirit Pressure Board emerged, Five Phoenixes map.

Finger tapped.

Caressed, pointed spot.

Secret realm drop location.

...

South Commandery, seaside.

Trumpets blared amid petals; four hags carried sedan, red-robed emaciated man atop.

Tianxu Young Master cloth to mouth, coughed lightly.

Drew waist jade—soul fluctuation.

Analyzed.

Eyes flashed surprise.

"Auction?"

"What's Lu bro doing?"

"Traveled far... for an auction?"

Behind.

Hags expressionless, grabbed petal handfuls, scattered.

"Enough—no one's watching, petals for ghosts?"

Pale Tianxu glanced.

Hag hesitated, scattered one more, stopped.

"Ask directions—heard dragon gates speed to Lu bro's abode."

Tianxu said.

Hags unmoved.

Glanced—liver ached.

Why these fools.

"Go..."

"That way."

Annoyed.

Hags moved; trumpets resounded, petals flew.

...

Du Longyang foot on ground.

Gazed boundless land.

"Weaker than thought..."

Frowned.

Expected top mid-martial like Tianyuan for Lu.

But powerhouses pitifully few.

Stepped air, over Nanjin City—ordinary folk, scarce cultivators.

Brows knit.

Suddenly, waist jade—Empress message.

Read; eyes flickered.

"Auction?"

"Breakthrough aid? What's Young Master Lu selling?"

Inhaled.

Robes fluttered, void-plunged.

...

Ye Shoudao landed South edge.

Sensed Empress message; brow arched.

No doubt.

Nearest dragon gate to Beiluo.

High flight, spotted cloud-hidden Cloud Dragon Gate.

Like teleports in message.

World's uniqueness.

Atop.

Clouds rolled.

White dragon coiled, grave eyes.

Pressure immense on Cloud Dragon.

Ye Shoudao ignored.

Suddenly brow raised.

Gazed Star-Plucking Peak below.

Faint familiar aura.

Chapter 282: Brother Lu, Such a Good Guy

Northern Commandery, Great Xuan.

Mo Beike emerged from the Azure Dragon Gate in thick robes, strolling out.

Xuanwu troops guarding bowed.

Though absent long, Great Xuan soldiers remembered the Giant Master.

Below Tai Ridge's Heaven-Asking Peak: Great Xuan Academy.

News of his return spread instantly.

Mo Ju, academy overseer, hiked robes and hurried.

"Giant Master, finally back."

Eyes resentful.

Mo Beike, appointed by Tantai Xuan, vanished months—dumped academy on him.

Heavy pressure.

Mo Beike smiled, pulled a cart of scrolls.

"This month's harvest."

"For the academy pups."

Mo Ju's eyes lit.

"Suddenly understand old Kong Xiu's 百家 tour..."

"Knowledge not innate—seeking, learning endless. This journey enlightened me."

Mo Beike said.

"Cultivation profound; one school lifetime study."

Deep words; Mo Ju nodded agreement.

Half-day later.

Tantai Xuan's carriage rolled in.

Barefoot, excited, rushed out.

"Giant Master, back at last!"

Laughed seeing familiar face.

Mo Beike flustered, flattered.

"Your Majesty."

Bowed.

Chatted travels.

Tantai Xuan sighed—past Kong Xiu, now Mo Beike.

Brought texts, ideas: academy rise treasures.

"Your Majesty, three days: Beiluo auction by Young Master Lu."

"From knowing him, unusual."

Mo Beike said.

"We got it—odd. Can't fathom purpose."

Mo Ju frowned.

Mo Beike's bags twitched, inhaled.

"Your Majesty."

"Must attend. Feel... post-auction, world changes. Opportunity there."

Tantai Xuan surprised.

Giant Master experienced; journey grasped situation.

Judgment reasoned.

Solemn nod.

"Three days, to Beiluo again."

"Bring funds."

"Many competitors..."

Tantai Xuan graver.

...

Liangzhou City.

Ding Jiudeng returned, complex.

From forbidden domain—great terror; otherworldly.

Xu Chu, Western Commandery overseer, ghost-seeing shock.

Xiliang straightforward—no skimping.

Alive: rewards per Overlord.

Bald novices from camp returned.

Ding touched heads gently.

Overlord domineering, yet righteous—not rumors.

Worried orphans; camp shelter.

"Amitabha."

Bowed thanks, led novices out, to Liangzhou.

Bought yard-temple ruined.

Absent: vagrants squatted.

Plaque firewood.

No blame.

Silver from rewards: built temple.

Novices sensed change.

Ding quicker—no slow.

Caught sneak-outs, hauled back.

Daily sutra tasks, qi guidance.

New feel.

Temple fast—most silver in.

Grand in city, drew gazes.

Key: golden Buddha, foil-pasted.

Thugs eyed; night sneak, scrape gold.

But...

Bald monk stared eerily in dark.

Thereafter: bullies failed, converted—temple monks.

Completion day: Ding fetched plaque.

Red cloth dropped; novices clapped excited.

Ding blank, stared.

"Bitter Buddha Temple."

...

Star-Plucking Peak, Cloud Dragon Gate.

Ye Shoudao hovered, one-armed sleeve fluttering.

Familiar aura—surprise, complex.

"Here..."

Murmured.

No rush gate; stepped peak.

Instant: Dao Pavilion sensed.

Peak Qi Core disciples rushed.

"Who?!"

"Trespass!"

Glared.

Ye calm—Qi Condensation ants.

No slaughter—new world.

Unknown Lu ties.

No action.

Lu most wary: enigmatic Young Master.

Step: pressure burst.

Disciples heart-quaked.

Thud!

Kneeled, sweat rolling.

Ye through to back mountain.

Bamboo hut.

Appeared window.

Ground leaves whirled—sharp blades.

"Array?"

Brow raised.

Shock: leaves exploded.

Hidden sword qi shot.

Hand raised: qi wall blocked.

"Interesting..."

Smirk.

Jiao shout; leaves dragon-coiled, pounced.

Palm slap: dragon burst.

Arrays ground-emerging, assaulted.

"Good arrays, weak power."

Commented.

Next.

One arm: hilt grip.

Aura dispersed arrays.

"Power key; flashy useless—kill enemy fundamental."

Words advisory.

Boom!

Muffled grunt.

Hut: daoist nun emerged.

"Who..."

Li Sansui wiped blood, grave.

Grave with fear.

Ye power like Beiluo Lu—when another?

Ye glanced: "Foundation..."

Talented youth.

Not focus—mere Foundation.

Step: beside Li Sansui.

Knife qi: knife mountain.

Dazed.

Ye in hut.

Saw bed-sleeping Li Sansi.

Odd: vine-covered monster...

Complex emotions.

"Vine demon body..."

Eyes: alluring woman.

Buzz...

Knife intent.

Back black knife unsheathed.

Pfft!

Furniture halved, smooth cuts.

One-armed grip over chest.

Knife glow pulsed.

But exhaled, no strike.

"No reaction..."

"Woman's soul gone?"

Eyes fluctuated.

Murmured.

Mind: her innocent to venomous...

Long sigh.

Knife sheathed, touched chest—ached oddly.

"Fine. Inherited vine demon—don't disgrace. If demon... I'll slay personally."

Cold.

Palm: knife glow flicked to brow.

Step: afterimages, vanished peak, into gate.

Deep breath.

Li Sansui swayed, awoke knife mountain.

Man gone.

Surveyed: knife scars.

To bed Li Sansi.

Suddenly stunned.

Brows furrowed.

Long-closed eyes... opened slowly.

Lips trembled.

Tears surged.

"Brother!"

Li Sansi awoke.

...

Beiluo Lake.

Lone boats rippled.

Cultivators stood, sky-gazed floating White Jade Capital.

Origin lake, towers, qi misty—immortal vapors.

Sima Qingshan boat-sat; An Miaoyu unrolled scroll, painted.

Guided occasionally.

Painting advanced her cultivation.

Suddenly.

Sima heart chilled.

Yinglong Gate: black-clad one-armed emerged.

Sleeve chaotic.

Aura overwhelming.

Sima gazed: eyes stung—like unsheathed blade cleaving heavens.

Island.

Empress discussing alchemy with Ni Yu, red lips curved.

"Ye One-Arm here, quick."

Murmured.

Glanced second floor.

Lu leaned railing, eyes closed preparing.

Ignored; continued sugar-coating fusion with Ni Yu.

Ye ignored Sima—half-Golden Core beneath notice.

Gazed origin lake, White Jade Capital within.

Sima horrified—strong!

Breath cut skin.

World such beings?

Gazed island red woman—strong too...

Whence?

Prior whale battle—unusual.

Linked Genesis Chart—bold guess.

Rumble!

Post-gate.

Black tight-clad, spear-backed, intent piercing skies.

"Gate Lord Ye, faster."

Du Longyang stepped, laughed.

Ye smirked.

"Heard Young Master Lu auction aids Infant break—how ignore?"

Du to speak.

Trumpets, suona endless.

Post-gate.

Petals flew.

Four hags lifted red-robed, pale eunuch youth sped.

Tianxu saw Du, Ye—annoyed.

Turned hags no petals/music, iron-not-steel.

"Petals?"

"Music?"

"Heavy gold for vases?"

"Empty: blow/scatter mad. Now people: daze?"

Tianxu fumed.

Hag opened sack dry: "Young Master, no petals."

Another smacked lips: "Mouth dry, can't blow."

Tianxu pursed, life-weary.

"Roll."

Cloth-coughed.

Hag serious: "Young Master, professional integrity—can't roll casual."

Tianxu smiled.

Opened sword box, palm sword pointed.

"Dare repeat?"

Hags fearful professionally.

Du speechless.

Ye ignored fool.

Island: Empress belly-laughed.

"Tianxu, four gold flowers whence?"

"Tell—this palace avoids."

Tianxu sword-humming.

Beiluo Lake.

Sima eyed Du, Ye, Tianxu—pressures wave-like.

Sensed gaze.

Tianxu glared.

"Stare... fake Golden Core."

Sima: massive soul pressure; boat flung meters, crashed Bai Qingniao's.

She swayed annoyed.

Glared Tianxu.

Collar Little Phoenix One peeked, glared too.

Terrifying!

Sima clutched chest, fear.

Tianxu sedan-glanced glaring Bai Qingniao.

"Yo, girl's chick beast interesting."

Hand beckoned.

Bai Qingniao's collar Little Phoenix One floated confused toward.

Tianxu cloth-coughed.

"Spirit beast."

Eyes bright.

Boat: Bai tears near.

Chick robbery!

Coveted!

"Tianxu, no mischief."

Du frowned.

Crying girl—only Tianxu.

Bound Little Phoenix One enraged.

Boom!

Red flames: fire phoenix.

Tianxu brighter, unfazed: "Me and Brother Lu tight—such good guy, flip for chick?"

White Jade Capital second floor.

Lu opened eyes, sensed struggling Little Phoenix One in Tianxu grasp.

Frowned slightly.

Hand dialed armrest lightly.

Clang!

Phoenix Plume Sword whistled out.

Chapter 283: The Auction Begins

Little Phoenix One was a phoenix seed, innately spiritual—a prime spirit beast prospect.

Tianxu Young Master fancied it greatly.

Seeing it transform into a fire phoenix, he showed no worry, only intrigued delight.

He pondered: fuse this fire phoenix with the four hags—phoenix spewing flames, hags scattering petals, trumpets and suona blaring. His entrances would level up spectacularly.

Bai Qingniao on her boat teared up in fury.

Jiang Li and Chi Lian turned iron-faced, but helpless.

Tianxu's strength overwhelmed; mere aura nearly halted their hearts.

Jiang Li blocked charging Bai Qingniao.

Lake Heart Island, but these seemed great mystics—likely Young Master Lu's honored guests.

Angering them: bad.

But as Bai fretted...

A shrill phoenix cry resounded.

A Phoenix Plume Sword blazed, streaking—air twisting in flames.

Tianxu's heart jolted.

Sword sped.

Familiar sharpness, terror.

He yanked hand, released Little Phoenix One.

Body spun high, red robes blooming like flowers.

Sword whistled past, nearly cleaving Beiluo Lake.

Du Longyang and Ye Shoudao's eyes sharpened.

"Young Master Lu's sword."

Du laughed.

Tianxu fool—face-slapped swift. Boasted Lu ties; sword descended.

Little Phoenix One freed.

Annoyed.

Third transformation Nine Phoenix—hid behind Lu's sword, fight-capable!

Mouth cried brightly, spat scorching flame waves engulfing Tianxu.

"Insolent!"

Tianxu raged.

Sword whistled.

Tianxu flung palm sword.

Clang! Deflected, plopped lake ripple.

Little Phoenix One's fire singed Tianxu's neat hair charcoal.

"Brother Lu! Ally!"

Tianxu yelled.

Ally vs. ally?

Little Phoenix One relentless—several flames—then flapped back to Bai, fluffy chick again.

Tianxu hovered, face blackened, exhaled smoke.

Without Lu fear, he'd chop chick head.

Thieving bird!

Dared burn his locks!

Phoenix Plume hovered, waves rippling.

Even Du, Ye wary.

No ordinary sword—top artifact, rivaling first-grade.

Lu had several; combined surpassed any.

Their wariness source.

"Deserved!"

"Bullying girls."

Sky island.

Empress lips curved, scolded laughing.

"All, ascend for talk."

White Jade Capital second floor.

Lu beckoned; sword returned.

Faint words echoed.

"Then oblige."

Du bowed smiling.

Ye nodded; air-trod origin water, ascended island.

Tianxu resentful.

Twirled, resat sedan.

Hags to lift.

But moved—immense force.

Pavilions.

Lu smiled.

Spirit Pressure Board emerged, piece placed.

Click echoed.

Hags flushed, immobile.

Boom!

Sedan exploded.

Tianxu tumbled, stabilized.

Understood: island, none sit but Lu.

Lu's pettiness... smaller than thought.

Tianxu muttered.

Adjusted robes, ascended.

Tianyuan Domain tops met.

Chrysanthemums swayed, azure peaches bloomed; sat, chatted ease.

Old acquaintances.

Nie Changqing, Jing Yue, Ning Zhao grave.

So strong!

Nie baffled—knew them: Du, Empress—Tianyuan forbidden tops.

Now in Five Phoenixes.

Crossed forbidden?

Purpose on island?

Glanced second floor—Lu calm; Nie relaxed.

Pavilions, Lu smiled.

"Old Nie, entertain. Await auction three days."

Lu said.

White-robed Nie nodded.

"Yes."

Dragon Slayer sheathed, approached four.

"Doubts? Ask—they Ancient Tianyuan experts, beyond Heavenly Lock."

Lu's voice to Ni Yu, Ning Zhao, Jing Yue etc.

Jing Yue eyes bright.

Understood: fleece wool?!

Nie too.

Du, Ye etc. stunned, then got it.

Amused.

No issue.

Lu saved Tianyuan; guide disciples fine.

Nie to Ye Shoudao, hand on Dragon Slayer, knife intent surged.

Ye Absolute Knife Gate master, Infant knife comprehension far beyond.

Ye eyes condensed, appreciated Nie.

Ni Yu to Empress; pot-side, sugar-coating Body Tempering.

Nie Shuang to Du—big head up; Du hands behind, gazed. Harmonious collision.

Lu smiled, sipped, eyes lining—secret realm setup.

Lake below.

Sima grave island glance.

"So many unfathomable cultivators."

An Miaoyu indignant—Tianxu hateful, mere glance bullied.

Sima smiled, soothed: "No matter. Strength reigns—cultivation truth."

"Today they bully; tomorrow we return."

Words fell.

Eyed four hags.

All Golden Core.

Sima soul sensed strength.

Hags felt gaze; Sima warm smile, nod.

Old faces flushed.

Tianxu's hired litter-bearers—pay secondary; heart-talk with youth.

...

Xiliang lands.

Transformation vastened.

Forest: bandit riders charged, blades sun-cold.

Qi surged.

Cultivator bandits.

Remote ravage; avoided cities—Xiang Family Army trained, stronger than qi-refined thugs.

"Charge!"

"Kill the wench!"

"Damn... dared kill brothers!"

Hooves thundered.

Faster than blood-refined grandmasters.

Center: black-robed figure still.

Woman—no hood, fox-charm face, alluring.

Casually coiling whip.

Wind: blended sand, vanished elusive.

Crack!

Whip lashed unseen—firecracker.

Qi-coated, ground cracked.

Bandit bisected.

Blood dyed sand.

Fury ignited!

"Kill!"

"We're cultivators! Swarm!"

"Drain qi—she dies!"

Roars.

Battle: corpses piled.

Cruel bandits heavy losses.

Leader fearful, fled horse.

Woman whip dripping, frowned—unreachable.

But...

Not far.

Silver shears spun high, pierced neck.

Distant sand: black-robed emerged.

"Missed again."

Voice hoarse, cold.

Whip lashed.

Figure caught easy; blood dripped.

Wind unveiled hood: Mo Liuqi, long unseen.

Released.

Yiyue coiled whip.

"I too sought strength."

"But not words—talent, will, wisdom."

Hand: shears returned, pocketed.

Gazed Yiyue.

"No need leave White Jade Capital... Lu's maid. Not Ning's level, no Ni's alchemy—but he wouldn't short.
Resources: steady decent cultivator."

Mo Liuqi said.

"But mediocrity sin among excellents."

Yiyue gazed, wistful.

Mo smiled, sand sky.

"Unwilling mediocrity? Find way."

"Go, train."

"Talent lacking? Technique compensates. As 'Mo Tower' assassins—one day, ghostly cross-border kills."

Turned, sand walk.

Yiyue coiled, complex back gaze.

Returned Xiliang, homeland nostalgia.

Gone; sought Mohist assassin revenge—masked killer dead.

Mohist mechanism city Overlord-broken.

Aimless desert wander.

Bandit siege, qi exhausted, near death.

Mo Liuqi saved.

Surprised; learned runaway for strength.

Recalled stubborn island Yiyue.

Touched.

Shared assassin path.

Days: crafting it.

Vowed slay Overlord—but power thicker, stronger.

Technique victory.

Yiyue coiled, Beiluo gaze—resolve firmed.

One day, bloom for Young Master!

...

Time flies.

Three days: blink.

Third day.

Beiluo peak city bustled.

Walls.

Luo Cheng knife-sheathed, horizon gaze.

Peak stairs: figures emerged, city-ward.

Ignored.

Gates open, entry free.

No checks.

Holy land—who dares trouble?

Even North Xuan, Xiliang Kings—no; Young Master Lu temper bad, bloody lessons: cost.

Auction day.

Announcement to event: three days.

Enough.

Nearby clans, tycoons rushed pre.

Arrived.

Distant: hired cultivators, dragon gates.

Beiluo: world center.

Liu Yuanhao brocade, 公子 air; two ex-Black Dragon hat-hidden.

"Beiluo City..."

Complex excitement.

"Experts clouds, strong countless."

Inhaled; eyed walls Dragon Blood Army, Luo Cheng.

Luo Qi Core peak; Dragon Blood Pill—rival Body Storage.

Half-step peak.

Sensed gaze; Luo frowned.

Weird, strong.

"Capital's Black Dragon Cult buzz..."

"Young Master's auction lures shadows."

Luo inhaled.

Post-transformation: more cultivators; clans nurtured, depths unknown.

Jianghu strong emerged.

Auction: all forces, even secretive surfaced.

Post-Liu entry.

Overlord solo horse.

Familiar, direct.

Liu roadside squinted Overlord leading horse, eyes gleamed.

North Xuan King arrived, Xuanwu guarded, dragon gate.

South Commandery Tang Xiansheng too.

Beiluo: powers converged.

Lu Manor.

Lu Changkong watered flowers.

Knew gathered nobles.

Past: he'd greet, network.

Now: no need.

None dared complain.

Beiluo lord + top Body Storage.

Key: son Lu Ping'an.

Flowers done.

Sky glance—time.

Hands behind, leisurely left.

White Jade Capital auction.

Must see.

"What's Fan'er plotting?"

Smiled, expectant.

Now.

Origin lake floating island.

Empress, Du etc. left for venue.

Island: Lu alone.

Ning Zhao, Nie etc. prepping.

Lu Thousand Blades leaned, fingers tapped.

"Auction begins..."

Smiled; before...

Long-prepped secret realm... ready.

Eyes lining.

Board: lines built world map.

Sleeves rolled, piece pinched.

Soul surged; White Jade Capital peak qi vortex.

Then.

Piece fell.

Click crisp.

Earth cracked, mountains collapsed.

Chapter 284: Changing the Currency of the Cultivation World

The chess piece landed on the board with a soft sound, like a drop of water into a bucket.

Yet the next moment, a muffled rumble echoed from the board.

Like earth splitting, mountains crumbling.

Lu's eyes danced with threads; he focused on placing pieces, akin to Sima Qingshan's absorbed painting.

Beiluo City.

Lakeside: flower boats bobbed.

Tianxu Young Master with four Golden Core hags on one, fruits arrayed.

Pinched candied date, squinted at vortex-wreathed White Jade Capital pavilions.

Brow arched.

Empress with Ni Yu on another; pinched sugar-coated Qi Gathering Pill, glanced sky—smile deepened.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao sensed—soul senses sharp at their level.

Of course, beyond them...

...

Outside Beiluo.

Land expansion stretched distances.

Original Wolong Ridge secret realm.

Lu's first—once Great Zhou controlled.

Dynasty fall; Great Xuan, Xiliang took capital—Xiliang managed.

Now: Xiliang cultivators guarded.

But earliest; overlapped dragon gates.

Dragon gate terracotta pressure greater than ridge monsters.

Cultivators preferred gates for training armies.

Today.

Xiang Army commander in ridge opened eyes.

Qi Core peak.

Earth rumbled—heart quaked.

Next: ceased.

Rushed tent; panicked soldiers.

"Commander! Front pit."

"Sudden collapse, no sign."

Commander frowned—unprecedented.

Led, sped forward.

Arrived "pit."

Circular, three meters diameter.

Stones rolled; bottomless shadow.

Abyss-like.

Commander frowned.

Fetches fist-stone, threw.

No echo.

Graver; pit fear—hell link?

...

Beiluo, Lake Heart Island.

Sky-floating: more divine, immortal qi veiled.

Lu sleeved, placed.

Odd board; pieces mysteriously linked.

Preaching Platform realm materialized.

Clicks endless.

Final piece.

Momentum shifted—eerie.

"This game: Nine Prisons."

Lu smiled.

...

Boom!

Wolong Ridge.

Commander unsteady.

Palace sank; dust skyrocketed.

Swallowed by giant maw.

Smoke rolled.

Then...

Fanged ghost-head gate rose from palace site.

Replaced!

"Quick! Message capital!"

Commander roared to aide.

Sped to gate.

Ancient stone plaque: "First Prison."

Eerie, soul-shaking fear.

Rumble continued.

Commander stared around.

Spiral from pit: stone gates rose.

Snail-shell; last one li away.

Calmed; nine gates.

Ancient plaques: prisons sequential.

First: ten li from pit.

One li intervals.

Ninth: one li.

All open; pitch black—sunlight swallowed.

Deep, weird...

Hell gates.

"What...?"

Commander courage; Qi Core circulated, peak vigilance.

Sped to Ninth.

Face changed near.

Faint piece click.

Heard.

Then...

Pit whistle.

Bang!

Earth burst.

Black massive pillar erupted!

Instant: vast pressure wave, winds domain-like.

Commander recalled realm opening—immortal palace spirit pressure; Heaven Qi Token needed.

Similar!

Closer black pillar: pressure horrific.

Not just spirit.

Odd indefinable force.

Pfft!

Commander spat blood.

Nearest Ninth—worst rebound.

Blood arced.

Qi Core peak flung ten li, rolled meters, stabilized.

Terror, gasping.

Guards rushed, lifted.

"Quick... King... immortal secret realm opened!"

Fainted.

Holder trembled, tears.

Another slapped: "Cry? Fainted!"

"Notify King!"

...

Transformation distant Wolong from Beiluo.

But "Nine Prisons" emergence—Dao Stele odd intent wave.

Beiluo: Du etc. jolted.

"Felt?"

Du on boat, Wolong gaze.

Ye nodded: "Like my knife intent comprehension."

Empress excited, ruffled Ni Yu: "Brother Lu no lie..."

"Sequence Dao Intent?!"

Ni Yu muddled—sis, gentler?

Young Master not rough!

Du, Ye heard murmur: "Sequence... what?"

Empress curved lazy: "Our future path... Infant break!"

Thunderous.

Bottleneck; breakthrough?

"Sequence? Unheard..."

"Ku Tu devoured origin, not sequence."

Tianxu squinted.

Glanced Empress: "Fabricated?"

"Woman's mouth... deceiving ghost."

Empress stiffened, eyed: "Tianxu old fart, repeat?"

"Yo."

Tianxu raised lake-retrieved palm sword, pointed.

Recalled Lu mention.

Smiled: "Not stoop to woman."

Empress sneered.

Four hags side-eyed.

"Dao intent... my knife intent?"

Ye said.

Empress shook: "Brother Lu: not sequence yet."

Ye stunned.

Du rose, to check—but auction near.

Itched.

Weighed: sat, awaited.

Venue: Beiluo Lake.

Guests: flower boats.

Lake: boats swayed, ripples.

Suddenly.

Lake depths, mists.

Splash.

Youth wheeled from depths.

Appearance.

All boats rose.

"Young Master Lu!"

"Greetings."

Every boat—including Tantai Xuan, Overlord—bowed.

Empress, Du etc. stunned, rose, bowed.

Lu white-robed, hair velvet-tied back.

Hands Phoenix armrest, warm smile.

Suddenly.

Behind: Ning Zhao white-skirted, basket-armed appeared.

Lu scanned, smiled: "White Jade Capital's first auction... future? Unknown."

"Purpose: develop cultivation, path for all, prosper realm."

"This auction: same."

Words echoed.

Boats: breathless listen.

Even Du, Empress respected.

Tianxu to retort...

Recalled pettiness; swallowed.

Fine—quiet Tianxu today, for Brother Lu.

"Items: pills, methods, artifacts... opportunities."

"Auction: 'spirit stones'."

Lu said.

"100,000 silver: one low-grade spirit stone."

"Exchange silver first."

"Or disqualify. Future: stones only."

Fingers tapped, half-smile.

Words fell.

Boats: glances, buzz.

One: Tantai squinted.

Mo Beike absent; Mo Ju accompanied.

Mo Ju fanned grave: "King... profound."

Tantai no fool: "Lu Ping'an unifying currency?"

"Future no gold/silver... huge impact. No stones now—all start equal."

Mo Ju nodded, fan urgent: "Currency shift massive."

"If just like silver..."

Unsaid.

Distant: Ning Zhao basket to boat.

Tantai remembered—Beiluo walls, maid sword repelled army.

"North Xuan King, exchange?"

"Five first."

Smiled.

Ning took five; Tantai, Mo Ju unmoved.

Watched crystalline pile.

Nearby boats cursed—old fox, not all.

Five: 500,000 tickets at least.

Unknown total.

Rules stones—must.

Exchanged: sensed absorbable qi...

Uncalm.

Treasure!

Lu saw exchanges, smiled: "World has veins—mine if interested."

Randomly dotted Five Phoenixes.

Mo Ju sensed: complex.

"King... post-return, seek veins."

"Mines: future initiative."

Tantai grave.

Not just him—Overlord, Tang Xiansheng, clans shrewd.

Lu perfecting system.

Gold/silver valuable, but meaningless to cultivators.

Resources cumbersome.

Stones: direct cultivation—resource!

Vein: Qi Core/Body Storage army—unstoppable!

Empress, Du arched.

Stones common; Tianyuan long currency—or inevitable trend.

No exchange—plenty, mid/high-grade too.

Grades: qi density/purity.

Lu wheeled, scanned astonishment, smiled.

Raised hand.

Rumble...

Waters parted.

Little Yinglong claws tray cloth-covered, dumb-cute floated, wings flapped hover.

Lu gazed.

Little smiled apt.

Unknown purpose—but obey.

Disobey: ring bind—beating.

Smart dragon.

Lu satisfied, smiled.

Little bright, pursed—spit water.

But...

Lu smile vanished.

Panic; gulped, elegant burp.

Lu chin-propped, calm scan, fingers flicked.

Tray cloth: white flames burned, revealed contents.

Chapter 285: Are You Questioning Me?

Lu's calm voice lingered over Beiluo Lake.

Not loud, serene—like the neighbor boy whispering casually.

Yet every flower boat, every cultivator perked necks, stared at Little Yinglong's tray.

This auction: long-awaited.

White Jade Capital's: how not?

In cultivation world, White Jade Capital: authority; enigmatic, unfathomable Young Master Lu—curiosity abounded.

Items: anticipation.

White Jade Capital's offerings: no ordinary.

Many boats.

Overlord squinted, poured wine calmly.

Tantai Xuan breath quickened, palm pressed table hard.

Tang Xiansheng near-soil, but slit eyes sharp—curious, expectant.

Lu no suspense; burned cloth.

Soul sense strengthened; Heavenly Mystic, Bone Nether fires masterful.

"First item: Qi Gathering Pills."

Calm voice.

Tray: jade bottle sat.

"Five pills."

"First-grade; gathers three patterns. Low tier, but excellent for Qi Core."

Lu explained.

Words fell; air stifled seconds, then buzzed.

"Qi Gathering?"

"Heard... Young Master's maid eats like candy?"

"Heh, White Jade Capital strong, but maid's candy auction—underestimates us?"

Boats: whispers endless.

Many vowed no buy.

Faces to lose—bidding maid's sweets?

Empress's boat.

Lips curved, laughed branches shaking; hand ruffled Ni Yu's head wildly—Ni puffed dissatisfied.

Candy how?

Earned refining—candy fine?

Cheap? Old Jing licks one half-year!

Lu ignored murmurs.

"Five pills: one spirit stone start."

Silence long...

Weighed.

Stones limited; Tantai first five, most bottom five.

Clan heads hesitant.

Soon: "Young Master, one stone!"

Blue-robed elegant, gritted—like major decision.

Heads turned.

"Dongyang Zhou Clan!"

"Dongyang has gate, but dragon rampages—death. Fewer cultivators..."

"Zhou foundations for young."

Heads bright, smiled, analyzed.

Lu wheeled, fingers tapped: "More?"

"No? Count three—no bids."

Words.

Murmuring heads bid.

"Gather or not—love sweets... two stones."

Opened; boats exploded.

Zhou head furious glared.

Humphed, sleeved sat—boat rocked ripples.

Others no compete.

Bottle to second head.

Lu dialed; bottle floated steady.

Man smiling received, bowed.

Lu took two stones unceremoniously.

One: 100,000; two: 200,000.

Smile calm, heart bleeding.

Five pills... 200,000; 40,000 each!

Gold dearer!

Zhou's taken; atmosphere grave, competition sensed.

Lu lips up—desired.

Tapped; Little Yinglong splashed in, gone.

Soon: elegant second tray.

Burned cloth.

"Second: Forging Master Gongsun Yu's low yellow-tier artifact... knife."

Words; boats boiled.

Artifacts familiar.

Channel qi, amplify—weapons.

Lu's board, Jing Yue's sword...

"Knife?"

"No name... casual."

"Low yellow—no name worthy."

Heads exchanged speaking eyes.

Distant: Ye Shoudao sipping, eyes fluctuated interest.

"Young Master's artifact... our magic tool."

Knife interest.

Cloth burned; blade gleamed radiant—interest vanished.

"Ninth-grade... boring."

Poured, drank.

Nie's Dragon Slayer interesting; ninth beneath Infant.

But heads exploded.

Tantai, Mo Ju exchanged.

Pills skippable—dragon gates.

Artifacts... none.

Miss: no next.

Unknown next auction.

"Knife: two stones start."

Lu.

Instant bids.

Tantai: "Three."

Overlord glanced amused.

No bid—dislikes knives.

To him: artifact depends user.

Bids continued.

Tantai no deter; soon five.

500,000 knife...

Worth?

Hesitant; even Tantai stop.

Unknown better next.

Tang Xiansheng tea; Tang Yimo beside.

"Yimo, bid."

Hoarse.

No hesitate: "Six."

Four-stone head red-eyed—500,000; add?

Human?!

"Seven!"

Gasps.

Blood capital.

Tang smiled, sipped slow, eyes opened.

"Low-key long... forgot my South Commandery?"

"Short cash?"

Yimo expressionless.

Eight: took low yellow.

Overflow vs. pills.

Tantai leaned plank, twitched...

True—South rich, cash no issue.

Heads threatened.

But... ways?

Money: strength.

...

Wolong Ridge.

Nine eerie gates stood.

Sky birds over—struck, fell.

Xiang Army sealed tight.

But noise: uncontainable.

Spies messaged new immortal realm.

Birds flew.

Army: unbelievers to First Prison.

Less rejection than others.

Center black stele: endless evil, dare not gaze.

Resisted to gate.

Pressure grew; many flung, coughed blood.

But one touched edge.

Pressure vanished.

Sat gasping.

Li away brothers fists clenched.

Hope-bearer pushed bronze, entered.

...

Beiluo lakeside.

Gasps endless.

Overlord cup hand shook, wine dripped.

Lu announced third.

"Fifth item: third-grade Body Tempering Pills."

Lazy.

"Qi Core peak: 100% Body Storage. Peak: aids tempering, boosts Golden Core Heavenly Lock chance."

No probability—but storm.

Known precious—Ni's refining drew tribulation; ordinary?

Qi Gathering crushed.

"Ten stones start."

Words; breaths rushed.

Du heard effects—moved.

"Better than Tianyuan Foundation Pills."

"Nonsense—Foundation for Foundation; Golden Core candy distaste."

Empress.

"Tempering aids Heavenly Lock... Ni and I flavored varieties—no effect loss. Ten stones expensive?"

Lips up.

Now: exchanging stones.

"Ten!"

Overlord low.

Opened; heads silent.

Xiliang King...

Dare rob?

Fame lingered.

Tantai no yield: "Eleven."

Tang squinted indifferent: "Twelve."

Overlord blank: "Thirteen."

Gasps.

Xiliang, Great Xuan, South—silent clash.

1.3 million...

Not cheap.

But start; clans joined—soon twenty.

Sima boat; An Miaoyu red-caped quiet beside.

Sipped.

Glanced An's envying lips.

Hand shook.

"Want Tempering?"

Soft.

An stunned, blushed, waved.

No... can't afford.

Expensive.

Sima smiled: "Like? Master risks life."

Suddenly to Lu: "Young Master."

Bids quieted.

"Speak."

Faint.

Sima rose, embarrassed but bowed.

"Young Master, trade painting for stones?"

Serious.

Around laughed.

One stone 100,000; poor painter—value?

Lu brow up, pondered, interested: "If worth, yes."

Sima inhaled.

Back box: long cloth-wrapped scroll.

Drew, threw Lu.

"Young Master, value?"

Lu hand; scroll hovered, unrolled.

Heads curious—ordinary?

Du etc. felt unusual, indefinable.

Lu rolled, kept, to Ning Zhao.

"Store; him 100 stones."

Ning stunned—hot.

Painting: 10 million?

Sima calm—knew value.

Du etc. incredulous.

Head: "Young Master... irregular?"

"Painting... why 100?"

Indignant.

Family less.

Lu wheeled, glanced, laughed: "Questioning me?"

Words; unrest stopped.

Head sweat, fear deep...

Offended Young Master Lu?

Petty known.

Offend: doomed!

Lu calm, tapped.

World blur.

Head's boat empty; shifted outside city.

Outside.

Back chilled, lucky.

Slunk away.

Dare enter? Legs broken.

Sima's: no ordinary—Genesis Chart traced, Dao intent faint.

Comprehend: intent.

High price reason.

100 to Sima; smiled, bid Tempering.

Hot.

High.

Finally Sima: 50 stones.

One: 5 million.

Sky price—no over.

Brought silver limited; next items.

Fifth only.

Others?

Analyzed Lu style: low to high value.

Thoughts vivid.

Lu wheeled smiling opened.

Head up, Wolong gaze, lips smiled.

"Next: sixth..."

"Special."

Chapter 286: Brutal Bidding

A somewhat special auction item?

Lu's words left everyone puzzled.

Undoubtedly, the sixth item would surpass the Body Tempering Pill in value, but... what could it be?

All on Beiluo Lake grew curious.

Even Lu Changkong, Nie Changqing, and others wondered—they couldn't guess.

Body Tempering Pills auctioned; what next?

Artifacts?

Or... cultivation methods?

Hearts guessed, anticipated.

Lu teased suspense.

No immediate reveal.

Beiluo City: clan retainers received messages—eyes bulged, hands trembled.

Lakeside docks.

Hooves thundered; retainers gathered, excited toward owners' boats.

Lu's soul sensed; smiled lightly.

Tapped armrest.

"Remember 'Heaven Qi Tokens'?"

No name; soft question.

Boats: heads exchanged confused.

Overlord solemn, brows furrowed.

Tantai Xuan unwell—recalled Wolong Ridge trauma.

Why mention?

"Next item similar to Heaven Qi Tokens—qualification."

Lu said.

"Qualification?"

Many glanced.

Sixth: ethereal qualification?

Heavenly Lock entry?

Empress eyes bright—guessed.

Lu said auction might interest; break Infant shackles.

Expected.

But start to now: decent, not thrilling.

For Infant: Qi Gathering, Tempering, artifacts... ordinary.

Great Qian, Martial Emperor City vast—no eye.

Special sixth: curious!

Perhaps sequence Dao intent treasure for breakthrough!

Empress guessed; Du Longyang etc. too.

Sat straight, stared Lu.

Whispers endless.

"Young Master, what qualification?"

"Like Heaven Qi—immortal secret realm entry?"

Heads asked.

Lu no deny; nodded.

Raised hand.

Boom!

Waters parted.

Three teardrop droplets floated—odd waves, strange intent.

Like spirit liquid, stronger.

Soul-captivating.

Empress heart quaked.

"Yes... sequence Dao intent!"

Lips pursed, excited.

Du, Tianxu felt—trembled.

Ye's knife quivered.

"Intent aura."

"Knife intent, Dao intent?"

Ye interested.

Lu: "Named 'Dao Tears'—qualification. Holders comprehend Heaven Dao Stele."

"Stele records great Dao; view for chance at great Dao intent."

Faint.

Many fogged.

Comprehend great Dao?

Most Qi Core/Body Storage—what use?

Missed point.

Lu no explain.

Stele slots precious—nine total auction.

Comprehend sequence: skyrocket. Even not: baptism rapid growth.

50 stones start: loss to Lu.

Boats tangled.

Silver hard-earned—centuries/millennia.

Heads wrote bids.

Ten breaths quick.

"Time; raise boards."

Lu scanned.

Words.

Rustles; hesitant raises.

Lu saw clear.

Most 50—try luck.

Exceptions.

Overlord: 80.

Tantai: 80.

Tang Xiansheng bold: 100.

10 million!

South wealth confirmed.

Lu smiled—guts.

For Tang Yimo; bottleneck—break chance.

Saw 100: fool stares.

Tempering not better?

Ethereal slot.

Unknown realm—smash silver risky.

Ruin.

100 highest clans.

Liu Yuanhao 60—thought high.

But... low vs. Overlord, Tantai; Tang eye-straight.

Sima no bid—abandon; can't compete.

Glanced Empress etc.

Their bids key.

Purpose: Dao Tears.

Finally saw Du etc. boards.

Stunned, rubbed eyes.

Hearts clutched.

Bids... brutal!

Even Tang smile faded.

Du: 300 low-grade.

Tianxu: 350.

Empress: 400.

Highest: one-armed Ye: 500!

Who?!

Heads shocked.

Overlord inhaled—sensed power, but bids mind-blowing.

Tang twitched.

50 million...

South gold mines dare not.

"Ahh!"

"Why?!"

Empress lashes trembled, despair—thought high.

Ye higher!

Ye bolder?

Fear Lu scam?

500 undisputed...

Lu smiled.

"First Dao Tear: 500 stones."

Flicked; tear ding-dong floated Ye.

Ye careful held.

Intent fluctuated eyes.

"Young Master... Dao intent?"

Lu nod: "Tear faint—key. Face stele: understand."

"Your knife strong—half-sequence. Easy comprehend, but sequences vary power. Hope good."

Ye face rippled, solemn nod.

Empress displeased—long wait, Ye snatched!

Du moved.

Not attentive—300 generous?

Serious now.

Lu scanned.

Tapped: "Second tear; same rules."

"Ten breaths, start."

Words.

Boats uproar.

First 500: huge stimulus.

Heads suspect Ye shill?

Doubt real stones.

Even South strain 500.

Ye unknown—no clan.

"Young Master, he have 500?"

Unconvinced.

Lu faint smile, to Ye.

Tianyuan has; Martial Emperor, Absolute Knife etc. use for cultivation.

Ye laughed question.

Sleeved flick: five radiant stones from stump.

"Five mid-grade; each 100 low. Young Master, take."

Lu took one—pure, thick.

Can't extract.

Kept; to Ning Zhao store.

"Time; bids end."

Ignored doubters.

Raises.

Overlord no.

Tantai no—three there, no chance.

Tang 300.

But Du, Empress etc.: sighed.

Du 500.

Empress 600.

Tianxu 500...

Second: Empress gleeful.

Heads no grudge.

Four: untouchable bosses.

Last tear.

Du, Tianxu eyed.

Tianxu spirited; hags massaged, fanned, cheered.

Mutual thoughts.

Lu time; raised—even Tang abandon.

Else? All South?

Gasps.

Du 700.

Tianxu 1000...

Instant.

Tianxu leaped excited.

"Hahaha!"

"Du trash, won once!"

Du iron-faced; three done—zero.

Regret—700 high; Tianxu no routine, 1000 choke.

No slot: lost.

Eyed Tianxu's tear.

Condensed.

Tianxu panicked.

"Du, Brother Lu turf—behave!"

"No ideas!"

Years rivals; twitch known—robbery plan.

Sixth end; Lu meaningful pause, rest.

Rest.

Docks retainers mad waved boats.

Clans, strong puzzled; neared docks.

Asked.

Wolong new immortal realm...

Lake dead quiet.

Breaths rushed.

Chapter 287: The Dao Stele Isn't All That Great

A new immortal secret realm... appeared?!

The news silenced the clan heads on Beiluo Lake's flower boats.

They'd puzzled over Young Master Lu's "Dao Tears"—what realm qualification?—and now retainers confirmed a new immortal secret realm.

What did it mean?

Each emergence shook the cultivation world, accelerated growth.

First: Wolong Ridge—revealed qi terror, cultivation's existence.

Popularized practice; White Jade Capital rose.

Second: eight dragon gates—cultivators surged, Body Storage born.

Now... third.

Forces knowing benefits saw opportunity.

Linked to Lu's Dao Tears—White Jade Capital likely orchestrated.

Hearts surged.

Rest ended.

Boats returned.

Auction continued—but atmosphere transformed.

Lu anticipated; smiled, unconcerned.

Leaned Thousand Blades: "Last item."

"Not new—like previous, Dao Stele comprehension slots."

"Inferior to sixth auction."

"But quantity—finale."

Smiled.

"Six slots; no start bid. Same rules—write on boards."

Words.

Lake boats roared.

Eyes competed.

Overlord got news.

Wolong new realm...

Nine fearsome gates, black stele.

Stele = Dao Stele?

Heart stirred—breakthrough perhaps in gates, stele.

Ten breaths silent, wary glances.

Bids.

Competition crushed.

Du Longyang cold-faced: 800 stones.

Overwhelmed.

Tang Xiansheng expected high; lazy bid via Tang Yimo.

Asked Yimo Du's strength.

Response: rivals past Young Master Lu.

No contest.

Other slots.

Du took one inferior six.

"Old Du, congrats first."

Tianxu leaned, sincere grin.

Du cold glare: "Scram."

Mockery veiled.

Next fiercer.

No Du stirrers—bids sane.

But prior high—none low.

Tang 300: second.

Tantai followed.

Third: Tang again.

Heads furious.

"Tang... excessive."

Tang aged smile: "Granddaughter too—prepare slot forbidden?"

"Outbid if able."

Angry, irrefutable.

Du etc. thoughtful—bid for geniuses.

Lu refused.

Overlord snagged one.

One left.

Final: cautious.

Sweat; predicted others.

Fear overpay loss, underpay miss.

Last: South clan 450.

All sold.

Auction done.

Minds on new realm.

"Auction ends... disperse."

Lu knew thoughts.

Faint.

Words; thunder arc—teleported gone.

First White Jade Capital auction.

Profound.

Minds realm-drawn, but Lu vanish complex.

Influence vast.

Royal power? Nothing.

Armies vs. Lu, White Jade? No.

Cultivator armies: ants.

Awe only.

"Farewell Young Master."

Heads bowed vanish spot.

Du, Empress, Tianxu etc. eyed, vanished boats.

Origin Lake island.

Lu thunder step back pavilions.

Soul sensed Du etc. left Beiluo, to Nine Prisons.

No block.

Stele deep.

Sequence intent: benefit Lu.

Actually, vs. stele—Nine Prison gates true treasure, aid cultivation.

Hid goodies.

Unearth: rapid Five Phoenixes growth.

Lu sipped.

Warm liquor throat.

...

Liu Yuanhao grim left Beiluo.

Glanced towering peak—oppressed.

White Jade Capital beyond expect.

Behind: four Black Dragon silent.

"White Jade mountain—world forces breathless..."

"No vanish, pattern static; Black Dragon no rise."

Sighed.

Even cult leader: cautious—fear interference.

Interfere: cult end.

Vanish? How?

"What defeats White Jade... perhaps itself."

Shook,感慨.

To guards: "Back; change. Tonight plan alter."

Pointed three; one to capital.

"Do?"

To Wolong—unexpected.

Auction no Tear; integrated underground, but heritage shallow vs. ancient clans.

"Vs. Overlord delay..."

Grinned white teeth.

"But realm... mustn't miss!"

Guards thoughtful.

...

Forces mobilized; realm disrupted plans.

New realm: dominance chance—past proved.

Heads: clan stronger?

Tantai sent Mo Ju back Great Xuan, mobilize Xuanwu to Wolong.

Self with guards: personally.

Xuanwu North to Wolong: days.

Seize initiative.

Overlord horsed rapid Wolong.

Clans same.

Different paths, earliest immortal fate.

Slower than Du etc.

Du plain clothes, folded spear back—lightning dash, sensed aura no lost.

Empress red robes excitement.

Tianxu hags litter.

Infant speed extreme.

Wolong exterior.

Four landed.

Aura swept dust.

Heads up distant.

Du frowned.

Nine hell-ghost gates, dark cold.

Unusual.

But eyes to massive stele.

Black central, plain ancient.

Distant: blood boiled.

"That... Dao Stele?"

Inhaled.

Empress bright: "Odd aura—Infant dare not underestimate... key to break shackles!"

Eyed competition.

Next: moved.

Du ground crater, rebound force.

Empress robes flew.

Ye firm steps, shrink ground.

Tianxu ditched hags—slow.

Appearance alerted guards.

"Who?!"

Guard roared.

Ye faint glance—soul quake.

Retreated, sat; voice stuck.

Four landed.

Xiang Army wary.

Too strong—aura no knife courage.

All cultivators: ants.

More ants.

To gates.

"First Prison..."

Nine.

Du to First.

"Um..."

Pressure mild.

But entry: repel extreme—face changed.

Dare not force.

Collapse if Infant.

"So... realm no Infant; below only..."

"Primordial Infant?"

Ye scanned, silent.

Eyes back black stele.

Stepped.

Guards horrified casual.

Felt pressure.

None on four.

How strong?!

Body Storage? Heavenly Lock?

Near stele: nine cushions.

Front three, back six.

Eyed: slots.

"This stele... hype?"

Tianxu had Tear.

Unconvinced.

Pressure average.

No Tear needed.

Lu scam?

Du, Empress, Ye cautious.

Watched Tianxu advance—no move.

Tianxu uncaring, past Ninth, stele range.

"Pressure heavier... Primordial resist; Infant easy."

"Stele nothing great."

Laughed.

...

Beiluo, island.

Lu sipped.

Tianxu scoff ear.

Lips up.

"Pressure low? Ensure stones worth... raise."

Murmured.

Board emerged.

Pinched piece, slow fall.

Boom!

Wind surged.

...

Stele range casual Tianxu.

Du, Empress, Ye doubtful eyes.

Suddenly.

Empress trembled—twist around stele.

Lips pursed, pity Tianxu.

Tianxu ease vanished.

Face drastic.

Boom!

Sky-crush pressure exploded.

Tianxu turn flee—legs soft.

Pa!

Crisp.

Prostrate pinned...

Chapter 288: The World's No. 1 Spear, Lacking Confidence

Nine "Dao Tears" total: four Infant Transformations (Du Longyang's group) claimed four.

South Commandery's Tang Xiansheng, wealthy, took two.

Overlord and Tantai Xuan one each.

Last: low-key South clan.

Wealth discreet—principle known.

Vs. Xiliang/North Xuan troublemakers: weakest among winners.

Weak: targeted.

Clan understood position; arranged carriage opposite paths, snuck from Beiluo.

Dao Tear: potential robbery by losers.

Possible.

Clans faces, but interests...

Sure enough.

Carriage to South: worst happened.

Thought leaving Beiluo, not Wolong—safe.

Tracked.

Purpose: Tear.

Hooves cracked dust.

Black shadows galloped official road.

Head lifted curtain—face shifted.

Not weak clan; South many strong, not Tang-rich.

Resources plentiful.

Cultivated practitioners, hired ex-jianghu masters.

"Protect head!"

Guard captain roared.

Nine-stage Qi Core—strongest.

Face grave.

Sensed power.

Black-robed riders circled convoy.

Battle erupted.

Guards not weak, numbers even—matched.

Head relieved.

Hope.

Robbers not major.

Break out.

Keep Tear: clan rise Body Storage/Heavenly Lock.

Hope died.

Distant road: four figures strolled.

Lead: black brocade elegant youth.

Behind: three conical-hatted, faces hidden.

"You!"

Head saw Liu Yuanhao—eyes shrank.

"Dare rob? Fear White Jade Capital?"

Roared.

"Tsk..."

"Yell? White Jade your guard?"

"Bid bold, return alive bold. Bidding: prepare worst."

"Many clans lose not can't bid... fear win, no return."

Liu smiled.

"Introduce: Black Dragon Cult... Liu Yuanhao."

Mild.

Head post-analysis agitated.

"Black Dragon: low jianghu gang... capital street thugs dare cult."

Cold.

"Worthy South three with Tang..."

"Guts."

Mocked; face calm, eyes cold deep.

"Uncles, act..."

"No kill—all capture."

"White Jade turf murder bold."

Words.

Three blasted.

"Head flee!"

Captain roared.

Qi burst; clashed Black Dragon—bones near crack, blood fly.

Dragon lagged; hat burst.

Brow black dragon scale.

"Dragon scale?! Great Zhou Black Dragon Guard?!"

Shocked.

Fame once peak; strong trembled.

Black Dragon infiltrated.

Qi Core peak + scale: no match.

Soon.

Guards wounded, bound.

Head tied.

Liu took searched Tear; sun rainbow—lips up.

Tear: rise chance.

...

Prostrate embarrassing, but confirmed.

Stones worth.

No Tear: unreachable.

Tianxu pinned—face changed; pressure mount, body risk burst.

Feared.

Crushed Tear.

Crack...

Heaven-earth shatter.

Pressure gone.

Rose, exhaled fear.

Elegant restored.

Glanced stele.

Strolled; grass cushion, sat.

Calmed float.

Head up black stele—plain natural.

Odd.

Gaze vacant; mind drawn in.

Distant.

Du etc. saw rare serious Tianxu—eyed shock, grave.

Stele... something.

No hesitate.

Du, Ye, Empress crushed Tears.

Invisible pull to stele.

Pressure none.

Empress, Ye beside Tianxu.

Du back row.

Regret, but indecisive bid.

Focused.

"Young Master: break Infant—sequence intent."

"Mastery: rival high martial beings..."

Grave ponder.

"What sequence?"

"Mine?"

Head up; stele waves sucked mind.

...

Cold snow fell.

Face; Du startled, opened eyes.

Illusion?

Infant: ordinary breakable.

Not this.

Body shrunk, burly gone—slim.

Martial Emperor City snow—silent beauty.

Someone ran.

"Little Du, field—assessment!"

Pulled hand, dashed.

Dazed—field?

Assessment?

Familiar.

Tender scenes trembled heart.

Many faces withered growth; now memory leaped.

Assessment.

Tradition.

Du's turn: failed; spear flown distant.

Lost.

Remembered: first gun doubt.

Scenes flowed.

Relived life—puppet, unchangeable.

Failed: outer disciple; spear, wandered.

Experiences; spear companion long... never confident strong.

Killed demons domain.

Back city; beat foe, purple robe.

Still unconfident.

Trained endless; strongest spear—no doubt.

Finally: world No.1 spear king.

Foes feared.

But no further.

Stele: relived spear growth.

Keener feel.

Defect: lack confidence.

No achievement spear path.

Even No.1: unconfident.

Root solve.

Closed eyes.

Opened: snow cavern.

Familiar.

Winter city.

Pulled hand, field—assessment.

Solemn.

No resist.

This: conquer inner reject.

Snow.

Assessment: spear pierced foe—broke fate.

Heart fire burned.

...

Exterior.

Time passed.

More to Wolong.

Overlord solo; changed ridge—inhaled; nine gates heart quake.

Eyes to stele.

Saw four seated.

Xiang reported; ordered guard.

Excited.

Body peak stuck long; sensed should break like Nie, impact Heavenly Lock.

Top.

But no progress.

Blocked flow.

Strong-willed; depressed.

Stepped First range.

Not break Body, but strong.

First easy.

To Fifth: pressure bent spine.

Outside: tongues difficulty.

Frustrated—Fifth hard.

Stele? No.

Near rebound.

Crushed Tear.

Pressure stripped.

Sat sweat-soaked, gasped.

Shaky rose.

Beside Du, sat.

Outside.

Tang patted Yimo: "Go—yours."

"You strong, South strong."

Yimo flickered, nod.

Stepped stele.

Eight veins demon.

Barely Fifth—crushed.

Cushions filled.

...

Origin island.

Idle wind; Lu rail, wine.

Figures blasted.

Nie, Jing, Ni, Ning...

"Young Master..."

Bowed.

Lu nod—guessed purpose.

"Curious no slots for you?"

Including Ni.

"Auction: show spirit stones importance... other ways."

Sipped.

"Wolong 'Nine Prisons'—stele key, but nine gates not simple."

"Pass gates for slots."

"Ninth: 100% slot. Current strength: too hard."

"Other gates: luck trigger chance..."

"Harder than auction, but hope."

"Want: challenge Nine Prisons."

Nie etc. bright.

Like trial tower.

Lu done, no explain.

Leaned Thousand Blades.

Mind stirred; head to Wolong.

Just.

Vortex soul stele: light flash.

Odd intent mind—lotus bloom.

Startled, then interested.

"Who? So fast sequence intent?"

Chapter 289: Fused Dao Intent

Lu was surprised; he hadn't expected someone to comprehend a Dao intent so quickly.

But after the surprise, it felt inevitable.

As the Dao Stele in his soul faintly emitted strange fluctuations, Lu's eyes gleamed with brilliance.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, the Empress, Tianxu Young Master—four monstrous talents. Reaching Infant Transformation in Tianyuan meant their gifts far surpassed ordinary.

They'd pursued breakthroughs, shattering shackles beyond Infant.

In Tianyuan, Ku Tu deceived them with immortal realm lies.

Transcend tribulation for immortality.

Truth: Ku Tu absorbed their cultivation for his undying.

Selfish Ku Tu used Tianyuan geniuses for transcendence.

Narrow too; touched high martial Buddha realm powers, but knew no Infant break.

Killed geniuses, relying on cultivation—wrong from start.

Du etc. at Infant pinnacle; breakthrough not hard with right path—natural.

Dao Stele: opportunity.

Lu's mind sank into stele.

Curious who.

Unknown yet; analyze by intent.

Their traits distinct.

White Jade pavilions.

Lu slowly closed eyes.

Below.

Nie etc. saw; no linger.

Wanted Wolong view; bid farewell, left.

Pavilions empty.

Lü Dongxuan, Gongsun Yu etc. to Wolong.

Immortal realms vital.

All yearned benefits.

Wind gentle.

Closed-eye Lu statue-like.

Thousand Blades; white robes fluttered.

Suddenly.

Knife intent swirled.

Vast release.

Lu: sharp merciless blade.

Clouds tofu-sliced.

Terror; Little Yinglong gate-belly cold, wings tucked, fearful glance.

Long.

Lu opened; brows surprised.

"Knife intent..."

"Him."

...

Wolong secret.

Stele oppressive.

No Tear: distant view.

Breathless; pressure from seated figures.

Tear: key.

What comprehend?

Unclear; curious, expectant.

Liu Yuanhao arrived.

Clans shrank gazes; Tear entered pressure.

Stranger to many.

Capital snakes beneath eyes.

Now known.

No retreat.

Step by step; gates pressure.

Fifth.

Boom!

Bone-white flames swirled armor.

Body Storage!

Heads shocked—unknown.

Not ordinary.

"Black Dragon Cult..."

"Note."

"Body Storage?"

Eyes flickered calculations.

Fifth: gap vs. Overlord; Bone Nether no bridge.

Took robbed Tear.

Instant: heads changed.

Auction no; now—robbed clan!

Tang squinted—South clan dared...

Mad cult.

Liu cushioned; smiled, glanced Du, Empress—heart quake.

Overlord, Tang Yimo; inhaled.

Head stele.

Trembled.

His arrival unknown.

Minds stele-drawn; eyes stele only—irresistible.

Ye hair flew.

Like Du: profound world.

Deeper.

...

Ye silent complex scenes.

Cold man; life replay.

Childhood.

Grip knife: cold blood nightmare, unwashed.

Seven: swing; Absolute Knife cruel—with knife, daily chop pigs/sheep.

Mercy to numb.

Blood slaughter: knife sole companion.

Grown: battles victor.

Tianyuan grand比.

Defeated Bitter Buddha monk, Du...

Struck; doubted knife.

Master dissatisfied.

Post-比: demon domain.

Near deaths; survive by knife.

Slaughter: first knife intent—fur, survival.

Exited alive.

No return; wandered, researched.

Obsessed crazy; strength soared.

Back: beat disciples; knife peak.

Master closed disciple, taught.

Bottleneck; intent stagnant—even ex-master no.

Left; re-demon deeper big demons.

Temper.

Demon tower riot.

Wounded; chased near death.

Fell quiet beautiful spot.

Scenes: complex turn.

Sighed.

Continued.

Met woman—gorgeous vine demon; strong, no match.

Yearned outside; tower bound—no leave.

Lower vine only.

Intrude: resist; vines bound, drain blood.

Life-death: stories.

Wanted live—told.

Human world tales.

Bound yearn: eased.

Captured beasts food.

Days.

Valley knife; vine strong, aided like master.

Progress; intent leaped.

Valley: Golden Core eight turns; broke Infant.

Fulfilled: cut tower bind.

Day: demon king rage.

Assault.

Vine: future queen.

Human eloped.

Killed out domain.

Blood-dripped.

Free: legs human.

Nights: vine feelings different.

Ye taboo—demon.

Human-demon incompatible.

No return; toured sects.

Knife challenged strong.

New Infant cocky.

Old Infants; battles elevate.

Wounded: vine safe extract.

Once changed.

Challenged small sect; old Infant strong.

Lost bad; near death.

Hatted vine: massacred sect, drained all.

Ye woke stunned.

Vine indifferent.

Post: liberated nature.

Ye challenged; injured—vine thunder wipe sect.

Ye mad; dare not lose.

Victory pressure: intent soared.

Strength up.

Back Absolute.

Vine followed.

Master rage: human-demon fire-water.

Brought demon.

Anger.

Ye punished rear mountain.

Vine fought master; wounded fled.

Wounded vine: slaughtered smalls, drained recover.

Vine too strong; master no match.

Broke gate; rear take Ye.

Wander.

But...

Ye pierced vine.

Activated tower seal; trapped rear deep.

Enraged vine mad.

Vines erupted; mountain valley.

Final pull: bit arm.

Pitiful helpless stare.

Ye silent.

Raised companion knife; calm severed bitten arm.

Vine bit arm; shock to venom crazy... pulled cave.

One-arm Ye sublimated.

Cultivation up; Infant peak; Infant Transformation new master.

Scenes faded.

Relived path: complex感慨 regret guilt...

Vine guilt.

Vine cause: hell around; slaughtered countless blood enhance.

Brought out wrong; reseal atone.

Sever arm: redemption sin.

Cushion Ye head up; eyes vacant.

Bite pitiful helpless amplified heart.

Sever knife amplified.

Once avoided; now soul-cut.

Rumble.

Stele invisible knife intent.

Sharp merciless; sever emotions desires.

Buzz...

Outside exclamations.

Eyes stele.

Faint text top.

Mysterious ancient; all read.

"Ye Shoudao, fifth sequence: Heartless Knife Intent."

Others stimulated breath.

Du opened; gains but far break.

"Knife complete: sequence... Young Master's."

Back complex.

Strong...

Unmatched feel.

Comprehended: leap!

Empress, Tianxu horrified.

Then excited.

Sequence: Infant break path!

Found future!

Text.

"Ye... fifth... Heartless."

Fists clenched.

"We comprehend; stele name!"

...

White Jade.

"First knife: Ye; half-step complete."

"Pity fifth..."

Shook disappointed.

Whale fourth; Ye monster fifth.

Lu aura shift: identical Heartless.

Weaker than Devour Soul.

No great disappoint.

Comprehend better none.

Master all; Lu no loss.

Suddenly.

Stunned.

Soul vortex spun.

Careless: Devour Soul + Heartless stirred.

Stele energy surge.

Soon...

Fusion: new intent.

Fusion possible?

Stunned.

Then small excite.

"Two fuse: stronger?"

"Third sequence?"

Chapter 290: Inside the Prison Gates

Sequence Dao intents could fuse—this truly exceeded Lu's expectations.

With a thought, he controlled the two intents, slowly merging under the surging energy of the soul stele.

The former: fourth-sequence Devour Soul Intent.

The latter: fifth-sequence Heartless Knife Intent.

Lu didn't know what sequence the fusion would yield, but since fusion was possible, it shouldn't be too poor.

Otherwise, fusion would be meaningless.

The two intents orbited the stele like twin stars, drawn by terrifying force.

Then, they fused into a radiant star.

Boom!

Lu felt a tsunami roar in his mind.

Soul quaked.

Text emerged on the soul stele.

"Lu, fourth-sequence Dao intent: Soul Extinguishing Intent..."

Hm?

Lu paused, brows raised.

Still fourth-sequence...

Fusion brought no qualitative leap.

Pity, but not unexpected.

This stele, per system: comprehends below third-sequence.

Highest: third.

Fourth + fifth yielding third? Third too cheap.

Sequence unchanged, but power surged.

Far beyond Devour Soul or Heartless.

Soul Extinguishing fused soul-devouring with knife's domineering assault.

Destructive extreme.

No test, but intent shift strengthened Lu.

Gazing flowing intent on stele.

Pondered.

Stele limits: Five Phoenixes strong comprehend max third.

Second: near impossible.

Curious: third-sequence in high martial?

Buddha ancient: what sequence?

Asked system.

Silent.

Lu opened eyes.

Leaned Thousand Blades; breeze, Sky Chrysanthemum, Blue Peach swayed.

Purple bamboo rustled.

Idyllic.

Unchanged...

Except Lu stronger.

Unknowing 躺-win: boring, listless.

...

Wolong secret.

Ye opened eyes; no thrill, complex.

Raised hand; auto-wind, invisible knife intent palm condensed.

Change minor...

But power, spirituality altered.

Intent emotional now.

"Heartless Knife Intent..."

Lips up.

Ironic: sequence from vine demon.

Heartless?

Dazed: feelings for her?

Ages blurred face, days.

Comprehension awakened deep memory.

Perhaps... some.

But unacceptable.

Else, passing Tiandang Dao Pavilion, sensed aura—instant bamboo tower save Li Sansi.

Glanced empty sleeve; calm.

Continued cushion, consolidate.

Others: envy, excite post-surprise.

Envy first.

Excite: thought roadless—road exists.

Stronger possible!

Du suppressed; pity—near Ye.

Tiny bit: confident world No.1 spear—his intent.

Re-entered state.

Overlord fist post-Ye intent.

Intent no realm limit; insight key.

Insight hurdle felled many.

Lu no realm cap: reason.

Body Storage: third possible.

Primordial Infant: ninth...

Intent amplification, not cultivation.

Earlier better.

Aids path; future Dao.

Early certainty: no lost.

Overlord, Tang Yimo, Liu Yuanhao stirred.

Stele "Ye Shoudao".

Competitive fire.

Name eternal!

Overlord mind sank.

Tang, Liu too.

Comprehension hard.

Outside.

Cultivators dense circles.

News spread; world rushed.

Lü sky pigeons broadcast.

Unknowns knew.

Forces mobilized.

Secret: grand event.

South.

Zhongnan peak.

Ximen Xianzhi, Sword Saint Hua Dongliu down to Dao Pavilion dragon gate.

Tiandang Xing peak: Dao disciples.

Li Sansui nun robes, cloth bag; beside conical-hatted veiled plain robe silent.

Xie Yunling smiled.

"To Wolong: seize, unusual—strengthen."

"Rapid era; lag surpassed."

Li nodded; hatted too.

Xie frowned: "Sansi, rest more?"

Shook; voice: "No, body vast power—master..."

Xie no block.

Ximen, Hua arrived.

Smiled.

Ximen, Li Sansui, Li Sansi cloud dragon to Wolong.

Hua, Xie no.

Elders hands behind, peak stroll, laughed.

"Old fart, next?"

Hua.

"Draw talismans." Xie.

"Sword practice."

Laughed.

Bowed.

Hua strode down, 潇洒 ancient path fade.

...

Liangzhou.

Bitter Buddha Temple.

Ding Jiudeng under giant Buddha.

Wooden fish, sutras.

Opened; more disciples, smiled.

Why build? Mind vast guide: build, practice.

Cassock out; slow walk.

Monks few; gold thieves less.

Promotion: Liangzhou learned Buddha; poor knelt seek bless.

Satisfied.

Mind: monks too few.

Recruit.

Spread Buddha intent.

Found monk host.

Backpack, ascetic out Liangzhou.

Guards stunned.

No block.

Forbidden return shocking.

Ding west; vast Liangzhou.

No food.

Hungry: wild fruit.

Thirsty: dawn dew leaves.

West Peacock Kingdom: preach.

Leisure west.

...

Kong Nanfei, Meng Haoran Wolong.

Post Golden Core: north with Meng.

Changes: unknown mountains, blessed lands—land vast.

Days doubled.

Meng grew; genius.

Body Storage; steady.

Confucian robes, book box, slow.

Wolong: familiars.

Nie, Jing from White Jade.

"Brother Nie."

Kong smiled bow.

Nie fluctuated; refreshed Kong感慨.

Mo Tianyu crowd peek; no words.

No disdain mess stink; hug.

Tribulation failure exit hard.

"Golden Core path, regret?"

Nie.

"No; thought through. Suit key."

Kong smiled.

"Haoran Sect Heavenly Lock hard."

"Golden Core one qi fits righteous qi."

Light laugh.

Nie nod; seeming weak, no blood—pressure no less.

Chat done; to Nine Prisons.

"Young Master: stele key, but nine gates equal."

Ning Zhao.

"Secrets... challenge?"

"Early Wolong, dragon gates fun."

Kong laughed.

Eyes light; recall first Wolong monsters, ancient qi refiners wolf.

Now changed.

No longer novice scholar.

"Young Master describe Nine Prisons?"

Kong.

Nie etc. shook.

"Young Master spoil? Dream."

Mo eye-roll.

"His level: gates useless; stele only."

"Why?"

Kong puzzled analysis.

"See stele seated? True bosses—no entry. Young Master stronger—no."

"Who?"

Kong condensed; sensed terror—Golden Core trembled.

Distant four hags stronger.

When many strong?

Mo, Nie shook; knew, silent.

Kong lazy ask.

"Haoran."

Kong.

Meng box down.

"Master!"

Nie, Mo brows: kid Body Storage.

Qi Core vast qi—fast.

"Prepare; trial."

Kong.

"Yes!"

Meng tight.

With Kong: battles, training.

Mystic secret: nervous.

"Hey, nephew Haoran, gates danger death—uncle divine?"

Mo laughed.

Meng curious.

Kong black; kick.

Mo laughed.

New shell; three coppers clanged.

Fell stacked.

"Great evil... hahaha!"

"Good!"

Shell, coppers; strode First.

Pressure; 洒然 laugh, blocked, pushed in.

Vanished.

Meng lips: "Great evil... Master, uncle happy?"

"Die rush?"

Nie floated, patted shoulder,透妄感慨.

"His divines false; true—reverse."

Words.

Nie floated First.

Others too.

Explore: no retreat.

Kong wanted Meng first; divine hesitate itch.

Master image: Meng first.

Meng no refuse; eager.

Spear; grave step First.

Kong secret tales yearn.

Dragon gates challenged.

New: excite.

Challenge unknown surprise.

Inhaled.

Pushed First; step—cold wind.

Eyes blur; vast suction—bottomless abyss fall.