

Starlit Path 73

Chapter 73: Seated as an Immortal, Standing as a Demon

Beiluo Lakeside.

A gentle breeze stirred the air. The last rays of the setting sun had vanished below the horizon, leaving a faint gray-white streak in the sky. A crescent moon peeked out, hanging high above.

He withdrew his consciousness, no longer observing the warlord's situation. Having entered the demonic path, the warlord's qi core had transformed into a demonic seed, converting his spiritual energy into demonic aura. His combat strength now rivaled that of a peak qi core cultivator. Resolving this crisis would pose no issue.

The demonic path was a new profession, one with immense potential. Cultivation could encompass the immortal path, the demonic path, and perhaps, in the future, other paths like the evil path or the Buddhist path. The collision of diverse cultivation methods would spark vitality, fostering a thriving cultivation culture across the world.

Leaning back in his wheelchair, his fingers tapped lightly on the armrest as he examined the rewards from this transformation.

"Indestructible Demon Body (Beginner)... Is it tied to the demonic path?" he murmured, his mind focusing on the reward entry.

To his surprise, no description appeared for the Indestructible Demon Body. This was a first.

“What’s going on?” he wondered, his brow furrowing as he queried the system silently.

“Indestructible Demon Body is a special transformation reward with no description available. The host may activate it by consuming physical strength,” the system replied.

His eyebrows lifted slightly. Physical strength? He currently had 6 points of physical strength, which he had assumed merely enhanced his constitution. He hadn’t anticipated it could serve such a purpose.

His consciousness sank into the Indestructible Demon Body. In an instant, his 6 points of physical strength dwindled to 1.

A hum resonated. The world before him shifted.

The immortal-like spiritual energy in his qi core transformed in a flash into a dark, violent demonic aura. Above his head, black clouds swirled, gathering rapidly, with thunder roiling within as if heralding the end of the world.

On Beiluo’s Lakeheart Island, a sudden gale erupted. Black demonic aura coiled around him. The cultivators practicing on the island froze, rising to their feet in alarm, their faces etched with fear. They didn’t know what was happening. The air grew heavy, oppressive, as if breathing itself became a struggle.

Two figures, a man and a woman, gazed toward the White Jade Pavilion’s terrace, their eyes wide with disbelief. “What... what a terrifying sensation!”

The ten Skyward Chrysanthemums on the island, as if startled, curled their petals tightly.

The darkness came swiftly and left just as quickly. The oppressive atmosphere dissipated, and the island's inhabitants let out shaky breaths.

On the terrace, he withdrew from the Indestructible Demon Body, his face registering shock. Its power had exceeded his expectations. In that moment of activation, he felt as though he could shatter the entire island with a single blow. When the Indestructible Demon Body was active, his spiritual energy turned to demonic aura, vastly increasing his destructive power. However, his usual spiritual techniques became unusable, leaving only the demon body's physical might to confront enemies.

In essence, the Indestructible Demon Body was a physical technique, one that grew stronger with his physical strength. "This is only the beginner level, yet it feels stronger than the peak of the Body Treasury realm," he marveled.

The warlord's impulsive plea to become a demon had led to this unexpected boon. "Seated, I wield the chessboard as an immortal; standing, I become an indestructible demon," he said, a smile curling his lips as he leaned back in his wheelchair.

Wolong Ridge.

The battle had ended. Cold moonlight bathed the ground, illuminating countless corpses.

The warlord stood motionless, before him the lifeless body of the Pingyang County Governor, his neck snapped by the warlord's hands. The woman stumbled toward him, wrapping her arms around his waist.

His crimson eyes faded, the dark patterns covering his body receded, and the restless demonic aura dissipated. Weakness washed over him, his head throbbing as if torn apart. He had sacrificed a piece of his soul to the demon, gaining a glimmer of hope in a desperate moment. Through demonic slaughter, he had survived.

"Mingsang... let's go home," he said, turning to her. His bloodied hand gently brushed her cheek. Seeing her safe, though frail, he managed a weary, pale smile.

Tears welled in her eyes. They had survived. Though she didn't understand what had happened to him, in her heart, the Warlord remained the Warlord.

Long after they departed, a carriage rumbled onto the scene. The curtain parted, and a hunched figure stepped out slowly.

The old Mohist, gazing at the sea of corpses, sighed. Several figures darted out, searching the bodies before returning.

"Leader, we found no trace of the Warlord's body—only the corpse of the Pingyang Governor," one of the Mohist disciples reported, bowing.

“One hundred against five thousand... the Warlord of Xi County truly lives up to his name,” the old man said, his aged figure stooped under the moonlight, his voice betraying neither joy nor anger. “Let’s go. Since the Warlord lives, his fate is not yet sealed. Spread the word: the Warlord, with a mere hundred men, slaughtered five thousand under the Pingyang Governor. The world needs to feel this shock.”

“Yes, sir,” the disciples replied, bowing.

The old man climbed back into the carriage. A disciple cracked the whip, urging the horses forward.

“Leader, where to next?” a disciple asked.

Inside the carriage, the old man was silent for a moment before his aged voice rasped out, “Beiluo City.”

In Beiluo City, a survivor returned and was immediately met by the city lord and his companion, eager to hear about the events in the Immortal Palace. The survivor, still shaken, took a gulp of water and recounted everything.

“Before the Immortal Palace, a prince rallied tens of thousands to storm its gates, seeking to break its restrictions. But in an instant, it was as if an immortal’s wrath descended, reducing the entire army to ash...” His voice trembled as he recalled the scene.

The city lord and his companion gasped, incredulous. Could it be true? The survivor's vivid account left little room for doubt.

"By the way, the young master sent people into the Immortal Palace as well. They seized an ancient alchemist's immortal pill and pursued a Mohist guardian, severing his arm," the survivor added, his excitement palpable as he described the blood-soaked heroics of two cultivators cutting through the enemy ranks.

"The young master got involved in the Immortal Fate?" the city lord said, narrowing his eyes. "I thought he was content staying on the island, uninterested in such matters. Turns out, he was the oriole waiting behind the mantis and the cicada."

Night deepened.

He left Lakeheart Island, rowed back to the Lu Manor by a servant girl. The other cultivators remained on the island, diligently training.

In the manor's courtyard, bathed and seated on his bed, he basked in the serene moonlight streaming through the carved wooden window.

To outsiders, the day's upheavals across the Great Zhou Dynasty seemed unconnected to Beiluo's young master—save for the two cultivators he had sent to seize the Immortal Fate.

A spiritual pressure chessboard lay before him. Playing black and white pieces against himself, he set up a “Mountains and Rivers” game. With each move, his depleted soul strength and spiritual energy slowly recovered. As he played, he silently practiced the Mystical Refining Chapter, refining his qi in a subtle, effortless manner.

After one game, his hand, holding a white piece, froze. A faint glow pulsed from the system panel’s [Authority] tab, specifically from the [Platform of Transmission].

His consciousness focused on it, and lines of text appeared before him:

“Kong Nanfei (Identity: Confucian Disciple) has entered the Platform of Transmission.”

“Tang Yimo (Identity: Illegitimate Son of the South County Governor) has entered the Platform of Transmission.”

“Bai Qingniao (Identity: Chicken-Raising Girl from Drunken Dragon City) has entered the Platform of Transmission.”