

Starlit Path 69

Chapter 69: What Need for White Jade Capital?

The gash on his back burned fiercely, but Mo Shugui pressed on, his lightness skill leaving afterimages as he fled through the underground palace.

A single wisp of spiritual energy swirled in his dantian, drawn from the storm of the ancient qi refiner's self-destruction. He'd tasted the marvel of this immortal destiny.

And so... he refused to die.

His heart had been set on the condensed core left behind by the qi refiner's explosion—a treasure wreathed in wisps of spiritual energy, promising a leap in cultivation.

But alone, he stood no chance against Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing, whose strength far surpassed his.

So, he'd tried to goad Xiang Shaoyun into seizing it, hoping to profit from their clash.

Instead...

Xiang Shaoyun, that infuriatingly upright fool, had forsaken the treasure out of gratitude for being saved!

And now, Mo Shugui was the one targeted by Nie Changqing.

He wanted to curse, but survival took precedence.

A whistling sound cut through the air.

Nie Changqing's butcher's knife hurtled toward him.

Mo Shugui spun, drawing his sword to parry. The blades clashed, and his sword shattered inch by inch.

His hand split open, blood spraying.

Heart pounding with shock, he stumbled onward, fleeing toward the palace's exit.

Outside the Immortal Palace

The regional lords had retreated. The palace's terror was undeniable—without spirit tokens, no amount of lives could breach it.

They'd dispersed to scour the world for tokens, leaving spies behind.

Mo Ju stood on the ridge, fanning himself with a carefree air.

Suddenly, the serene palace trembled.

The immortal gate swung open.

Three bloodied figures burst out, sprinting.

Mo Ju's lazy gaze sharpened. "Not Xiang Shaoyun's group. Others who entered with spirit tokens."

Their condition looked dire.

Their respective factions whisked them away, silent and discreet.

But eyes flickered with interest—subtle streams of energy swirled around them.

“They must have claimed an immortal destiny!”

Mo Ju gripped his fan, inhaling deeply.

As his thoughts churned, the gate opened again.

A lone figure stumbled out, frantic.

The onlookers beyond the five-mile radius gasped.

“It’s Mo Shugui of the Mo Clan! He’s in rough shape!”

“So brutal! Is the palace that dangerous?”

“Wait—someone’s chasing him!”

Murmurs rippled through the crowd.

Eyes turned to the gate, where a white dress fluttered and a white-robed figure stood like snow.

Ning Zhao's face was impassive, her dark hair swaying, cicada-wing sword in hand.

Nie Changqing, in white robes, looked slightly odd with his weathered face.

Mo Shugui glanced back at them, his heart tightening.

"Master, save me!" he roared toward the five-mile mark.

"These two seized the greatest destiny in the palace—the immortal core of an ancient qi refiner, capable of granting ascension!"

He shouted as he ran.

"Courting death!"

Nie Changqing's brows furrowed. He knew the news of the condensed core couldn't be hidden, but Mo Shugui's brazen announcement ignited his fury, cementing his resolve to kill.

As the Young Master said, for those who wouldn't listen, a blade was the answer—just like with those Confucian scholars.

Mo Shugui's words detonated like a bomb.

An immortal core from an ancient qi refiner?

Capable of ascension?

The crowd's eyes reddened with greed. The palace's dangers were clear, making the core's value incalculable.

Some already schemed to intercept Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing.

Mo Ju fanned himself, recognizing Mo Shugui's ploy to draw allies as shields.

The bait—an immortal core promising ascension—was tantalizing.

He hesitated, then withdrew his command.

Boom!

Nie Changqing moved. His butcher's knife streaked like a meteor, laced with a wisp of spiritual energy, arcing toward Mo Shugui's head.

Knife Control Technique!

His white robes billowed, spiritual energy coiling around him.

Ning Zhao darted forward, swift as a fleeting shadow.

Mo Shugui felt a predatory gust at his back, like a tiger pouncing.

Ning Zhao's stunning yet cold face loomed, her cicada-wing sword, wreathed in pale blue energy, slicing toward his neck.

From the dense forest, a metallic twang rang out.

A silver claw shot forth, clamping Mo Shugui's waist and yanking him away.

But Ning Zhao's sword quickened, severing one of his arms. Blood sprayed across the earth.

Sweat beaded on Mo Shugui's forehead, but he stifled his cries, glaring at Ning Zhao with venomous eyes.

Nie Changqing's knife followed.

Another massive crossbow bolt erupted from the forest, colliding with the knife.

The bolt shattered, but the impact knocked the knife aside.

Nie Changqing caught it, standing beside Ning Zhao.

"Mo Clan mechanisms," he said, eyes narrowing.

Ning Zhao, sword in hand, tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, her expression unchanged.

"Make this quick. The Young Master doesn't like to be kept waiting," she said.

Nie Changqing nodded. Their qi cores surged, and they walked calmly beyond the palace's five-mile radius.

Nearly a thousand soldiers from various regions encircled them, eyeing the duo in white, who carried the ancient qi refiner's core.

Greed fueled their intent to stop them.

The wind rose, carrying the thick scent of blood from the palace.

Wolong Ridge was a place of slaughter, its tremors burying countless souls and bones.

As Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing stepped beyond the five-mile mark, war cries erupted. Soldiers and commanders attacked.

Today, their white robes were destined to be stained red.

North Luo, Lakeheart Island

Lu lounged in his wheelchair, sensing the changes in his body.

Adding 5 points to physical strength hadn't brought dramatic shifts, but his vital energy surged stronger, and his skin... toughened.

It now rivaled a master's resilience.

If he poured hundreds of points into physical strength, could he become impervious to blades, fire, and water? Sitting in his wheelchair, unyielding as enemies hacked futilely?

The thought amused him. Not bad.

The 30 points in soul strength sharpened his senses. He could almost hear the bubbles of fish in the lake.

With enough soul strength, perhaps he could one day condense a mythical primordial spirit.

On the island, a breeze stirred.

The setting sun cast fiery light across the lake's rippling waves.

Ni Yu and Jing Yue chattered nearby, while Mo Liuqi sat cross-legged, drawing qi into his body. Yi Yue struggled to sense qi.

The ten skyward chrysanthemums swayed, drinking in spiritual energy.

Suddenly, Ni Yu and Jing Yue turned toward the lake.

A lone boat glided across the water.

“It’s Sister Ning and Old Nie!” Ni Yu exclaimed, racing to the shore, her face glowing in the sunset.

Her excitement faded as the boat drew closer.

A thick stench of blood wafted on the wind.

Two figures stood aboard—Nie Changqing and Ning Zhao, their faces calm, but their white robes and dress drenched in crimson.

From the second-floor terrace of White Jade Capital’s pavilion, Lu gazed at the blood-soaked duo, his eyes narrowing slowly.

Wolong Ridge

Mo Shugui, pale and one-armed, knelt, sweat dripping from his forehead.

Before him stood an elderly man in a drooping black robe, white hair framing his face, listening quietly as Mo Shugui recounted the secret realm's events.

After a long pause, the old man sighed.

"Shaoyun's been blinded by this immortal destiny. As the Overlord of West County, his ambition should be dominion over the world..."

"Such a pity, Shaoyun..."

He shook his head, gazing toward the palace's radiant, multicolored glow in the depths of Wolong Ridge.

"Lu Ping'an of North Luo... White Jade Capital disciples..."

“The world is chaotic enough with the hundred schools. What need is there for a White Jade Capital?”