

Starlit Path 78

Chapter 78: Young Master Lu Slays the Sage in Three Steps

One stood high above at the window, the other below in the street. Their eyes locked in a silent exchange.

The night grew denser, a thick mist veiling the moonlight, dimming its cold clarity to a faint shimmer. Seated in his wheelchair, Lu said nothing, glancing once at the Mohist Leader before shaking his head, his gaze dropping to the metal flute in his hand, its warmth fading. A flicker of regret crossed his face, though what he regretted remained unclear.

At the window, the Mohist Leader narrowed his eyes, his heavy eye bags twitching as he noticed the flute—Wei Yu’s flute. On the rooftops, Yin-Yang School sorcerers stood with their veiled bamboo hats fluttering, while mechanical beasts on the street bared their menacing forms. The chill wind sharpened the air with a murderous edge.

The city lord faced the Mohist Leader, his expression cold. “What is the meaning of this, Leader?” he demanded, drawing his sword, his hair dancing in the wind. A strand of spiritual energy stirred in his qi core, restless as a coiled snake.

The Mohist Leader sighed softly from the window. “Why are you still awake, City Lord? Wouldn’t it be better to sleep soundly until dawn?”

His hoarse voice carried a faint mockery. “The whole city slumbers—why do you alone resist?”

“If I slept, I fear I’d never wake,” the city lord replied icily. “If my guess is correct, the Mohists have planned this for all six guardian cities—Beiluo, Drunken Dragon, Tong’an, Pingnan, Yuanchi, and Wangtian—waiting for this very night.”

The Mohist Leader’s wrinkled face creased into a smile. “Cultivators are variables, but the world’s cycles follow a set course. We cannot let variables disrupt that course. Thus, we must control cultivators until the world is stabilized, only then studying their ways.”

His words weren’t for the city lord—they were aimed at Lu.

The city lord fell silent. The mechanical beasts on the street and rooftops stirred, and as the Mohist Leader’s words ended, killing intent surged. The city lord’s face darkened with dread, while Ni Yu, pushing the wheelchair, paled, her legs trembling.

Lu remained calm, watching the charging mechanical beasts and the Yin-Yang sorcerers leaping from the rooftops. He idly twirled the metal flute. “You know nothing of cultivators,” he said slowly. “You claim they disrupt the world’s order, yet it’s you who defy it with martial might. You think you control everything, but you understand nothing of cultivators.”

He sighed. “I’m disappointed. I thought the true Mohist Leader would come tonight, not an imposter.”

The city lord froze, startled by his words. At the window, the Mohist Leader’s eye bags twitched again, his gaze sharpening. Then he laughed. “The real Mohist Leader warned me to beware of Young Master Lu of Beiluo. His insight is as sharp as ever.”

With a chuckle, the figure reached for their jaw, peeling away a distorted human mask to reveal a sharp, almost sinister face framed by flowing ash-gray hair. The hunched, elderly frame straightened into a tall, imposing figure, their aura transforming entirely.

Lu continued toying with the flute, his expression unchanged. The city lord, however, gasped. “Wei Luan... Sage of the Yin-Yang School!”

A sage of the Hundred Schools, from the most enigmatic faction of all. The city lord was stunned by the Mohist Leader’s cunning, sending a Yin-Yang sage to deal with Lu specifically. Yet, he also knew that in the Wolong Ridge secret realm, Lu’s followers—Ning Zhao and Nie Changqing—had carved through armies, their white robes stained with blood. As their master, Lu was no ordinary figure, his depths unfathomable. Thus, the Mohists had enlisted Wei Luan.

“What did you do to Wei Yu?” Wei Luan demanded, his gray hair billowing as he stepped onto the windowsill and leapt down, his robe flaring as he landed smoothly on the street.

The mechanical beasts roared, and the Yin-Yang sorcerers darted across the rooftops, encircling Lu’s group. The city lord tensed, the presence of a sage exerting immense pressure. Lu, however, remained serene, still playing with the flute.

A mechanical tiger lunged, its roar echoing as moonlight glinted off its cold, lethal frame. “Wei Yu? The bug-playing woman?” Lu said. “Don’t worry—she passed peacefully.”

He flicked the flute. A surge of spiritual energy rippled, and a piercing note exploded from the flute. It vanished, reappearing embedded in the mechanical tiger’s tail, piercing through the beast and the Mechanism School disciple inside. Blood gushed as the tiger collapsed into a heap of parts before Lu, stirring a gust of wind that whipped his white robes.

The flute hovered in the air, a single drop of blood falling from it. Lu glanced at Wei Luan, whose face was now icy. With a downward press of his hand, the flute plunged, pinning a mechanical wolf to the ground, rendering it immobile.

With effortless grace, he had destroyed two mechanical beasts. The surrounding Yin-Yang sorcerers' eyes narrowed.

Wei Luan barked, "Form the array!"

The sorcerers discarded their hats, melding into the darkness. They leapt, diving toward Lu. The city lord swung his sword at one, but the figure dissolved into black mist, his blade slicing air. The sorcerers flickered in and out, bursting into mist and reappearing elsewhere, ghostlike.

Sweat beaded on the city lord's forehead. Even as a grandmaster, he felt a chill, as if the sorcerers could materialize beside him at any moment. Ni Yu, terrified by the eerie scene, crouched on the ground, wishing she could sleep like Luo Cheng. But her strength wouldn't allow it.

Lu, unfazed, plucked a chess piece from the box on his wheelchair. Moonlight pierced the mist, illuminating his face and the spiritual pressure chessboard, casting a faint glow. Holding the piece between his fingers, he faced the elusive sorcerers weaving through the fog.

No matter the direction of the wind, he remained unperturbed. With a casual flick of his sleeve, he placed the piece.

A terrifying spiritual pressure erupted. The air twisted, and two bursts of blood mist exploded in the fog. Two sorcerers, unable to escape, were crushed to nothingness. The survivors landed on rooftops, horrified.

“All flash and no substance,” Lu remarked.

He handed the chessboard to Ni Yu, his gaze fixed on Wei Luan. Rising from his wheelchair, his white robes gleamed like snow. Wei Luan’s pupils shrank, mirroring Wei Yu’s shock at seeing him stand.

“You may be the first sage of the Hundred Schools to die in Beiluo,” Lu said. “But fear not—my temper is mild. I’ll ensure you pass as peacefully as your disciple.”

Wei Luan’s eyes narrowed, his gray hair flaring. He bit his finger, smearing blood across his forehead and down his nose, painting strange patterns on his face—a Yin-Yang School curse seal.

His form blurred. From one, he split into two, then three, then five. Wei Luan multiplied into five identical figures.

Lu’s expression didn’t waver. Black energy surged around him.

He took a step forward.

The ground of Beiluo City seemed to quake.

The five Wei Luans trembled in unison.

He took a second step.

The five figures felt an immense, mountain-like pressure, forcing them to their knees.

He took a third step.

All five knelt fully, heads bowed, their faces contorted with terror.

Lu stood before them, hands behind his back. The black energy around him sharpened into blades, sweeping across. The heads of all five Wei Luans flew, falling as silently and gracefully as autumn leaves, just as serene as Wei Yu's end.