

# Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

## Chapter 111: I Am Going to Start a Bloody Slaughter

[ 1,642 words ]

Rumble!

Accompanied by thunderous rolling explosions, a streak of escaping light shot across the sky, followed by dozens of similar streaks.

In the fleeing light at the front, a young man in black robes with a gloomy expression was gritting his teeth as he continuously activated a spiritual treasure in his hand.

This treasure was named “Void-Piercing Sky-Escape Black Shuttle,” which could multiply the speed of flight and even allowed short-distance void traversal when empowered.

This man was none other than the true disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect, Qin Tianhe!

However, at this moment, Qin Tianhe looked extremely wretched.

If it weren't for the “Void-Piercing Sky-Escape Black Shuttle” in his hand, he would have long been reduced to bones.

Behind him were a group of Buddhist cultivators in hot pursuit.

“These shameless bald donkeys are definitely playing dirty tricks!”

While fleeing, Qin Tianhe cursed furiously, clearly having noticed something was wrong.

After all, the speed at which these Buddhist cultivators gathered and their tracking precision were far too abnormal.

No matter how he concealed his Qi, this group could lock onto him with terrifying accuracy.

Of course, he had tried to turn around and counterattack.

However, this pursuing group was clearly not to be underestimated, and they were highly skilled in joint attack techniques.

Although the leader was slightly weaker than him, the difference wasn't significant.

Under these circumstances, he had no chance of winning alone.

Thus, Qin Tianhe could only continue fleeing while cursing loudly behind him.

"Donor, your karmic connection has arrived."

Behind him, a Buddhist cultivator pressed his palms together, his voice booming like thunder: "Our 【Fulong Temple】 is in need of protectors. You could serve as one for our temple."

"The Demon Sect uses people as materials, commits countless evils, disrespects merit, and disregards cause and effect. It is a place full of karmic obstacles, not a land of pure cultivation.

If you can abandon darkness for the light, join the Pure Land, and from then on devote yourself to the righteous path, listening to the Supreme Teachings of the World Honored One, wouldn't that be wonderful?

Why suffer in that Demon Sect any longer?"

".Amitabha!"

In an instant, more than ten Buddhist cultivators responded in unison.

Amid the rolling thunderous voices, sutra recitations mixed in, causing Qin Tianhe's head to throb violently, as if something was drilling into his sea of consciousness.

"Trying to convert me!?"

Qin Tianhe's face turned iron-gray.

He forcibly circulated his True Qi, suppressing the Buddhist chants in his ears while accelerating his escape into the distance.

Seeing this, the leading Buddhist cultivator frowned deeply.

At the same time, another Buddhist cultivator stepped forward and whispered, "Senior Brother Guangming, this person is extremely skilled in escaping. He might not be easy to capture."

Guangming shook his head and said, "Junior Brother, you don't understand. Our master at 【Fulong Temple】 urgently needs to recruit more followers. Otherwise, we wouldn't have been sent to participate in this Dao-struggle. The purpose is to use this opportunity

to convert outsiders and fill the ranks of 【Fulong Temple】 , otherwise, how could we advance further?”

“This person’s methods are extraordinary. He is clearly a true disciple of the Demon Sect.”

“Therefore, the harder he is to catch, the more we must capture him!

On the righteous-demonic battlefield, if we truly manage to seize a true disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect, the Bodhisattva will surely protect us.”

“Continue the pursuit!”

As the leader of this group of Buddhist cultivators, since Guangming had spoken, no one dared to object and immediately continued chasing after Qin Tianhe.

Similar scenes were occurring all across the Boundary Heaven.

Of course, the disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect varied in strength.

Some were strong like Qin Tianhe, a true disciple, while others were merely at the late Qi Refining stage, leading to vastly different outcomes.

Some counterattacked furiously and killed their pursuers.

Some were besieged and died in battle after exhausting their strength.

Some, seeing no way to escape, self-destructed to perish with their enemies.

However, regardless of the outcome, being preemptively located, ambushed, and outnumbered, the losses of the Primordial Saint Sect were far greater than those of the Dao Court and the Pure Land.

In a desolate wilderness, sword light radiated brilliantly.

Clang!

With the fall of a magical sword, the void split open, revealing a tall and valiant woman who walked out, holding a severed head in her hand.

“Fairy Miaozen lives up to her name!”

Below, Wang Jinting from the Dao Court clapped and laughed: “This Demon Sect true disciple was indeed formidable. Without the Fairy’s intervention, he wouldn’t have been easy to capture.”

“A mere demon is not worth mentioning.”

The tall woman replied coldly: “Now that my divine powers have been perfected and I am about to reach the Foundation Establishment Realm, I must challenge the world with my sword. Using these demons as offerings for my sword is a fitting end for them.”

Outside Boundary Heaven, three True Lords sat in a circle, their Dharma Bodies towering into the heavens.

Their gazes overlooked all changes within Boundary Heaven, nothing escaping their divine sight.

At this moment, one of the Dharma Bodies suddenly burst into laughter: “Qing Cheng, it seems we have taken the lead this time!”

“Amitabha.”

Another Dharma Body chanted the Buddha’s name.

Although he didn’t say much, the meaning was clear—they believed they had already gained the upper hand.

After all, this time they came well-prepared.

Not only had they brought two targeted Fruit Position Treasures, but they had also created situations of ambush and outnumbering.

They even invited a true disciple from the Sword Pavilion as external reinforcement, filling the gap in high-end combat power, showing how much effort they had invested.

Naturally, the results were very satisfactory to them.

Such a marvelous opening!

However, despite the mockery from the two True Lords of the Dao Court and the Pure Land, Qing Cheng Feixue, the True Lord of the Primordial Saint Sect, remained utterly calm, seemingly unconcerned about the disadvantage.

Seeing her like this, the two True Lords frowned instead.

Could there be a problem?

The demonic sects were known for their ruthless and cunning ways.

Both Jiangdong and Jiangxi had deeply experienced this.

Qing Cheng Feixue's calmness was truly unsettling.

'But no matter what, this time the three factions have joined forces to suppress the Demonic Path.'

'The advantage is ours!'

Boundary Heaven.

A fierce look gradually appeared on Qin Tianhe's face.

He had been fleeing for half an hour, and his True Qi was nearly depleted.

Yet, Guangming and his group of Buddhist cultivators continued to pursue relentlessly.

Their more than ten streaks of escaping light even merged into a golden dragon shape.

Qin Tianhe recognized it.

It was the divine power of the Eight Divisions of Buddhist Followers of the Deep Joy Pure Land, specifically belonging to the 【Dragon Division】 , not something ordinary among Buddhist cultivators.

What made Qin Tianhe feel utterly helpless was that he had vaguely guessed Guangming's true intention.

"These bald donkeys... are using me as bait!"

Qin Tianhe gritted his teeth.

In fact, Guangming and the others could have killed him long ago, yet they deliberately kept him alive, maintaining the appearance of a relentless pursuit.

They were waiting to see if anyone would come to rescue him?

Thinking of this, Qin Tianhe suddenly found it a bit amusing.

What did these bald donkeys take the Primordial Saint Sect for?

A bunch of kind-hearted people who cared about their comrades and sacrificed themselves for others?

Rather than hoping for someone to save him, it was more realistic to find a few fellow disciples to use as human shields.

In fact, Qin Tianhe was already planning to do just that.

As the saying goes, “Better you die than I die.”

As a disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect, he had always been clear on such matters of life and death.

However, at this moment, a sudden whistling sound came from the sky.

“What... is that?”

“Looks like another demon from Jiangbei!”

Both Guangming and Qin Tianhe looked up at the same time, their faces lighting up with joy.

The former was pleased at finding another prey, while the latter was glad to have found someone to take the fall for him.

Boom!

In the next instant, a streak of light descended from the sky like a fiery meteor, causing the earth to shake and thunder to roar wherever it passed.

Only after landing did the light suddenly split apart.

Immediately after, Lü Yang stepped out from it, sword light surrounding him, stirring the spiritual tides in all directions.

The moment he appeared, Qin Tianhe froze on the spot.

Such a display made Guangming’s heart tense up as well.

He didn’t rush forward but instead stopped in his tracks and said in a deep voice, “May I ask where this donor comes from?”

Swish!

The Sword Pill exploded with a sharp hum, flashing in an instant!

Lü Yang didn’t bother to answer.

He raised his sword and struck directly.

The Buddhist cultivator at the front immediately activated his Dharma technique, erecting a sturdy golden body.

This was a common tactic of the Pure Land during group battles.

Those with forged golden bodies and many life-saving techniques stood at the front to shield the others.

The remaining Buddhist cultivators would then cast divine arts from behind, supplemented by formation support, forming a mobile fortress that could attack or defend.

Thus, when Lü Yang made his move, the Buddhist cultivators immediately responded in their usual formation.

“I’ll hold him off, you—”

Before the leading Buddhist cultivator could finish his sentence, he felt his voice cut off at the throat.

Then his vision spun wildly.

“...Ah?”

His golden body had been tempered for decades.

Ordinary high-grade magical treasures shouldn’t have been able to break through so easily.

But now, it felt like it was made of paper.

With a single sword strike, he was decapitated!

Lü Yang’s expression remained indifferent.

He didn’t know that the Pure Land and the Dao Court had already joined forces.

He didn’t know that the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion had sent an old acquaintance as external reinforcement for this battle.

Under the watchful eyes of the True Lords above, all he knew was that he was going to start a bloody slaughter!

The strength of his swings, the height of his raises, the precision of his spells, the speed of his pursuit—

Only by going all out could he show the Primordial Saint Sect’s True Lord his determination!

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 112: Newbie Village Fish Blasting

[ 965 words ]

When a monk who had cultivated a Golden Body fell heavily to the ground at the front of the formation, Guang Ming at the rear instantly reacted.

"Should I attain Buddhahood, if the beings in my land are not entirely golden in color, I shall not take up the Supreme Right Enlightenment."

This was the "Great Mantra of the True Golden Body", one of the forty-eight great mantras in the 『Root Sutra of Mahayana Right Enlightenment』, and it was also the divine mantra Guang Ming primarily cultivated.

As Guang Ming's voice spread, golden light bloomed from the bodies of all the monks it passed, as if they had all received the blessing of the Golden Body.

Then, these golden bodies connected with each other, forming a golden canopy that gradually spread out in all directions!

This was a protective great mantra.

Under the blessing of the great mantra, even those who had not cultivated the Golden Body Art could temporarily obtain its power.

Moreover, the more people there were, the greater the enhancement of the mantra's power.

However, in the blink of an eye, a loud explosion rang out.

Boom!

Before Guang Ming's stunned gaze, the great mantra's protective light he had just activated with all his strength lasted less than a second before being effortlessly shattered by a flash of sword light.

In the blink of an eye, another monk was decapitated.

"This is impossible... Foundation Establishment True Person!?"

Guang Ming's pupils shrank sharply.

His "Great Mantra of the True Golden Body" also carried positional authority.

In theory, even a grand divine ability should not be able to break it so easily.

And he had seen Lü Yang's Blood Sun Sword Pill clearly.

At best, it barely qualified as a superior magical tool.

Even among superior magical tools, it was far from top-tier, let alone comparable to a spirit treasure.

With such material, it should have been impossible to break his protective great mantra.

Unless the opponent's positional authority was far above his own!

"To think I'd see this day..."

As the sword light swept out, Lü Yang let out a satisfied breath.

After all, having played in high-level matches for so long, today he finally stumbled into a newbie fish pond match.

Guang Ming's guess was spot on.

Lü Yang had not used any divine abilities at all.

Given his current high positional authority, which was close to Foundation Establishment, even if he urinated, it could pierce through Guang Ming.

"Utterly without challenge."

"But... I love things without challenge!"

"After all the hard work to reach a high realm, isn't it all for the sake of bullying newbies?"

"Blasting fish in the newbie village is my favorite!"

The next moment, a Vajra Pestle came crashing down.

Lü Yang raised an eyebrow at the sight, neither dodging nor evading, calmly watching the Vajra Pestle crash onto his forehead without even scratching his skin.

The gap in positional authority was as vast as the sky.

In combat between cultivators, if their positional authorities were not equal, it was like someone at the foot of a mountain trying to strike someone standing at the peak—utterly impossible.

Thus, even a Vajra Pestle capable of splitting mountains and rocks was no more than a gentle breeze to Lü Yang.

It couldn't even hinder his movements.

In an instant, Lü Yang once again transformed into sword light, stirring up a wave of air as he slashed toward another monk, taking yet another head.

However, at that moment, Guang Ming's eyes suddenly lit up.

Immediately, a jade bottle appeared in his hand, which he threw toward Lü Yang.

The jade bottle exploded mid-air, releasing waves of crimson flames that spread rapidly.

Wherever the crimson flames passed, it was as if a bottomless abyss had appeared, madly devouring the surrounding spiritual energy.

Several monks standing near Lü Yang were merely brushed by the firelight.

Without even managing a scream, they were reduced to a puff of blue smoke in the explosive flames, leaving not a single bone behind!

Guang Ming retreated rapidly as if fleeing from a venomous snake.

This was because this flame was known as the "Six Harmonies Dust-Cleansing Flame".

It used spiritual energy as fuel.

As long as spiritual energy existed, it was unquenchable.

Once it landed on a cultivator, it clung like bone-eating maggots.

More importantly, its positional authority was high enough.

It had been bestowed by his master, the "Fulong Arhat", taken from the Heavenly Gang **【Blazing Fire Dragon】** .

It was something for Foundation Establishment cultivators, naturally overwhelming against Qi Refining cultivators!

"This person was still too arrogant..."

Guang Ming watched wide-eyed as the crimson flames filled the air, engulfing Lü Yang's figure.

His previously tense mood immediately relaxed, and he let out a long breath of relief.

"Such a pity... once he's burned to ashes, he can't be offered to the 【Fulong Temple】 anymore."

However, in the next moment, he froze.

His eyes widened in disbelief, only to see Lü Yang standing leisurely within the sea of crimson flames.

Only his eyes shone red under the reflection of the fire.

"...No!"

Before Guang Ming could finish his words—

Boom!

With a deafening explosion, the crimson flames suddenly spread even more violently, instantly engulfing the surrounding monks.

And within the flames, there was still a figure harvesting lives with impunity!

The so-called "Six Harmonies Dust-Cleansing Flame" might have posed a massive threat to others, but to Lü Yang, it was utterly useless.

After all, he had seen the real 【Blazing Fire Dragon】 in his previous life.

How could a mere split-off flame possibly harm him?

Lü Yang casually performed a corpse-shedding technique, shedding his form and easily escaping all the flames.

Immediately after, he once again transformed into sword light, reversing the explosion of the "Six Harmonies Dust-Cleansing Flame".

Borrowing the momentum of the fire, he began a frenzied slaughter.

Heads flew skyward, trailing streams of blood.

Such a scene terrified the remaining monks.

Guang Ming felt only icy despair in his heart.

What a joke, this was definitely a direct disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect's True Lord.

How could a great devil like this be someone he could hope to fight?

However, he remained exceptionally calm at this moment.

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[ 1,456 words ]

“One escaped.”

On the scorched earth, one deep crater after another appeared, as if it had just been plowed over, and in each crater lay a mangled corpse.

Seventeen Buddhist cultivators, one had escaped.

The remaining sixteen were all blown to pieces by Lü Yang's Secret Demonic Yin Thunder of the Nine Heavens Dao Talisman, and the Buddhist light that was supposed to suppress Yin Evil had not worked in the slightest.

But this was normal, after all, suppression was always relative.

For example, water and fire countered each other.

Under normal circumstances, water indeed restrained fire.

However, when the flames covered thousands of miles, what use was a single cup of water?

The gap between Lü Yang and these Buddhist cultivators was even greater than such a comparison.

In this regard, Guang Ming, who had escaped, understood this very clearly.

At this moment, in a forest several thousand miles away from Lü Yang, there was the gathering place of the Buddhist cultivators.

Guang Hai, the leader of Pure Land this time, was here.

“Hmm?”

Suddenly, Guang Hai, who had been meditating with his eyes closed, abruptly opened his eyes, and a ripple of golden Buddhist light visible to the naked eye surged around him.

In the next moment, Guang Ming staggered and fell out from within the Buddhist light.

The moment he landed, he looked around in terror.

Only when he did not see that terrifying figure did he genuinely breathe a sigh of relief.

“I escaped! I made it out alive!”

All his scheming to gather all the Buddhist cultivators and use them as meat shields had not been in vain.

On the surface, he had been preparing a big move.

But in reality, he had activated the “Same-Heart Life-Link Talisman” to flee.

The Same-Heart Life-Link Talisman was a Fruit Position Treasure of the Buddhist cultivators of Pure Land.

Its effect allowed the one who owned the talisman to teleport any cultivator marked by it to their side.

This effect could even be reversed, and Guang Ming had used a secret technique to activate it, instantly teleporting to Guang Hai’s side.

“What happened?”

Seeing the disheveled Guang Ming, Guang Hai frowned slightly.

“You encountered a powerful enemy? How many of them were there? Where are your companions?”

Hearing this, Guang Ming was momentarily stunned.

At that moment, his mind began to race.

Tell the truth?

What a joke!

Was he supposed to tell his senior brother that he had fled the battlefield?

That would truly be a death sentence!

After all, to account for the deaths of the other Buddhist cultivators, Guang Ming was certain that this senior brother of his would not hesitate to take his head as a sacrificial offering.

Guang Ming's eyes rolled, and in the next second, his face was filled with grief as he choked back tears and said, "Many! There were too many to count! Those demon scum seemed to have prepared a backup plan as well! I fought desperately, killed a few, and barely escaped with my life. The rest were all slaughtered by those demons!"

"What?"

Before Guang Ming could finish his words, Guang Hai's expression turned grim.

For a moment, he felt like he was facing a great enemy.

Had those demons of the Primordial Saint Sect already gathered their forces as well?

"We must find a way to annihilate them."

Guang Hai took this matter extremely seriously and immediately called over another Buddhist cultivator clad in a kasaya.

"Guang Hui, take the 【Dragon Division】 to exterminate those demons."

The Buddhist cultivators of Deep Joy Pure Land were divided into Eight Divisions of Buddhist Hosts.

Among them, the 【Dragon Division】 ranked second and was the most elite force under Guang Hai's command.

After giving the order, Guang Hai looked at Guang Ming again.

"Junior Brother Guang Ming, you will lead the way."

"Ah? Me?"

Guang Ming froze, his mouth twitching slightly, and his heart filled with reluctance.

However, under Guang Hai's gaze, he could only grit his Buddhist teeth, forcing a smile and nodding.

'It's fine, there shouldn't be any problem this time, right?'

Looking at the overwhelming force of the 【Dragon Division】 , numbering in the hundreds, Guang Ming felt a bit more at ease.

After all, no matter how powerful the enemy was, it was just one person.

Moreover, among the 【Dragon Division】 , the weakest were at mid-stage Qi Refining.

The leader, Guang Hui, had mastered three great mantras.

At a critical moment, he could gather all the cultivators to perform a secret technique, manifesting a mighty Dragon-Elephant Vajra.

His position was extremely high, nearly equivalent to a Guardian Vajra, second only to Foundation Establishment True Persons.

With such strength, how could they lose?

No matter how strong that demon was, he was still just at Qi Refining.

With over a hundred Buddhist cultivators swarming him, it was impossible for him to kill them all before his Qi was exhausted!

Meanwhile, on the scorched battlefield.

“By the True Lord above... A Foundation Establishment True Person can actually enter the Boundary Heaven?”

Looking at Lü Yang’s back, Qin Tianhe fell into deep confusion.

It was obvious that the previous misunderstanding he had when he met Lü Yang had not yet been resolved.

It had even deepened.

But that was not surprising.

After all, Lü Yang’s battle just now had been overwhelmingly destructive.

To Qin Tianhe, it was no different from facing a Foundation Establishment True Person directly.

However, in the next moment, Qin Tianhe became excited again.

Although he did not know how Lü Yang, as a “Foundation Establishment True Person”, had entered the secret realm, it was enough to know that Lü Yang was a True Person of their Primordial Saint Sect.

This battle was won for sure!

At the same time, Lü Yang paid no attention to Qin Tianhe's misunderstanding.

His focus was entirely on the corpses of the Buddhist cultivators littering the ground before him.

"Perhaps I can make use of them..."

With that thought, Lü Yang immediately formed a hand seal and unfolded the Myriad Spirits Banner.

In an instant, thick white smoke began to drift up from each of the surrounding corpses.

Then, one by one, these Buddhist cultivators' bodies turned into Qi.

Their souls floated out and were absorbed into the Myriad Spirits Banner.

Once their true spirits were attached to the banner, the white smoke began to reform.

The sixteen Buddhist cultivators reappeared, all bowing low to Lü Yang.

"Greetings, Master!"

Only then did Lü Yang nod in satisfaction.

Looking at the still spacious Myriad Spirits Banner, his heart burned with excitement.

Perhaps this Dao-Seizing Battle was also a great opportunity!

An opportunity to completely refine the Myriad Spirits Banner to perfection!

After all, this Dao-Seizing Battle had gathered so many cultivators from Jiangdong and Jiangxi, from the Dao Court and Pure Land.

All over these mountains and fields, weren't they all talents brimming with life?

"How interesting..."

At that moment, the figure of Ancestor Nether Whisper appeared behind Lü Yang.

He observed the Banner Spirits of the Buddhist cultivators with great interest and suddenly spoke:

"I once studied Jiangdong's 【Heaven's Proxy Hunting Path】 , from which I created the 【Yama Palace】 ."

"Now it seems that Jiangxi also has something worth learning."

“If you can collect more of these Buddhist cultivators, perhaps I can refine the 【Yama Palace】 further, making it even more powerful.”

“Oh?”

Ancestor Nether Wishper’s suggestion immediately brightened Lü Yang’s eyes.

Because he suddenly thought of the 【Fulong Temple】 that Fulong Arhat had once used on him in his past life.

The so-called 【Fulong Temple】 was actually Fulong Arhat’s Dao Foundation.

However, Buddhist cultivators established their foundations not in the Foundation Establishment Realm, but within the Deep Joy Pure Land opened by the World Honored One of Jiangxi.

Their Dao Foundation was their own temple.

The more prosperous the incense and the more gathered the Buddhist hosts, the stronger the temple’s master would become.

If Ancestor Nether Wishper could incorporate this concept into the 【Yama Palace】 , then with the scale of the Banner Spirits within the Myriad Spirits Banner, it could elevate his strength once again!

Without hesitation, Lü Yang cupped his hands.

“Then I’ll trouble Ancestor to put in the effort!”

Ancestor Nether Wishper sighed.

“Strengthening the 【Yama Palace】 also strengthens the foundation of our Witch Ghost Path.”

“This is all I can do now.”

“Try not to disturb me again. I need to go into seclusion for a while.”

“It’s a pity that there are too few Buddhist Banner Spirits collected this time, only a dozen or so.”

“Otherwise, I could comprehend even faster.”

With these words, Ancestor Nether Wishper led the group of Buddhist cultivators into the cave dwelling within the Myriad Spirits Banner, clearly intending to thoroughly study the Buddhist methods.

Seeing this, Lü Yang finally understood the proper way to utilize Ancestor Nether Wishper.

Sending him out to duel with others?

Too small-minded, what a narrow view!

This was clearly a solid technical talent.

Far more effective than the Bright Dao Jade Slip from two lifetimes ago.

Anything requiring comprehension could practically be entrusted to him!

From this, it was evident that as long as the exceptionally gifted Ancestor Nether Wishper worked diligently, Lü Yang would undoubtedly go even further in this lifetime!

By then, perhaps he too could proudly declare:

“I, Lü Yang, have achieved today’s cultivation realm solely thanks to my extraordinary talent and unremitting effort!”

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## Chapter 114: Daring to Counterattack Against Me

[ 1,270 words ]

After sending off his talent and effort to research how to upgrade the 【Yama Palace】 , Lü Yang glanced at the battlefield again, still feeling a bit unsatisfied.

“What a pity, it will be impossible to achieve such results again in a short time.”

After all, one had escaped.

After that person returned, they would definitely report the situation, and in that case, the Buddhist cultivators probably wouldn’t recklessly gather again to deal with him.

“Disciple Tianhe greets the True Person!”

Just as Lü Yang put away the Myriad Spirits Banner, he saw Qin Tianhe hurriedly trotting over, just like before, bowing respectfully without saying a word.

Seeing this, Lü Yang could only let out a helpless smile.

Unlike the last time at the Balanced Sea, he was not truly a Foundation Establishment True Person.

If he tacitly admitted it like this and was later exposed, it would actually be very troublesome.

Thus, he decisively said, “Senior Brother, you misunderstand.”

“I am Lü Yang, a newly promoted true disciple, not a Foundation Establishment True Person.”

“Lü Yang?”

Hearing this, Qin Tianhe was stunned for a moment.

He had just talked about this name with his friend Xu Xin not long ago.

Wasn’t that a newcomer who had just become a true disciple?

At this moment, the clever mind of a Saint Sect disciple started spinning wildly.

First, he ruled out the possibility that Lü Yang wasn’t a Foundation Establishment cultivator.

After all, with such strength, killing Qi Refining cultivators was like cutting grass.

Who would believe that he wasn’t Foundation Establishment?

I understand now!

What new true disciple?

Clearly, this was a Foundation Establishment True Person who had deliberately hidden and disguised his identity for this Dao Seizing Battle!

The person before him must be the reincarnation of one of the Saint Sect’s True Persons.

Deliberately switching identities to bully the weak in this Dao Seizing Battle, ensuring the Saint Sect stood out.

Sinister, truly sinister!

As expected of a True Person of the Saint Sect!

Seeing Qin Tianhe's constantly changing expression, Lü Yang found it a bit strange.

"What are you thinking about?"

As soon as he spoke, Qin Tianhe shivered and quickly shook his head.

"No! Nothing at all! True Person, you are wise and mighty, this disciple admires you greatly!"

Lü Yang waved his hand again.

"I already said, I'm not a True Person."

Qin Tianhe quickly nodded.

"Yes, yes, not a True Person."

"Our Saint Sect definitely didn't send a True Person in. Please rest assured, I fully understand now!"

Beast, what the hell do you understand?

Lü Yang shook his head and was about to speak again when suddenly his expression tightened.

His divine sense sensed something, and he raised his head to look into the distant sky.

"Boom rumble!"

A great sound spread like ten thousand war drums beating together, like angry thunder rolling through the sky.

It felt like something had exceeded a certain boundary and was rapidly approaching.

Then, at the edge of the sky, a golden light slowly rose.

The golden light crossed the land, covering thousands of miles in what seemed like a single leap, instantly illuminating Lü Yang's face.

In the blink of an eye, it split apart, revealing layer upon layer of light and shadow.

Immediately after, from within the light and shadow, appeared a host of solemn Buddhist cultivators.

Some held meditation staffs, some wore kasayas, some had strings of prayer beads around their necks, and some held golden alms bowls.

All of them displayed unusual appearances: some had three heads and six arms, some had Dharma Eyes on their foreheads, all floating in the sky in formation.

In the next second, the over a hundred Buddhist cultivators all spoke in unison:

“Amitabha!”

Four characters, each like a thunderclap exploding in the air, the rolling thunderous sound roaring and crashing like tidal waves toward the two of them.

“Ugh!”

Qin Tianhe’s face turned slightly pale.

The Buddhist Thunder Chant Technique grew stronger with more people.

So many Buddhist cultivators chanting together was enough to affect him significantly.

However, at that moment, Lü Yang suddenly took a step forward.

With his divine sense transformed by the Thought-Severing Heaven-Seeing Silkworm Secret Art, he was completely unafraid of the roaring thunderous Buddhist chant.

He took a step forward, swept his divine sense, and all the Buddhist sounds within three feet of his body instantly dissipated, as if they had never existed.

In an instant, Lü Yang faced hundreds alone, yet remained completely at ease.

Instead, seeing Lü Yang standing there, the leading Buddhist cultivator Guang Hui began to frown.

Wasn’t it said that there were dozens or hundreds of people?

“Guang Ming?”

Guang Hui turned around and saw Guang Ming looking extremely awkward, not stepping forward at all, but instead trying to shrink back.

His eyes shifted, and he immediately understood.

Another case of false military intelligence?

“Useless trash!”

Guang Hui cursed softly under his breath, then looked back at Lü Yang again.

Although Guang Ming had caused them to mobilize such a large force unnecessarily, it was a fortunate mistake.

If the other side had really defeated Guang Ming and his subordinates alone, bringing only a few dozen people might indeed not have been enough.

But now, with all one hundred and eight Buddhist cultivators of the 【Fulong Temple】 gathered, victory should be guaranteed.

Thinking of this, Guang Hui suddenly smiled.

“Fellow practitioner, how about we make a deal?”

“..A deal?”

“That’s right.”

Guang Hui pointed at Qin Tianhe and continued.

“As long as you hand over that demon behind you, you may leave freely.”

—Of course, this was nonsense.

In Guang Hui’s view, although Qin Tianhe was far inferior to Lü Yang, he still had status.

If the two joined forces, there might still be a sliver of hope.

However, among demon cultivators, there had never been true unity.

Facing pressure, it was very likely they would sell each other out.

Similar things had happened before.

So Guang Hui wanted to test Lü Yang with this tactic.

If he could divide them, so much the better.

However, after Lü Yang heard this, he only sneered.

To be honest, if he really faced a desperate situation where selling a teammate could let him survive, he wouldn't mind doing it.

Better the other dies than him, after all.

But only if it was truly desperate.

"You are still far from enough."

Lü Yang shook his head, waved his sleeve, and smiled.

"Since you've all come, you won't be leaving today."

"I just so happen to need talents like you."

Hearing this, Guang Hui frowned slightly.

"Fellow practitioner, you are alone. Must you fight this hopeless battle?"

"Who is truly the trapped beast, that remains to be seen."

As soon as Lü Yang finished speaking, Guang Hui's pupils shrank suddenly.

He instinctively looked around.

He saw that the previously clear sky had unknowingly filled with black mist.

Clang clang——!

The black mist churned, the sound of armor clashing echoed endlessly.

Soon, heavily armored ghost soldiers and generals emerged one after another, staring at the Buddhist cultivators.

Some even saw the figures of the Buddhist cultivators who had died earlier.

"Junior Brother Yuan Jue?"

"And Junior Brother Yuan Hao is here too!"

"What is that!?"

Boom rumble!

The sound of an earthquake spread out.

It was the deafening roar of tens of thousands of witch ghosts marching in unison, enveloping the heavens and earth!

Although the 【Fulong Temple】 that Guang Hui brought this time was already elite, with one hundred and eight Buddhist cultivators, the weakest among them being mid-stage Qi Refining,

they were now surrounded by tens of thousands of witch ghosts!

From early Qi Refining to peak Qi Refining, they had it all.

It was like a small sect of its own!

What the hell was this thing!?

“W-wait, fellow practitioner...”

Before Guang Hui could finish his words, deafening battle cries drowned out his voice.

The overwhelming yin energy even obscured the entire sky full of Buddha light.

Beside Lü Yang, the figure of Ancestor Nether Wishper reappeared, looking helpless.

“Didn’t I tell you not to disturb me?”

“Apologies, Ancestor.”

Lü Yang also shook his head.

“After all, I didn’t expect that... after being slaughtered once, these bald donkeys not only didn’t run, but even dared to counterattack against me.”

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## Chapter 115: The Terror of the Myriad Spirits Banner

[ 1,482 words ]

“Do not panic! This is merely one of the opponent's magical tools! No matter how powerful a magical tool is, it still requires enough True Qi to activate. After all, he is just one person!”

Among the monks of the 【Fulong Temple】 , Guang Hui was obviously much more capable and composed than Guang Ming.

At the very least, he stabilized the situation immediately, unlike Guang Ming who only knew how to deceive and then flee.

Very quickly, the group of Buddhist cultivators gathered around him and swiftly formed a defensive line.

In the next moment, countless witch ghosts swarmed forward.

“Amitabha!”

The Buddhist cultivator standing at the very front let out a thunderous chant.

Golden light erupted from his body as he struck out with a punch, instantly clearing the witch ghosts before him.

However, it was all in vain.

The witch ghosts that followed showed not the slightest hesitation.

They even devoured the corpses of their fallen kind, making themselves stronger before charging forward again.

Boom!

The witch ghosts didn't even bother engaging in combat with the Buddhist cultivators.

The moment they got close, they self-destructed.

The erupting Yin Qi was like venom, corroding the golden bodies of the Buddhist cultivators.

“If, when I become a Buddha, the celestial beings in my land are not all golden in color, I shall not attain supreme enlightenment.”

At the center of the formation, Guang Hui fully unleashed his True Qi, empowering the surrounding Buddhist cultivators with the “Great Incantation of True Golden Body”.

Vast Buddhist light instantly evaporated all the Yin Qi.

“Hold your ground! These witch ghosts are not strong!”

At this moment, Guang Hui could no longer care about showing mercy.

His face twisted ferociously as he desperately tried to boost morale.

And he wasn't speaking nonsense.

In fact, although the witch ghosts within the Myriad Spirits Banner were numerous, only eight of them were comparable to the peak of Qi Refining Realm.

And they were all key components of the 【Yama Palace】 .

Lü Yang would not deploy them, so all the ones attacking so far were below the peak of Qi Refining Realm and not true opponents for the Buddhist cultivators.

However, if empowered by higher-ranked positions, it would be a completely different matter.

In the next second, a witch ghost at only the mid-stage of Qi Refining pounced on a late-stage Qi Refining Buddhist cultivator at the front.

A seemingly weak Yin Qi burst forth.

Puff!

The golden body of the late-stage Qi Refining cultivator, which should have been indestructible, suddenly weakened countless times.

It shattered under the tearing Yin Qi!

“Ah!”

The Buddhist cultivator screamed in agony, desperately unleashing True Qi to shake off the witch ghost.

However, more than ten witch ghosts immediately surged forward, engulfing him in an instant.

“How could this be...”

Witnessing this scene, Guang Hui almost crushed his teeth in fury.

With his insight, he could clearly tell that the seemingly weak witch ghost easily breaking the golden body was entirely due to being empowered by a higher-ranked position.

Meanwhile, their side was weakened because their position was not high enough.

At this moment, Guang Hui was utterly bewildered.

The True Lords above had clearly stated that Foundation Establishment True Persons were not allowed to enter the secret realm!

At the very least, it should have been impossible for a Foundation Establishment True Person to slip past the True Lords' divine sight.

So... this demon in front of them wasn't Foundation Establishment?

If this wasn't Foundation Establishment, then what the hell was it!?

However, the situation didn't allow him to keep thinking.

The outermost Buddhist cultivators had already started to collapse, their golden bodies continuously breaking apart under the corrosion of the Yin Qi.

"Only... decapitation will work!"

Guang Hui raised his head, his gaze falling on Lü Yang behind the countless witch ghosts.

A bitter smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, but it quickly faded and turned into determination.

"If, when I become a Buddha, there are still hells, hungry ghosts, or beasts in my land, I shall not attain supreme enlightenment."

"If, when I become a Buddha, the celestial beings in my land, after death, fall again into the three evil paths, I shall not attain supreme enlightenment."

"If, when I become a Buddha, the celestial beings in my land are not all golden in color, I shall not attain supreme enlightenment."

With his lips and teeth moving, Guang Hui chanted three great incantations.

Magnificent Buddhist light rapidly spread from him to the surroundings.

Within the Buddhist light, a temple faintly emerged.

Monks inside the temple were performing morning rituals.

Thunderous Dharma echoed throughout the temple, a true ancient monastery where the chime of bells rang solemnly.

Above the temple's main gate, three large, dragon-like characters were inscribed:

【Fulong Temple】!

In the next moment, all the Buddhist cultivators dissolved within the Buddhist light and vanished without a trace.

All the Buddhist light gathered together, finally transforming into a towering golden Dharma Body.

“Dragon Elephant Vast Power Vajra Body!”

This was the strongest combat method of Pure Land Buddhist cultivators.

Pure Land cultivation pursued the “Path of Deep Bliss and Annihilation”, which meant annihilating oneself and realizing that one's fleeting self was merely another manifestation of the supreme World Honored One when delivering the world from suffering.

Thus, the more a Buddhist cultivator comprehended their “True Self”, the closer they became to the World Honored One who pioneered the Path of Deep Bliss and Annihilation, and the greater the divine powers they mastered.

This unique characteristic allowed Buddhist cultivators to possess a supernatural ability distinct from other Daoist sects.

That was when multiple Buddhist cultivators performed a secret art together, unifying their consciousness into a single “self”, allowing them to surpass the limitations of their cultivation level and borrow higher-ranked positions from the Deep Bliss Pure Land!

The higher the position, the more Buddhist cultivators were needed.

For example, Qi Refining Buddhist cultivators required all eight Buddhist divisions to come together to borrow a single Foundation Establishment position.

Even a single division could only gather a position close to Foundation Establishment, known as the Guardian Vajra, considered a high-ranked position within Qi Refining.

At this moment, Guang Hui had unified the entire 【Dragon Division】.

Over a hundred Buddhist cultivators merged into one.

The “Dragon Elephant Vast Power Vajra” they manifested was the pinnacle of them all!

“Evil spirits, be exterminated!”

As the words fell, Guang Hui, in his Vajra form, revealed a wrathful expression and charged into the swarm of witch ghosts.

He fought through the waves of witch ghosts, heading straight for Lü Yang.

However, in the next second, that wrathful expression turned into unspeakable despair.

In the center of the countless witch ghosts, a grand palace rose from the ground.

It exuded a dark and mysterious aura.

From within walked out an elegant and stunningly beautiful woman.

The Guardian Spirit Su Nu!

Although Su Nu could not receive the support of the earth veins since they were not at Skeleton Mountain, she was still of Foundation Establishment rank.

She was not someone Guang Hui could contend with.

Boom!

Su Nu gently raised her jade hand and lightly pressed downward.

The Dragon Elephant Vast Power Vajra, manifested by Guang Hui, was instantly sent flying and crashed heavily into the ground.

The once dazzling golden body cracked inch by inch under that single palm strike.

Wounds oozed Buddhist light, and every drop of blood that flowed from those wounds transformed into a lifeless Buddhist cultivator.

When all the blood was drained, this “Dragon Elephant Vast Power Vajra” collapsed on its own.

For a moment, Guang Hui felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave.

He even felt a trace of resentment toward the Buddhist True Lords outside.

Damn it! How were you supervising this battle?

How could you let a Foundation Establishment sneak into the Dao-Seizing battlefield?

Beasts!

At this moment, Guang Hui couldn't even see Lü Yang's figure anymore.

All he could see was the overwhelming Yin Qi, the witch ghosts, and the grand Yama Palace.

“Demon! If you have the guts, face me one-on-one!”

Beneath the Myriad Spirits Banner, Lü Yang calmly fiddled with the Sword Pill in his hand while listening to Guang Hui’s furious roar.

After all, cursing before death was nothing more than a loser’s lament.

Not to mention, when Guang Hui had led over a hundred Buddhist cultivators to attack earlier, he hadn’t intended to fight one-on-one either.

And now he wanted a one-on-one fight?

“I am fighting you one-on-one right now.”

You alone, against my entire army.

Very soon, a quarter of an hour later, the Buddhist light completely faded, leaving behind nothing but corpses.

“They’re all talents, can’t let them go to waste...”

Lü Yang activated the Myriad Spirits Banner, and the fallen Buddhist cultivators rose once more.

Even Guang Hui, who had just been cursing him furiously, now stood among them, his face filled with loyalty.

Behind Lü Yang, Qin Tianhe came trotting over, dragging along a bald-headed man.

“Senior, I caught one trying to escape.”

After speaking, he cautiously glanced at the resurrected Buddhist cultivators behind Lü Yang.

While marveling, he couldn’t help but sigh in his heart:

We’re truly amazing.

“...There’s still a fish that slipped through the net?”

Lü Yang paid no mind to Qin Tianhe’s admiration.

Instead, he looked at the disheveled Guang Ming in Qin Tianhe’s hand.

Seeing this, Guang Ming immediately raised both hands without hesitation.

“Don’t kill me! I have important information to offer!”

“Senior, spare my life!”

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,526 words ]

In terms of survival, Guang Ming had some experience.

As early as when Guang Hui and Lü Yang met, and Lü Yang neither dodged nor avoided but instead confronted head-on, he keenly sensed that something was amiss.

Unfortunately, the "Heartbound Life Talisman" could only be used once in a short period.

Moreover, with Guang Hui, a fellow disciple who knew him inside out, present, it was impossible for him to use the "Heartbound Life Talisman" to escape at the last moment.

Therefore, when Guang Hui gathered all the Buddhist cultivators to manifest the "Dragon Elephant Vast Strength Vajra," he chose not to participate but instead used the cover of the Buddha's light to decisively escape underground, once again using Guang Hui and the others as shields.

Undeniably, this approach was very effective.

He almost managed to escape again.

However, this time, his attempt to flee was keenly detected by someone who had been observing the battle all along but had found no opportunity to showcase himself.

Qin Tianhe!

As a true disciple of the Saint Sect, Qin Tianhe also cultivated great divine abilities. Coupled with the rare treasure "Void-Piercing Sky-Escape Crow Shuttle," his strength was not weak.

After all, he had previously managed to barely escape when besieged by over ten Buddhist cultivators led by Guang Ming.

It was only in comparison to Lü Yang that he seemed weak.

Qin Tianhe himself understood this, so he was very proactive, eager to demonstrate his value to gain favor.

As a result, before Guang Ming had fled far, he was caught and brought back.

Now, Guang Ming had no choice but to loudly plead for mercy to save his life: "Don't kill me! I can also contribute to the Saint Sect!"

"You want to surrender?"

Lü Yang raised an eyebrow, showing some surprise: "A True Lord overseeing the battle, and you dare to surrender?"

This battle for the Dao was personally overseen by three True Lords.

Although they would not interfere, how could what happened escape their notice?

Under such circumstances, who would dare to surrender?

In the Saint Sect, if you dared to surrender and survived, your body would be used by the True Lord to light the Heavenly Lamp. If you died, your soul would be used to light the Soul Lamp.

Don't even think about reincarnation!

"Senior, you may not know, but our Pure Land has its own rules; it cannot be generalized."

Guang Ming lowered his voice and cautiously said: "For us, surrendering is not a big deal. As long as we survive, we won't be blamed."

"Oh?"

Lü Yang raised an eyebrow slightly, then said with a half-smile: "Then if I let you go back as an undercover agent to deal with the remaining Buddhist cultivators of the Pure Land for me, would you be willing?"

"Uh, this..."

Upon hearing this, Guang Ming's expression froze. Then he opened his mouth and spoke even more softly: "...The Pure Land is hard to explain. How about switching to the Dao Court?"

Lü Yang was even more surprised and laughed: "That works too!"

As soon as he said this, Guang Ming immediately relaxed and hurriedly said: "Actually, I've long been displeased with those people from the Dao Court. I'm willing to contribute to the Saint Sect!"

Meanwhile, outside the battlefield realm.

The three True Lords looked at each other, and at this moment, the previously silent Qingcheng Feixue True Lord finally spoke, letting out a melodious laugh like silver bells.

"The Pure Land Buddhist Sect truly lives up to its name!"

"...Demon, don't try to sow discord!"

Feeling the Dao Court True Lord's watchful gaze beside him, the Pure Land True Lord could only maintain a composed expression and secretly transmitted a message:

"Fellow Daoist, don't overthink."

"It's just a temporary expedient!"

"Besides, Guang Ming is just a pawn. The real leader is Guang Hai. He is a disciple of Fulong and will consider the overall situation. He won't act recklessly."

"Hmph, hard to say!"

Faced with the Pure Land True Lord's explanation, the Dao Court True Lord remained noncommittal, clearly not fully believing the Pure Land True Lord's words.

Because the origins of the Pure Land were not clean.

It was said that the supreme sage who founded the Pure Land was a shameless person who relied on currying favor to become the Dao Master.

And that sage's conduct was no different from the current Saint Sect!

Even the name was not "Deep Joy Pure Land" but "Evil Sect of the Pure Land"!

However, after founding the Path of Deep Joy and Nirvana, that sage chose to whitewash and prospered.

Out of respect for the sage, no one dared to say much.

Thinking of this, the Dao Court True Lord's heart was overshadowed, but at the same time, he became extremely curious about Lü Yang, who had suddenly appeared.

Who exactly was this person?

He wanted to calculate, but with Qingcheng Feixue True Lord right in front of him, doing so would only be stopped by the other party, making it meaningless. So he had to give up.

In the end, Lü Yang still spared Guang Ming's life.

Because from him and the Buddhist cultivators collected by the Myriad Spirits Banner, Lü Yang learned some unfavorable news: they had already been surrounded.

The eight divisions of the Pure Land's Buddhist followers and a branch of the Dao Court's Guardian Army, totaling over a thousand Qi Refining cultivators, had already gathered in advance, forming an encirclement, setting up formations along the way.

The participating disciples of the Saint Sect had all fallen into this encirclement and were being continuously squeezed for survival space.

"Formations..."

As a seventh-grade formation master, Lü Yang was well aware of the power of formations. He was not afraid of many people, but many formations were somewhat troublesome.

Especially since there were obviously no shortage of cultivators with positions in the Dao Court and the Pure Land.

Although they couldn't surpass him, as the saying goes, "many ants can bite an elephant to death." If there were many formations, it would still be somewhat tricky for him.

Moreover, these two sides likely had even stronger trump cards hidden.

So in the end, he accepted Guang Ming's voluntary surrender.

After planting a monitoring restriction in his sea of consciousness, he let him go.

Of course, Lü Yang also considered directly transforming him into a banner spirit using the Myriad Spirits Banner. However, unless it was someone like Chen Xin'an or Su Nu, whose physical body still existed in the world and could be used to apply their karma, most ordinary banner spirits had a different aura from cultivators, making it difficult to hide from those with intent.

"...Still need to be cautious."

At this moment, Lü Yang had already restrained his inflated thoughts.

Even in a novice village bullying weaklings, he had to ensure nothing went wrong to avoid capsizing in the gutter.

"If it were within Skeleton Mountain, with the support of the earth veins, no matter how many came, they would die. But outside Skeleton Mountain, relying solely on Su Nu is still somewhat strenuous. Although if I go all out, coupled with Ancestor Nether Wishper, I can still secure victory, but that would inevitably lead to casualties."

The problem lay here.

Lü Yang wanted to kill ten thousand enemies without losing eight thousand of his own, especially after discovering that Ancestor Nether Wishper, as a technical talent, was extremely useful.

He would be heartbroken to lose even one.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang silently turned to look at Qin Tianhe beside him.

Although it is said that war always comes with sacrifices, since he didn't want to sacrifice, he could only find a way to sacrifice others.

"Tianhe, how many people did the Saint Sect send this time?"

Looking at Lü Yang's amiable smile, Qin Tianhe not only didn't feel any warmth but instead shivered violently, feeling cold all over.

Something's wrong!

However, under Lü Yang's gaze, Qin Tianhe thought again, so what if something's wrong?

As long as it doesn't harm Tianhe, the life and death of others had nothing to do with him.

"Including me, a total of seven true disciples participated. In addition, there were eleven disciples who had not cultivated great divine abilities but had perfected Qi Refining. The remaining over a hundred were all late-stage Qi Refining, each with one or two powerful divine abilities. It's just that I don't know how many are left now."

Qin Tianhe enumerated them in detail.

"The battle for the Dao has been going on for some time. I guess they should have gathered and moved towards the depths of the encirclement. We can definitely find them."

"I see."

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang nodded, his smile even brighter.

Over a hundred late-stage Qi Refining, eleven perfected Qi Refining, and seven true disciples—this number was actually not inferior to the Dao Court and the Pure Land, perhaps even better.

This showed that although the number of disciples in the Saint Sect was less than that of the Dao Court and the Pure Land, the quality of those who stood out in the Saint Sect was beyond doubt.

These were all talents.

After that, Lü Yang followed Qin Tianhe's suggestion, letting him drive the "Void-Piercing Sky-Escape Crow Shuttle" to escape everywhere.

Before long, a formation came into view.

Just as Qin Tianhe said.

Although the Saint Sect's disciples were bad, they were definitely not weak.

Even when caught off guard by the joint siege of the Dao Court and the Pure Land, they still organized themselves.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 117: The Primordial Saint Sect Truly Produces Talents

[ 1,281 words ]

The formation on the wilderness was not considered advanced; Lü Yang glanced at it and found that it hadn't even reached the seventh grade, with its effects limited to Qi observation and revealing illusions.

Rather than serving as a means of self-protection, this formation seemed more suited for locating enemies.

Lü Yang did not deliberately conceal his aura, so as soon as he and Qin Tianhe arrived, the formation immediately activated, casting a beam of light toward them.

Simultaneously, dozens of gazes fell upon Lü Yang.

Upon noticing this, Lü Yang raised his eyebrows slightly, realizing that the owners of these gazes appeared quite different from the disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect within the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

These gazes contained scrutiny, wariness, and even ferocity—but lacked any fear.

However, Lü Yang quickly understood.

This was the norm.

On the battlefield between righteous and demonic forces, there were no strict rules; it was common for Foundation Establishment cultivators to attack those in the Qi Refining stage without honor. Those who feared had long perished.

The ones remaining were all audacious individuals.

Lü Yang scanned the area and noticed many disciples silently taking pills, regulating their breath, and tending to their injuries, yet none showed any complaints or despair.

Occasionally, he overheard conversations mentioning that acquaintances had been surrounded and killed, but these disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect remained indifferent, even laughing loudly.

Clearly, regarding the joint siege by the Dao Court and the Pure Land against the Primordial Saint Sect, not only did the outside world, like the Clear Snow True Lord, pay little attention, but even the sect's disciples themselves were unconcerned. Being killed merely indicated insufficient strength. Look at us, the truly capable ones—we've carved out a path to survival.

If you're weak, train more; if you can't handle it, don't play.

On the other side, Qin Tianhe appeared accustomed to this, casually summoning a disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect and asking, "Where is Xu Xin? Is he still alive?"

"...Still alive."

The disciple responded, leading the two into the depths of the formation, where a fair-faced youth was waving his arms at the crowd:

"Everyone, we should unite!"

"Two true disciples have already been killed. If we don't band together now, we'll be defeated one by one. Do you want to die in this forsaken place?"

"If you don't want to die, accept my leadership!"

"As long as you follow my orders, at least thirty percent of us can survive. I believe all disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect are my brothers and will surely cooperate with me."

Before the youth finished speaking, a late-stage Qi Refining disciple suddenly interjected with disdain, "Follow your lead? Where does that leave Senior Brother Chong Ming? He's the bloodline of Uncle Master Chong Guang, and his strength is unquestionable. If anyone should lead, it should be him."

Thud!

Before the disciple could finish, a palm struck his chest, sending him flying and causing him to vomit blood upon landing.

After this, the youth calmly wiped his hand:

"Those unwilling to cooperate are not my brothers."

"Xu Xin, you're seeking death!"

On the other side, a spirited young man instantly erupted in anger.

A sword pill materialized out of thin air, unleashing a brilliant sword rainbow that swept toward the youth.

"Young master, others may indulge you, but I won't!"

Xu Xin's figure vanished instantly, evading the sword light, and then confronted the youth named Chong Ming, a murderous intent flickering in his eyes.

Meanwhile, the surrounding two individuals remained indifferent, displaying excited expressions as if watching a spectacle.

"...Everyone, stop!"

Seeing this, Qin Tianhe immediately shouted, then stepped aside without another word, placing Lü Yang in front of him: "In the presence of a True Person, who dares to act recklessly!?"

At these words, the atmosphere changed abruptly.

"A True Person? Impossible!"

"Tianhe? Are you joking?"

"Who is the True Person?"

For a moment, all eyes turned to Lü Yang, initially filled with scrutiny, but soon shifting subtly.

Especially Xu Xin, whose expression changed noticeably.

He had previously met Lü Yang with Qin Tianhe and had witnessed Lü Yang's single Qi calming the Sea of Balance.

Naturally, he was now shocked beyond measure.

He really is at the Foundation Establishment stage!?

With this realization, Xu Xin immediately restrained his aura and respectfully approached Lü Yang: "Disciple Xu Xin greets the True Lord of the Primordial Saint Sect."

Although the others hadn't met Lü Yang before, they weren't blind.

Even without the enhancement from Su Nu, Lü Yang's accumulated divine abilities exuded an aura that left them in awe—a sensation they had only experienced from the strongest among the true disciples.

Instantly, the atmosphere eased considerably.

At the same time, Lü Yang looked toward the handsome youth who had just confronted Xu Xin.

Surprisingly, he had met this person once before.

However, it wasn't in this lifetime, but in a previous one.

'Back then, I went to the Secret Realm of Law Refinement to practice the Saint Thief technique. A true disciple had attempted it before me but failed—that disciple was him!'

Chong Ming, son of True Person Chong Guang?

Before arriving, Qin Tianhe had given him a general introduction to the true disciples participating in this Dao-seizing battle, including their personalities.

According to him, although Chong Ming was the son of True Person Chong Guang, he despised being labeled as a second-generation cultivator and was determined to rely on his own cultivation.

He even publicly declared that he would surpass True Person Chong Guang through his own efforts and talent.

Most true disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect had only one comment about this:

An enviable fool.

Next, he looked at Xu Xin.

Undoubtedly, this was a smiling tiger—calling others brothers one moment and attacking them the next.

Moreover, this person was astonishingly bold.

No matter what, Chong Ming was the direct bloodline of a peak Foundation Establishment True Person, yet Xu Xin dared to confront him openly, even harboring murderous intent.

Describing him as a madman was not an exaggeration.

As for the two true disciples who had been silently watching the drama unfold, one was male, the other female.

The male had no known name; even Qin Tianhe only knew his Daoist title, "Flood Dragon." The female was named Bi Feiyuan, a true disciple from Mending Heaven Peak.

Having escaped the encirclement, their strength was naturally formidable.

Daoist Flood Dragon hailed from Beast Taming Peak, one of the Four Inner Peaks.

His greatest ambition was to transform himself into a dragon. After joining Beast Taming Peak, he spent nearly every day transplanting beast parts onto himself.

According to him, true dragons possessed nine aspects.

Therefore, if he could integrate the nine types of beasts representing these aspects into his body, he could break through Foundation Establishment and become a true dragon.

Thus, beneath his seemingly normal appearance, his body was composed entirely of beast components.

A typical lunatic.

As for Bi Feiyuan, she was equally renowned.

In appearance, Bi Feiyuan was a stunning woman in her late teens, her voluptuous figure clad only in a thin veil, revealing a rosy hue.

That alone wasn't particularly noteworthy.

After all, Mending Heaven Peak was known for such things.

What truly set her apart among countless disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect and earned her the status of a true disciple was her mastery of a great divine ability called "Demonic Heart Seeded in the Sea of Desire."

As the name implied, this ability caused anyone who harbored lustful thoughts toward her to fall into madness.

Therefore, Bi Feiyuan dressed so scantily, and whenever she engaged in combat, her first move was to tear off her clothes and fight her enemies bare-chested.

Its effectiveness was akin to a mass destruction weapon.

Undoubtedly, she was a formidable seductress.

Oh, and then there was Qin Tianhe.

He was a slacker.

At this thought, Lü Yang couldn't help but sigh.

Looking around, he saw fools, madmen, lunatics, and seductresses.

In this vast Primordial Saint Sect, was there not a single other good person as normal as himself?

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 118: Follow Me and Kill Our Way Back

[ 1,513 words ]

In the gathering place of the Primordial Saint Sect disciples.

After exchanging greetings with a group of true disciples, Lü Yang naturally did not hold anything back and went straight to reveal the information he had obtained from Guang Ming.

Chong Ming's expression turned serious after hearing this: "We're actually surrounded."

On the other side, Xu Xin was not surprised at all, instead showing a look that seemed to say "Just as expected."

"I knew the Pure Land pigs and Dao Court dogs would join forces again."

Chong Ming still appeared puzzled: "But how could Father not have foreseen this?"

"Perhaps he didn't expect something so obvious that even you, Young Master, couldn't see through it."

"You!"

Xu Xin and Chong Ming glared at each other again, the two of them perfectly representing the two major factions among the true disciples of the Saint Sect, each looking down on the other.

"The answer is simple. True Person Chong Guang doesn't care at all, since from the very beginning, the key to victory in this Dao Seizing Battle was never in our hands."

Saying this, Xu Xin then turned to Lü Yang and respectfully asked: "The treasure of the True Lord's position should be in your possession, right?"

"It is indeed with me."

Lü Yang nodded, then solemnly added: "However, I must emphasize one thing. I am indeed not in the Foundation Establishment Realm. Although I am very close, I am still not there yet."

Even with Su Nu's assistance, Lü Yang still had a gap compared to a true Foundation Establishment cultivator.

After all, this was not Skeleton Mountain, and Su Nu could not draw power from the earth's meridians, leaving her strength far from its peak.

This tiny difference could lead to a huge gap in outcomes.

If a true Foundation Establishment cultivator were here, there would be no need for any schemes.

They could simply locate the enemy, charge in, and attack.

Regardless of how many people or formations were present, it would be futile.

A single slap could wipe them all out.

However, Lü Yang was different.

If the Dao Court and Pure Land were truly determined to throw their lives away, with over a thousand Qi Refining cultivators setting up formations to trap him, his chances of victory would immediately plummet.

Probably dropping from one hundred percent to ninety-five percent.

In other words, there was a five percent chance of failure.

Although this risk was not high, Lü Yang would not take even that small risk.

Therefore, this was the moment when the talented members of the Saint Sect needed to step up.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang did not waste words and decisively said: "I need you all to take the initiative to break through the encirclement and help divert the enemy's attention."

There were two ways to win the Dao Seizing Battle.

The first was to destroy the enemy's True Lord treasure, which was usually held by their strongest member.

The second was to kill the Chosen One among the indigenous cultivators of this realm, seize their destiny, and merge it with their own treasure, thus achieving victory without a fight.

Lü Yang's plan was simple.

The other Saint Sect disciples would draw the enemy's firepower, while he would hide in the shadows, waiting for the right moment to directly eliminate the enemy's strongest, destroy their treasure, break through the encirclement, rest for a while, and then return to deal with the other faction.

The plan was perfect.

The only problem was how to convince these Saint Sect talents to risk their lives—no, to break through the enemy lines and buy him the chance for a decisive strike.

However, to Lü Yang's surprise.

After hearing his plan, none of the true disciples present showed any resistance. Instead, they nodded in agreement, showing their approval.

“True Person’s strategy is indeed the most promising.”

“It’s much better than us trying to handle it ourselves.”

“Then let’s do it this way!”

There was no need for any further persuasion; the plan was settled on the spot.

Only then did Lü Yang realize that the Saint Sect disciples had long been accustomed to being used as talents.

As long as the final outcome benefited them, they didn’t mind.

In fact, this was precisely the way Saint Sect disciples survived.

Starting as the lowest Qi Refining disciples used as talents, to becoming good talents, then turning from talents into true talents, and eventually becoming true individuals.

With the plan set, they now needed to choose a target for the decisive strike.

On this point, there was no disagreement among the crowd. They unanimously chose the Pure Land, since the 【Fulong Temple】 among the Eight Buddhist Divisions had already been wiped out by Lü Yang.

They had a higher chance of success against them, and as talents, they had a better chance of surviving.

Meanwhile, in the Pure Land’s gathering place.

“What did you say? Guang Hui is dead?”

Looking at Guang Ming, who appeared utterly disheveled, Guang Hai’s expression turned darker than ever.

The prayer beads in his hand creaked as he nearly crushed them.

“Guang Hui... he was my dearest friend, the junior brother I relied on the most!”

“Moreover, the 【Fulong Temple】 was carefully selected and assembled by me, the finest disciples of our Fulong Temple!”

At this point, he slowly turned his gaze to Guang Ming:

“Since they’re all dead, why are you still alive?”

Faced with Guang Hai’s questioning, Guang Ming showed no sign of guilt. Instead, he straightened his back and loudly declared with righteousness: “Because I ran away!”

These words left Guang Hai utterly stunned by Guang Ming’s shamelessness.

In both the Saint Sect and the Dao Court, anyone who dared to say such words was undoubtedly doomed and would be executed on the spot as an example.

Thinking of this, Guang Hai lowered his eyes and asked in a low voice:

“You fled from battle. Didn’t you consider your fellow brothers?”

Sensing the killing intent in Guang Hai’s words, Guang Ming hurriedly explained: “Senior Brother, don’t misunderstand. I did not survive for myself but for us!”

“Us?”

Guang Hai’s brows shot up. Guang Ming’s words were cleverly phrased, for “for us” and “for the Pure Land” were not the same.

For the Pure Land included all Buddhist cultivators, but “for us” referred specifically to their fellow disciples under their master from the 【Fulong Temple】 .

Realizing this, the raging killing intent in Guang Hai’s heart quickly dissipated, and his tone softened considerably:

“What happened? Explain in detail.”

“There was someone among those who killed Senior Brother Guang Hui and the entire 【Fulong Temple】 who had cultivated the Nine Transforming Dragon Art left by Master before his Nirvana!”

“What!?”

Guang Hai immediately stood up, his expression changing rapidly before turning to one of ecstatic joy: “So, there’s actually such a thing.”

As the most trusted disciple of Fulong Arhat, Guang Hai was no stranger to the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 , fully aware that it was a cultivation method left by Fulong Arhat when he was still True Person Panlong.

It was fated with the Pure Land, waiting for the day when they could use this art to lure a Protector Vajra to the 【Fulong Temple】 .

“If I can subdue this person and bring them into the 【Fulong Temple】 ...”

Guang Hai’s eyes grew brighter. For monks like him who had entered the Arhat Temple, advancing required securing higher positions within the temple.

And the merit of bringing a Protector Vajra to Fulong Arhat was beyond measure.

If he succeeded, he would undoubtedly become Fulong Arhat’s most trusted disciple,