

Starlit Path 60

Chapter 60: Defying the Rules of the Immortal Realm

Outside Wolong Ridge, Luo Cheng arrived with a small squad of soldiers, galloping to the scene. What was once a desolate ridge now bustled with activity. Encampments dotted the foothills, bristling with cold iron armor and gleaming blades, radiating a chilling severity.

Tasked by Lu Changkong to scout the situation, Luo Cheng had initially been skeptical. Immortal fate? He dismissed it as nonsense spun by the Yin-Yang School's charlatans. Though he'd joined Lu in purging the three great families, he hadn't set foot on Lake Island and thus remained ignorant of its spiritual energy storm. Naturally, he doubted tales of immortals.

But the sight of so many troops at Wolong Ridge shocked him. Wary, he ordered his squad to dismount ten miles out, leaving one to guard the horses while the rest advanced on foot, cautiously threading through the dense forest. The deeper he went, the more alarmed he became.

"North County's Lord Tantai Xuan's forces!" Luo Cheng muttered, spotting a camped battalion, his breath catching. His gaze swept further, revealing more troops—thousands, at least ten thousand strong. "South County, Jinyun County, East Sea County..." Sweat beaded on his forehead. No wonder Lu Changkong was so grave. If these forces turned on Beiluo, it would be a brutal battle.

Suddenly, his eyes locked on a towering figure striding from a grand tent below, exuding terrifying pressure. "West County's Lord Xiang Shaoyun?!" Luo Cheng's heart skipped, his soul seemingly seized by the man's presence.

Below, Xiang Shaoyun sensed something, his sharp gaze flicking toward the forest. "Beiluo scouts?" he sneered, shaking his head. "Pathetic. No strength to seize the immortal fate at their doorstep..." He'd heard Lu Ping'an of Beiluo was heaven-blessed, yet the Young Master didn't dare come to claim this fate. Truly pitiful.

Xiang Shaoyun's lips curled. He was intrigued by this Lu Ping'an, rumored to have turned the tide against Tantai Xuan's fifty-thousand-strong army with just three maids. If Lu came to Wolong Ridge, Xiang Shaoyun would relish testing him.

From the tent, a graceful figure emerged—Luo Mingsang, her stunning beauty softened by a gentle gaze at Xiang Shaoyun's imposing frame. He turned, his rugged face breaking into a smile. "Shaoyun, this immortal fate feels strange. Be cautious," she warned.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing," he replied, chuckling as he wrapped an arm around her slender waist. Onlookers stared—bringing a woman on a military campaign? Xiang Shaoyun's arrogance and confidence were unmatched.

Suddenly, a commotion erupted from the ridge. Scouts from various factions stumbled out, faces alight with fear and excitement, tumbling down the slopes in clouds of dust. The gathered forces tensed.

A West County scout knelt before Xiang Shaoyun, eyes gleaming. "Lord, the immortal secret realm is fluctuating! A refreshing energy flows out, with radiant lights and dragon-like roars within. It's about to open!"

Xiang Shaoyun's eyes blazed. "Move!" He rallied his generals and strode toward the ridge's depths. Other factions, receiving similar reports, mobilized as well. The rugged terrain and poisonous miasma kept armies at bay—any fighting would occur outside, as infections could cripple troops.

Xiang Shaoyun moved swiftly, nearly two meters tall, muscles bulging, carrying a thousand-pound axe and shield on his back as if they weighed nothing. His West Liang generals watched in fervent awe. The

Overlord of West County was their idol, the pinnacle of martial prowess, known for charging armies with just an axe. Today, wielding both axe and shield for the immortal fate, he was serious.

They reached the translucent “eggshell” of the immortal site. Though not their first sight of it, its rainbow-like radiance under the sun—glassy, otherworldly—stunned them. Some glimpsed grand palaces within. Soldiers halted five miles out, unable to approach further; the closer they got, the more crushing the heavenly pressure became, forcing them to their knees.

Xiang Shaoyun, axe and shield on his back, stared at the pulsating eggshell, its rise and fall hinting at an imminent breach. He held an Earthly Qi Token but didn’t use it, intent on forcing his way in with raw strength. His black hair whipped like steel needles as he stepped forward, his generals watching with fanatic zeal.

From a distance, hoofbeats thundered. A youth in a black robe, dashing and sword at his waist, rode a white horse. Leaping off, he used peerless lightness kung fu, skimming like a dragonfly after Xiang Shaoyun. “The Mohist School’s Mo Shougui!” Tantai Xuan, clad in armor, muttered beside Mo Ju, who fanned himself lightly.

Xiang Shaoyun glanced at Mo Shougui but said nothing, his attention shifting elsewhere. A scholar in a green robe, sweating and carrying a bamboo bookcase, approached with a gentle smile, stepping into the five-mile radius. “Interesting,” Mo Ju said, fanning. “The immortal fate draws all heroes. That’s Kong Nanfei, the Confucian Preceptor’s grandson and second disciple.”

More figures stirred in the surrounding forests, their powerful vital energies betraying hidden experts. A low bellow echoed—“Moo!”—followed by hoofbeats and a leisurely flute. Mo Ju’s fanning paused as a youth in a white robe, gentle as jade, rode an ox, playing a flute, a wooden sword at his waist. “The Daoist Sect’s top disciple, Li Sansi? Even he’s here?” Mo Ju’s eyes narrowed.

Four figures—Xiang Shaoyun, Mo Shougui, Kong Nanfei, and Li Sansi—advanced against the pressure, none wielding a Heavenly or Earthly Qi Token, intent on breaking into the secret realm with sheer strength.

On Beiluo Lake's Lake Island, in the White Jade Capital pavilion's second-floor balcony, Ni Yu served freshly brewed plum wine, carefully ladling it into a cup for Lu. "Young Master, your wine," she said, cheeks flushed.

Her big eyes drifted to the chessboard, where an oppressive aura made her breath catch. Lu tapped her forehead, turning her head away. "Focus on the wine. Don't look at what you shouldn't."

"Yes," Ni Yu replied, trembling. Lu's gaze felt like that of an immortal, rendering her legs weak.

Lu's eyes wove with countless threads, watching the chessboard where figures converged on Wolong Ridge, four standing within the five-mile spiritual pressure barrier. Their lips curled. "Entering the secret realm without a Qi Token? Do they take my rules for nothing?"

"Interesting..." Lu sipped the plum wine, its tart warmth drawing a soft chuckle. "Break my rules? Let's see if you have the strength."

Holding a black chess piece, Lu dropped it with a snap. Their soul strength surged like a torrent, landing on the chessboard's depiction of Wolong Ridge.

In that instant, a phenomenon erupted before the ridge.