

Starlit Path 77

Chapter 77: The Yin-Yang School... Disappoints Me Greatly

The night was eerily silent, heavy with an unsettling stillness.

The crisp sound of a chess piece striking the board echoed clearly, mingling with the visceral sounds of bursting flesh and splattering blood. Ni Yu trembled, her large eyes wide with fear.

The young master... was angry!

"Ni Yu, come inside," his calm voice called from within the room.

"Yes, sir!" she replied, scrambling to her feet and hurrying inside, casting a pained glance at the cold steamed bun on the ground, now stained red with blood.

The wooden wheels creaked as they rolled across the floor. Ni Yu pushed the wheelchair, following closely behind. He gazed impassively at the figure standing atop the roof.

"Gathering the world's cultivators? You think you're worthy?" he said, idly toying with a chess piece.

The figure in the veiled bamboo hat remained composed, unfazed by the sight of the black-robed figures exploding into blood mist and the mechanical beast crushed into scrap metal. "Intriguing," they said slowly, their voice ambiguous, neither male nor female. "Rumors spoke of Young Master Lu's ability to

unleash a formidable oppressive force, strong enough to overwhelm even grandmaster warriors. Seeing it now, it's truly a divine technique."

They chuckled. "Cultivators are indeed as troublesome as the Hundred Schools warned. But did you think we'd come unprepared, knowing of your abilities?"

The figure raised a metal flute to their lips, playing a haunting melody that filled the courtyard. He raised an eyebrow, still holding the chess piece. "The Yin-Yang School," he murmured.

Among the Hundred Schools, the Yin-Yang School was one of the most enigmatic, adept in esoteric arts—illusions, poisons, curses, and more. He had studied them closely, intrigued by their potential. In a world where martial prowess had reached its limits, the Yin-Yang School's strange techniques pushed the boundaries of a low-martial world.

Mohist rangers, Yin-Yang sorcerers, Mechanism School beasts—these were the Hundred Schools' practical factions. He hadn't expected all three to converge here.

Moonlight tore through the clouds, bathing his white robes in a faint glow, making him appear almost ethereal. Fireflies drifted from the sky, their shimmering lights weaving like a starry river, harmonizing with the flute's melody in a mesmerizing, beautiful display.

Ni Yu, pushing the wheelchair, stared at the fireflies, her eyes sparkling. "So pretty," she whispered.

"The prettier something is, the more dangerous it can be," he replied.

She froze.

Suddenly, the flute's melody grew urgent. The fireflies accelerated, cascading like a waterfall toward him. In the courtyard, the blood pooling around the wrecked mechanical spider began to writhe, transforming into countless tiny blood-red insects crawling toward him.

Ni Yu's face paled as she watched the blood insects devour her stained bun, dissolving it instantly. The figures he had obliterated with his chess pieces weren't human—they were puppets filled with these blood insects.

His expression remained unruffled. The fireflies burst, releasing a thick, hazy mist that enveloped him and Ni Yu in an instant, carried by a gust of wind.

Atop the roof, the figure—Wei Yu, the Yin-Yang School's top disciple—smiled beneath her veiled hat. She continued playing the flute, watching the mist swallow him and the blood insects crawl into the room. A flicker of disdain crossed her mind. "Cultivators... nothing special."

Once the blood insects swarmed a body, they would devour flesh inch by inch. Soon, this delicate, fair-faced Young Master Lu would be reduced to a puddle of blood. A pity, she thought, for such a handsome youth.

"Boring," a faint voice emerged from the mist. "Is playing with bugs all you've got? The Yin-Yang School... disappoints me greatly."

Wei Yu froze, a massive oppressive force washing over her. It was as if someone had blown a gentle breath, scattering the mist entirely. Moonlight poured down, illuminating the white-robed youth in the wheelchair.

“How is this possible?” she gasped. “The mist from the Yin-Yang fireflies—even a nine-resonance grandmaster couldn’t resist it! Why are you unaffected?”

Her shock deepened as the youth, impossibly, rose from his wheelchair.

He... stood up?! Wasn’t Young Master Lu supposed to be crippled? The rumors were wrong!

He glanced at her faintly. “Why am I unaffected? Don’t you already know? I’m a cultivator.”

The blood insects, within three meters of him, froze, as if sensing some great terror. With a snap of his jade-like fingers, they melted away like ice under the sun.

Wei Yu’s face, hidden beneath the hat, turned ashen, her body trembling. She stopped playing the flute—it was pointless now; the blood insects were gone. She turned to flee, but a crushing dread pinned her in place, robbing her of the courage to even lift a leg.

On the roof, white robes fluttered. The youth appeared before her, though she hadn’t seen him move. When had he...?

He reached out, gently lifting her veiled hat, revealing her exquisite, alluring face. As the Yin-Yang School's top disciple, she was skilled in countless esoteric arts, fearless even against the Warlord of Xi County. Yet before this frail-looking youth, she was powerless, unable to move a finger.

"A beauty, no less," he said with a light smile.

Her face softened into a smile. "Young Master Lu... could you spare this humble servant's life? I'm willing to—"

Her words were cut short. A surge of black energy, sharp as a blade and swift as lightning, flashed across her neck. Her vision shifted—she saw her headless body standing rigid on the roof. Blood sprayed three feet, but the black energy formed a barrier, shielding him from the splatter.

Seated as an immortal, standing as a demon. When he rose, he became an indestructible fiend.

He took the metal flute from her lifeless hand, still warm from her touch, and vanished, reappearing in his wheelchair. Glancing at Ni Yu, now snoring on the ground, he channeled a strand of spiritual energy into a gentle slap across her chubby face.

Slap, slap.

Ni Yu jolted upright, wiping drool from her mouth. "Awake? Then push me out," he said, toying with the flute while pinching her cheek with a smile.

Dazed, she saw the carnage in the courtyard and the headless body on the roof. The young master's anger, somehow, felt reassuring. She slung the chessboard over her back, pushed the wheelchair out of the room, and glanced reluctantly at where her bun had been devoured by the blood insects.

As they moved through the Lu Manor, every soldier lay unconscious. She spotted Luo Cheng, sword at his side, head drooping, snoring loudly.

"Young master, shouldn't we wake them?" she asked.

"Let them sleep. We're going to the inn," he replied calmly.

Ni Yu pursed her lips—she wouldn't mind a nap herself.

Outside the manor, on the long street, the city lord staggered, fighting the urge to collapse. Suddenly, a strand of spiritual energy descended like a cleansing rain, dispelling the effects of the Yin-Yang fireflies' mist.

Under the moonlight, he approached in his wheelchair, pushed by Ni Yu, with the city lord walking beside him. "Father," he said.

"You're safe—that's what matters," the city lord said, slapping his own face to shake off the lingering drowsiness, relief flooding him. "The Yin-Yang fireflies' mist is a lost art of the Yin-Yang School. The entire city has fallen into a dreamlike slumber."

He grimaced. "To die unknowingly in sleep—that's the terror of the Yin-Yang School."

"No matter," he said, twirling the flute. "Just a petty trick. Let's go meet this Mohist Leader."

At the inn, second floor.

The Mohist Leader stood by the window, hands behind his back. His heavy eye bags twitched, his eyes narrowing as he gazed down the ten-mile-long street. At its end, moonlight illuminated a maid pushing a wheelchair, the white-robed youth seated within, the city lord at his side.

"Young Master Lu of Beiluo..." the Mohist Leader murmured, his brow furrowing.

Behind him, several shadowy figures emerged. "Wei Yu... failed," one said.

"Interesting. To make a frail youth this powerful... Young Master Lu's immortal fate surpasses our expectations," the Mohist Leader said, his aged voice resonating. With a gentle wave of his hand, a deafening roar erupted outside.

Two massive mechanical beasts burst through the inn, landing on the street. Yin-Yang sorcerers, clad in veiled bamboo hats, stood atop rooftops, their robes billowing. The Mohist Leader remained at the window, locking eyes with the youth.

The youth, however, looked back with a trace of regret in his expression.