

Starlit Path 44

Chapter 44: Have You Ever Read Your Own Fate?

Moonlight filtered through the intricately carved rosewood window, casting a soft glow on the rice paper spread across the desk, its surface shimmering faintly.

The curtains of the wooden bed hung low.

In the dim light, Lu sat cross-legged on the bed.

With a flicker of thought, the system panel materialized before him.

****Host****: Lu

****Title****: Qi Refiner (Permanent)

****Qi Refinement Level****: 2 (Progress to Level 3: 100/1000 Strands)

****Soul Strength****: 11 (Convertible: 2)

Physical Strength*: 1 (Convertible: 1)

Spiritual Energy: 92 Strands

Transformation Reward: **Mystical Qi Refining Manual**

World Rating: Five Phoenixes Continent [Low Martial]

Permissions: [Tasks], [Preaching Platform], [Spiritual Energy Deployment]

Branch Permission: [Ten Thousand Methods Furnace (LV1)]

Spiritual Artifact: Spiritual Pressure Chessboard (Low Mysterious Grade)

Available Attribute Points: 10

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A slight smirk curled Lu's lips. The unexpected gain of 10 attribute points brought a surge of satisfaction.

Rubbing his chin, he pondered for a moment before allocating the points.

Nine points went to Soul Strength, and one to Physical Strength.

With that, Lu's Soul Strength officially crossed the 20-point threshold, leaving 11 points available for conversion.

Boom!

As the allocation took effect, Lu felt his soul undergo a profound cleansing, as if divine clarity had washed over him. His eyes gleamed brightly in the darkness, sharp and radiant.

Each time Soul Strength crossed a 10-point milestone, the transformation was palpable. Lu's senses sharpened—he could almost hear the blood coursing through his veins. His ability to manipulate objects grew stronger; where he once could only steer his wheelchair's direction, he now felt capable of guiding it at a steady pace.

This was progress.

A spark of anticipation flickered in Lu's mind. Perhaps, as his Soul Strength grew, he might one day attain the divine consciousness described by immortal cultivators—a single thread of awareness stretching across thousands of miles, comprehending all under heaven.

Reining in his excitement, Lu kept his composure. He hadn't lost sight of his goal: transforming this low-martial continent into a realm of fantasy required more than just personal strength.

His focus shifted to the Preaching Platform on the system panel.

Just as he prepared to immerse himself in it, his brows twitched, and he glanced toward the carved rosewood window.

On the rooftop of the Lu Manor, a figure emerged, carrying a wine gourd. With the grace of a swallow, they stepped lightly across the tiles, moving with effortless elegance.

A Confucian robe fluttered in the breeze, the chest boldly exposed, hair unbound and dancing wildly in the wind.

Who is this guy?

Lu's curiosity was tinged with suspicion.

He had unleashed a bloodbath in Beiluo City, leaving fear in his wake. Yet someone dared to trespass into the Lu Manor under the cover of night?

Was this audacity born of skill or sheer recklessness?

Ning Zhao rose from the rooftop, her white dress billowing, her eyes sharp as a painting come to life.

In her hand, a Cicada Wing Sword gleamed, its near-transparent blade catching the moonlight like glinting ice.

"Who are you?"

“Trespassing into the Lu Manor at night is a death sentence.”

Her long hair swayed in the wind, her cold words cutting through the night air.

In the courtyard below, Jing Yue slid two fingers along his pearwood sword case. With a sharp *clang*, a blade sprang free, gripped firmly in his hand.

This was his first chance to prove himself as Lu’s servant. Though reluctant, he knew he had to make an impression. For this debut, he’d give it his all.

On the rooftop, Mo Tianyu moved with silent grace, treading the tiles without a sound—an impeccable display of lightness skill.

“Madman Jiangshan wields his brush to paint the world, a single hexagram mocks the heavens’ pride!”

“Confucian School’s First Disciple... Mo Tianyu!”

Jing Yue, one of the Sword Sect’s Seven Heroes, had keen insight and instantly recognized the disheveled figure with the wine gourd, bare chest, and wild hair.

The gatekeeper of the Imperial Advisor's Library, the Confucian School's First Disciple, Mo Tianyu's name carried weight among the Hundred Schools of Philosophy.

On the rooftop, Mo Tianyu took a swig from his gourd, wine spilling freely as his light laughter echoed.

"Miss, my apologies for the late visit. I come on the Imperial Advisor's orders to meet your young master. I request an audience."

Ning Zhao's eyes narrowed, a chill flashing through them.

"This isn't a visit—it's trespassing."

"Leave now, or face death."

Her voice, though soft to avoid disturbing Lu, carried an icy edge.

Mo Tianyu laughed again, undeterred, and took another gulp of wine.

"I cast two hexagrams concerning your young master, and both were wrong. To find out why, I must read his fate in person today."

With that, he stepped forward across the tiles, his Confucian robe fluttering, his tone brimming with fearless bravado.

Ning Zhao's brows furrowed.

Below, Jing Yue tapped his pearwood sword case twice, and the remaining three swords sprang free.

"They say the Confucian School's First Disciple, Mo Tianyu, the Madman, bows to no one but his Confucian Master. Seeing you now... your arrogance lives up to the legend."

Jing Yue's words dripped with disdain.

His body spun, legs kicking backward, striking the hilts of the three swords.

In an instant, the blades shot forward.

Sword Sect's Flying Sword Technique.

"Sword Sect fell because of traitors like you," Mo Tianyu scoffed, glancing at Jing Yue with disdain.

He took another swig, then exhaled sharply.

Wine sprayed into the air, forming a mist that shimmered under the moonlight like a dragon taking flight.

Each droplet carried immense force, colliding with the three swords and sending them clattering uselessly to the rooftop.

“Child’s play. Boring.”

Mo Tianyu smirked.

In the courtyard, Jing Yue’s face twitched. This guy was a monster—worthy of his title as the Confucian School’s First Disciple.

For a moment, Jing Yue felt the urge to turn and flee.

But then... a pang of melancholy hit him. His new role as Lu’s servant meant freedom was no longer his to claim.

Yet, recalling Lu’s unfathomable power, his resolve hardened. Brandishing his sword, he leaped onto the eaves, ready to charge.

On the rooftop, Mo Tianyu crushed a tile underfoot and descended gracefully.

His toes landed precisely on the tip of Jing Yue's incoming sword, forcing Jing Yue downward as Mo's laughter echoed through the courtyard.

Above his head, streams of air swirled, forming a radiant halo.

Confucian School... Righteous Qi!

Boom!

Mo Tianyu's voice thundered, each word ringing like struck gold.

Jing Yue's ears rang, his grip on the sword faltering.

Pfft!

Blood sprayed from Jing Yue's mouth as he was flung backward, crashing to the ground and retreating, each step cracking the earth beneath him.

“Even all seven of the Sword Sect’s Heroes together might stand a chance. You? Far from it.”

Mo Tianyu landed lightly in the courtyard, raising his gourd for another drink. Wine dripped down his chin onto his robe as his laughter filled the air.

On the rooftop, Ning Zhao raised her Cicada Wing Sword, her gaze heavy with caution.

This Mo Tianyu alone outshone the hundreds of Confucian scholars she’d faced at Beiluo Lake.

If she teamed up with Nie Changqing, they might stand a chance. But tonight, for some reason, Nie was nowhere to be seen despite the commotion.

Suddenly, Ning Zhao’s furrowed brow relaxed.

She turned toward Lu’s room.

The tightly shut carved rosewood door burst open with a resounding *bang*.

From within, a calm, indifferent voice drifted out.

“Who taught you to disturb my sleep in the dead of night?”

Lu’s words carried on the breeze.

A gust of wind roared from the darkened room.

Mo Tianyu stood his ground, his robe and unbound hair whipping in the wind.

“Young Master Lu, I am Mo Tianyu, First Disciple of the Confucian School, sent by the Imperial Advisor to escort you to the capital.”

“Also, my divinations are rarely wrong, yet I misread your fate twice. So, I’d like to offer you a free reading.”

Mo Tianyu squinted, gripping his wine gourd.

In the capital, he was known as the Madman, fearless and bold. He’d kicked high-ranking officials and cursed them to their faces. Tonight, he considered himself courteous.

But his words were cut short by laughter from within the room.

“This is your excuse for disturbing my rest?”

“You trespass into my courtyard—have you ever read your **own** fate?”

“You think you’re worthy of reading **mine**?”

Lu’s cold words echoed from the room.

Each sentence was punctuated by the crisp sound of a chess piece striking a board.

Three sentences, three pieces.

The courtyard’s spiritual pressure surged.

And then...

From the room, a howling wind erupted. A massive translucent hand, formed of pale blue energy, emerged. Its fingers spread wide, middle finger over index, poised as if placing a chess piece.

It descended directly toward Mo Tianyu's head.