

Starlit Path 86

Chapter 86: You Are No Longer an Ordinary Chicken Farmer

A glint of cold steel flashed first. Mo Shougui's eyes burned with manic obsession. Since losing his arm before Wolong Ridge's Immortal Palace, under countless gazes, his heart had twisted. The once-dashing Mo Shougui had been hunted like a dog, not only losing an arm but abandoning all pride to beg the Mohist Leader for rescue, dragged away like a corpse by mechanical claws. The humiliation was unbearable.

He didn't need pity. Even with one arm, he was still the Mohists' finest ranger. He would take the Soldier School heir's head to Yuanchi, orchestrate the war between Great Zhou and North County, and single-handedly topple a dynasty. He would prove he was still the best.

His sword sliced the air. Suddenly, a pillar of spiritual energy descended from the sky, enveloping the panicked Bai Qingniao and the chick in her arms.

"Cluck... Cock-a-doodle-doo!" A piercing crow tore through the heavens.

Mo Shougui's ears rang with the unmistakable sound of a chicken. As the spiritual energy poured down, he realized Bai Qingniao clutched a chick. "What's that?" he muttered.

Bai Qingniao, frozen by his killing intent, felt it melt away with Little Phoenix One's crow, replaced by a warm, sunrise-like comfort. Her mind flashed to Nine Phoenix Transformations, the mysterious immortal technique for strengthening her chick. Instinctively, she activated it, channeling her innate spiritual energy into a thread that wrapped around Little Phoenix One. Their minds linked, as if she could sense its thoughts.

The spiritual energy pillar surged, flooding into Little Phoenix One. Its yellow fluff turned fiery red, three flaming feathers sprouting on its head. It grew from a chick to the size of a rooster, too big for Bai Qingniao's collar. It burst free, a blazing sun.

Clang! Mo Shougui's sword struck. Little Phoenix One's red eyes flared, its beak pecking his blade with such force he nearly lost his grip. "What is this thing?" he gasped, stepping back, his empty sleeve flapping.

Bai Qingniao's hair danced, her coarse farm clothes reflecting the fire's glow. She was dazed—Little Phoenix One had evolved, reaching the first stage of Nine Phoenix Transformations: Phoenix Hatchling. Its feathers burned, eyes blazing, a proud fighting cock.

Joy replaced her shock. The transformation had saved her from death. Yet, a pang of sadness hit—why did the immortal fate seem meant for her chick, not her?

"An immortal!" Mo Shougui's hair whipped. "This chicken got an immortal fate?" Jealousy consumed him. Why did a chicken

gain such a blessing when he, fighting for his life at Wolong Ridge, lost an arm? "Die!" he roared, his three-foot sword slashing with explosive force.

Bai Qingniao, startled by his aura, stepped back, then grew angry. "Trying to use me to threaten Uncle Jiang? Little Phoenix One, get him!"

The chick's wings beat, hot wind surging, its flaming feathers aglow. It flew at the sword, fearless, its claws clashing with metal in a shower of sparks. Mo Shougui roared, "I, Mo Shougui, can't even beat a chicken?" His blood qi surged, spiritual energy coating his blade.

He swung like rain, but the chick, divinely aided, outmatched him. Its beak and claws, sharp as blades, were wrapped in dense spiritual energy that fueled his envy. His sword pitted under its pecks. Chilian, bloodied and grounded, watched in disbelief as Bai Qingniao, hands on hips, directed the chick to drive Mo Shougui back.

The farmer she knew was gone. When had she gained this immortal fate? Bai Qingniao, exhilarated, felt like she'd eaten ice-cold watermelon on a summer day. "Peck him!" she shouted, flushed with excitement.

Little Phoenix One, thrilled, scattered fiery feathers. Mo Shougui, realizing the chick's uncanny strength, decided to flee. Death by chicken would ruin his name forever. "Qingniao, stop him! Don't let him escape! Kill him!" Chilian urged.

Bai Qingniao froze. Kill? Despite Mo Shougui's intent to kill her, she was just a chicken farmer, never having taken a life. Her hesitation let Mo Shougui retreat, his lightness skill carrying him away.

Suddenly, a breeze stirred. Chilian leapt, her dress fluttering, revealing a curved leg. Her knee slammed into Mo Shougui's waist, pinning him to the ground. "Mohist... Mo Shougui!" she said coldly, her thigh pressing his back.

He opened his mouth. "Wait—"

Chilian didn't hesitate—she knew it led to defeat. A dagger gleamed from her thigh-high slit dress, plunging into his neck. Blood sprayed three feet, splattering her face. Bai Qingniao's legs gave out, and she collapsed. Little Phoenix One, its glow fading, reverted to a chick, flopping to the ground like a fuzzy ball.

Chilian staggered up, dragging Mo Shougui's wide-eyed corpse. Her leg's wound bled vividly. Standing over Bai Qingniao, she dropped the body. "From the moment you gained your immortal fate, you were no longer an ordinary chicken farmer. The world of cultivators is far crueler. Your Uncle Jiang wanted you to live peacefully, but fate disagrees. This is your first lesson: killing."

The courtyard fell silent, save for the wind stirring dust. Sunlight cast Chilian's shadow, blurring her face in Bai Qingniao's eyes.