

Starlit Path 68

Chapter 68: A Bounty of Rewards

****System Prompt:****

*“Congratulations, Host, for constructing the ‘Wolong Ridge Immortal Palace’ secret realm and guiding the world’s exploration. Reward: 10 assignable attribute points, *Qi Gathering Pill Refining Manual*.”*

“Congratulations, Host, for completing the first secret realm, marking a significant milestone in world transformation. Reward: 20 assignable attribute points, transformation rewards...”

A gentle breeze from the lake stirred Lu’s sideburns.

Seated in his wheelchair, he remained still, reviewing the system panel’s rewards.

Constructing and guiding the first secret realm was a monumental feat, its impact on the Wuhuang Continent profound and far-reaching.

It had sparked the dawn of spiritual energy’s resurgence.

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Immortals guide mortals; mortals cultivate to become immortals.

A grand lie woven about the existence of immortals.

Lu propped his chin, fingers tapping his cheek lightly.

With a thought, the system panel materialized:

Host: Lu

Title: Qi Refiner (Permanent)

Qi Refining Level: 2 (Progress to Level 3: 120/1000 wisps)

Soul Strength: 11 (Convertible: 2)

Physical Strength: 1 (Convertible: 1)

Spiritual Energy: 20 wisps

Transformation Rewards: *Mystical Qi Refining Manual*, *Enlightenment Technique*

World Rating: Wuhuang Continent [Low Martial]

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

****Sub-Permissions:**** [Ten Thousand Methods Furnace (LV1)]

****Spiritual Artifact:**** Spiritual Pressure Chessboard (Low Mysterious Grade)

****Technique:**** Heavenly Momentum* (Low Mysterious Grade)

****Assignable Attribute Points:**** 35

The rewards were undeniably generous.

Thirty assignable attribute points—a fortune for Lu.

Ten came from constructing and guiding the secret realm, and twenty from its transformative impact on the world.

Beyond the points, two unexpected rewards stood out: the **Qi Gathering Pill Refining Manual** and the **Enlightenment Technique**.

The former was self-explanatory—a guide to crafting Qi Gathering Pills.

The latter, however, intrigued him.

With a thought, he examined the *Enlightenment Technique* in the transformation rewards:

Enlightenment Technique: Grants the ability to awaken the spiritual intelligence of any non-human being, setting them on the path of cultivation. Warning: Using this technique permanently consumes soul strength. Exercise caution to avoid regret.

Lu's brow arched.

Awakening all manner of beings?

He quickly grasped its purpose. In a cultivator's world, beyond humans, there were spirits, demons, and monsters. In a low martial world, such beings struggled to exist without the foundation for spiritual awakening.

The *Enlightenment Technique* was essential for creating a vibrant, diverse world of cultivation.

However, the permanent soul strength cost made him wary.

Dismissing the technique, he turned to the *Qi Gathering Pill Refining Manual*.

It didn't appear in the system panel.

With a surge of intent, an ancient bamboo scroll materialized in his hand.

The deep brown scroll unfurled, revealing recipes and refining methods for the pill.

Lu's eyes gleamed.

"One Qi Gathering Pill can harmlessly grant one wisp of refined qi and boost refining efficiency by 40%."

Its effects, at this stage, were nothing short of extraordinary.

Lu itched to refine a batch immediately.

Even if the pills were useless to him, they could elevate White Jade Capital's disciples.

Suppressing his excitement, he returned to the system panel.

With the 5 points from a prior side mission and the 30 from this one, he had 35 assignable points—a wealth to distribute carefully.

After a long pause, he allocated 30 points to soul strength and the remaining 5 to physical strength, which had long been neglected.

His soul strength cap rose to 53, with 32 points convertible to spiritual energy.

Exchanging them all, he gained 320 wisps (1 soul strength = 10 wisps).

****Qi Refining Level 3 Progress:**** 440/1000 wisps.

Only 560 wisps remained to reach level 3.

With the Wolong Ridge Immortal Palace now open, more would enter, awaken their qi sense, and step into the qi core realm, earning Lu a share of their spiritual energy.

Level 3 was only a matter of time.

The boost to 6 points in physical strength intrigued him.

As the points took effect, he felt his vital energy surge, like a furnace roaring within.

****Wolong Ridge Immortal Palace****

The turbulent spiritual energy in the chamber settled.

The seated figures slowly opened their eyes.

Ning Zhao's gaze sparkled, radiant with brilliance. Already at the seventh stage of the qi core realm, she'd absorbed the spiritual storm from the ancient qi refiner's self-destruction, reaching the ninth stage—peak qi core realm.

Her dantian could hold only nine wisps, meaning she'd achieved perfection in this realm.

Nie Changqing's gains were substantial, reaching the eighth stage with three absorbed wisps.

Both stood, mindful of Lu's task: retrieve the ancient qi refiner's condensed core.

Looking up, they saw a dark, spinning orb above the coffin, wreathed in wisps of spiritual energy, exuding an otherworldly aura.

“This is... the condensed core of a qi refiner!”

Ning Zhao’s eyes lit up. At peak qi core realm, the next step was condensing spiritual energy into a core.

Her dantian showed signs of this, but true condensation required further effort.

Clad in white, they swiftly approached the orb.

Xiang Shaoyun opened his eyes, his aura surging.

He’d broken through to the fifth stage of the qi core realm. Without a cultivation technique, each advancement was grueling.

Rising, he saw Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing heading for the core, a flicker of desire stirring within.

But he held back.

“Xiang Shaoyun! Stop them! That’s the essence of an ancient qi refiner’s cultivation—it could propel us to the heavens!”

Mo Shugui, gripping his sword, roared from a distance.

Li Sansi frowned, while Kong Nanfei ignored him.

Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing exchanged a glance. Ning Zhao continued toward the coffin, while Nie Changqing stood firm, his butcher’s knife at the ready, an invisible aura swirling around him.

“If the Young Master were here, those words alone...”

“...would mean your death,” Nie Changqing said, his sharp gaze piercing Mo Shugui.

Li Sansi’s expression grew complex. He knew Nie Changqing—the Daoist sect’s outcast.

“Old Ten,” Li Sansi said softly, leaning on his wooden sword.

Nie Changqing’s face softened, but he remained distant, offering no warmth.

Li Sansi sighed. Nie Changqing's past was a tangled web of misfortune.

"Xiang Shaoyun! Are you truly content to let this destiny fall to others?!" Mo Shugui pressed, glaring.

"I, Xiang Shaoyun, act with honor. Without them, we'd all be dead. What right do I have to covet this destiny?" Xiang Shaoyun replied coolly, glancing at Mo Shugui.

Ignoring him, he retrieved his fallen shield and axe, slinging them across his back.

Ning Zhao secured the condensed core, wrapping it in white silk.

"Damn it!"

Mo Shugui's eyes narrowed. He'd hoped to rally Xiang Shaoyun and the others to seize the destiny, but now...

Escape was his priority.

In an instant, he bolted toward the chamber's exit.

Boom!

A butcher's knife slashed through the air, carving a massive gash where Mo Shugui had stood.

Nie Changqing's fingers twitched, sending the knife spinning after him.

Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing exited the chamber together.

Only Xiang Shaoyun, Li Sansi, and Kong Nanfei remained.

"You're not going for the cultivation techniques in the rear chamber?!" Xiang Shaoyun called after them, his eyes flickering.

"The Young Master said to take only the condensed core. Cultivation techniques? White Jade Capital has no shortage," Ning Zhao's cool voice echoed back.

"A new power, rivaling the hundred schools... White Jade Capital," Kong Nanfei mused, gazing at the white-clad duo, their words lingering in the chamber.

Xiang Shaoyun's eyes deepened.

He turned abruptly, heading for the rear chamber.

Li Sansi and Kong Nanfei's gazes flickered with interest.

As for Mo Shugui...

His fate—life or death—depended on his luck. Who told him to run his mouth?

Now, he'd taken a beating for nothing and missed the cultivation techniques.