

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

- Chapter 118: Follow Me and Kill Our Way Back

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[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, securing the second seat in the 【Fulong Temple】 and greatly enhancing his strength.

And if one day, something happened to Fulong Arhat...

That might just be his opportunity to ascend to Arhat himself!

Thinking of this, Guang Hai felt a surge of excitement. His gaze toward Guang Ming also softened significantly: “Junior Brother, you are wise. You’ve done well this time.”

Only then did Guang Ming let out a sigh of relief: “Thank you, Senior Brother, for your generosity!”

It was only at this moment that he wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, knowing that he had survived once again.

He then looked toward the restriction Lü Yang had placed in his Sea of Consciousness.

With this restriction in place, he dared not reveal any intelligence about Lü Yang’s strength. However, it was clear that the restriction did not cover the cultivation method.

That demon had calculated everything, but he could never have guessed that Guang Ming would recognize the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 .

“Judging by the time, Guang Ming should have already informed his senior brother about the cultivation method, right?”

Opening his eyes, Lü Yang made a quick calculation and then smiled: “In that case, if I go back and attack again, they should be ready to fight me to the death.”

Immediately after, he stood up, turned around, and looked at the remaining talents of the Saint Sect behind him.

Of the seven true disciples, two had died.

Of the eleven peak Qi Refining cultivators, four had died.

Of the over a hundred late-stage Qi Refining cultivators, only seventy or eighty remained, and all of them were injured.

“Everyone, being hunted down earlier didn’t feel good, did it?”

He wasn’t very good at boosting morale.

Moreover, this time he was asking them to draw enemy fire, and sounding too righteous would only provoke resistance.

So in the end, Lü Yang simply waved his hand:

“Follow me and kill our way back.”

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

[1,488 words]

Inside the Star Realm’s Heaven, in a desolate wilderness.

A stream of earth-yellow light surged, and the originally flat ground suddenly rippled like waves before a boat slowly emerged.

Deep within the boat, Guang Hai stood with his hands behind his back, meditating.

At that moment, Guang Ming walked over quickly, taking out a scroll of formation diagrams: “Senior Brother, the disciples below have refined twelve formation diagrams.”

“Only twelve?”

Guang Hai took the scroll, frowning: “This concerns the eradication of the demonic path and the promotion of the true law. Didn’t we agree before to refine thirty-six formation diagrams?”

Upon hearing this, Guang Ming showed a helpless expression and forced a bitter smile: “Of the thirty-six, ten were originally assigned to the 【Fulong Temple】 disciples. But as you know, Senior Brother, plus with your order to move early, time was limited. Twelve is already the limit.”

“So you mean it’s my fault then?” Guang Hai narrowed his eyes.

“Of course not!”

Guang Ming immediately straightened his expression: “I mean the other disciples were simply too lazy. I will urge them again and strive to refine a few more!”

Only then did Guang Hai nod in satisfaction.

According to the plan previously discussed with the Dao Court, they were supposed to advance steadily, trapping the Primordial Saint Sect here with a massive formation.

However, things had changed.

Since there was someone in the Primordial Saint Sect who had cultivated the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』, Guang Hai no longer intended to proceed with the original plan.

What if the demonic cultivator who had cultivated the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 was killed by the Dao Court?

He immediately ordered the Pure Land disciples to act ahead of schedule.

After all, in his view, their victory was already in hand.

Because Guang Ming had not revealed Lü Yang’s true strength, Guang Hai, although furious about the complete annihilation of the 【Fulong Temple】, did not find it unbelievable.

After all, this was the Primordial Saint Sect.

And based on Guang Hai’s judgment, even if the Primordial Saint Sect could wipe out the 【Fulong Temple】, they would surely suffer great losses themselves.

How could they stand against the assembled Eight Divisions of the Buddha?

Moreover, under the joint trap laid by the Dao Court and the Pure Land, the Primordial Saint Sect had already lost one-third of its disciples as soon as they entered the Star Realm. Of the seven true inheritors, two had already died, one of whom had been killed by Guang Hai himself.

Though troublesome, they were not as formidable as rumored.

Thinking of this, Guang Hai grew more confident:

“They say the Primordial Saint Sect is fierce, but it seems mediocre to me. After I seize this victory and achieve great merit, I can show off in front of the Bodhisattva.”

At this moment, Guang Hai suddenly felt a shock in his spiritual sense.

In the next second, a loud crash came from the ground-traveling boat beneath his feet, as if it had hit a reef, abruptly halting its movement. The protective light trembled violently!

“What’s happening?”

Guang Hai immediately connected with the artifact spirit of the ground-traveling boat, and soon heard a pained cry for help: “Someone... someone is attacking me!”

“What?”

Guang Hai was momentarily stunned, then seemed to sense something and looked up sharply.

At the same time, all the Pure Land disciples inside the boat also looked toward the sky above.

A beam of spiritual light tore through the void and charged toward them.

It was a jet-black shuttle, which suddenly expanded above their heads!

In the next moment, a group of Primordial Saint Sect disciples surged out one after another!

Five true inheritors, seven Qi Refining peak disciples, and dozens of late-stage Qi Refining disciples, all wearing sinister smiles, their murderous aura soaring to the skies, instantly covering half the firmament!

It wasn’t until this moment that Guang Hai finally realized what was happening.

Even though he understood, he still couldn't believe it.

The demonic cultivators were launching an attack?

Instead of defending, they were taking the initiative to strike!?

“Out of the way!”

The first to strike was Daoist Evil Jiao.

He split his mouth wide, directly tearing off his robe.

His seemingly normal flesh suddenly swelled!

In the blink of an eye, dense scales grew on his left arm, his five fingers fused into two towering dragon horns, and his palm split open to reveal sharp white fangs, transforming into a ferocious dragon head.

At the same time, his other organs transformed as well.

His intestines burst from his abdomen, transforming into a dragon tail.

His remaining limbs and fifth limb turned into dragon claws. His head retracted, embedding itself behind the dragon head like a reverse scale, as waves of terrifying blood energy surged forth.

He had truly transformed into a dragon!

Or rather, something resembling a dragon.

Yet the piled-up flesh and the massive, chaotic blood energy exuded an intense eeriness.

“Hahahaha!”

In the next second, the evil jiao soared on a blood cloud, crashing directly into the ground-traveling boat.

The dragon head let out a long roar, leaving only a vicious howl echoing between heaven and earth.

Boom!

In an instant, the ground-traveling boat suffered a heavy blow, its protective light nearly shattered.

The lower-ranked Pure Land disciples inside clutched their ears in pain.

Meanwhile, the other four true inheritors followed closely behind.

“Holy monks, am I not beautiful?”

Bi Feiyuan landed inside the ground-traveling boat, tearing off her veil without a word.

As the thin fabric fell, a snow-white body was immediately revealed to all.

She was like white jade, flawless and pure.

All the Pure Land disciples who took in this sight instantly felt dazed, unable to maintain their monastic discipline.

Their essence burst out uncontrollably, draining them dry.

After exhausting their essence, they began to lose their blood energy, and finally, even their souls were drawn out.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

One after another, over a dozen disciples collapsed to the ground, their faces frozen in expressions of bliss.

Several others who quickly shut their eyes still struggled to expel the heart demons stirred within them, retreating while chanting sutras to suppress their desires.

Slash!

In the next moment, Xu Xin silently appeared, stabbing a distracted disciple in the back, killing him instantly before vanishing again.

Every time he reappeared, he claimed another life.

In stark contrast, Chongming didn't bother hiding at all.

Merging with his sword light, he charged straight into the crowd, slashing indiscriminately.

“Kill all these bald donkeys!”

Meanwhile, the rest of the Primordial Saint Sect disciples descended from the sky, storming into the interior of the ground-traveling boat to engage the Pure Land disciples in direct combat.

“Holy monks, why won’t you look at me?”

Bi Feiyuan moved like lightning, spreading blood and carnage while whispering seductively:

“If you’re here to deliver all beings, why not deliver me as well?”

“What’s the point of kingship and riches, what’s there to fear about precepts and discipline?”

“Holy monks, let me assist you in your cultivation.”

At this moment, deep within the ground-traveling boat, Guang Hai finally made his move.

“Demoness!”

He opened his mouth and unleashed boundless Buddhist sound, his voice like thunder:

“When I attain Buddhahood, if any heavenly beings in my land give rise to lustful thoughts for the body, I shall not attain supreme enlightenment!”

As the thunderous voice rolled out, the Pure Land disciples’ egos were nullified.

Without ego, there was no greed, hatred, or delusion, and no cycle of life and death.

All the desires stirred by Bi Feiyuan vanished instantly.

Even when they looked at her exposed body again, their eyes remained clear and unwavering.

Seeing this, Bi Feiyuan’s face immediately darkened:

“Hmph, that’s why I hate bald donkeys.”

Without Bi Feiyuan’s distraction, the Pure Land disciples quickly regrouped.

Beams of Buddhist light shot into the sky, manifesting giant Vajra Dharma bodies.

“Amitabha.”

Inside the boat, Guang Hai’s expression turned grim:

“Without the 【Fulong Temple】 , the Eight Divisions of the Buddha are missing a section. Otherwise, I would have left none of these demonic cultivators alive today!”

The Eight Divisions of the Buddha, with hundreds of Qi Refining disciples combined, could form eight Vajra Dharma bodies.

If the eight Dharma bodies merged, they could borrow the power of an Arhat comparable to Foundation Establishment from the Pure Land, the ultimate trump card.

But now, with the 【Fulong Temple】 wiped out, this trump card was half-crippled.

Though Guang Hai had other ways to compensate, the cost was too great, and he was unwilling to use it unless absolutely necessary.

Fortunately, the situation was still under his control.

“Seven Vajra Dharma bodies are more than enough.”

Guang Hai sneered:

“This ambush is a clever move, but ultimately futile. Today, you will all be buried here.”

However, at that moment, Guang Hai suddenly twitched his eye.

Though he was deep inside the ground-traveling boat, protected by layers of formations, he felt a sharp gaze fall upon him.

“Not good!”

The moment he sensed it, Guang Hai tried to recall the Eight Divisions of the Buddha to protect himself.

But it was too late!

Outside the ground-traveling boat, high above the firmament.

Lü Yang hovered in the air, his expression indifferent as he calculated silently.

At the same moment Guang Hai sensed his gaze, Lü Yang curved his lips:

“Found you.”

In the next second, he plunged downward with a roar!

Almost simultaneously, Guang Hai felt an overwhelming power crash through all obstacles like a collapsing mountain, rushing toward him with unstoppable force.

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Chapter 120: Fellow Daoist, Why Resist?

[1,264 words]

As Lü Yang appeared, that towering and mountain-like vast magical power not only made Guang Hai's expression change, but also frightened Guang Ming nearby, who showed a look of terror.

Then, he looked toward his opponent.

Qin Tianhe.

Perhaps it was a meeting of like minds, or perhaps it was the encounter of two worthy rivals—when the Pure Land and the Saint Sect were fighting to the death, the two of them were also fiercely engaging in magical combat.

And at this moment, with Lü Yang's appearance, Guang Ming and Qin Tianhe exchanged a glance, then very tacitly began to shift their battlefield farther away.

As for Guang Hai's cry for help, Guang Ming turned a deaf ear, because he had already seen Lü Yang take out that terrifying flag.

At the same time, the remaining Pure Land cultivators followed Guang Hai's orders.

Seven Vajra Dharma Bodies immediately turned back, ready to assist Guang Hai, yet almost simultaneously, Lü Yang shook the Myriad Spirits Banner, and one after another, banner spirits emerged.

"Kill them all."

Lü Yang gave a light order, then turned around and looked at the grim-faced Guang Hai, only to see Guang Hai holding a talisman in his hand.

The Life-Binding Talisman!

This fruit-position treasure of the Pure Land could directly teleport the marked person to oneself, and just now, Guang Hai had intended to teleport the Eight Divisions of the Buddhist Crowd over.

However, he had failed.

In the next second, as he looked around again, he discovered that the surrounding scenery had completely changed, transforming from the interior of a spiritual treasure to clear mountains and waters.

【Abyssal Stillness Assembly Diagram】 !

Bestowed by True Person Chong Guang, a fruit-position treasure belonging to True Lord Qingcheng Feixue, it had the wondrous effect of sealing the void, and had already been laid out when Lü Yang first appeared.

The moment Lü Yang found him, he could no longer escape!

Thinking of this, Guang Hai finally recognized the reality, his expression returned to calm, and with a wave of his kasaya, he instantly laid out twelve brilliant and colorful array diagrams.

Then, his figure disappeared into the deepest part of the arrays, clearly not intending to confront Lü Yang head-on, but to use the array to stall for time.

Lü Yang let out a mocking laugh.

"Fellow Daoist, why struggle like a trapped beast? My banner just happens to have a place for you!"

As a seventh-rank array master, he could tell at a glance that Guang Hai actually didn't understand arrays very well.

Although the arrays had been laid out, their qi had not truly merged with the diagrams.

As his words fell, Lü Yang stepped directly into the array without hesitation!

Seeing this, Guang Hai immediately waved the array flag without saying a word.

The twelve great arrays activated, and in an instant, the dense Buddhist light condensed into a magnificent temple.

"Rise!"

Feeling the surging power within the array, Guang Hai finally breathed a sigh of relief.

These twelve array diagrams were actually part of a single array.

The complete version should have thirty-six diagrams.

The array itself was supposed to be used in conjunction with the Eight Divisions of the Buddhist Crowd, creating an environment infinitely close to the Pure Land to complement the Buddhist forces.

In this way, the Eight Divisions could borrow the position of an Arhat together, and combined with the Pure Land environment created by the array, they could unleash power comparable to the early Foundation Establishment Realm in a short time.

Though there were only twelve diagrams now, they were still not something ordinary cultivators could break.

Boom!

Just as Guang Hai was thinking this, before he could react, he heard a loud bang as all twelve array diagrams trembled together, emitting crisp cracking sounds!

In the next second—

"Heaven Collapses."

First, the first one, then the second, then the third... under Guang Hai's dumbfounded gaze, the twelve array diagrams shattered rapidly at this moment!

Seeing such a terrifying scene, Guang Hai didn't even have time to feel fear.

Still in a state of confusion, he had thought he had already overestimated Lü Yang as much as possible.

But seeing it for himself, he realized he had still underestimated the opponent.

Uncontrollably, the same doubt that Guang Hui once had arose in his heart:

"Is this man... in the Foundation Establishment Realm?"

Seeing that Lü Yang was about to break through all twelve diagrams alone, Guang Hai had no time to think.

He could only take out a vivid dragon-shaped pendant from his bosom.

Crack!

Guang Hai gritted his teeth and crushed it with force, and in an instant, a vast divine sense surged out, pouring into Guang Hai's sea of consciousness.

Swoosh—!

In that moment, waves arose without wind, and Guang Hai's expression gradually calmed, all emotions vanished, leaving only serenity and tranquility.

Though still the same person, his eyes now shone with brilliant Buddhist light, and his entire aura transformed.

He put his palms together and softly chanted a Buddhist name, and his aura instantly soared, reaching a level infinitely close to Foundation Establishment!

"Amitabha."

The sound of Buddha echoed like thunder, the powerful positional aura spreading through the sound waves, instantly alarming the Pure Land and Saint Sect disciples locked in fierce battle.

"Things have turned bad, retreat!"

The true disciples of the Saint Sect clearly understood the situation and immediately withdrew, not daring to approach the spot where "Guang Hai" now stood, quickly widening the distance.

On the Pure Land side, thunderous chants rang out, causing an uproar.

"It's Venerable Fulong!"

"Guang Hai is Venerable Fulong's chief disciple, is it he who has summoned the Venerable here?"

"We are saved!"

Foundation Establishment!

This was Foundation Establishment!

Even if it was only a strand of divine sense, it was enough to make Qi Refining cultivators flee in fear.

No wonder the Pure Land had been so confident this time, they had indeed prepared a trump card.

However, at this moment, there was a loud explosion.

The twelve array diagrams completely shattered, the collapsing spiritual light surging like a broken dam, and Lü Yang stepped out from within, a sword rainbow swirling around him.

Among all present, only he remained calm.

Seeing this, "Guang Hai" squinted his eyes and showed an interested expression:

"Such profound wisdom, why not take refuge in my Pure Land?"

Though it was still Guang Hai's voice, it carried an indescribable charm.

Every word was like the rhythmic knocking of a wooden fish by an old monk in a meditation hall, making people unconsciously sink into it, discarding all distractions, developing the thought of taking refuge, and speaking hidden secrets from their hearts.

Named "taking refuge", but actually soul searching!

"Bald donkey, what nonsense!"

Lü Yang spoke coldly, releasing the Foundation Establishment divine sense gained from cultivating the Thought-Severing Heaven-Seeing Silkworm Secret Art without holding back, directly dispelling the strange charm in "Guang Hai's" voice.

However, seeing this, "Guang Hai" grew even more delighted:

"So it truly is the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 ."

Immediately after, he pressed his palms together again and laughed heartily:

"Why resist, fellow Daoist? Since you cultivate my true art, I am your inescapable karmic connection."

"...You are not wrong."

Lü Yang stared directly at "Guang Hai" and sneered:

"Indeed, I have karmic ties with Fulong, but unfortunately, you are only an imitation, not the real Fulong."

As his words fell, the Myriad Spirits Banner shook.

The Guardian Deity Su Nu stepped out from within, her positional aura and qi completely overpowering "Guang Hai" at this moment, even surpassing him in many aspects!

In an instant, the Buddhist light that had filled the sky due to "Guang Hai" dimmed again, replaced by overwhelming Yin energy filling most of the sky.

Seeing this scene, "Guang Hai's" smile gradually disappeared.

"Smile, why aren't you smiling anymore?"

"Fellow Daoist, why resist?"

Lü Yang held the Myriad Spirits Banner, looking at the Fulong Arhat as if gazing at a fat and juicy prey:

"My banner just happens to lack a talent like you!"

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[1,495 words]

At this moment, the entire Earth-Sailing Boat was already on the verge of collapse.

The rolling Yin Evil Qi obscured the heavenly light, and the momentum of Buddhist Dharma had weakened.

Even a mere clash of Qi felt like two towering mountains colliding, producing thunderous booms.

"Benefactor, such exquisite methods."

As Su Nu revealed herself, "Guang Hai"'s expression also turned incomparably grave.

He clearly no longer dared to regard Lü Yang as a Qi Refining cultivator who could be toyed with at will.

By right, external Foundation Establishment power was not allowed to intervene in the Dao Seizing Battle.

The power he displayed completely relied on the unique trickery of the Pure Land.

Strictly speaking, he was not Fulong Arhat, he was just "Guang Hai", merely borrowing the status of Fulong Arhat from the Pure Land for a time.

The reason he could borrow it was that Guang Hai was originally a disciple of the 【 Fulong Temple】 .

Cultivating in the Pure Land was about realization — realizing that oneself was a part of the World Honored One.

"I" was the World Honored One, and the World Honored One was "I".

The Brahman and the self became one, achieving the Great Dao.

However, this step could not be achieved in one leap.

It required a gradual process.

Disciples like Guang Hai could not possibly realize that “I” was the World Honored One, as the gap in realms was too great.

His realization was that “I” was “Fulong Arhat”.

The countless temples and Zen forests of the Pure Land followed the same path.

Disciples first realized the “self” of the temple’s master, and only then pursued the realization of the World Honored One’s self.

Such cultivation was truly bizarre.

Especially in the exploitation of Qi Refining disciples, it was on par with the Primordial Saint Sect.

If not for this, the Pure Land would not have been called the Evil Sect of the Pure Land in past years.

However, it could not be denied that this cultivation method did provide many conveniences for lower-ranking disciples.

Because in essence, it was still “Guang Hai” himself, not truly an external force, so using it in the Dao Seizing Battle was beyond reproach.

It was Guang Hai’s greatest trump card.

Yet what made “Guang Hai” somewhat unable to accept was —

he had risked the danger of losing himself just to barely borrow a part of Fulong Arhat’s status.

But what was going on with this devil in front of him?

Why did he have a complete Foundation Establishment True Person by his side?

What kind of price had he paid?

Could it be that he paid none at all?

Looking at Lü Yang, who appeared relaxed, “Guang Hai”’s lips trembled slightly, feeling a surge of anger welling up in his heart.

In an instant, boundless fierce winds rose out of nowhere.

Seeing this, Lü Yang immediately sneered.

“Getting anxious?”

Boom!

Before his words fell, “Guang Hai” stepped forward, shaking the earth and mountains.

Buddhist light shone down, instantly piercing through the dark clouds formed by the Yin Evil Qi above.

With just this one step forward, “Guang Hai”’s Qi surged abruptly.

As his lips moved, a thunderous, boundless Buddhist chant rang out:

“If, when I attain Buddhahood, my light is limited, failing to illuminate billions of Buddha Lands, I shall not attain Supreme Enlightenment!”

In an instant, Buddhist light filled the world.

All that could be seen was a pillar of boundless light piercing the sky, resplendent and dazzling.

Its upper and lower ends extended infinitely, with no end in sight.

The Infinite Light Mantra!

The infinite light generated by this mantra was said to illuminate all demonic obstructions in the world.

It was the strongest mantra in Guang Hai’s arsenal.

So-called demonic obstructions were not about good or evil, righteousness or demonic.

It was entirely based on personal perception.

As long as one regarded something as “demonic”, it fell within the scope of this mantra’s influence.

“Today, this poor monk shall eliminate demons, uphold the Dao, and spread the true Dharma!”

Guang Hai, with a solemn expression, sent the infinite divine light sweeping down toward Lü Yang.

Its majestic momentum resembled the collapse of the heavens!

Wherever it passed, vast areas of Yin Evil Qi were ignited and burned into nothingness.

Even Su Nu showed signs of discomfort, clearly finding this mantra extremely incompatible with her.

Though she was not harmed, she found it difficult to remain completely unscathed.

As for the distant true disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect, each of their faces turned pale with grave expressions.

Even from afar, that infinite light still made them feel a burning heat, capable of severely injuring them.

However, Lü Yang merely burst into loud laughter when he saw this.

“Eliminate demons and uphold the Dao?”

Immediately after, he curled his lips into a mocking smile.

“Saying I’m the demon... Very well, today let’s see who the real demon is!”

As his words fell, Lü Yang pressed his palms together.

Whoosh, whoosh——!

Behind him, the Myriad Spirits Banner fluttered.

Ancestor Nether Wishper silently appeared, sighing softly:

“It cost me some effort, but I’ve finally managed to complete most of it.”

In the next moment, a series of figures appeared behind Ancestor Nether Wishper.

Without exception, these were all the monks who had died at Lü Yang’s hands earlier, whose souls had been collected into the Myriad Spirits Banner.

Even now, the monks dying on the battlefield outside were being continuously added.

Immediately, these monks pressed their palms together in unison.

“Amitabha!”

The vast Buddhist chant echoed, perfectly synchronized.

They also released a flood of Buddhist light, blessing Lü Yang, and condensing into a giant illusory Buddha!

This was the monks' joint attack technique!

Ancestor Nether Wishper had actually succeeded in adapting the Pure Land's methods to the 【Yama Palace】 .

He replaced the earth veins with a massive number of monk souls from the Myriad Spirits Banner!

“I lack nothing now!”

As soon as his words fell, Su Nu plunged downward, entering Lü Yang's body.

The peak state blessing made the Buddha behind Lü Yang even more solid.

Saint's Theft!

Previously, when Lü Yang activated this cultivation method, he would condense a “Saint Form”.

But at this moment, the “Saint Form” had taken on the appearance of a Buddha!

In an instant, the Yin Evil Qi vanished.

The sky and earth were filled with pure Buddhist light, even more grand and vast than the infinite light unleashed by “Guang Hai”.

That infinite light fell upon the “Buddha Form” behind Lü Yang, but it couldn't cause even the slightest ripple on its golden body, like a breeze brushing the face!

“Since you see the True Buddha, why do you not bow?”

The Buddhist chant thundered in their ears, carrying Lü Yang's divine sense that rivaled Foundation Establishment.

It shocked “Guang Hai” as if he were in a dream, shaking his mind and spirit:

“H-How is this possible? Buddha? The True Buddha?”

In the next instant, the Buddha as large as a mountain smiled gently, his expression filled with compassion.

“Demon, repent to your Buddha.”

As the words fell, Lü Yang raised his palm.

The “Buddha Form” behind him also raised its hand, slowly pressing downward.

Violent spiritual energy burned and exploded in its palm, transforming into a boiling stream of fire.

As the palm descended, the heavens lit up!

At this moment, not just Guang Hai, but all the monks on the battlefield showed devout expressions, pressing their palms together and chanting softly:

“Amitabha...”

Boom!

After the deafening explosion, everything returned to silence.

All that remained was a massive palm print on the ground.

All the monks had turned to dust, their hundreds of souls drifting aimlessly into the Myriad Spirits Banner.

Around the palm print, the surviving disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect stood dumbfounded, staring at the massive pit beneath their feet, unable to recover for a long while.

At the edge of the palm print, Guang Ming, who had narrowly escaped death for the third time after clashing with Qin Tianhe, collapsed to his knees as his legs gave out.

Almost simultaneously, beyond the boundary of the realm.

“Blasphemer of Buddha!”

A True Lord from the Pure Land suddenly rose to his feet, his face ashen, for he had clearly sensed his fruit position treasure shattering.

That single palm from Lü Yang had nearly annihilated all the monks!

The few who survived had only done so because Guang Hai had moved ahead of time, leaving some monks behind who had not caught up in time.

However, even so, the remaining monks were no longer a threat, easily slaughtered at will.

In other words, in this Dao Seizing Battle, the Pure Land had already been eliminated!

How could the Pure Land True Lord, who had prepared so many means and placed such high hopes on this battle, accept this?

On the other side, True Lord Qingcheng Feixue spoke with concern:

“Bodhisattva, don’t be anxious.”

“Why let anger cloud your composure?”

“Victory and defeat are common in warfare. Look at our Saint Sect — though we have yet to lose a single Dao Seizing Battle recently, even if we did, we would never lose our temper.”

As these words fell, the Pure Land True Lord became even angrier.

Had it been any other Saint Sect True Lord, it might have been tolerable.

But who didn’t know that Qingcheng Feixue True Lord was the Saint Sect’s infamous madwoman, notorious for her endless misdeeds!

Whenever the Saint Sect lost a Dao Seizing Battle, she was the first to turn hostile and refuse to acknowledge anything!

And now she dared to lecture him?

Beast!

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[1,390 words]

“Upper Cultivator, spare me! It’s me, it’s still me!”

When Qin Tianhe brought Guang Ming before Lü Yang for the second time, even before Qin Tianhe could speak, Guang Ming couldn’t wait to shout loudly:

“Upper Cultivator, this little monk is still useful!”

“There are still a dozen Buddhist cultivators left behind in the Pure Land, this little monk can handle them. Besides that, there is also the Dao Court, this little monk can help you deal with the Dao Court.”

Guang Ming feared that Lü Yang had already gone mad with killing, and might just cut him down in passing.

He spoke so fast that it put his usual chanting to shame, desperately showing his value.

However, Lü Yang ignored him and instead glanced at him with some impatience:

“Shut up.”

Before Lü Yang even finished speaking, Guang Ming immediately covered his mouth.

Not to mention talking, he even held his breath, afraid of angering this great demon before him.

On the other side, Lü Yang gazed into the distance.

Almost at the same time, the True Disciple Jiaolong Daoist seemed to sense something as well.

He lifted his deformed dragon head, his massive dragon eyes looking straight toward the ground.

“Something is coming.”

As soon as these words were spoken, the other True Disciples immediately became alert.

In the next moment, the ground cracked open, and a figure covered in a distinct shell slowly crawled out.

It was a demonic insect.

Its size was comparable to a human.

Its entire body was as black as if drenched in ink.

Its mouthparts were sharp, and its compound eyes were densely packed, glinting with a cold, chilling light.

“What is that... a demon beast?”

Several True Disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect revealed curious expressions.

Chong Ming's first reaction was to evaluate the bloodline of this demonic insect, wondering if it could be used for alchemy or medicine.

Xu Xin carefully observed the insect, trying to gauge its strength.

Jiaolong Daoist, on the other hand, was thinking about whether the insect's sharp mouthparts could be transplanted onto himself, and if so, where they would fit best.

As for Bi Feiyuan, her train of thought was rather peculiar.

She deliberately struck a few seductive poses toward the insect, then observed the changes in her own divine abilities.

It seemed she wanted to see if the insect would react to her, and she even grew interested as if she wanted to paint a portrait of it.

As for the other disciples of the Saint Sect, they were pointing at the insect, discussing animatedly.

Amidst the chatter, the pitch-black insect tilted its head slightly.

Then, it slowly opened its mouthparts and actually uttered a sound.

At first, the sound was garbled.

But very soon, its voice became clear and deep:

“Outsiders... get out. Mother does not welcome you in this world!”

As these words fell, all the overlapping voices came to an abrupt halt.

All the Saint Sect disciples, including the five True Disciples, simultaneously stopped speaking.

Nearly a hundred pairs of eyes turned in unison, landing on the pitch-black insect.

In the desolate wilderness, silence reigned.

The eerie stillness made the pitch-black insect squirm uneasily, instinctively taking a few steps back.

In the next moment, Xu Xin chuckled:

“I thought it was a spirit beast controlled by some Dao Court insect tamer. Turns out I was mistaken... it's a native of this realm. What a waste of words earlier.”

“Stop wasting time.”

On the other side, Jiaolong Daoist showed an impatient expression:

“Let’s dissect it quickly and see what special abilities this native has.”

Bi Feiyuan licked her red lips:

“No need to trouble yourselves. Let me capture it and I’ll find out.”

Only Chong Ming put on an expression of being the only sane one, looking down on the other disciples, and disdainfully distanced himself from the insect.

Seeing that in the eyes of these enemies, it had become nothing more than a piece of meat on the chopping board, ready to be butchered at any moment, the insect’s voice grew angrier.

It tried to speak again.

However, just then, Lü Yang, who had remained silent all this time, suddenly shifted his gaze toward it.

“Hiss hiss hiss!?”

In the next instant, the previously aggressive insect seemed to have seen something extremely terrifying.

After a sharp screech, it suddenly exploded!

Yet the insect did not die.

Instead, it transformed into a cloud of red mist.

As the red mist churned, a harsh buzzing sound roared forth.

Upon closer look, everyone realized that it was made up of thousands of tiny insects, each no larger than a grain of rice!

Immediately after, the swarm surged forward!

Almost instinctively, Jiaolong Daoist raised his dragon head and breathed out a blast of demonic fire, engulfing dozens of the insects, attempting to burn them to ashes.

However, Jiaolong Daoist quickly furrowed his brows.

“Something’s not right...”

Before his words finished, the demonic fire was swiftly devoured as if being eaten away, then extinguished.

After that, the insect swarm roared out again, their numbers several times greater than before!

In an instant, the other True Disciples and even the ordinary Saint Sect disciples all began to take action.

Some unleashed their divine abilities, while others threw out magical tools.

But to their surprise, although some of the insects were killed, after devouring the attacks, the swarm multiplied even further!

In the blink of an eye, the insect swarm had already reached Lü Yang.

“...Interesting.”

Seeing this scene, Lü Yang finally raised an eyebrow.

Sweeping his gaze across them, in an instant, the previously menacing swarm of insects completely lost their vitality.

They fell to the ground like rain.

Lü Yang casually picked one up and gently rubbed it between his fingers, examining it:

“This insect... actually possesses a Rank? No, it doesn't seem to have cultivated it on its own.”

In the next second, Lü Yang once again looked up toward the sky.

Perhaps because Ancestor Nether Wishper had improved the 【Yama Palace】 , allowing the Guardian Goddess Su Nu to recover her peak state with the power of the Buddhist cultivators sealed in the Myriad Spirits Banner.

With her enhancement, Lü Yang keenly sensed a strong malice.

This malice did not come from any individual, but from this very world itself.

Flowers, birds, fish, insects, even the spiritual energy of this realm, all harbored immense hostility toward him and the surrounding Saint Sect disciples.

However, this hostility was currently being suppressed by three even more powerful forces.

Otherwise, these “outsiders” would not even be able to refine spiritual energy in this world, and recklessly inhaling it would likely lead to poisoning.

“True Lords...”

Without a doubt, the culprits who had allowed these unwelcome outsiders to enter this realm freely, despite the world’s clear rejection, were the three Golden Core True Lords.

Even so, this world still possessed some ability to resist.

One manifestation of that resistance was the Rank imposed upon the insect swarm.

And this was only a portion of it.

The true Child of Destiny should be the Insect King among them.

“This is... the Qi-Consuming Insect?”

At this moment, Ancestor Nether Wishper’s voice suddenly rang out:

“I thought this species had long gone extinct. I didn’t expect to see one again today.”

Lü Yang asked in surprise:

“Ancestor, you recognize it?”

“Of course.”

Ancestor Nether Wishper’s tone carried a hint of reproach:

“As a successor of our Ancient Witch Ghost Path, have you not read the inherited Dao Canon?”

“Qi-Consuming Insects, as the name suggests, can devour the Qi of heaven and earth. They are an exotic species from beyond the heavens in ancient times. They once fell into the hands of a late Foundation Establishment stage Grandmaster overseas, who cultivated them extensively and ultimately raised 1.29 billion of them.”

“With a single movement, they could blot out the sky and cover the earth, making them invincible to Foundation Establishment cultivators!”

“At that time, that overseas Grandmaster caused quite a stir.”

“Raising 1.29 billion Qi-Consuming Insects, he even refined a formation diagram to complement them, proclaiming that he would defy the heavens and challenge a True Lord with Foundation Establishment alone...”

Speaking up to this point, even Ancestor Nether Wishper couldn’t help but show a look of admiration:

“I must admit, the overseas regions are barren, and their cultivators are truly ignorant.”

Lü Yang revealed a curious expression:

“And then? Did he actually go through with it?”

“He did.”

Ancestor Nether Wishper shook his head:

“He went to Jiangxi, but a Bodhisattva from the Pure Land found his insect swarm too noisy and slapped him, killing both him and his insects in one blow.”

There was no suspense at all.

Even so, Lü Yang fully understood the terror of the Qi-Consuming Insect.

Although it had been slapped to death by a True Lord, the fact that it required a True Lord’s intervention to be killed was proof of its extraordinary value.

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

[1,372 words]

On another stretch of wilderness in the Boundary Heaven Battlefield.

According to the agreement between Dao Court and Pure Land, Dao Court should have detected the moment Pure Land was attacked and rushed to provide assistance.

However, from start to finish, Dao Court never showed up.

It was because, at the same time Pure Land’s Buddhist cultivators were ambushed by the Primordial Saint Sect, Dao Court also encountered an unexpected crisis and was caught in a bitter struggle.

Above the barren land, a massive floating city hovered in the air.

This treasure was similar in nature to Pure Land’s Terrain Vessel, a specially crafted magical treasure, yet at this moment, the grand city was shrouded in a mass of black clouds.

The oppressive black cloud hung over the city, ready to crush it.

A constant buzzing of insects echoed wherever the cloud passed.

When it landed on the city's protective barrier, it let out a nerve-wracking sharp screech.

As time passed, the city had already been gnawed apart by the swarm.

Many Dao Court cultivators had been devoured.

“What are these bugs?!”

“Divine powers, magical treasures—none of them work!”

“Hold the line!”

One Dao Court cultivator stood at the front lines.

However, overwhelmed by the drain on his spiritual power, he failed to defend himself as a demonic insect burrowed into his nose and mouth, freezing him on the spot.

Moments later, the cultivator collapsed with a loud crash.

When they looked again, there was no trace of a human form—only a hollowed-out sheet of bloody skin remained.

From within, hundreds more demonic insects burst forth and scattered.

This was the terror of the Qi-Devouring Insect.

Hard as iron, immune to water and fire, capable of devouring spiritual energy—whether divine powers or magical treasures, they were all within its menu and feeding range!

Across the entire battlefield, only one spot managed to hold its ground.

There stood a lone cultivator.

A tall, valiant woman surrounded by swirling sword light.

Wherever she passed, swathes of demonic insects were obliterated.

“As expected of the Sword Pavilion...”

Deep within the city, Dao Court's commander for this operation, Wang Jinting, couldn't help but sigh.

“The Absolute Sword Divine Power of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion truly lives up to its reputation.”

“Too bad she’s alone... At this point, we have no choice but to abandon ‘Void Sky City!’”

As this thought crossed his mind, Wang Jinting glanced again at the Full Domain Map in his hand, his expression darkening.

“Pure Land... is gone?!”

The Full Domain Map could scan the entire Boundary Heaven.

As long as they remained within this small realm, no one could escape the detection of this Fruit Position Treasure.

Unless they were already dead.

Yet now, Wang Jinting saw that the cluster of light dots representing the Pure Land’s Buddhist cultivators had nearly all vanished in an instant!

In their place were a large number of Primordial Saint Sect disciples!

“How is that possible?!”

Wang Jinting couldn’t believe it.

Hadn’t they already slaughtered more than half of those Primordial Saint Sect devils?

Unless a True Person descended from the heavens, how could they possibly defeat Pure Land?

“If I had known this would happen, I shouldn’t have ignored these insects back then...”

Wang Jinting felt a wave of regret.

With the Full Domain Map in hand, he had actually had the opportunity to locate the Qi-Devouring Insect King ahead of everyone else, slay it, and seize its fate to secure victory.

However, this Dao-Seizing Battle was supposed to be a joint suppression of the demonic path by Dao Court and Pure Land.

In this context, victory was only one aspect.

The more critical mission was to kill as many disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect as possible, especially their True Disciples!

It was with this objective that he had previously disregarded the natives of Boundary Heaven.

Yet the enemy had instead seized the opportunity to grow rapidly under the nourishment of Boundary Heaven.

Now, they had formed a massive, unstoppable swarm!

Moreover, Pure Land's defeat deeply unsettled him.

"... Retreat first!"

At this moment, Wang Jinting finally decided to withdraw and immediately prepared to activate the Full Domain Map to evacuate all Dao Court cultivators.

Just then, a disciple's shout came from outside.

"They've stopped... They've stopped!"

"These bugs... aren't attacking anymore?"

"What's going on?"

The shouts made Wang Jinting pause, a look of confusion on his face.

The next second, a vast divine sense broke through layers of obstruction and landed before him.

"... A being from beyond the heavens."

Sensing that immense divine sense, Wang Jinting's pupils shrank, and he instinctively took a step back before suddenly realizing the truth.

"You're the Insect King of the Qi-Devouring Insects?"

"Correct."

Perhaps because it had devoured so many cultivators, the Qi-Devouring Insect King had begun to develop a semblance of intelligence.

Its speech had become increasingly fluent.

"I've eaten your people."

"You and another group don't seem to be allies."

"I saw you chasing them down."

“Since that’s the case, you must know that among them is someone who cannot be matched.”

“I need detailed information about that person.”

“Huh?”

Hearing the Insect King’s words, Wang Jinting froze in place.

Only after a moment did he realize that the “other group” the Insect King mentioned must refer to the Primordial Saint Sect devils.

An unbeatable existence among them?

Impossible!

Wang Jinting had personally witnessed the terror of the Qi-Devouring Insects.

Both in numbers and strength, they were flawless.

For someone in the Qi Refining Realm to deal with them was virtually impossible.

“... Foundation Establishment?!”

In an instant, Wang Jinting felt like he had fallen into an icy abyss, followed by an outburst of rage.

A Dao-Seizing Battle meant for Qi Refining disciples, and someone had actually deployed a Foundation Establishment True Person?

Beasts!

Yet even so, Wang Jinting did not give up.

The next second, he raised his head to face the Insect King’s divine sense, a thought flashing through his mind.

—There was still hope!

He could still manipulate the situation!

If he could borrow the power of these native insects of Boundary Heaven, there might yet be a chance of victory.

At the very least, he could aim for a draw!

With that in mind, Wang Jinting finally spoke:

“I can tell you that person’s location and ensure they can’t find you.”

“But I have a request... You must help me deal with that group.”

“Let’s cooperate. How about it?”

“After all, you want to deal with them, and so do I.”

“We should be on the same side.”

“And once we’ve killed them all, we’ll naturally leave this place without you having to say a word.”

In an instant, Wang Jinting’s thoughts became clear.

“I don’t believe they are truly Foundation Establishment.”

“There must be some flaw—perhaps in sustaining their power over time.”

“No matter what, I have to test them first...”

“And these Qi-Devouring Insects are undoubtedly the best way to do that.”

“They are numerous, fearless of death, and can charge at the front.”

“Surely they can reveal the depth of that Foundation Establishment True Person from the Primordial Saint Sect.”

“Then, I can formulate tactics based on the situation.”

“As long as I stay hidden and do not reveal myself, I haven’t lost yet!”

“At this moment, Dao Court must be thinking this way.”

The Myriad Spirits Banner fluttered.

Lü Yang and Ancestor Nether Wishper You sat facing each other.

After calmly analyzing the situation, Ancestor Nether Wishper You finished speaking, and Lü Yang nodded in agreement.

“Cooperating with the Qi-Devouring Insects and using a human-wave tactic to wear me down...”

“I would do the same.”

Although the current Su Nu had no weaknesses thanks to Ancestor Nether Wishper You’s improvements, no matter how many of these Qi-Devouring Insects came, they would be useless.

However, if the enemy kept hiding in the shadows and only sent waves of insects to die, it would still be quite troublesome.

At the very least, it would drag into a prolonged war of attrition.

And if too much time passed, who could say whether the Qi-Devouring Insect King, as the Chosen of Boundary Heaven, might not grow beyond what Lü Yang could handle?

Thus, a swift victory was necessary.

And to achieve that, they had to locate the Dao Court cultivator holding the Fruit Position Treasure or kill the Insect King, the Chosen among the Qi-Devouring Insects.

With this in mind, Lü Yang attempted a divination.

After a moment, he let go and shook his head.

“No good. The other party holds a Fruit Position Treasure.”

“Their cause and effect are obscured—I can’t pinpoint their exact location.”

At that moment, a voice suddenly spoke up:

“True Person... are you looking for someone?”

Lü Yang turned his head in response.

He saw Fairy Feixia, the Primordial Saint Sect’s True Disciple, dressed in light gauze with a charming smile, saying:

“Perhaps we can help.”

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[1,392 words]

“What method do you have?”

Facing Bi Feiyuan's initiative to volunteer, Lü Yang did not underestimate her.

Ever since experiencing the Secret Realm of Law Refinement, he had learned not to look down on anyone.

The prejudice in one's heart was like a great mountain.

Back then, the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family had suffered precisely because he looked down on cultivators below the Foundation Establishment Realm.

He ended up capsizing in the gutter, exposing his presence to Lü Yang.

Seeing Lü Yang being so polite, Bi Feiyuan naturally dared not slack off.

She quickly said, "The divine ability I cultivate allows me to sense anyone who harbors lustful thoughts toward me, and then I can plant demonic thoughts from a distance, causing them to fall into Qi deviation."

"This divine ability can actually be used to track the enemy's position as well."

"... I can also give it a try."

On the other side, Daoist Jiaolong also spoke in a muffled voice, "I have implanted the nose of a Qi-sensing dog. Give me some time, and I should be able to locate Dao Court's gathering place."

"I need the Qi signature of the Dao Court cultivators."

Xu Xin also spoke up, "I have a curse technique that can track along a Qi signature. Perhaps I can use it to find the leader of Dao Court."

"... I have a magical tool that I can lend you."

Looking at Lü Yang, Chongming hesitated for a moment before speaking in a low voice, "It was specially crafted by my father for me, and it can assist in calculating karma and fate."

After speaking, he took out a round disc.

The disc was engraved with the symbols of the Eight Trigrams.

As Lü Yang channeled his mana, the disc immediately emitted a surging spiritual light.

As the Eight Trigrams rotated, countless vague images emerged.

Obviously, as true disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect, most of them had several trump cards at their disposal.

However, very soon, everyone fell into a strange silence.

In the end, their gazes shifted in unison toward Qin Tianhe, who stood awkwardly in the farthest corner.

“Uh...”

Qin Tianhe thought for a moment, then suddenly slapped Guang Ming, who stood beside him with wide eyes, too afraid to speak.

“I can use him to find Dao Court’s location!”

Guang Ming was stunned upon hearing this.

“Huh?”

But Qin Tianhe’s face lit up with excitement as he continued, “The Void Piercing Heaven Black Shuttle is my life-bound spiritual treasure. No matter how far away it is, I can sense it.”

Speaking up to this point, Qin Tianhe felt his thoughts opening up.

“As long as I hand it over to this bald donkey, and have him return to meet with Dao Court’s leader, the moment Dao Court’s leader shows up to meet him, I can immediately lock onto Dao Court’s hiding place through the Void Piercing Heaven Black Shuttle!”

Immediately after, he glanced at Guang Ming again.

“Of course, that’s only if this bald donkey is willing to cooperate.”

“... I am! I am!”

Guang Ming finally snapped out of his daze and quickly shouted, “As long as you spare my life, I will cooperate with anything!”

Seeing this, Lü Yang nodded.

“Then let’s try all the methods.”

Very soon, Guang Ming and Qin Tianhe left.

The remaining true disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect silently found their own spots.

They began summoning other sect disciples and setting up their magical tools and formation diagrams on the spot.

Because the disciples stationed at the front had already sent back a message.

The Qi-Consuming Insects had appeared.

Their numbers were vast and uncountable.

From a distance, they looked like a black tide, surging forward toward them.

“There are two objectives: block these insects while either finding the insect king controlling them or locating the hiding place of those rats from Jiangdong.”

“The rest is up to the True Person.”

Xu Xin looked relaxed.

“These insects are quite formidable. Let’s try to finish before I get killed.”

“By the way, Young Master, it’s dangerous here. Do you want to hide at the back?”

“Cut the crap!”

Looking at the insect swarm in the distance, Chongming took a deep breath.

Abandoning the pride of a second-generation cultivator, he cursed loudly, “If you can do it, why wouldn’t I be able to?”

Xu Xin burst into laughter.

On the other side, Daoist Jiaolong remained silent.

He once again transformed into a grotesque, fleshy dragon-shaped creature.

Bi Feiyuan leaned against his dragon body to rest.

“Your body... is truly magnificent. I really want to surpass you.”

Bi Feiyuan patted Daoist Jiaolong’s body while wiping her drool.

“I say, would you like to dual cultivate with me? I’m quite experienced at surpassing others.”

“Besides, you’re so big, I doubt you’d be easily drained dry.”

“We’re simply a match made in heaven!”

Facing Bi Feiyuan’s enthusiastic proposal, Daoist Jiaolong calmly shook his dragon head.

“Sorry, you look too much like a human. I’m not interested.”

Conversations like these quickly spread among the disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect.

Everyone’s tone remained calm, with occasional laughter, as if no one took the vast insect tide looming in the distance seriously.

Only when the insect tide drew near did the chatter abruptly cease.

Those who could make a name for themselves in the Primordial Saint Sect were mostly like this.

These demonic cultivators had always bullied the weak and feared the strong.

If you were a True Person, they would act submissive.

But if you weren’t even a True Person, why should they fear you?

Moreover, a True Lord was supervising the battle outside!

Thus, after a brief pause, their voices erupted once more, merging into a single word:

“Kill!!!”

In an instant, countless beams of spiritual light from magical tools shot into the sky.

Countless divine abilities intertwined and erupted, clashing fiercely with the overwhelming tide of Qi-Consuming Insects!

At the very front of the Primordial Saint Sect’s formation, the Myriad Spirits Banner fluttered in the wind.

Immediately, countless banner spirits emerged from it—ghost soldiers and monk cultivators.

They significantly reduced the casualties among the sect’s disciples.

Meanwhile, high in the sky, Lü Yang stood in the air.

The 【Yama Palace】 manifested behind him.

With his Foundation Establishment level enhancing the banner spirits below, he ensured they could inflict some damage on the Qi-Consuming Insects.

From his vantage point, he could clearly oversee the battlefield.

It looked like a solid reef beneath ten-thousand-foot waves.

Countless Qi-Consuming Insects charged forward wave after wave.

Those in the front were slain by the sect's disciples.

Those in the back devoured the corpses of their fallen kin before continuing their relentless assault.

“Heaven Collapse.”

Lü Yang raised his hand.

Just as the defensive line was about to be breached, he struck with his finger.

Immediately, tens of thousands of Qi-Consuming Insects were crushed into powder.

However, this was only temporary.

Like the ebb and flow of the tide, the insects crushed by Lü Yang merely regrouped and returned with fearless determination.

“We can win!”

Watching the battlefield through the spiritual projection sent by the Insect King, Wang Jinting clenched his fist.

His face revealed an uncontrollable excitement.

The terror of the Qi-Consuming Insects was beyond doubt.

As long as they devoured spiritual energy, they could endlessly multiply and transform.

Killing one living person could multiply their numbers several times over.

They were virtually impossible to exterminate.

The fact that the Primordial Saint Sect had withstood the first wave had already surprised him.

If it had been Dao Court, they would have been wiped out by now.

“The only thing to watch out for is that True Person from the Primordial Saint Sect... but as long as I’m not found, this struggle for the Dao can still be won.”

Wang Jinting was not foolish.

He knew very well that he, holding a fruit-ranked treasure, and the Insect King, bearing the destiny of heaven, were the true keys to victory or defeat.

Anyone else could die, but not them.

Likewise, those demonic cultivators would undoubtedly do everything they could to find him.

However, Wang Jinting believed he was well prepared.

“With the 【Universal Overview Map】 in hand, no matter who approaches me, I can immediately identify them. If anything seems wrong, I’ll escape.”

Just then, a reporting disciple hurriedly entered.

“Senior Brother, a monk has survived by luck!”

“Oh?”

Wang Jinting was surprised.

“Who?”

“He says his name is Guang Ming. He escaped from the battle against the Jiangbei demons and claims to have important information concerning the Foundation Establishment True Person among the demons.”

Hearing this, Wang Jinting immediately stood up.

Just to be sure, he first took out the 【Universal Overview Map】 and checked it.

After confirming that it was indeed a monk and not a demon in disguise, he finally let out a breath of relief.

Since the Pure Land and Dao Court were working together this time, they should still be trustworthy.

“I’ll go meet him now!”

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Chapter 125: Seeking the Opportunity

[1,386 words]

On the vast plains, countless Qi-Devouring Insects surged forward one after another, numbering in the millions, and the resulting screeching roar shook the heavens like thunder.

More importantly, these Qi-Devouring Insects actually restrained the Myriad Spirits Banner to a certain extent.

Because the Myriad Spirits Banner could not convert these Qi-Devouring Insects into Banner Spirits!

“No souls?”

Above the sky, Lü Yang regulated his breathing while spreading out his divine sense to survey the battlefield: “Among these Qi-Devouring Insects, only one seems to truly possess a soul.”

A trace of regret appeared on Lü Yang’s face.

After all, he had originally planned to fill the Myriad Spirits Banner with Qi-Devouring Insects, gathering millions of them as a powerful weapon for future battles.

But now it seemed impossible, unless he could subdue the Bug King hiding in the shadows.

“Have you found the location?”

Before Lü Yang finished speaking, a helpless sigh reached his ears: “Sorry... these bugs came here just to die, it’s impossible to trace their origin.”

The one speaking was Xu Xin.

He had originally intended to plant a Qi-mark in one of the bugs using a tracking technique, so that when it returned to report to the Bug King, he could follow the trail.

Unfortunately, these bugs had no intention of returning; they came here solely to die.

At the same time, the voice of Jiao Long Daoist also came through: “The stench of blood is too overwhelming, it has disrupted my sense of smell, I’m afraid it’s difficult to locate the other party.”

After a moment, Bi Feiyuan finally sent news:

“I do have some sense of something.”

“It seems that a Dao Court cultivator is secretly observing me, but the distance is too great. I can’t sense the exact position, only a rough area.”

Right after, a strand of spiritual sense drifted over.

Lü Yang swept it with his divine sense, reading the contents within, and immediately locked onto an area covering tens of thousands of miles.

However, this range was still too large.

He needed it to be more precise.

“Luckily, the search area has already been greatly reduced.”

With that in mind, Lü Yang immediately took out the Eight Trigrams Disc given to him by Chongming.

He activated his mana and began silently calculating cause and effect within this area.

Yet the results were disappointing.

Even after having Su Nu bless the disc with her Foundation Establishment status, he barely managed to narrow the original tens of thousands of miles to a range of ten thousand miles.

“...Should I try it?”

Lü Yang glanced at the Blood Sun Sword Pill in his hand.

Hidden within it was a mighty killing divine ability that he had prepared long ago, his trump card for decisive victory.

According to his estimation, if Su Nu fully empowered it with her Foundation Establishment status, the strike could cover a radius of five thousand miles.

However, it only had a single use.

If he used it now, it would be a gamble.

If he lost the bet, countless variables would arise.

Just as Lü Yang hesitated, a sudden voice rang out:

“...I succeeded!”

It was Qin Tianhe.

The next moment, a spiritual sense transmission arrived.

Lü Yang, high in the sky, immediately followed the connection and located the target within the previously marked ten-thousand-mile area.

“Well done.”

As his words fell, the Blood Sun Sword Pill in Lü Yang’s hand let out a crisp cracking sound.

Next, it shattered inch by inch, with coronal brilliance leaking from the cracks.

Not long ago, at the Dao Court’s hiding place.

“Fellow Daoist Wang, I accepted the Dao Court’s invitation to participate in the Dao-Seizing Battle to fight the Demon Sect, not to cower here and waste time!”

“Fairy Miaozen, please don’t be angry.”

Facing the tall, handsome woman who glared at him with dissatisfaction, Wang Jinting could only smile bitterly: “The demon is cunning and has brought a Foundation Establishment True Person.”

“Impossible!”

Yun Miaozen shook her head without hesitation: “A Foundation Establishment True Person can’t enter this level of the Dao-Seizing Battle. Maybe the opponent holds a status, but it’s absolutely impossible for them to be a Foundation Establishment True Person.”

These stubborn sword lunatics!

Wang Jinting cursed inwardly.

Although the Dao Court, strictly speaking, stood alongside the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion as part of the righteous path, it still harbored fear toward the Sword Pavilion.

Internally, the Dao Court even bluntly referred to the Sword Pavilion's disciples as "sword lunatics."

It wasn't because the disciples of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion were all obsessed with swordsmanship to the point of madness.

Rather, the Dao Court believed they were simply a bunch of crazy sword-wielders!

Even though the demons of the Primordial Saint Sect were sinister and cunning, you could still negotiate interests with them.

But the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion was completely different.

They had their own reasoning.

No matter what you said to them, you had to follow their logic.

If you couldn't, they would draw their swords.

And right now was just such a situation.

In Yun Miaozen's view, a Foundation Establishment True Person couldn't possibly participate in a Qi Refining level Dao-Seizing Battle.

Thus, no matter what, the opponent couldn't be a Foundation Establishment True Person.

But in Wang Jinting's eyes, facts spoke louder than words.

Even if Lü Yang wasn't truly a Foundation Establishment True Person, based on the strength he displayed when he wiped out the Pure Land Buddhist cultivators, what difference did it make?

He was still unbeatable!

However, Yun Miaozen thought otherwise.

She was the pride of her generation among the Sword Pavilion's true disciples.

Now, at the peak of Qi Refining, she had already mastered divine abilities and was just one step away from becoming a Foundation Establishment True Person.

Even the Sword Pavilion Sect Master had praised her, believing her future to be promising.

This time, she participated in the Dao-Seizing Battle as an external aid precisely to slay demons and refine an invincible sword heart, using it to break through to Foundation Establishment.

Therefore, she carried a strong sense of pride in her heart.

As long as the enemy wasn't a Foundation Establishment cultivator, she had the confidence to face them in battle.

Sword cultivators would rather break than bend.

Even if she wasn't truly a match, she must have the courage to draw her sword.

How could she keep hiding and cowering?

If she continued like this, her resolve would not be clear!

With that in mind, Yun Miaozen's gaze toward Wang Jinting even carried a trace of killing intent.

Anyone who hindered her path to the Dao, even if they were righteous allies, deserved to be cut down.

To forge an invincible sword heart, she had to have the determination to sever all ties.

How could she be bound by mere titles?

Even parents, children, and siblings could be slain!

It would be the perfect way to end all karmic ties and achieve a clear sword heart!

"Fairy Miaozen, please calm down."

Seeing the slight change in Yun Miaozen's expression, Wang Jinting felt a chill rise within him and quickly said: "I happen to be going to meet a fellow from the Pure Land."

"He should know the details about the demon."

"How about you come with me to talk with this Pure Land fellow first and gather some information? When the time comes, if you still want to fight the demon, I will not stop you."

Upon hearing this, Yun Miaozen finally lowered her gaze, suppressed her killing intent, and nodded slightly: "...Very well."

Wang Jinting finally let out a breath of relief.

He immediately left the hiding place with Yun Miaozen.

Soon, a bald-headed figure emerged from the crowd.

Seeing this, Wang Jinting immediately put on a sorrowful expression and stepped forward: "Fellow Daoist... sigh, we've heard about the Pure Land's tragedy, it truly makes one sigh..."

He had expected the survivor to look disheveled, with a dead heart and spirit.

However, to his surprise, the moment the survivor saw him, his face lit up with joy.

The Buddhist cultivator pointed at him and shouted loudly:

"It's him! It's him!"

Wang Jinting froze on the spot.

Why such a reaction...

"...Not good!"

In an instant, Wang Jinting realized the situation.

He retreated rapidly while taking out the **【Grand Terrain Overview Map】** to check for changes in the surrounding Qi markers.

As soon as the demon's Qi appeared, he planned to flee immediately!

But then he froze again.

He even subconsciously rubbed his eyes.

Because on the **【Grand Terrain Overview Map】**, centered on him, within a five-thousand-mile radius, there was nothing else.

Only one Qi marker remained.

The next second, he looked up.

Not only him, but all the Dao Court cultivators were also gazing upward at this moment, staring into the distance.

Because in the depths of the boundless sea of clouds, a second sun had risen.

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

[1,328 words]

The Twelve Capitals Heavenly Godfiend Secret Demonic Calamity Light.

In this lifetime, Lü Yang used the Blood Sun Sword Pill as the carrier, while Yu Suzhen gathered and refined the Outer Heaven Gang Fiend energy in the sky, eventually perfecting this slaughter divine ability.

Once the divine ability was activated, the carrying treasure would immediately shatter.

And the calamity light within would burst forth, drawing in the Heavenly Gang energy that spread beyond the thirty-six layers of Gang Clouds, transforming into falling starfire.

When the calamity light descended from the heavens, breaking through the thirty-six layers of Gang Clouds and gradually approaching the ground, it would also stir the vast Earth Fiend energy beneath the earth's crust, forcing the fiendish energy to surge forth.

In the end, it would collide and combust with the descending Heavenly Gang energy, exploding and annihilating all living beings within a five-thousand-mile radius!

If one was merely at the Great Perfection of Qi Refining, it would not reach such destructive power.

However, Lü Yang, through the hand of Su Nu, activated this divine ability with the support of Foundation Establishment status and mana, bringing its power to the absolute limit!

At this moment, the entire World Heaven fell into dead silence.

Even the Qi-Devouring Insects, which had been crazed to the extreme, all stopped moving, each lifting their heads in confusion, staring at the calamity fire descending from the sky.

Such a sight was like the collapse of the heavens.

At the Dao Court's encampment, a disciple rushed over in panic, his face filled with terror, nearly crawling as he shouted, "General! Outside! Outside!"

Then, he saw Wang Jinting's calm face.

No, it was not calm.

It was numb.

At this moment, Wang Jinting no longer knew what expression to make.

Even just looking directly at the descending calamity fire made his eyes sting.

Escape using the 【Vast Territory Overview Map】 ?

Indeed, as a Fruit Rank treasure, the 【Vast Territory Overview Map】 could reach anywhere within World Heaven, making it seemingly easy to dodge this calamity fire.

However... it had limits!

The 【Vast Territory Overview Map】 could scan all of World Heaven and teleport at will, but it required mana to operate.

And even if he exhausted all his mana, he could only move within a three-thousand-mile range.

Yet the aura of that calamity fire in the sky covered five thousand miles!

He simply could not escape!

"Ha... hahaha..."

Wang Jinting opened his mouth, forcing out a dry laugh, glancing at Guang Ming not far away, but he no longer had the heart to question him.

Immediately after, he looked at Yun Miaozen beside him.

Recalling this Fairy Miaozen's earlier defiance, Wang Jinting spoke slowly with a sliver of hope, "Fairy, do you have a way to deal with it?"

Then, he saw Yun Miaozen look at him in confusion.

Deal with that?

"Thud!"

In the next second, Yun Miaozen's delicate body went limp, collapsing to the ground.

Her once sharp, sword-like eyes now held nothing but terror.

Her sword heart... shattered.

There was no imagined battle, no evenly matched clash.

Just witnessing the descending calamity fire shattered her sword heart!

"This is impossible... it shouldn't be... why...?"

Hearing Yun Miaozen's muttering, Wang Jinting was momentarily stunned.

Then, his gaze toward Yun Miaozen changed, revealing an indescribable pity.

"There is no why." Wang Jinting spoke faintly, "We've lost."

This was the result.

"... Lost?"

Only now did Yun Miaozen finally come to her senses.

But the next moment, with her sword heart shattered, her face showed intense fear:

"I am not a Dao Court disciple."

"This Dao Seizing Battle has nothing to do with me!"

"I withdraw!"

What a joke, how could she die here?

She was a true disciple of the Sword Pavilion!

She carried the high hopes of the Yun Family as a future Foundation Establishment cultivator!

As a favored daughter of heaven, her potential had barely been revealed!

Unwillingness, anger, fear, ambition, countless uncontrollable emotions surged from her shattered sword heart.

But in the end, all emotions turned to dust.

The calamity fire descended from the heavens.

Within five thousand miles, Gang and Fiend energies clashed.

The exploding heat melted metal and stone, and endless fiendish flames devoured all living beings.

Countless Dao Court disciples stood in shock as their bodies were ignited, shattered, and ultimately reduced to dust.

The final light in their pupils was the blazing white of the calamity fire's explosion.

Even the departing souls that floated from their shattered bodies were not spared, also turning to ashes in the boiling Gang Fiend energy.

Additionally, there were the nearby Qi-Devouring Insects.

These mindless monsters were indeed ferocious.

Even facing the calamity fire, they charged bravely, only to scatter midair like moths to a flame.

—The calamity fire erupted, all things in the great world were destroyed!

Everything from life before became meaningless.

Mid Qi Refining? Late stage? Great Perfection? Divine abilities?

The only difference was how long one could last under the calamity fire.

At this moment, even Wang Jinting could not help but sigh deeply.

In this Dao Seizing Battle, the Dao Court and Pure Land had joined forces, thinking they could exploit the Primordial Saint Sect's transitional period and reap great benefits.

But who could have expected such a result?

Victory had seemed certain, but the Primordial Saint Sect actually produced a Foundation Establishment True Person!

Foundation Establishment bullying Qi Refining—how was that fair?

"Beast..."

Looking at the now-turned-to-ash Yun Miaozen, Wang Jinting let out one last unwilling curse, then vanished into the blinding light.

Meanwhile, the Sacred Sect's side also witnessed this scene.

After the blazing white light faded, a massive mushroom cloud tinged with crimson fire and golden lightning rose slowly, followed by shockwaves spreading in all directions.

Even from their position, they could faintly feel the sweeping waves brushing past their faces.

"God damn..."

On the battlefield, Xu Xin lay beside the exhausted Chongming, patting his body, "Young master, are you dead? If not, come out and see the True Person."

"Dead your mother... get off me."

Chongming's body trembled slightly as he let out a low curse.

He wanted to turn over, but he had no strength left and could only let Xu Xin lie on him.

On the other side, Daoist Jiaolong was also coiled on the ground.

Being the largest in size, he had suffered the most injuries.

Fortunately, his vitality was also the strongest, so he was still alive, silently staring downward.

Lying there was Bi Feiyuan.

Her once graceful body had been chewed beyond recognition.

Her once brilliant eyes had been eaten, leaving only dark, hollow sockets.

"... She's dead."

Seeing Qin Tianhe approach, Daoist Jiaolong spoke dully, "Her divine ability had too many limitations. After all, the insects don't care how pretty she is."

"From the way you say it, do you think I'm pretty?"

Suddenly, Bi Feiyuan struggled to lift her head, turning her blood-smeared face slightly, throwing a flirtatious glance at Daoist Jiaolong with her only remaining beautiful eye.

Daoist Jiaolong: "..."

On the other side, Qin Tianhe also laughed, "Looks like our luck isn't bad after all. With the True Person's intervention, we've ultimately won this Dao Seizing Battle!"

Hearing this, Bi Feiyuan glanced at Qin Tianhe, who was perfectly unharmed, and sneered, "Freeloader."

As soon as she spoke, Qin Tianhe's smile froze on his face.

He could not help but retort, "It was I who found the Dao Court's position! My contribution is huge!"

Only looking at the result erases people's efforts!

"What does that have to do with you? Wasn't it because that bald donkey surrendered? By the way, where is that bald donkey? What was his name? Did he die?"

"Oh, forgot about him."

"He was within the calamity fire's range, probably got killed by accident."

"Well, that's just bad luck for him."

At that moment, an awkward and timid voice suddenly sounded nearby:

"Venerable elders... this little monk is still alive."

Everyone turned back in surprise, finally seeing Guang Ming shrinking his neck and carefully hiding in a corner.

He had actually escaped the calamity fire's range?

"I never went there to begin with..."

Facing those curious, dissecting gazes, Guang Ming hurriedly explained, "The one who went there was just this little monk's avatar..."

While explaining, Guang Ming cursed madly in his heart.

He had long known that the demons of the Primordial Saint Sect were unscrupulous.

So he had prepared a backup plan in advance.

Even when surrendering, one had to keep a trick up their sleeve.

Otherwise, they might just be used as a human resource and consumed!

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

[1,327 words]

"Hiss hiss."

Within the Realm Heaven, in a deeply hidden underground nest, a pitch-black demonic insect, only the size of a grain of rice, emitted a hissing sound.

“Mother... have we lost?”

“Why?”

The spiritual consciousness of the Qi-Devouring Insect King fluctuated violently, communicating with the fate imposed upon it, seemingly sensing the despair emanating from this world.

Yet, it could not comprehend.

Indeed, that tribulation fire was formidable, extremely so, but the Qi-Devouring Insect King believed that such an attack could not be unleashed repeatedly.

Therefore, there was no need to fear; as long as its mother, this world, continued to support and nourish it, allowing it to grow, in time, even if it faced that terrifying tribulation fire again, it was confident it could devour it entirely.

Yes, it had not lost yet.

“Hiss hiss!”

In the next moment, urged by the Insect King's will, the once dormant swarm of Qi-Devouring Insects moved again, flying towards the disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect.

It intended to continue its assault!

However, through the vision of its kin, the Insect King noticed that those people no longer resisted but instead gazed at it with mocking eyes.

Why?

Before this doubt could dissipate from the Insect King's mind, it realized that it had lost contact with its swarm, all the Qi-Devouring Insects.

In just an instant.

As if struck by divine punishment, without reason or warning, one moment the insects were hissing, the next they collapsed lifelessly.

Only at this moment did the Qi-Devouring Insect King truly experience the despair transmitted by its mother, and through the fate imposed upon it, its consciousness soared infinitely, finally transcending this world, witnessing the true scene beyond.

In an instant, its consciousness nearly halted.

It saw its mother, the Realm Heaven, once believed to possess infinite power, being effortlessly held in the palm of an indescribable giant.

“An interesting anomaly.”

True Lord Qingcheng Feixue looked at the tiny insect in his palm and smiled softly:

“Let it be.”

In the next moment, overwhelmed by an indescribable shock, fear, and reverence, like a frog at the bottom of a well finally seeing the sky, its consciousness fell into darkness.

Meanwhile, within the Realm Heaven, a heavy rain began to fall.

Raindrops pitter-pattered.

To the Qi-Devouring Insects, this rain was a deadly poison; all that came into contact were shattered into dust, losing their forms.

However, to the recently victorious disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect, this rain was like a long-awaited blessing, filled with immense vitality, enhancing their magical power, regenerating severed limbs; as long as they had a breath left, they rapidly recovered to their peak under the rain's influence!

Moreover, what excited them even more was the change in the world.

“It has begun!”

Chongming sprang up like a carp, shaking off Xu Xin, revealing an excited expression: “The world's transformation, this Realm Heaven has been integrated into the world by the True Lord!”

This was the final step in the battle for the Dao!

The victorious True Lord would absorb the Realm Heaven used as the battlefield, incorporating it into the influence of their own Dao position, then implant it into other territories.

In this way, the influence of the True Lord's Dao position would expand.

During this process, the world would be impacted to some extent; the previously unattainable Foundation Establishment Realm would thus become slightly more accessible.

This moment was the best opportunity to elevate one's status.

Like climbing a mountain, usually requiring arduous effort, but now, one could take a cable car, bypassing numerous obstacles!

Therefore, all true disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect, as long as they aspired to Foundation Establishment, would go to the battlefield for the Dao, risking their lives for a path to the heavens, because as long as they survived, even without cultivating great divine powers, without rare treasures, without third-grade true Qi, they still had hope for Foundation Establishment!

At this moment, all disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect were meditating in cultivation.

However, even disciples like Qin Tianhe, though true disciples, were still quite far from Foundation Establishment, with less than a fifty percent chance, making it impossible to attempt Foundation Establishment directly.

Therefore, they were merely striving to elevate their status, preparing for true Foundation Establishment.

Yet, at this moment—

“Hmm?”

“Someone... who?”

“In that direction.”

Simultaneously, all true disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect with status raised their heads, as if sensing something, looking upward.

They were not looking at the sky but at the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Before that realm, hidden in the void, concealed in obscurity, unattainable to Qi Refining cultivators, a tall figure suddenly appeared.

Having won the battle for the Dao, he had completed his final flaw.

At this moment, attempting Foundation Establishment, his success was certain!

“In the blink of an eye, it's been eight lifetimes...”

Lü Yang's expression was filled with emotion; eight lifetimes of cultivation, from a once reckless youth to a true disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect, it had taken him eight lifetimes to achieve this.

Recalling the past, he had exhausted all means to reach the Foundation Establishment Realm, employing countless strategies, yet now, he hadn't even climbed; merely manifesting his soul, he stood naturally at the threshold of the Foundation Establishment Realm, ready to step in.

However, this final step made Lü Yang ponder.

Once taken, there was no turning back.

Foundation Establishment was irrevocable; he cultivated true Qi with the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』, and built his foundation with the 『Myriad Chariots Dragon Ascension Scroll』; henceforth, there was no return.

Foundation Establishment was about establishing the Dao foundation.

Once the Dao foundation was set, the future path was limited, no longer changeable at will, and many related karmic ties would inevitably seek him.

At that time, any slight misstep could lead to soul annihilation.

Could he handle it?

Especially since the 『Myriad Chariots Dragon Ascension Scroll』 was connected to the Pure Land of Jiangxi, with deep karmic ties; even after dealing with the Fulong Arhat, there might still be hidden tribulations.

At this moment, Lü Yang hesitated like never before.

Until he saw the 『Book of a Hundred Lifetimes』 beside him.

“No, I have a cheat!”

Even if the path was fraught with difficulties and dangers, for others, a wrong step meant eternal doom, but for him, it was merely starting over!

Thinking of this, Lü Yang's mind cleared, no longer hesitating.

He stepped forward!

Boom!

Lü Yang entered the Foundation Establishment Realm, his body shook, and with a loud boom, a majestic golden auspicious cloud rose around him!

This auspicious cloud was vast and boundless, evolving into flowers, birds, fish, insects, mountains, rivers, lakes, seas, sun, moon, stars, and all phenomena of the world; when

it lifted Lü Yang's soul, it resembled a luxurious carriage, noble and elegant to the extreme.

“Roar—!”

A dragon's roar echoed, and a true dragon's shadow appeared within the cloud, five claws, holding a ruler, supporting the cloud, ascending with radiant light, protecting Lü Yang's soul and heart.

Compared to past hardships, this breakthrough was effortless.

In the next moment, Lü Yang's figure reappeared in the mortal world, an auspicious cloud above his head, absorbing the world's spiritual energy, his Dao foundation manifesting.

“Rustle rustle.”

Light rain fell, and Lü Yang stood quietly, his already handsome face now even more refined, exuding a noble aura.

Behind his head, the auspicious cloud rolled, a true dragon coiled within, creating circles of seven-colored halos; this was not a deliberate display of magical power, but a natural phenomenon generated by the world, as if even the heavens rejoiced at his breakthrough, resonating with him!

Meanwhile, in Jiangxi, within the Pure Land.

As Lü Yang established his foundation, a golden light seemed to flash within the Pure Land, ready to emerge, but it flickered for a moment before returning to nothingness.

At the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion, atop the Extreme Heaven Cliff.

A handsome young man in a Daoist robe, pressing a sword on his knee, suddenly looked up with a surprised expression: “Commanding myriad chariots, ascending in radiance, yet not a Buddhist cultivator?”

The young man calculated with his fingers, then smiled with interest:

“That Dao position has been treasured in the Pure Land for many years, yet no one could attain it; now, the most hopeful candidate for that Dao foundation, with innate perfection, is surprisingly not a Buddhist cultivator.”

“This is indeed intriguing!”

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Chapter 128: Another Person in the Foundation Establishment Realm!

[1,569 words]

Strictly speaking, the Star Domain Heaven at this moment no longer had a domain sky.

What remained was a marvel that had completely fused with heaven and earth, presenting mountains and rivers.

【Ten Thousand Gu Cave】 !

Above this mountain cave, a mass of golden auspicious clouds was seen rolling and surging, occasionally accompanied by thunderous roars, with dragon-like light and shadows faintly appearing within the clouds.

As it inhaled and exhaled the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, the scale of this auspicious cloud continued to expand.

It only stopped growing after it had stretched to cover over a thousand miles, hanging high in the sky, revealing an aura of perfect ease, without flaw or deficiency.

This was the 【Myriad Chariot Dragon-Taming Dao Foundation】 !

The auspicious clouds covering a thousand miles at this moment were nothing more than the manifestation of the Dao Foundation through the borrowing of qi.

The true Dao Foundation, along with Lü Yang's true body, was located within the vast Foundation Establishment Realm.

“What a Foundation Establishment Realm this is.”

Foundation established or not, it was ultimately worlds apart.

Though before his breakthrough, he had already gathered full certainty, slaughtering Qi Refining cultivators like cutting grass.

In the eyes of Qin Tianhe and others, he was not much different from a Foundation Establishment True Person.

However, after truly stepping into this realm, all his thoughts and feelings felt as if heaven and earth had been turned upside down.

“Boom!”

Lü Yang opened and closed his eyes, as if flashes of light and electricity flickered within.

Yet in the next moment, in his vision, the area covered by the auspicious clouds actually exploded with a burst of thunder!

With a single thought, heaven and earth moved, just like that!

It didn't even require much consumption of his magical power, as effortless as drawing on paper—why would it take any effort at all?

The moment he stepped into Foundation Establishment, Lü Yang felt divinely inspired, suddenly comprehending many things, including the various mysteries of Foundation Establishment.

Parts that had been difficult to grasp in the past now became clear.

At this moment, as he looked around the Foundation Establishment Realm, his brows furrowed slightly:

“No wonder Foundation Establishment True Persons live for three hundred years, but this place is no blessed land.”

Foundation Establishment was something every Qi Refining cultivator yearned for.

However, after truly stepping in, Lü Yang discovered that this was not some paradise, but rather a perilous land rarely found in the world!

“When constructing the Dao Foundation, thousands of inner demons come to disturb.”

At first, Lü Yang thought that as his Dao Foundation took form, these formless inner demons would also vanish.

But in reality, that was not the case.

“Called 【Inner Demons】 , it was actually just a false name.”

Only after truly establishing the Foundation could one see through the facade of the inner demons and discover their true nature—

It was actually a kind of wind, a wind that perpetually swept through the Foundation Establishment Realm.

“Its name is 【Bi】 .”

This wind was strange, blowing in through the crown of the head, penetrating the dantian, striking the nine orifices, dispersing the soul.

Just one sweep back and forth could make one's soul scatter and perish!

Only the Dao Foundation could mitigate the damage of this Bi Wind.

Thus, the first failure of ascending after breaking through to Foundation Establishment still left hope for survival.

But if one failed to establish the Dao Foundation, death was certain.

Without the Dao Foundation as a vessel, the soul had nowhere to rest, and facing the Bi Wind meant certain death!

What was previously seen as inner demons was nothing but a deception.

What was even more terrifying was that even after successfully constructing the Dao Foundation, the protection it provided only reduced the damage from the Bi Wind, not complete immunity.

Over time, the soul would still be worn down.

This time limit was exactly three hundred years!

“The lifespan of a Foundation Establishment True Person being three hundred years is not because they have only three hundred years of natural lifespan, but because after three hundred years, their soul can no longer endure the erosion of the Bi Wind!”

“Therefore, after three hundred years, reincarnation is necessary.”

“Only through the profound mystery of reincarnation can one repair the damage to the soul caused by the Bi Wind, and then ascend again to Foundation Establishment, enjoying another three hundred years of lifespan.”

This was an unsolvable problem.

If one did not step into the Foundation Establishment Realm, the natural lifespan would at most be a hundred and fifty years.

But stepping into Foundation Establishment, under the erosion of the Bi Wind, one would only have three hundred years at best.

Under such circumstances, it was imaginable that the number of Foundation Establishment True Persons would not be too many.

However, as long as the great sects of the world maintained their lineages and had large numbers of Qi Refining disciples as their foundation, the number of Foundation Establishment True Persons probably wouldn't be too few either, at least maintaining a certain level.

Not to mention that Foundation Establishment True Persons could reincarnate and return again.

'It's almost as if it's a deliberately controlled balance!?'

A terrifying speculation suddenly emerged in Lü Yang's heart.

But he immediately dismissed it, choosing not to think too deeply.

Some matters were best left unclear.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang quickly shifted his thoughts:

"Speaking of which, after reaching Foundation Establishment, it seems I've become a blank slate again."

Before Foundation Establishment, he possessed great divine abilities, as well as the Blood Sun Sword Pill and the Myriad Spirits Banner, practically fully equipped.

However, after Foundation Establishment, the situation had drastically changed.

First, the Blood Sun Sword Pill had already been declared scrapped when he used the 【Twelve Capital Heavenly Demon Calamity Light】 earlier.

But even if he had kept it, it would be useless to him now.

After all, with his Dao Foundation spreading auspicious clouds over a thousand miles, the Blood Sun Sword Pill was like a mantis trying to stop a chariot in comparison.

Although the Myriad Spirits Banner still had some use, it wasn't much.

After all, the Guardian Deity Su Nu was still considered Foundation Establishment.

Even though its usefulness was greatly reduced for him now, it could still serve as a meat shield.

As for his great divine abilities, they were not entirely useless either.

It was just that compared to the advantage they provided during Qi Refining, they were now common tools for a Foundation Establishment True Person, hardly enough to set him apart.

“No rush, take it slow, there are still a few more opportunities left.”

Lü Yang’s mind turned rapidly, and he quickly thought of that heavenly treasure in the hands of the Yun Family Ancestor.

The Yun Family Ancestor could even use it to conceal himself from the perception of a True Lord!

“Such a treasure ought to belong to me, lest it be left to gather dust!”

Suppressing his thoughts, Lü Yang finally turned his divine sense outward.

The auspicious clouds within a thousand miles gradually retracted, dissipating their form and entering his mouth and nose.

Turning around again, Lü Yang discovered that he had already landed in the sky.

Behind him was the Saint Sect’s Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, and in front of him stood the Dharma Body of Clear Snow True Lord, vast and boundless.

Opposite him were the True Lords of the Pure Land and the Dao Court.

At this moment, the gazes of all three True Lords simultaneously landed on him!

In the next second, a voice rang in Lü Yang’s ears.

“Congratulations, little friend. From now on, the Foundation Establishment Realm has gained another True Person.”

“You are young and talented, a rare find in the world. It’s a pity that you are deeply entangled in the demonic path, truly a waste of talent. If you were to join my Dao Court, you would at least be granted a Value Position.”

The Value Position of the Dao Court was equivalent to Foundation Establishment.

The Dao Court cultivated the “Path of Heaven’s Patrol,” where official ranks matched cultivation realms.

It had twelve Value Positions, each governing a major province, all outstanding among Foundation Establishment cultivators.

Presumably, a Value Position holder would at least be in the mid-stage of Foundation Establishment.

Those closer to the core of the Dao Court might even be late-stage Foundation Establishment Great True Persons!

Before Lü Yang could respond, another voice floated over:

“Amitabha, this benefactor has achieved the 【Myriad Chariot Dragon-Taming Dao Foundation】 , clearly fated with my Pure Land. If you are willing to take refuge, you shall surely attain the fruit of a Bodhisattva in the future.”

Bodhisattva? True Lord!?

Lü Yang’s pupils shrank.

The Bodhisattvas of the Pure Land were equivalent to Golden Core True Lords.

Were they promising him that as long as he joined the Pure Land, he had the hope of becoming a Golden Core True Lord?

At that moment, Lü Yang’s heart was indeed stirred.

However, he still unhesitatingly put on a façade of unyielding loyalty, turning a deaf ear to the invitations of the two True Lords.

In the next second, a mighty divine sense descended from the sky, directly dispersing all the voices in his ears.

He saw Clear Snow True Lord smiling at him:

“You performed well in this Dao-Seizing Battle, truly worthy of being a disciple of my Saint Sect.”

“...You praise me too much, my lord.”

Lü Yang bowed respectfully.

Then he glanced at the two True Lords of the Pure Land and Dao Court in the distance, who had not openly spoken from the beginning to the end.

Were they really trying to recruit him just now?

Recalling the usual behavior of the Saint Sect, Lü Yang had reason to suspect:

Damn it, could it have been the Saint Sect’s True Lord fishing for him all along?

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

[1,513 words]

Jiangxi, Deep Joy Pure Land.

In the land of ultimate Zen, temples stood in great numbers, and among them was a temple that was not vast in size, its Buddha light dazzling and bell sounds mighty.

A plaque in front of the temple bore three large characters:

【Fulong Temple】

Pushing open the temple doors and entering the main hall, one could see a towering golden Arhat statue standing tall.

Below the golden statue was a meditation cushion, upon which sat a handsome young man with red lips and white teeth.

Around him gathered a group of disciples, either chanting scriptures or holding ritual implements, performing some kind of sacrificial ceremony.

However, at that moment, a sudden explosion rang out from within the temple.

“Hmm?”

The handsome youth with red lips and white teeth opened his eyes, revealing a trace of confusion.

“Guang Hai and Guang Hui are both dead!? Only Guang Ming is still alive?”

Among the three most capable disciples under his command, all had been sent to participate in the Seizing Dao Battle at the Bodhisattva's request.

Among them, Guang Hai's cultivation was the highest, Guang Hui followed, and Guang Ming was the weakest.

Yet, unexpectedly, after the Seizing Dao Battle ended, it was the most mediocre Guang Ming who survived.

But soon, Fulong Arhat's expression changed.

“This is... 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 ? No, it is 【Myriad Chariots Dragon Taming Dao Foundation】 ! Someone actually succeeded in Foundation Establishment without me sensing it!?”

At this thought, Fulong Arhat’s expression instantly turned extremely gloomy.

Although the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 was his own creation, the 【Myriad Chariots Dragon Taming Dao Foundation】 was not.

It was a special gift from a great figure of the Pure Land.

The so-called 【Myriad Chariots Dragon Taming】 tamed the 【True Dragon Fiendish Qi】 .

Ordinary cultivators who trained in the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 could only achieve third-grade true qi in the end, ultimately becoming his pawns, refined into guardian Vajra statues in the temple.

Because of this, his greatest fear was that someone would break through the limits of the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 and, like him, refine the 【Myriad Chariots Dragon Taming Dao Foundation】 , escaping his control and even contending with him for the Dao path, turning from a promising talent into a lifelong Dao rival!

“No matter who it is... I must kill him!”

With this thought, Fulong Arhat’s figure suddenly dimmed as he performed a “Buddhist Heart Seal,” transmitting his intent directly toward the target’s location.

However, in the very next moment, his expression drastically changed.

Because he discovered that in the direction he was heading, three colossal Dharma Bodies, vast and indescribable, were standing tall, looking directly at him!

“Where did this rogue cultivator come from, so ignorant.”

A light scolding echoed like thunder.

Fulong Arhat trembled on the spot, watching helplessly as his Dao Foundation was about to collapse and shatter.

“Mercy, mercy.”

A faint Buddhist chant sounded, instantly stabilizing the crumbling Dao Foundation, pulling him back from the brink of life and death.

“Benefactor Feixue, aren’t you being a bit too hasty?”

“Fulong and this Lü Benefactor from your sect seem to share a deep karmic connection. Why not let them meet first instead of attacking right away?”

Only then did Fulong Arhat come to his senses, seeing that in the center of the three True Lords, standing atop a wondrous phenomenon, was a handsome youth.

The aura on him was exactly the same as what Fulong Arhat had sensed earlier— 【Myriad Chariots Dragon Taming Dao Foundation】 —and the youth was watching him with great vigilance.

“Suffering indeed!”

Fulong Arhat immediately saw through the situation.

This was a True Person of the Primordial Saint Sect!

Since that was the case, killing him was out of the question!

Yet, this concerned his own Dao path...

What made Fulong Arhat even more alarmed was that the opponent’s Dao Foundation was flawless and perfect, without any defects.

He had reached the peak of the early Foundation Establishment stage upon breakthrough!

“Perfect Foundation Establishment?” Fulong Arhat murmured softly.

A Dao Foundation perfected at birth would save countless effort when refining a life-bound divine ability, potentially allowing the cultivator to attempt to absorb the first strand of Heavenly Astral Earth Fiend within thirty years and advance to the mid-stage!

Truly a Dao rival!

At this thought, Fulong Arhat clenched his teeth tightly and then looked at Lü Yang, speaking in a deep voice, “This person indeed shares deep karmic ties with this humble monk...”

“Oh? Really?”

True Lord Qingcheng Feixue smiled upon hearing this, beckoning with her jade-like hand as the wondrous phenomenon 【Myriad Gu Cave】 formed from the realm itself fell into her palm, spinning rapidly.

“Two fellow Daoists, do you think this phenomenon should be placed in Jiangdong or Jiangxi?”

“I think Jiangxi would be quite nice.”

“Amitabha!”

Before True Lord Qingcheng Feixue finished her words, the Pure Land’s True Lord chanted a Buddhist verse.

“Since the Seizing Dao Battle has ended, this humble nun should also return.”

“What’s the rush?”

True Lord Qingcheng Feixue chuckled softly.

“Isn’t there still fate?”

“No more, no more.”

The Buddhist True Lord responded with a smile, then looked at Fulong Arhat.

“Let’s go back for now.”

Hearing this, Fulong Arhat showed great unwillingness but could do nothing.

He could only cast a deep glance at Lü Yang in the distance, then stood behind the Pure Land’s True Lord.

In the next moment, the Buddha light dimmed.

The Pure Land’s True Lord, Fulong Arhat, and even Guang Ming—who had barely survived this battle along with a dozen other lucky Buddhist cultivators—returned to Jiangxi’s Pure Land.

“Hmph!”

At the same time, the True Lord from the Dao Court had a livid expression.

While Guang Ming and the others from the Pure Land survived, his side had suffered complete annihilation.

Fortunately, the Dao Court operated differently.

People were not as important as official positions.

As long as the 【official position】 remained intact and undamaged, they could simply select and appoint new officials from successive examination candidates.

What truly angered the Dao Court's True Lord was that wondrous phenomenon, the 【Myriad Gu Cave】 .

Rumble!

True Lord Qingcheng Feixue raised her jade-like hand, and the phenomenon formed from the realm itself fell from the sky, smashing heavily into the border region of Jiangdong's Dao Court.

Almost simultaneously, the Dao Court's True Lord let out a muffled groan.

Below, in Jiangdong.

At the location where the 【Myriad Gu Cave】 landed, all cultivators felt a sudden change in their cultivation experience and looked up toward the sky.

They felt the difficulty of cultivation had abruptly shifted.

In the early morning, as dewdrops condensed and mist rose, qi had yet to flow smoothly.

It moved from within the earth, connecting north and south, opposing Kan and Li.

All cultivators practicing Metal and Water techniques felt an unexpected sense of ease.

This was the result of the fruit position struggle!

The fruit position that originally enveloped this region was pushed aside.

True Lord Qingcheng Feixue's fruit position gained the upper hand, directly affecting all cultivators below.

Even Foundation Establishment True Persons were not exempt!

Looking around, Lü Yang could even see a few cultivators who were attempting Foundation Establishment.

Due to the change in the fruit position, their original chances of success, which had been as high as thirty percent, had suddenly dropped to zero.

Meanwhile, a few others who originally had slim chances now gained an additional ten percent chance.

“Thank you, fellow Daoist!”

True Lord Qingcheng Feixue laughed loudly at this sight, while the Dao Court’s True Lord said nothing, his face dark as he retracted his Dharma Body, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

Jiangxi, Deep Joy Pure Land.

After returning to the Pure Land, Fulong Arhat did not leave immediately.

Instead, he looked at the True Lord presiding over all affairs before him, known by the honored title 【Bodhisattva of Vase and Water Moon】 , and asked:

“Bodhisattva... what exactly happened in this Seizing Dao Battle?”

“We were simply defeated.”

The Bodhisattva of Vase and Water Moon spoke calmly.

After all, although they lost, the Pure Land did not suffer too much loss.

All the losses had fallen upon the Dao Court.

Publicly, the Dao Court was completely wiped out, while the Pure Land still had a handful of survivors.

Privately, she had used Fulong Arhat’s issue as a pretext to have True Lord Qingcheng Feixue place the 【Myriad Gu Cave】 in Jiangdong, sparing herself from any losses.

Naturally, she spoke with ease now.

“That Guang Ming is quite impressive.”

“If he hadn’t betrayed the Dao Court in time, the Buddhist cultivators participating in this battle might have ended up just like the Dao Court—none surviving.”

“He’s a clever seedling.”

“Of course, betraying allies doesn’t sound good and shouldn’t be encouraged.”

“So, when we return, don’t reward him openly. Secretly, let him cultivate well in your 【Fulong Temple】 . He may still be of use in the future.”

“This humble monk accepts the decree.”

Fulong Arhat bowed respectfully, inwardly starting to look at Guang Ming with new eyes.

After all, everyone else had died, and Guang Ming alone survived—he must have something extraordinary about him.

“However, Bodhisattva, about that newly advanced Foundation Establishment True Person...”

Before Fulong Arhat could finish, he saw the Bodhisattva of Vase and Water Moon calculate with her fingers and then shake her head.

“The karmic connection has been severed. It now depends on your own ability.”

“If you can make him take refuge or kill him, the Pure Land will fully support you.”

“Otherwise... the Pure Land does not raise useless people.”

Upon hearing these words, Fulong Arhat dared not say another word.

He immediately prostrated on the ground, repeatedly affirming, then retreated from the Pure Land’s main hall in a crawling manner.

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

Chapter 130: Changes in the Book of a Hundred Lifetimes

[1,559 words]

After sending off the two True Persons from the Pure Land and Dao Court, True Person Qingcheng Feixue finally looked toward Lü Yang, the pair of eyes as vast as the sun and moon seemingly pondering something.

“Hehe, the addition of a new True Person in the sect is indeed a joyous event.”

As her words fell, True Person Qingcheng Feixue smiled charmingly and released Lü Yang from her palm: “Go back and see Chong Guang. On your way, you must proclaim this to the sects of Jiangbei.”

With that, the vast Dharma Body that filled the world and stretched for countless miles dispersed.

Only then did Lü Yang let out a deep breath of turbid air, and saw Qin Tianhe, Xu Xin, Daoist Jiaolong, and other true disciples of the Saint Sect cautiously flying over.

“Disciple greets the True Person!”

Compared to before the Battle for the Dao, the statuses of all the true disciples had significantly risen, especially Chong Ming, who in Lü Yang’s eyes now had at least a fifty percent chance of achieving Foundation Establishment.

“Rise.”

Lü Yang raised his hand slightly and smiled: “This place lies at the junction of Jiangdong, Jiangxi, and Jiangbei. It is a long journey back to the sect. Do you need me to escort you part of the way?”

“Thank you for your kindness, True Person.” Xu Xin hurriedly shook his head: “We still have to head to the front lines, so we won’t be returning. However, perhaps the young master has a request?”

Upon hearing this, Chong Ming immediately pulled a long face: “No need!”

“Then forget it.”

Lü Yang chuckled softly, showing no airs, for after all, any of these true disciples present might one day become Foundation Establishment True Persons like him.

Even within the Saint Sect, true disciples held a certain status. Though in most cases they were still treated as expendable resources, at least they wouldn’t be casually discarded.

True Persons would also cherish them more and not completely disregard their lives.

That said, there was still a thick barrier between True Persons and those below.

Thus, after greeting Lü Yang and paying their respects, the group of true disciples departed one after another, leaving only Chong Ming standing in place, looking helplessly at Lü Yang.

“Is there something else?” Lü Yang asked in puzzlement.

“True Person...”

Chong Ming lowered his head and said in a deep voice: “That Eight Trigrams Plate was a gift from my father. It can conceal heavenly secrets and is a life-saving treasure of mine. I humbly request the True Person to return it.”

Lü Yang was momentarily stunned by these words before showing a look of realization.

Immediately, he reached into his robe and took out the Eight Trigrams Plate he had borrowed from Chong Ming earlier to locate the Dao Court, then handed it back.

“My apologies, I overlooked it for a moment.”

“Not at all, thank you, True Person.”

Chong Ming respectfully accepted the Eight Trigrams Plate while cursing inwardly: if he hadn't spoken up, this True Person would probably have pocketed the treasure!

If not for leveraging the background of his father, True Person Chong Guang, this True Person might have just feigned ignorance!

Truly shameless to the extreme!

Seeing Lü Yang's calm expression, looking as if he had a clear conscience, Chong Ming felt both indignant and helpless... as expected of a True Person of the Saint Sect.

After a moment, Lü Yang regretfully watched Chong Ming leave but did not rush back to the Saint Sect.

Instead, he turned his gaze toward the **【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】** .

In fact, the book had already changed when he achieved Foundation Establishment, but he had dared not show anything unusual in front of the True Person.

Now was the perfect time to examine it.

In the next moment, with a slight movement of Lü Yang's thoughts, the information belonging to him appeared on the **【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】** , showing many changes compared to before.

【Name: Lü Yang】

【Lifespan: 35】

【Cultivation: Early Foundation Establishment】

【Talents: Dual Cultivation Prodigy (White), Some Skill (Purple)】

【Dao Foundation: Myriad Chariots Dragon Riding Dao Foundation】

【Divine Abilities: None】

【Treasures: Blood Sun Sword Pill (Scrapped), Innate One Qi (Superior Rare Treasure), Myriad Spirits Banner (Inferior Spiritual Treasure)】

【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes Pages: 93】

【Anchor Points: 1】

Lü Yang's gaze immediately focused on the newly added 【Anchor Points】 at the end.

This was the reward from the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 after breaking through to Foundation Establishment.

A chance to save progress!

With this, when restarting again, he wouldn't have to return to the day he first joined the sect but could freely choose to restart from any anchor point.

This greatly increased his options!

For example, the current anchor point was the Saint Sect's beginning.

In the next lifetime, he could head to the Sword Pavilion and start from there!

However, Lü Yang needed to think carefully about how to proceed, so he didn't rush to use this anchor point and continued examining the panel.

Besides the anchor points, the 【Cultivation Method】 section had been replaced by 【Dao Foundation】 , and the 【Divine Abilities】 section was shockingly cleared out entirely.

“In other words, even great divine abilities are no longer that important for a Foundation Establishment cultivator. They are basically just common combat techniques. That makes sense. How quickly do Foundation Establishment True Persons cultivate great divine abilities? Cheap things lack value. Easy-to-cultivate abilities naturally have low quality.”

This highlighted the advantage of having a sect background.

Lü Yang possessed the inheritance of the Witch Ghost Path and had the personal guidance of Ancestor Nether Wishper.

Once he returned to the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, he would likely receive the tutelage of other Saint Sect True Persons.

Wasn't that far better than the miserable life of a rogue cultivator?

Thinking of this, Lü Yang no longer lingered.

He immediately turned his body, once again releasing golden auspicious clouds, riding the wind and flying toward the Saint Sect.

In an instant, a thousand-mile spiritual tide surged across the sky.

After all, Lü Yang did not dare forget the instructions of True Person Qingcheng Feixue, so he did not conceal his aura at all, stirring waves like the roaring tide, moving as if the sun and moon were traversing the heavens.

Almost simultaneously, all over Jiangbei, under the rule of the Saint Sect, the Foundation Establishment True Persons of various sects and the Immortal Clans sensed this and looked up to the sky with envy in their eyes: “The Saint Sect has produced another Foundation Establishment cultivator. Judging by his power, he seems to be another outstanding figure among his peers.”

Primordial Saint Sect, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

On the Sacred Fire Cliff, True Person Chong Guang had been meditating and regulating his breath when he suddenly awoke.

After a quick divination, a pleased smile appeared between his brows:

“Good! Very good!”

As his words fell, True Person Chong Guang waved his sleeve, and with a flick of his finger, a thunderous boom resounded as his powerful mana struck a great bell at the summit of the Sacred Fire Cliff.

In an instant, the sound of the bell spread throughout the Sea of Clouds.

As the bell’s sound echoed, the first to react were the four Inner Peaks.

The four Peak Masters were almost simultaneously roused from their secluded cultivation.

In the past, the Saint Sect’s True Persons rarely showed themselves unless necessary. However, at this moment, upon hearing the bell, all the True Persons in seclusion within the Saint Sect revealed their auras, transforming into streams of clear energy and radiant light that pierced through the clouds and mountains, reaching straight into the sky!

Such a commotion immediately shook the Sea of Clouds.

Countless Qi Refining disciples knelt on the ground with looks of reverence, while secretly communicating with each other, speculating about what had happened.

Meanwhile, in the northern frontier, where the sun had already set over the Divine Martial Sect, panic spread.

After the incident at Skeleton Mountain, the Divine Martial Sect had suffered heavy losses and was now like fish in a barrel, spared only to serve as training for the Saint Sect's disciples.

Seeing the eruption of auras from all the Saint Sect's True Persons, the remaining True Persons of the Divine Martial Sect thought the Saint Sect had finally decided to wipe them out.

They appeared one after another in shock and anger, preparing for a desperate fight, only to realize that no True Person from the Saint Sect had come.

They fell into confusion once again.

Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, Mending Heaven Peak.

"Father, what has happened?"

"... After so many years, someone has achieved Foundation Establishment again."

Facing his daughter Chen Shuqian's inquiry, the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak remained silent for a moment before stepping out of his secluded cave, looking up at the vast golden auspicious clouds stretching for a thousand miles.

At this moment, his expression grew somewhat complicated.

"Panlong's inheritance? Who is this person who managed to deceive both me and Panlong? What kind of person can bear such great karma and still achieve Foundation Establishment?"

"And if Panlong's inheritance is with him, what happened to Zhao Xuhe?"

The more the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak thought about it, the more he felt something was off.

The karma that was once so clear now seemed murky and hard to define.

He felt an overwhelming sense of apprehension toward this newly ascended True Person of the Saint Sect.

At the same time, a trace of relief also arose in his heart.

At least he had not gotten into any conflict or formed any great enmity with this new True Person over the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 .

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Chapter 131: Opening a Mountain and Establishing a Residence, Dao Title Yuan Tu!

[1,847 words]

‘Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak, just you wait for me!’

Outside the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

A golden auspicious cloud was seen rolling through the sky, covering the heavens and the earth, stretching over a thousand miles, only to converge when it approached the Sea of Clouds, transforming into a handsome young man.

Lü Yang almost immediately turned his gaze toward Mending Heaven Peak, his heart stirring restlessly.

However, in the end, he still suppressed the impulse to slap down with his palm.

No rush.

He had just broken through, and the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak was not injured as in his previous lifetime.

“There will always be a chance, things go smoother with patience!”

The karma of having been killed with a single finger back then would eventually be returned by him one day!

Withdrawing his gaze, Lü Yang made his way to the Sacred Fire Cliff.

The formation spirit he had met once before emerged again, bowing deeply to Lü Yang, then respectfully saluted, “Greetings, True Person.”

Lü Yang nodded slightly, then proceeded to the hall where True Person Chong Guang was located.

There, a tall, robed man, not particularly handsome but with an awe-inspiring sharpness between his brows, sat at the main seat.

Standing beside him was a young Daoist with a gloomy expression.

They were True Person Chong Guang and True Person Yin Shan!

Lü Yang focused his spirit and fixed his gaze on True Person Chong Guang at the very first glance, observing not only his current form but also his Dao Foundation in the Foundation Establishment Realm.

In the next moment, a look of surprise appeared in his eyes.

Because in his view, True Person Yin Shan was still within reason.

His Dao Foundation was a towering black mountain, with rolling baleful Qi surrounding it like rivers in the mountains.

However, True Person Chong Guang was different.

When Lü Yang looked over, he saw that the other stood within the Foundation Establishment Realm with hands behind his back, appearing like an ordinary person, without manifesting his Dao Foundation at all!

It was known that within the Foundation Establishment Realm, the 【Bifeng】 wind never ceased.

Only by residing within one's Dao Foundation could a Foundation Establishment True Person avoid damage to their soul by the wind.

Yet, True Person Chong Guang could openly reveal his true body without fear.

Did this mean that even the 【Bifeng】 could not disperse his soul?

How profound must his Dao attainment be?

At this thought, Lü Yang's expression became even more solemn.

Instead, True Person Chong Guang, upon seeing Lü Yang, showed a kindly and brilliant smile, making Lü Yang somewhat uneasy.

“Yuan Tu is here!”

True Person Chong Guang laughed loudly.

True Person Yin Shan also stepped forward, clasped his hands, and said, “Congratulations, Junior Brother, on establishing your Dao Foundation and transcending the mundane.”

“Senior Brother flatters me.”

Lü Yang returned the gesture and then looked toward True Person Chong Guang, solemnly returning the 【Yuan Chen Suspension Diagram】 .

He respectfully said, “Uncle-Master Chong Guang, Yuan Tu has not failed in his mission.”

“Good!”

True Person Chong Guang accepted the fruit-positioned treasure and smiled slightly, “Yuan Tu, having just entered Foundation Establishment, may still be unclear about some of the keys to this stage.”

‘Finally getting to the main topic!’

Lü Yang thought to himself, his expression suddenly becoming serious, “I humbly ask Uncle-Master to instruct me.”

“No need to speak of instruction, it’s just a few pointers.” True Person Chong Guang waved his hand. “Yuan Tu, do you know the origin of the Dao Foundation you’ve established?”

Hearing this, Lü Yang nodded and said solemnly, “Disciple cultivates the 『Nine Transforming Dragon Art』 , establishing the 【Myriad Chariots Dragon-Taming Dao Foundation】 , originally created by the wandering cultivator True Person Panlong.”

“Later, True Person Panlong attained Nirvana in the Pure Land and transformed into Fulong Arhat, who now holds a grudge against me.”

“In the future, I fear many troubles may arise.”

“It is already extraordinary that Yuan Tu knows these things.”

True Person Chong Guang smiled faintly and said, “But what is that Fulong Arhat?”

“A mere wandering cultivator who broke through by casting himself into the Pure Land, how could he possibly create a third-grade true art?”

“What do you mean, Uncle-Master?”

“The Dao Foundation you’ve established was actually the result of a Bodhisattva from the Pure Land pushing the karmic wheel and seizing heavenly secrets, borrowing the hand of that Fulong to create it.”

“Because there is a fruit-position in the Pure Land that has remained hidden for ages, with no one able to confirm it.”

“Although the World-Honored One included it in the Pure Land, it has never been fully refined.”

“Hence, the creation of this 【Myriad Chariots Dragon-Taming Dao Foundation】 was to make this hidden fruit-position reappear in the world.”

Lü Yang raised his eyebrows upon hearing this, “Fruit-positions have states of manifestation and concealment?”

“Of course.”

True Person Chong Guang chuckled and explained, “All cultivation methods in this world are derived from the intent of various Dao Masters from their respective fruit-positions, then gradually evolved.”

“Therefore, every Dao Foundation built through these methods corresponds to a specific fruit-position.”

“When the number of Dao Foundations affiliated with a fruit-position is sufficient, that fruit-position manifests in the world, greatly increasing the chance to ascend to that position.”

“Conversely, if the number is insufficient, the fruit-position remains hidden, and few in the world can attain it.”

After hearing the explanation, Lü Yang’s expression gradually darkened.

“No wonder the Pure Land claims I am destined with them.”

“So my Dao Foundation corresponds to a fruit-position they hold.”

“If they refuse to let go, my path to the Dao is blocked?”

“Indeed.”

True Person Chong Guang nodded. “But ascending to a fruit-position is a matter for the future.”

“For now, it has no effect on your current cultivation.”

“So you may continue your cultivation without concern.”

At this point, True Person Chong Guang spoke with a sigh, “If one day, you truly reach the threshold of seeking a fruit-position, and I have already achieved True Lordhood, then it’s not entirely hopeless.”

“It would merely be a matter of snatching a fruit-position from the Pure Land!”

Hearing this, Lü Yang’s previously disheartened expression outwardly brightened.

Yet, in his heart, he was full of disdain.

‘All from the same Saint Sect, and you still play tricks with me!’

If he truly intended to help, he would have warned him much earlier.

In the end, wasn’t this just another form of control, making him willingly serve under him?

However, this actually put Lü Yang at ease.

After all, this kind of maneuvering was normal in the Saint Sect.

If they didn’t try to control him at all, he would feel even more uneasy.

Now that the cards were on the table, at least he knew how to respond.

Moreover, this was just control.

Strictly speaking, he still had room to refuse.

As for the **【Myriad Chariots Dragon-Taming Dao Foundation】**, although it had significant drawbacks, he could start over!

If this path truly led to a dead end, he could just change to another Dao Foundation and start again.

With the **【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】** in hand, he could afford to make mistakes freely!

In True Person Chong Guang’s view, establishing the Dao Foundation was a point of no return.

Thus, if Lü Yang wanted to attain the Golden Core, he had to follow this path to the end.

However, in reality, Lü Yang could change his path at any moment!

Difficulty in proving a fruit-position?

Just change to another!

Trying to control him this way was nothing but wishful thinking.

Still, letting True Person Chong Guang believe he had control wasn't a bad thing either.

After all, if he believed he was in control, he would be more willing to invest heavily.

Lü Yang could take all the benefits first and make his move when necessary.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang immediately felt the vastness of the world.

The next moment, he decisively cupped his hands to True Person Chong Guang, "Yuan Tu is still young and will need much guidance from Uncle-Master Chong Guang in the future."

Hearing this, True Person Chong Guang immediately showed a satisfied smile.

This junior recognized the situation and knew the way!

At this thought, True Person Chong Guang reached into his robe and took out a jade box.

"This was subdued by True Lord Feixue and handed to me upon returning to the sect."

"This item is also somehow destined with you, so I gift it to you."

Lü Yang accepted the jade box, scanned it with his divine sense, and immediately showed a look of joy.

"The King of the Qi-Devouring Insects?"

"This exotic species from beyond the heavens hasn't gone extinct?"

This was indeed a pleasant surprise.

According to the words of Ancestor Ting You, the potential of the Qi-Devouring Insect was enormous.

If he could cultivate it successfully, it would surely become one of his powerful means in the future!

'As expected of a True Person at the peak of Foundation Establishment, so generous.'

'First, he gave a big stick, now he offers a sweet date, starting to invest after securing control.'

Thinking of this, Lü Yang quickly cupped his hands again, "Many thanks, Uncle-Master!"

True Person Chong Guang naturally responded with a smile.

True Person Yin Shan also approached, and the atmosphere between the three of them became much more harmonious.

Taking the opportunity, Lü Yang did not forget to ask, "By the way, may I ask the name of that fruit-position in the Pure Land?"

True Person Chong Guang did not intend to hide it.

"That fruit-position is Tianjing Yulei, the Imperial Capital Golden City, shaped like a dragon coiled for a thousand miles, with the stance of a tiger crouching on all sides."

"Its name is 【Cheng Tou Tu】."

After a few more exchanges, True Person Chong Guang waved his sleeve, revealing an incense table with a Dao emblem, a Dharma seal, and a Daoist robe placed on it.

"Receive the decree of the True Lord."

True Person Chong Guang's expression turned solemn as he took out the life lamp Lü Yang had lit with his own blood when he first entered the Saint Sect.

"Today, disciple Lü Yang has established the Dao Foundation, fulfilling his duty, transcending form, and ascending in essence."

Under True Person Chong Guang's arrangement, this life lamp would henceforth be placed within the Sacred Fire Cliff, to be worshipped alongside the life lamps of other True Persons in the sect.

This was not just a formality but truly beneficial to cultivation.

Once the life lamp received the sect's offerings, the sect's merits and Qi fortune would feedback through the life lamp to its owner, strengthening their soul.

This allowed the Foundation Establishment True Persons of the Saint Sect to have at least ten more years of lifespan compared to those assigned outside.

Once the life lamp was placed in the hall, True Person Chong Guang formed a hand seal.

“From today, you may open a mountain and establish a residence, with the Dao title Yuan Tu!”

As the words fell, Lü Yang suddenly heard a thunderous rumble.

He saw a vast immortal mountain rise from the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, standing tall and majestic in an instant!

From now on, this floating immortal mountain in the clouds would be his Dao arena.

At the same time, the Peak Masters of the Four Inner Peaks and many other True Persons of the sect all revealed themselves, clasped their hands in salute, and said in unison, “Greetings, True Person Yuan Tu!”

Lü Yang looked around and calmly returned the salute.

From this day forth, he had truly taken a seat at the Saint Sect’s table!

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

[1,533 words]

In the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, among the newly risen towering immortal mountains.

Lü Yang rode the escape light and landed on the mountain peak with a single step, only to see a vast expanse of spiritual mist before him.

Within the mist, rays of rosy light rose, transforming into a formation spirit.

“Slave pays respects to the True Person.”

The formation spirit appeared as a beautiful woman with an elegant figure and noble demeanor, bowing slightly to Lü Yang with a charming smile, exhaling a warm breath.

Seeing this, Lü Yang's eyes immediately lit up.

Of course, he had no interest in beauty.

What truly interested him was that this formation spirit looked extremely similar to the one on Sacred Fire Cliff, as if they had been carved from the same mold!

“What grade is your formation?”

“Reporting to the True Person.”

Facing Lü Yang’s inquiry, the formation spirit respectfully replied, “Slave was derived from the main formation on Sacred Fire Cliff as a sub-formation, responsible for guarding this immortal mountain for the True Person, controlling the changes of spiritual energy, observing fortune and merit. As for the grade, it should be around fifth grade.”

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang was immediately tempted.

Formations were divided into nine grades.

A seventh-grade formation was already the limit of the Qi Refining stage.

Fourth to sixth grade formations were within the scope of Foundation Establishment.

If he could delve deeper into this, it would be of great use to him!

Although he was already a seventh-grade formation master, after stepping into Foundation Establishment, the value of this identity had significantly diminished.

Because for a Foundation Establishment True Person, whether it was alchemy, tool refining, formations, talismans, or any of the myriad arts of cultivation, they would naturally grasp them after reaching Foundation Establishment.

Seventh grade was merely the basic standard for a Foundation Establishment True Person.

So, for Lü Yang, if he could make further progress in formations and become a Foundation Establishment formation master, it would count as gaining another trump card for the future.

“You, come to me tonight.”

“Slave understands.”

After giving instructions to the formation spirit, Lü Yang continued to stroll through the immortal mountain, while the mysterious seal bestowed by True Person Chong Guang on his waist began to glow.

Engraved on the seal was his Dao title: Yuan Tu.

At this moment, as Lü Yang activated the mysterious seal, the surrounding spiritual mist began to surge, and under the formation’s enhancement, it condensed into spiritual bricks, laying them piece by piece.

Before long, the surrounding spiritual mist thinned considerably, settling into a hazy yet still visible state.

And in front of Lü Yang, a grand hall entirely condensed from spiritual energy appeared.

From now on, this would be his place of seclusion!

A cave dwelling formed entirely from spiritual energy—how extravagant was that?

The air itself felt sweet in such a cultivation environment.

Thinking back to the days when he rented a cave dwelling on Mending Heaven Peak, Lü Yang couldn't help but feel emotional.

'I guess I've really made it now.'

With this thought, Lü Yang took out the Myriad Spirit Banner.

In the next moment, the banner fluttered, and the figures of Su Nu and Ancestor Nether Wishper appeared simultaneously.

Especially Ancestor Nether Wishper, who paused slightly upon seeing Lü Yang.

But soon, he reacted, sighing softly, "You've reached Foundation Establishment, not bad."

"Ancestor flatters me."

Lü Yang cupped his hands, then suddenly said, "Ancestor, now that this disciple has established his Dao foundation and received great rewards from the Sacred Sect, I have been granted permission to open a mountain and build a residence here in the Sea of Clouds."

"I was thinking, perhaps I could take this opportunity to reopen the Witch Ghost Path."

As soon as these words fell, Ancestor Nether Wishper was momentarily stunned.
"...What?"

Immediately after, his expression twisted visibly, and even his voice began to tremble.
"Reopen the Witch Ghost Path, are you not speaking nonsense?"

"Of course not."

Lü Yang replied cheerfully, "I was originally a disciple of the Witch Ghost Path. Now that I have finally reached Foundation Establishment and have the chance to reopen the sect, how could I not do it?"

Besides, it was just a matter of offering a favor in passing.

Lü Yang highly valued Ancestor Nether Wishper as a quality technical talent, so he naturally didn't mind providing a bit of emotional satisfaction.

Next, Ancestor Nether Wishper let out a long breath as if he had finally calmed his emotions.

Looking at Lü Yang once more, he suddenly said, "The Dao foundation you've established far surpasses that of my Witch Ghost Path. My past experiences in condensing innate divine abilities are useless to you. Everything will have to rely on yourself."

"Innate divine ability?"

Lü Yang's eyes lit up, knowing that the emotional value he provided had paid off.

Clearly, Ancestor Nether Wishper was about to share some closely guarded secrets.

"Ancestor, please enlighten me," Lü Yang immediately cupped his hands.

Seeing this, Ancestor Nether Wishper began to explain, "Innate divine ability is unique to Foundation Establishment True Persons."

"Divine abilities borrow the mighty power of heaven and earth."

"Whether they are lower, middle, upper, or great divine abilities, their essence lies in borrowing the power of heaven and earth. They are external forces and not your own power."

"However, innate divine abilities are different. They belong entirely to yourself."

"This is because innate divine abilities are derived from the fusion of a Foundation Establishment True Person's soul with their Dao foundation, like the blending of yin and yang, eventually giving birth to these divine methods."

"For Foundation Establishment True Persons, great divine abilities have become common tools in combat.

Innate divine abilities are the true trump cards hidden at the bottom of the chest.

They concern one's Dao foundation and future Dao path, so they are not easily shown to others.

When they are displayed, it is often at moments that determine life and death."

“The cultivation of Foundation Establishment Realm is the same.”

At this point, Ancestor Nether Wishper's eyes shifted slightly. “You have already seen it yourself.

A Foundation Establishment True Person's 【Dao Path】 requires the gathering of four great medicines from the Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiend.”

“These medicines are taken from the Ten Heavenly Gang and Twelve Earth Fiend.”

“On the other hand, they are manifestations of the imagery of heaven and earth, and thus can also be called 【Innate Divine Abilities】 , each with its own wonders.”

“The so-called Dao Path is actually the method by which a Foundation Establishment True Person uses their innate divine ability to accommodate four types of innate divine abilities, nourishing the innate with the four talents, and finally supporting the soul in pursuit of the Golden Position.

Although the manifestations differ among various Dao lineages, they all ultimately lead to the same goal.”

What did it mean to have an elder at home like a treasure?

Ancestor Nether Wishper, a once-peak Foundation Establishment cultivator, imparted all his knowledge without reservation, almost instantly allowing Lü Yang to clearly see the path of Foundation Establishment cultivation.

No wonder the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 had cleared the 【Divine Abilities】 section.

So, in the eyes of the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 , only innate divine abilities and innate talents were worthy of being recorded at his current stage?

“In that case, Ancestor, how should one condense an innate divine ability?”

“To refine an innate divine ability, the first prerequisite is a perfected Dao foundation,” Ancestor Nether Wishper glanced at Lü Yang with emotion. “You have already achieved that.”

“Next, it's simply a matter of merging your soul with your Dao foundation.”

“This tests your comprehension. Some people get stuck at this stage until the end of their lifespan with nothing to show for it, while others achieve great success in just a few decades.”

“Comprehension...”

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang immediately frowned, not because he lacked confidence in his comprehension, but because his comprehension might not be easily applicable in this regard.

“Ancestor, is there no way you could comprehend it on my behalf?”

Hearing this, Ancestor Nether Wishper immediately showed a speechless expression. “Of course not.”

As expected, it was not something easily worked around.

“If you can obtain a treasure that calculates heavenly secrets to assist you, it could also improve your chances of success.” Ancestor Nether Wishper added at the right moment.

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang immediately felt reassured.

“By my calculations, thirty years from now, the old ancestor of the Yun family will reincarnate in the Law Refinement Secret Realm, and the treasure of heavenly secrets that belongs to me should rightfully be returned by then!”

With this thought, Lü Yang immediately stood up with a flick of his sleeve.

Coincidentally, he also had a matter to resolve in the Law Refinement Secret Realm.

In Lü Yang’s hand, a jade box appeared, inside of which lay a completely black demonic insect with a single golden line running from head to tail along its back.

The Qi-Devouring Insect King!

All the offspring of this extraterrestrial species had been completely exterminated by Clear Snow True Lord, leaving only this main body alive, which had been gifted to Lü Yang by True Person Chong Guang.

To cultivate it anew, allowing it to reach a level where it could threaten even Foundation Establishment True Persons, it would undoubtedly require a vast amount of blood offerings.

Looking across the world, what place could meet this condition?

“Undoubtedly, the Law Refinement Secret Realm.”

“A hundred and forty million living beings with abundant blood energy should be enough to let the Qi-Devouring Insect feast to its heart’s content.”

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

[1,356 words]

The Law Refinement Secret Realm, a superior secret realm of the Primordial Saint Sect.

In the past, Lü Yang had lined up for decades just to use this secret realm, which showed how highly sought-after it was, almost constantly occupied.

However, with his current status and position, he no longer needed to queue.

After greeting True Person Yinshan, a decree was issued, and the Law Refinement Secret Realm was immediately sealed for thirty years, sent directly to his dao arena to assist in his cultivation.

"This is the benefit of having someone backing you."

Lü Yang sighed with emotion on his face, for although he was a newly advanced True Person, ordinary new True Persons did not enjoy such privileges, all thanks to True Person Chong Guang.

As the only Great True Person in the sect currently planning to ascend and prove his dao at the peak of Foundation Establishment, True Person Chong Guang not only had peerless cultivation but was also highly valued by True Lord Qing Cheng Fei Xue, making him the number one person below the True Lords in the Primordial Saint Sect, and Lü Yang was now his trusted follower.

How could such a connection be insignificant?

"Thank you, fellow daoist."

Looking at True Person Yinshan, who had personally delivered the secret realm, Lü Yang cupped his hands in a friendly manner, "I wonder if True Person Chong Guang has any tasks for me recently?"

"Don't be anxious, Yuan Tu."

True Person Yinshan smiled slightly, "The priority for you and me is still to first improve your cultivation. Once you succeed, Senior Brother will naturally not forget you."

Although he said this, True Person Yinshan was clearly very satisfied with Lü Yang's proactive attitude.

After chatting for a while, True Person Yinshan took the initiative to leave, as he had already obtained the 【Heavenly Corpse Evil Qi】 and was preparing to go into seclusion to refine it and break through to mid-Foundation Establishment.

As Lü Yang watched him leave, the smile on his face immediately faded.

"Sure enough, he hasn't broken through yet?"

In his sixth lifetime, after thirty years of seclusion, Lü Yang had emerged to find that True Person Yinshan had already reached mid-Foundation Establishment, making thirty years the dividing line.

After thirty years, True Person Chong Guang would probably come calling.

Undoubtedly, this was both an opportunity and a risk.

If he wanted to profit from it, he had to push his strength to the limit within these thirty years.

"Let's start with the Qi-Devouring Insect!"

With a single thought, Lü Yang flew down into the Law Refinement Secret Realm, while suddenly recalling a prodigy from his sixth lifetime.

"Wang Boyuan"

He had created the Qi Observation Technique, observing fate through human luck, and his theories had even allowed Lü Yang, who had not yet gained status, to discover the hidden ancestor of the Yun family.

Without a doubt, he was a true talent.

"Just in time, I lack a few capable people in my hands, and since I plan to reopen the Ancient Witch Ghost Path, it would be unreasonable not to have a few highly talented disciples."

With that thought, Lü Yang immediately began setting the parameters for the Law Refinement Secret Realm.

Although he intended to use the one hundred and forty million people in the secret realm to breed Qi-Devouring Insects, Lü Yang would not crudely let the insects devour them recklessly.

"After all, I'm not some great villain."

Moreover, letting the Qi-Devouring Insects feast openly would result in extremely low utilization of the talents, a one-time plunder with nothing left afterward.

One must understand that humans grow flesh on their own.

They didn't even need to be raised; they would fatten themselves up naturally.

Therefore, Lü Yang's breeding plan for the Qi-Devouring Insects was to let them coexist with the one hundred and forty million people in the secret realm, carefully cultivating and feeding them slowly.

"First, I need a cultivation system based on the Qi-Devouring Insects."

"At the beginning of cultivation, everyone carries an insect seed, nurturing it within their body. Let's call this stage the 【Embryonic Breath Stage】 , since the Qi-Devouring Insect hasn't yet been born."

"Next, cultivators would slowly refine their blood and qi through martial techniques to feed the insect embryo. When the embryo awakens and transforms into a larva, it would grant the cultivator tremendous strength and an indestructible body, while also consuming the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to nourish the flesh. Let's call this stage the 【Juvenile Stage】 ."

Soon, Lü Yang had organized a complete system.

From the Juvenile Stage to the Growth Stage, all the way to the Complete Form, and even the Ultimate Form, the Qi-Devouring Insect would eventually hatch from its shell and grow to its peak!

By then, each one would be no weaker than those found on the Battlefield of Dao Seizing.

And their numbers would far exceed that!

After all, these were bred from one hundred and forty million people. With a scale in the hundreds of millions, they might actually pose a real threat to Foundation Establishment True Persons.

More importantly, when all one hundred and forty million people carried insect seeds from birth and passed them on to their descendants, the entire secret realm would be under Lü Yang's complete surveillance.

As soon as the Yun family's ancestor reincarnated here, Lü Yang would detect it instantly!

Thinking of this, Lü Yang immediately opened the jade box.

"Hiss hiss..."

Inside the jade box, the Qi-Devouring Insect King gradually regained consciousness, but it no longer displayed its former ferocity. Instead, it showed a trace of heartfelt timidity.

Seeing this, Lü Yang couldn't help but feel a bit emotional.

This was once the child of destiny of an entire world, blessed by fate.

Without the intervention of a True Lord, it was almost guaranteed to reach Foundation Establishment under the world's protection!

There was even precedent for this.

During casual chats with True Person Chong Guang and True Person Yinshan, Lü Yang had heard Chong Guang mention an incident from six hundred years ago during a Dao Seizing War.

At that time, the Sword Pavilion, the Primordial Saint Sect, the Dao Court, and the Pure Land had all joined forces to capture a world, and that world's level far exceeded that of ordinary worlds.

As a result, the participants weren't Qi Refining cultivators but Foundation Establishment True Persons themselves, each displaying their divine powers in a great battle.

Yet, as the saying goes, when the snipe and the clam fight, the fisherman profits.

The child of destiny of that world somehow managed to cut off its karmic ties and escape during the chaos.

Chong Guang had expressed his feelings several times when recounting this:

"Undoubtedly, one of the four True Lords leading the battlefield must have secretly assisted, otherwise, how could a child of destiny have escaped?"

"Yet, none of the True Lords admitted to it, and the matter was left unresolved."

"As for that child of destiny, they fled overseas."

"Rumor has it that even to this day, they are still roaming freely overseas, and disciples of the Pure Land, Dao Court, Sword Pavilion, and even our Primordial Saint Sect have suffered at their hands."

Lü Yang remembered this clearly.

Therefore, he placed great hope in the Qi-Devouring Insect and immediately used the Great Clone Universal Spirit Technique, preparing to refine it into a guardian spirit like Su Nu.

"Hiss hiss..."

As Lü Yang's magic power seeped in, the Qi-Devouring Insect King had no strength to resist and was soon completely refined by Lü Yang, affectionately rubbing against his hand.

"Go."

Lü Yang placed the insect king in his palm and channeled his magic power continuously.

The insect king actively cooperated, digesting the magic power and rapidly breeding Qi-Devouring Insect seeds.

After several years, when the numbers were sufficient, Lü Yang officially activated the Law Refinement Secret Realm and released all the insect seeds.

The next step was to wait.

Lü Yang had always been extremely patient, and this was a perfect opportunity to attempt condensing his innate divine ability.

What if he succeeded without relying on any Heaven's Secret Treasures?

Time flew by like a fleeting horse.

In the blink of an eye, thirty years had passed.

He had failed.

"This isn't bringing out my potential at all!"

Lü Yang awoke in frustration, when suddenly he felt a slight stir in his heart.

A newborn infant in the secret realm had just sent a signal from the insect seed within its body.

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

[1,494 words]

At this moment, the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family was in a state of confusion.

The one he had placed high hopes on, Yun Miaozen, had died unexpectedly.

And the one who killed her had already broken through to Foundation Establishment.

This had plunged the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family into deep despair for a while.

Therefore, when the Sect Master of the Sword Pavilion handed him this mission, he was pleasantly surprised.

“If I can break open the Law Refinement Secret Realm, I will surely accumulate a massive amount of merit, and the hope of returning to Foundation Establishment in this lifetime will increase significantly.”

“Fight for it!”

One must take risks in life!

The Old Ancestor of the Yun Family made a decisive choice and accepted the mission on the spot.

In his plan, he, as a reincarnated Foundation Establishment cultivator entering the Law Refinement Secret Realm, coupled with the protection of the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument bestowed by the Sect Master, should have been holding a winning hand.

However, reality was often more cruel than imagined.

“What is this?”

Just after successfully reincarnating, the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family stared at the Food Qi Worm Seed within his body, first stunned, then revealing an expression of terror on his face.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, he quickly took out the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument.

“Something’s wrong, I have to go back!”

This reincarnation had gone awry; someone was actually monitoring the Law Refinement Secret Realm!

This blatant surveillance bypassed the web of causality and could not be concealed at all!

Perhaps due to his panic, the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family's hands trembled violently as he gripped the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument, and his activation of it was agonizingly slow.

Fortunately, at that moment, another wave of kind and considerate, immense magical power surged over, helping the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family activate the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument together.

Seeing this, the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family was overjoyed and instinctively said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

The newcomer smiled slightly and casually took the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument from the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family, examining it in his hand.

"As expected, it's a fine treasure."

The Old Ancestor of the Yun Family did not respond, his expression frozen as if he had become an insect trapped in amber, with only a trace of uncontrollable terror remaining in his eyes.

—And confusion.

A dignified True Person, lurking in the secret realm, even setting up such a system to monitor the entire secret realm, immediately catching him the moment he reincarnated.

Sect Master, it's not that I didn't try hard enough, but there's a watchdog in the secret realm!

"Whoosh!"

In the next second, the Myriad Spirits Banner directly swallowed the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family.

A reincarnated Foundation Establishment cultivator, and from the Sword Pavilion no less, was still of great use.

However, for now, his attention remained focused on the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument.

Obviously, in order to avoid the detection of the True Lords of the Saint Sect, that Sword Pavilion Sect Master had thoroughly cleansed this treasure, leaving no trace of any backup methods.

Because if any trace remained, causing a causal connection, it would be impossible to hide from the True Lords of the Saint Sect.

Only by placing all causal ties on the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family, a lowly reincarnated early Foundation Establishment cultivator, could they avoid disturbing the spiritual senses of the Golden Core True Lords.

Lü Yang made a quick calculation and immediately understood the origin of this treasure.

“Heaven-Inspecting Instrument, formed from the essence of Fire Yang, shining in the central heavens, illuminating the six directions, just like the sun rising in the east, revealing the truth wherever it passes.”

This was a superior-grade spiritual treasure!

It should be known that even among spiritual treasures, there were vast differences, mainly reflected in their Spiritual Nature, Material, and Mystical Power.

Ordinary magical treasures, even if they developed Spiritual Nature and gained self-awareness, were merely inferior-grade spiritual treasures.

To become a mid-grade spiritual treasure, the Material must meet the standard, at the very least forged from rare and precious materials, and refined with great care.

Otherwise, it would be difficult to achieve.

And the requirements for superior-grade spiritual treasures were even more stringent; they must possess Mystical Power.

So-called Mystical Power referred to the treasure being influenced by a Fruit Position, imbued with the aura of Heavenly Stars and Earthly Fiends, thereby gaining innate magical abilities.

Thus, for a Foundation Establishment True Person, possessing a superior-grade spiritual treasure was almost equivalent to gaining an innate divine ability!

In combat, the power amplification was several times over.

If the treasure’s Mystical Power happened to resonate with one’s innate divine ability, their combination could yield infinite wonders.

And the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument was precisely such a superior-grade spiritual treasure!

“Forged from Yang Yuan Wood as the body, Six Directions Fire as the core, its spiritual nature harmonized with the Soft Omen of the Ten Heavenly Stars, manifesting its mystical power, thus forming the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument.”

As Lü Yang infused his magical power, the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument's reaction grew stronger.

“Clang, clang!”

With the sound of metal clashing, the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument hovered in Lü Yang's palm, radiating brilliant light, blazing like a scorching sun in the sky.

As a treasure of heavenly secrets, the causal concealment of the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument was so profound that even Golden Core True Lords could hardly detect it.

Besides that, it also had the power to distort space.

Lü Yang had experienced this power firsthand when he previously fought the Old Ancestor of the Yun Family.

It could completely reverse up, down, left, right, front, and back.

However, although this ability was devastating for Qi Refining cultivators, it was useless against Foundation Establishment True Persons.

At most, it was a minor trick added during refinement, intended specifically for the reincarnated Old Ancestor of the Yun Family, and not the true mystical power of the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument.

Its true mystical power was called All-Clarity.

As the name implied, this treasure was formed from the aura of the Soft Omen, its light illuminating the six directions, capable of analyzing all things.

Wherever its light shone, the truths of all things became clear.

In this way, by shining the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument upon the great web of causality, all causal ties became instantly clear and comprehensible.

Manipulating them would naturally yield twice the results with half the effort, with few errors.

Thus, this treasure dramatically enhanced the ability of Foundation Establishment True Persons to interfere with and manipulate causality—a true qualitative leap.

“Treasure light thoroughly reveals, heaven and earth all become clear.”

Likewise, this mystical power could be used in combat.

By shining the treasure's light on an opponent, one could fully grasp the changes in their magical power and the shifts in their Qi flow.

In the next moment, Lü Yang projected his divine sense into the depths of the treasure.

Immediately after, the sun-like wheel formed by the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument suddenly collapsed, falling onto Lü Yang's glabella, appearing like a celestial eye.

Under the illumination of this celestial eye, Lü Yang felt his mind become completely clear.

After thirty years of bitter cultivation, facing the soul and Dao Foundation he had long been familiar with but could never merge, Lü Yang now gained a new realization.

"I understand now... So that's how it is!"

In an instant, Lü Yang's eyes gleamed with enlightenment, as if he had finally grasped that flash of inspiration.

In the blink of an eye, his soul and Dao Foundation began to merge.

Thirty years of hard cultivation had not been in vain.

In fact, Lü Yang had long possessed the foundation to condense his innate divine ability, lacking only that final spark of inspiration.

The appearance of the Heaven-Inspecting Instrument had provided that final push, completing the last piece of the puzzle.

Condensing his innate divine ability thus became as natural as water flowing.

"This is the talent I was meant to have!"

Lü Yang laughed heartily, as a golden auspicious cloud appeared above his head, swallowing and spitting spiritual energy, stirring the mundane world, with flashes of lightning seeming to flicker every moment.

At the deepest part of the auspicious cloud, a light and shadow were condensing into form.

Looking closely, it seemed to be nurturing and giving birth to something.

As for Lü Yang's consciousness, it merged into the auspicious cloud, as if his soul had flown beyond the heavens, in a state of hazy clarity, yet still self-aware, like being in a dream.

In a daze, he seemed to see it.

In the extreme west, a vast, indescribable, boundless, yet mirage-like illusory land, a speck of golden light resonated with him.

“That is... the Fruit Position City Wall Earth?”

Before Lü Yang could come to his senses, all the visions instantly disappeared.

That speck of golden light also dimmed suddenly, as if dragged back by a giant hand.

At the same time, in Jiangdong, at the Tianwu Dao Court.

In a towering, cloud-piercing, jade-like, magnificent palace that seemed like the dwelling place of immortals and gods, a young man wearing a crown with hanging beads stepped out from the quiet chamber.

The young man gazed into the distance, his brows slightly furrowed.

“City Wall Earth no longer hides, reappearing in the mortal world. If so, the remnants of Zouyu may also begin to stir. Is the great calamity truly approaching?”

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[1,602 words]

Primordial Saint Sect, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

Thirty years ago, when Lü Yang had just taken charge, the immortal mountain had still been lifeless and desolate, but now it was bustling with activity, with disciples coming and going every moment.

All of this was the result of Ancestor Nether Wishper’s efforts.

During Lü Yang’s seclusion, he had thrown himself into the task of reviving the Ancient Witch Ghost Path, recruiting many disciples, thus creating this momentum.

Now, this immortal mountain also had a new name.

【Luo Feng Mountain】

Although the newly established Witch Ghost Path was located within the Saint Sect, and would no longer suffer a slash of golden core sword qi, Ancestor Nether Wishper was still too frightened.

So in the end, Ancestor Nether Wishper chose to repackage and relaunch under a new name, not even daring to pass down the most precious third-rank true art of the former Witch Ghost Path.

After all, that third-rank true art corresponded to the position 【Earth on the Wall】 , which was too likely to draw the enmity of that True Lord of the Sword Pavilion.

Besides this, there was another matter that had been giving Ancestor Nether Wishper a headache.

Just then, a heavenly light suddenly descended from beyond the sea of clouds, shining into Luo Feng Mountain, finally materializing into a richly dressed young man who walked out.

Almost at the same time, Ancestor Nether Wishper sensed it, and together with Su Nu, they moved to intercept him.

Seeing this, the newcomer raised his eyebrows slightly and got straight to the point, saying, “Where is Yuan Tu?”

Ancestor Nether Wishper shook his head and replied, “Why the rush, Friend Yu? Yuan Tu is currently in seclusion condensing his Life Essence, and cannot be disturbed. Please, return for now.”

This was the matter that had been troubling Ancestor Nether Wishper—or rather, the person.

This person was named 【Yu Shu】 , a True Person of the Saint Sect, who had achieved the Dao for over a hundred years and was said to be a member of a major faction within the Saint Sect.

Starting ten years ago, this True Person had come to Luo Feng Mountain again and again, requesting to meet Lü Yang.

All had been blocked by Ancestor Nether Wishper.

In just ten years, he had come four times, each time showing less patience.

Now this was the fifth time, and judging by his expression, it seemed they could no longer stop him.

“Condensing Life Essence?”

Yu Shu glanced at the great hall behind Ancestor Nether Wishper and frowned, "Is condensing Life Essence really that easy? Let Yuan Tu come out and meet me first."

"I have important matters to discuss."

Ancestor Nether Wishper now saw Lü Yang as the sole hope of the Witch Ghost Path, so how could he agree?

He immediately shook his head, "Please wait a few more years, Friend Yu."

As soon as these words were spoken, Yu Shu finally lost his patience.

"Wait a few more years? I have already waited ten years! Life Essence is all about comprehension. If seclusion alone could break through, the world would already be full of such cases!"

He, born of the prestigious Zouyu lineage, had broken through to Foundation Establishment more than eighty years ago.

Yet to this day, he had barely recovered from the injuries of that breakthrough.

His Life Essence divine ability was still nowhere in sight, not to mention seeking a Heavenly Dipper or Earth Fiend to break through to the mid-stage Foundation Establishment.

How could cultivation be so simple?

Moreover, his matter was even more urgent.

It concerned whether 【Earth on the Wall】 could reappear in the world.

It also concerned whether his lineage could restore the glory of 【Zou Yu】 .

How could he afford to waste any more time?

"Step aside!"

In the next moment, Yu Shu stepped forward, intending to go directly to Lü Yang.

But just as he made his move, Su Nu had already blocked his path.

"A cheap maid merely faking Foundation Establishment, and you dare block me?"

Yu Shu sneered coldly, swaying his body.

Immediately, clear qi and brilliant light floated from the top of his head, transforming into a white seal with a tiger body and lion head radiating light and shadow.

At the same time, behind Su Nu appeared the 【Yama Palace】 .

“Boom!”

The two Dao foundations collided, spiritual energy surged, and Su Nu staggered, nearly falling to the ground.

The 【Yama Palace】 had already shown signs of collapse.

Seeing this, Ancestor Nether Wishper frowned deeply, immediately flashing into the 【Yama Palace】 .

With a flick of his hands, the Myriad Spirits Banner appeared in his grasp.

The banner fluttered in the wind, summoning tens of thousands of ghostly soldiers and generals who formed ranks to reinforce the 【Yama Palace】 .

For a moment, the sinister ghostly aura shot straight into the sky.

“Evil spirits and petty ghosts, such filthy little arts.”

Seeing this, Yu Shu’s expression grew even more disdainful, “Why is Yuan Tu always surrounded by such filth, degrading his own status for no reason?”

Hearing this, Ancestor Nether Wishper’s face immediately darkened.

He didn’t mind Yu Shu belittling him personally—he had cultivated for a thousand years and was long indifferent to honor or disgrace.

What truly angered him was Yu Shu’s previous statement.

“My Witch Ghost Path is a petty ghostly art?”

Ancestor Nether Wishper let out a cold laugh, a glint of icy light flashing in his eyes.

He then changed his hand seal, seemingly about to unleash a powerful technique.

But the next moment, he paused slightly.

Then, Ancestor Nether Wishper withdrew his hand seal and said calmly, “Friend, you’d best leave quickly, or things might get ugly.”

Yu Shu let out a dismissive laugh, “Leave? If I don’t see Yuan Tu today, I will not leave.”

Before the words even finished, the world suddenly spun.

The stars shifted, the surroundings collapsed with a roar, replaced by an unfathomable void.

When Yu Shu regained his senses, he found himself, without knowing when, inside a spacious grand hall.

The Su Nu and Ancestor Nether Wishper who had just been clashing with him had already withdrawn their auras and now stood quietly beside a meditation cushion.

On that cushion sat a handsome young Daoist.

The man had striking features and an elegant bearing, with a gentle smile on his face.

Though there was no visible aura emanating from him, Yu Shu felt an overwhelming vastness like mountains and seas, heavy and imposing, exuding an air of majestic grace with every glance.

But the most mystical feature was the man's forehead.

A circular light mark was engraved right at the center of his brows.

At first glance, it seemed ordinary.

However, when Yu Shu looked carefully, his eyes were immediately filled with blazing white radiance.

In an instant, tears streamed down Yu Shu's face.

"You!?"

Yu Shu instinctively took a step back, circulating his mana to dispel the white light from his eyes, no longer daring to look at Lü Yang's forehead, his face filled with disbelief.

This wasn't right!

A Foundation Establishment cultivator of just thirty years, even if perfectly established and without the need to recover from injuries, should not possess such divine abilities!

Realizing this, Yu Shu's pupils suddenly contracted, "You've condensed your Life Essence?"

"Friend, you've already seen me."

Lü Yang remained calm, lightly tapping his fingertips, speaking casually, "Take care, I won't see you out."

Yu Shu's expression changed slightly upon hearing this, "Wait..."

In the next moment, blazing white divine light overwhelmed his vision.

Only then did he realize that Lü Yang had not been negotiating with him at all, but had directly taken action!

Boom!

With a loud explosion, Yu Shu's figure vanished into the brilliant light, like sparks blown out by a fierce wind, leaving no trace.

Of course, a Foundation Establishment True Person could not be killed so easily.

However, having been sent away by Lü Yang's Life Essence divine ability, he wouldn't be returning anytime soon.

Only then did Lü Yang turn his gaze to the other side of the grand hall.

Over there, at some unknown time, another meditation cushion had appeared.

Seated on it was a youth with a shadowy expression, watching Lü Yang in amazement.

"Greetings, Senior Brother Yinshan." Lü Yang cupped his hands.

"Greetings, Junior Brother Yuan Tu."

True Person Yinshan did not neglect the courtesy and returned the gesture, then carefully looked Lü Yang over, his eyes showing some emotion and envy.

"Junior Brother's talent is extraordinary. In just thirty short years, you've condensed your Life Essence, and a breakthrough to the mid-stage is already in sight."

"Not as impressive as you, Senior Brother."

Lü Yang shook his head, "Senior Brother broke through Foundation Establishment and advanced further in cultivation in just a few decades, far faster than me."

"I'm different."

True Person Yinshan shook his head and sighed without elaborating further or asking what kind of Life Essence Lü Yang had condensed.

He then changed the subject.

“Since you’ve achieved success, it’s just in time for a major event. Senior Brother Chong Guang’s efforts will not have been in vain.”

“Oh? What event?” Lü Yang asked curiously.

“The matter of the Divine Martial Sect in the Northern Frontier.”

True Person Yinshan’s voice returned to calmness, but his words carried a trace of murderous intent.

“Like boiling a frog in warm water, after simmering for thirty years, it’s time to serve it on the table.”

“Thirty years ago, we besieged the Sect Master of the Divine Martial Sect at Skeleton Mountain.”

“Among their Foundation Establishment cultivators, only a few barely escaped to the Northern Frontier, all gravely injured and struggling to recover. They’ve spent these thirty years training disciples.”

“Now is the perfect time for you to sharpen your blade.”

“Senior Brother Chong Guang has already secured this opportunity for you, allowing you to lead the eradication of the Divine Martial Sect. How much merit and fortune you gain will depend entirely on your abilities.”

“If all goes smoothly, and you accumulate enough fortune and merit in one stroke, you’ll be able to venture out to seek a Heavenly Dipper or Earth Fiend, preparing for your breakthrough to the mid-stage!”

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

Chapter 136: Su Nu Can Endure Hardship, Let Her Endure More

[1,513 words]

Leading the disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect to destroy the Divine Martial Sect.

This was the news brought by True Person Yinshan, clearly showing that behind it, True Person Chong Guang was making his move again, spending great effort to support him once more.

Lü Yang naturally accepted this with a delighted smile.

After all, as a major sect in the northern border, the Divine Martial Sect's merit and fortune had always been something many envied, and it was not easy for True Person Chong Guang to secure this opportunity for him.

Because this concerned the cultivation of the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Generally speaking, the most important thing in Foundation Establishment cultivation was to seek the Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiends, to integrate them with one's innate divine abilities, but the Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiends were born of heaven and earth.

How to seek them? Where to find them?

Not to mention that different True Persons and different Dao Foundations had completely different requirements for Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiends. Sometimes, even if found, they might not be usable.

For example, Lü Yang still had a 【Heavenly Corpse Fiend】 in his possession, with its Earth Fiend position being 【Zhi Xu】 , but it was incompatible with his 【Myriad Chariots Dragon-Riding Dao Foundation】 . If he forced it to integrate, there was a ninety percent chance it would explode due to conflicting divine abilities. Even if it succeeded, there would always be a risk of backlash.

Therefore, the search for Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiends was the second great challenge faced by Foundation Establishment True Persons.

And the method to solve this challenge was, in fact, quite simple—merit and fortune.

If your fortune was strong enough and your blessings were deep enough, your wishes would naturally come true.

Just like those children of destiny.

When your merit and fortune were high enough, you didn't even need to search. The Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiends would gather before your eyes on their own, feeding the meal right to your mouth.

That was why all the great immortal clans and immortal sects existed.

Any Foundation Establishment True Person was rarely a rogue cultivator.

Almost all would establish sects or clans, not for any other reason but to accumulate merit and fortune.

When a sect prospered and a clan flourished, fortune would naturally gather.

With the proper mystical methods, the fortune of an entire sect or clan could be concentrated on a single person, thereby increasing the chances of finding Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiends.

Of course, there were also rogue Foundation Establishment cultivators.

Most of these rogue cultivators stumbled upon great fortune but lacked complete traditions, so they had no methods to accumulate fortune and ultimately could only choose to seek refuge in great sects and immortal clans.

Like True Person Panlong of the past, now known as Fulong Arhat.

After sending off True Person Yinshan, Lü Yang reviewed his trump cards again. Among his great divine abilities, only the 【Twelve Capitals Heavenly God Fiend Secret Demon Tribulation Light】 was still usable.

His innate divine ability had already been condensed, and he also had the Heaven-Seeking Instrument as a spiritual treasure.

Besides that, there were the Qi-devouring insects he had cultivated over thirty years, now numbering one hundred and forty million, which could be considered a sharp weapon.

"Still feels unstable."

Lü Yang rubbed his brow.

Although the Heaven-Seeking Instrument could be used in battles, it ultimately lacked direct destructive power and did not align with his innate divine ability.

His advantage was still not great enough and needed to be expanded.

If possible, he really wanted to see the Divine Martial Sect's mountain gate explode right now.

"... Is there any other opportunity?"

Lü Yang racked his brains, thinking bitterly until his eyes suddenly lit up: "... I remember now, Chen Xin'an seemed to have mentioned an opportunity back then..."

It was said that there was a hidden treasure located on an island deep within the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, named Gourd Island.

At that time, he had been wary of Chen Xin'an and did not pursue it. Now, before heading to the Divine Martial Sect, he might as well try his luck. Perhaps he could pick up a bargain.

Moreover, as a True Person, exploring a hidden treasure spoken of by a Qi Refining cultivator was almost certain success.

With this thought, Lü Yang set off immediately.

Using the Heaven-Seeking Instrument to conceal causality and deduce heavenly secrets, Lü Yang only needed a brief calculation to determine the location of Gourd Island and arrived at an uninhabited region.

"Is this the place?"

Lü Yang stopped his escape light, opened his brow's heavenly eye, and the treasure light of the Heaven-Seeking Instrument shone down, instantly dispersing the thick clouds and revealing a fiery red island.

The island had two distinct sections, small on top and large below, both circular, resembling a red gourd.

Gourd Island, true to its name.

"What opportunity lies within this place?" Lü Yang made a divination, but his expression gradually turned serious, and his previously relaxed brows slowly furrowed.

— He could not divine anything.

"Even with the Heaven-Seeking Instrument, I can't divine anything!?"

Lü Yang turned his gaze, his brow's Dharma Eye illuminating the heavenly light and casting it onto Gourd Island, but it was like a stone sinking into the sea, revealing not the slightest anomaly.

"This island... is not ordinary!"

Lü Yang first marveled, then frowned again: "How could such a dangerous place be accessible to Qi Refining cultivators? Chen Xin'an clearly intended to harm me!"

But soon, Lü Yang changed his mind.

Now that Chen Xin'an had become his banner spirit, loyally lurking beside the Master of Mending Heaven Peak, and since this was something from many lifetimes ago, there was no need to hold a grudge. He wasn't that petty.

"I'll just count this debt on the Master of Mending Heaven Peak!"

Immediately after, Lü Yang took out the Myriad Spirits Banner.

With a shake of the flag, he summoned the Guardian Spirit Su Nu, and then held the King of Qi-devouring Insects in his palm.

Clearly, there was something wrong with Gourd Island.

Moreover, this was the Primordial Saint Sect, and every opportunity here more or less came with some hidden danger. Lü Yang had already suffered plenty of such losses.

So it was better to let Su Nu endure more hardship!

After all, Su Nu could endure hardship, so it was just right to let her endure a bit more.

He could also take the chance to see what his Qi-devouring Insect King, cultivated over thirty years, was capable of, and whether it could be used in future battles against other Foundation Establishment True Persons.

"Go with peace of mind."

As he finished speaking, Lü Yang waved his sleeve, and a violent wind directly swept up Su Nu and the Qi-devouring Insect King, unhesitatingly throwing them into Gourd Island.

Su Nu swallowed nervously and landed on Gourd Island with the Qi-devouring Insect King.

Boom!

In the next moment, the spiritual energy within Gourd Island seemed to sense some foreign entity, surging in like a mountain crashing down upon Su Nu.

However, this spiritual pressure was not very strong.

As long as one had the cultivation of Qi Refining Great Perfection, it was enough to withstand. For Su Nu, it felt like a gentle breeze brushing her face. But on second thought, if just entering the island required Qi Refining Great Perfection, what might be hidden deeper within the island?

"Go deeper."

Lü Yang issued the command.

Su Nu dared not disobey and boldly ventured deeper into Gourd Island.

Just to be safe, she used her divine sense to scan the surroundings as she went.

As the Guardian Spirit, Lü Yang's connection with Su Nu was extremely close. With just a thought, he borrowed Su Nu's perspective to see the interior of Gourd Island.

What he saw was a land littered with skeletons, their flesh melted away, and various severely damaged magical tools and robes scattered all around.

Was this... a battlefield?

Passing through layers of forest, a new scene appeared—a deep valley filled with radiant red light, clearly hiding some rare treasure.

Then he heard—

"Qi-devouring Insect, go in and have a look."

Su Nu looked seriously at the Qi-devouring Insect King in her hand: "Remember to report back to me if you see anything. I'll be sure to credit you before the master in the future."

Through the connection with the Guardian Spirit, Lü Yang clearly sensed Su Nu's thoughts:

'This valley doesn't seem right. It's too dangerous for me to enter. I'll let this insect go first. If it dies, it doesn't matter, and it won't compete with me for the master's favor...'

Then, Lü Yang saw the Qi-devouring Insect King hesitate for a moment before actually shaking its head: "No rush, I'll let my children go in first."

Likewise, Lü Yang sensed its thoughts:

'This valley looks very dangerous. I barely survived until now and don't want to die. Let my children go first, there are plenty of them anyway.'

Lü Yang: "..."

For a moment, Lü Yang felt heartbroken.

Avoiding responsibility when trouble arose—how could they carry the burden forward like this?

If you don't carry the burden forward, how can I enjoy peace and quiet?

They say that those who associate with excellence become excellent themselves, yet these two Guardian Spirits had been by his side for so long and hadn't learned a single good thing!?

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

Chapter 137: Laying a Trap to Plot Against Fulong

[1,618 words]

In the end, Su Nu and the Insect King still unanimously decided to let the spawned Qi-Devouring Insects enter the valley to scout the way, since their numbers were vast and there was no need to worry about casualties.

However, very soon, both of them were stunned.

Because the moment the Qi-Devouring Insects swarmed into the valley, a wisp of smoke fell upon them, bypassing their mouths and noses, and swept over them in one stroke—

Yet, nothing happened.

Not only were Su Nu and the Insect King dumbfounded, but even that wisp of smoke seemed a little unresponsive.

It swept down again, but the result was still the same—nothing happened.

“It targets the soul.”

Outside of Gourd Island, Lü Yang noticed something unusual: “The spawn of the Qi-Devouring Insects have no souls, only instinct. The consciousness of the entire Qi-Devouring Insect swarm is actually concentrated in the Insect King. This smoke is ineffective against the Qi-Devouring Insects, meaning it does no harm to the physical body, but mainly targets the soul?”

At this moment, a voice suddenly rang out:

“You, you shameless True Person!”

The voice came from the center of Gourd Island, crisp and pleasant, carrying a hint of childishness. Though it sounded angry, it came off more like coquettish whining.

Immediately after, a loud explosion was heard.

Within the valley of Gourd Island, the red light split in two, revealing the true appearance of the valley—it was actually an altar, upon which lay a blood-red broken sword.

The red light that filled the valley was the radiance of the sun and moon falling upon the sword, reflecting off it. Just lying across that altar, it exuded boundless killing intent, as if there was nothing in the world it could not cut down.

The sword's body was even engraved with a scene of a hellish landscape.

In the next second, the red light on the sword condensed into a stream of Qi.

A girl, about seven or eight years old, wearing a red cotton-padded jacket with a high ponytail, leapt out from the long sword on the altar, skipping and bouncing.

"I'm talking to you! Bad True Person!"

The little girl stood with her hands on her hips, tilting her small head as she loudly spoke toward Lü Yang outside of Gourd Island: "Since you've come, don't you know the rules here?"

"If you have no intention, why bother seeking me out?"

"Hoh."

Lü Yang raised his eyebrows slightly and found that with the appearance of the little girl, the previously unfathomable heavenly secrets had become clear, and he immediately understood.

"So that's how it is. There really are rules."

The little girl—or rather, that blood-red broken sword on the altar, and even the entire Gourd Island—were all spirit treasures left behind by a great True Person of the Primordial Saint Sect.

Named Gourd Island, it was actually a gourd that contained a wisp of 【Soul-Scattering Spirit-Seizing Smoke】. Even a True Person would lose their senses if caught by this smoke.

As for the blood-red broken sword, it was once the companion sword of that great True Person, nurtured with innate divine abilities over many years until it transformed into a spirit treasure.

At this thought, Lü Yang could not help but marvel in his heart:

“Two spirit treasures. Although neither has reached the superior grade of possessing 【Divine Marvel】 like the Ultimate Heaven Instrument, they are still significant aids for someone at the Foundation Establishment Realm.”

But if that were the case, why had no one claimed them?

Instead of feeling pleased, Lü Yang grew even more cautious. After all, this was the Saint Sect, and every opportunity here had a hidden pitfall!

Soon, Lü Yang figured out the answer.

“The great True Person who left behind Gourd Island was seriously injured and near death, about to reincarnate. So while leaving the spirit treasures behind, he also left a great karmic bond.”

“Whoever claims Gourd Island must also guide his reincarnated self back.”

Such karma from a great True Person often involved their position and was unimaginably heavy.

Even other great True Persons would avoid getting entangled, fearing being dragged down with it.

“However... it’s actually perfect for me!”

Lü Yang’s eyes lit up instantly. What a joke! Wasn’t Ancestor Nether Wishper once a great True Person? He dared to take on that karma, so taking on another one didn’t matter.

What’s one more debt when you’re already drowning in them?

Thinking of this, Lü Yang laughed loudly: “Why would you think that way, Daoist Friend? Since I’ve come here, naturally, I intend to ask for your assistance.”

As soon as these words fell, the little girl was momentarily stunned.

“Really? You actually want me?”

In an instant, the little girl’s anger disappeared. She showed a look of hope mixed with worry, fearing she was being deceived: “You’re not lying to me? You’re truly not afraid of taking on my karma?”

“Of course!”

Lü Yang replied decisively.

Before his words even fell, he felt a vast and overwhelming karmic force suddenly emerge, crashing down upon him.

Even though it wasn't physical, it still made him feel somewhat heavy-hearted. However, he quickly relaxed.

Karmic debt? I'm an expert at dodging it!

Immediately, the little girl in the valley let out a cheer and then disappeared, replaced by a sword cry that pierced through the clouds!

“Li——!”

The sword cry shattered stone and split gold.

The entire Gourd Island disintegrated with that sound, shrinking down, spitting out Su Nu and the Qi-Devouring Insect King, and revealing two spirit treasures in their true forms.

As he channeled his mana, Lü Yang instantly became aware of the names of the two spirit treasures.

【Abi Sword】

【Thirty-Nine Soul-Scattering Gourd】

Lü Yang reached out and caught both of them, feeling extremely satisfied. He casually hung the gourd on his waist while the broken sword turned into light and was stored within his sleeve.

Just then, two streaks of escape light suddenly flew in from the distance.

When they approached Lü Yang, the escape lights stopped and parted, revealing two figures—both old acquaintances of Lü Yang.

“Greetings, Senior Brother Yinshan.”

Lü Yang first cupped his hands toward the first arrival, Yinshan True Person, then turned to the person beside him with the same friendly smile:

“Greetings, Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak.”

Facing Lü Yang's salute, the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak responded enthusiastically: "Yuan Tu, you're too distant. Didn't you first join the Saint Sect at my Mending Heaven Peak?"

"You must come visit my Mending Heaven Peak more often in the future."

At this point, the Peak Master's expression turned a bit mischievous: "To be honest, my daughter Shuqian has been rehearsing the Heavenly Demon Dance of Ultimate Bliss recently. If you have time, you should come and enjoy the performance. I guarantee it will be worth your while. After all, cultivation should be balanced with relaxation!"

Old fox, who do you think I am?

"Definitely! Definitely!"

For a moment, Lü Yang and the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak chatted like old friends, until several more escape lights flew in, bringing the conversation to a halt.

However, the later arrivals soon expressed their disdain aloud:

"I wondered what spirit treasure was being born. So it's just Gourd Island."

"Someone actually dared to take on that karma?"

"It's the newly advanced Yuan Tu. Quite impressive."

"The last person who took on this karma is still reincarnating. How many years do you think this one has left before dying suddenly? I bet one hundred years, wagering a Foundation Establishment treasure."

"Fifty years."

They made no effort to hide their discussions, but Lü Yang remained completely unfazed, which only made these provocateurs feel bored.

Soon, everyone dispersed once more.

Lü Yang had reason to suspect that if it weren't for the overwhelming karma of Gourd Island, these beasts might have tried to rob him of the spirit treasures!

"Yuan Tu, you've been a bit reckless this time."

Seeing everyone leave, Yinshan True Person finally approached with a frown and said, "The karma behind Gourd Island is enormous. It will definitely slow down your cultivation."

However, Lü Yang shook his head and replied: “Senior Brother, you are mistaken.”

“Delaying cultivation is a matter for the future. The fruit position corresponding to my Dao Foundation lies in the Pure Land. Even if I cultivate quickly, it will still be difficult to attain the Golden Core in the future.”

“And if I want to achieve the Golden Core, I must wait for Uncle-Master Chong Guang to succeed first, and then he can support me. Since that is the case, why should I be fixated on cultivation progress? I should instead give my all to complete the tasks arranged by Uncle-Master, at any cost, to help him ascend smoothly and strive for the Golden Core!”

After saying this, Lü Yang even cupped his hands in the direction of Sacred Fire Cliff.

In simpler terms—loyalty!

After hearing this, Yinshan True Person fell silent for a moment, then patted Lü Yang’s shoulder and sighed: “Junior Brother, you are truly capable of great things.”

Almost at the same time, the voice of Chong Guang True Person also came from Sacred Fire Cliff:

“This time, the task of eradicating the Divine Martial Sect will be entrusted to Yuan Tu.”

“If you have any needs, feel free to ask.”

—This was exactly what Lü Yang wanted to hear.

A mere Divine Martial Sect could not satisfy Lü Yang’s appetite.

Now that he had obtained Chong Guang True Person’s approval, Lü Yang even had the authority to mobilize other Foundation Establishment cultivators of the Saint Sect.

Of course, he had to make the most of such an advantage.

“By my calculation, Senior Brother Zhao should be preparing to break through to Foundation Establishment soon, right?”

“In this lifetime, I originally planned to have him take a calamity on my behalf, but I didn’t end up using him. Such a rare talent must not be wasted.”

Lü Yang’s plan was very simple:

He would use Zhao Xuhe to bait out Fulong Arhat, and then leverage the power of the Saint Sect to eliminate him in one fell swoop!

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

Chapter 138: A Sweep of the Sleeve Clears the Jade Vault

[1,510 words]

In the northern frontier, at the Skeleton Mountain Market.

Inside a tall building located at the center of the market, Zhao Xuhe pushed open the meditation chamber and stepped out, all the youthful arrogance and recklessness of his past completely gone.

Time indeed was the best thing to temper a person.

Not to mention that back in Skeleton Mountain, after Zhao Xuhe took Lü Yang's place, he was also tricked by the True Person of Yinshan, who fished him and cut off thirty years of his merit and fortune.

Because of this, he had no choice but to enter seclusion for thirty years, just like Lü Yang did in the past.

After thirty years of bitter cultivation, Zhao Xuhe had long shed his former self and even mastered a great divine ability, becoming a cultivator with an official rank.

However, there was not a trace of joy on Zhao Xuhe's face, in fact, his expression was extremely ugly, because the moment he refined his physical body with the divine ability and gained an official position, he immediately noticed something was wrong with the memories that supposedly belonged to "True Person Panlong"—they did not fit with the rest of his memories!

"Is this really a past life?"

Zhao Xuhe's expression turned heavy. "Or did some True Person do something to me back then? Just how much of my memory is true and how much is false?"

Just thinking about it made Zhao Xuhe feel chilled to the bone.

His first suspect immediately fell on the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak, after all, in his view, that inherently wicked old ghost had every motive.

"Previously, he kept trying to match me with his daughter."

"Obviously, what he valued was the Nine Transforming Dragon Art, not me as a person. I just don't understand why he hasn't come to see me much these past decades."

Thinking of this, Zhao Xuhe felt even more confused, unable to grasp the change in the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak's attitude, as if there was another hand pushing things behind the scenes, but his current level was too low to see through it.

However, he soon pulled himself together, a look of ambition flashing in his eyes.

"No matter what, as long as I reach Foundation Establishment, everything will get better!"

"And to achieve Foundation Establishment, I must take the lead in this battle with the Divine Martial Sect, only then can I gain the favor and support of the stationed True Person."

At this moment, a streak of light suddenly flew over.

Seeing this, Zhao Xuhe immediately revealed an excited expression and hurried forward, saying, "Senior Brother Yuanchun, is there news from the Divine Martial Sect in the northern frontier?"

The light dispersed, revealing a heroic young man—it was Lu Yuanchun.

"It's not news from the Divine Martial Sect."

With a solemn expression, Lu Yuanchun lowered his voice and said, "It's news from Master, sent from the Saint Sect—a True Person has arrived in the Saint Sect, determined to wipe out the Divine Martial Sect completely!"

Zhao Xuhe was slightly startled upon hearing this. "Which True Person is it?"

"Unknown. It's said to be a newly promoted one in recent years, possessing great divine abilities and an impressive background. It was Uncle Master Chong Guang who pushed him into position against all objections."

"This mission to eliminate the Divine Martial Sect is being led by that True Person, who will oversee the overall situation, assisted by three other True Persons of the Saint Sect. It's said they have already set off, and at the speed of a True Person, they could arrive at Skeleton Mountain within a day or two. We absolutely cannot let the disciples of the Divine Martial Sect continue surrounding the market!"

At this point, both of them showed troubled expressions.

This was because the recent days in Skeleton Mountain Market had not been easy.

About three to five years ago, a true disciple of the Divine Martial Sect led his followers to surround the entire market, forcing them to rely on defensive formations to protect themselves.

However, Zhao Xuhe quickly showed a look of excitement. "Senior Brother, rest assured, I have already mastered a great divine ability and can surely face that person again."

Before Zhao Xuhe could finish speaking, a loud boom suddenly sounded outside the market.

Boom!

In an instant, the entire market shook, and Zhao Xuhe and Lu Yuanchun quickly appeared to investigate, only to see outside the market, a heroic young man standing proudly with a spear.

The young man looked down at the market, his gaze sharp, and laughed loudly, "So these are the disciples of the Primordial Saint Sect? They don't look like much, just a bunch of little turtles hiding in a shell. If you have the guts, come out. I'll even let you have one hand!"

"...Ouyang Haoze!"

Zhao Xuhe clenched his teeth tightly. This true disciple of the Divine Martial Sect was not very formidable a few years ago, but recently he seemed to have mastered a great divine ability of the Divine Martial Sect.

With this, the gap between them had widened instantly.

If not for this, the market would not have been surrounded for three to five years. If the True Persons of the Saint Sect saw this, how could they not blame them for their incompetence?

If word got out, people would think the Divine Martial Sect was forcing the Saint Sect into retreat!

Thinking of this, Zhao Xuhe immediately stood up. "Senior Brother, please back me up. I will go and confront Ouyang Haoze to break this siege at all costs."

Before he could finish speaking, Zhao Xuhe froze, because Lu Yuanchun suddenly revealed a horrified expression, as if he had seen a ghost. His teeth chattered, and his wide-open eyes stared fixedly behind Zhao Xuhe. Centered on the two of them, there were only three breathing sounds left around.

Hm? Three?

"Quite ambitious."

A voice with a chuckle came from behind, making Zhao Xuhe's hair stand on end. He finally turned his stiff body around with great effort and saw the newcomer.

It was a handsome young man.

He wore a Daoist robe, with a round glow on his forehead. At first glance, he seemed quite ordinary, but when swept over with spiritual sense, there was nothing—like he did not exist at all!

"Disciple greets the True Person!"

Without the slightest hesitation, Zhao Xuhe directly fell to his knees and kowtowed heavily, while Lu Yuanchun had already knelt down even earlier.

"Rise."

Lü Yang smiled faintly, then glanced at Ouyang Haoze who was still shouting outside the market and said, "This place is noisy, let me quiet things down first."

With that, he raised his palm and made a pressing motion in the air, as if wiping something away.

At the same time, outside the market, Ouyang Haoze stood proudly, feeling extremely satisfied, thinking that the Primordial Saint Sect's reputation was undeserved and nothing impressive.

"The True Persons of the sect are still too conservative, too cowardly, always afraid of this and that. I really don't know how they expect to make the Divine Martial Sect strong. Once I reach Foundation Establishment, I will surely sweep away the sect's decay, march southward, and have a proper fight with the True Persons of the Primordial Saint Sect!"

Suddenly, a gentle breeze blew past.

At that moment, Ouyang Haoze still wore a smile on his face, letting the breeze blow through his body and soul, until he turned into a wisp of scattering dust.

Not only him, but all the disciples of the Divine Martial Sect behind him as well.

Without any warning or the slightest disturbance, they all turned into powder in the wind, vanishing in the blink of an eye as if they had never existed.

The world was instantly cleared.

However, in the next moment, an extremely furious voice exploded above the sky. "Bastard! A Foundation Establishment True Person dares to attack juniors?"

The voice roared like thunder, rumbling through the air.

At the same time, inside the market, Lü Yang laughed loudly. "You are mistaken, fellow Daoist."

"I am still young, not even eighty years old yet. Strictly speaking, I am much younger than your disciples. How can this be considered an attack on juniors?"

As his words fell, he activated his power and turned into a streak of light shooting toward the sky.

In a flash, a blazing sun rose among the clouds, with rolling blood energy burning half the sky crimson, revealing a burly man.

The man had thick, bristling beard and hair, a fierce face that looked more like a mortal military general than a cultivator or Daoist, and he even held a golden hammer in his hand, glaring angrily at Lü Yang. "You are already Foundation Establishment, beyond the mundane. Yet you strike at Qi Refining juniors—do you not feel it beneath your dignity?"

Lü Yang sneered. "In the Saint Sect, we generally call that efficiency."

Seeing Lü Yang's attitude, the man immediately flared up in anger. "It seems the Primordial Saint Sect truly wishes to fight my Divine Martial Sect to the bitter end?"

"You are mistaken, fellow Daoist. Why would there be mutual destruction?"

Lü Yang shook his head, still smiling on the surface, but his eyes were cold and indifferent. "It is the Divine Martial Sect that seeks to shatter stone with an egg."

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Chapter 139: First Test of the Natal Power, Showing Might!

[1,634 words]

"Arrogant brat!"

As Lü Yang's words fell, the Divine Martial Sect True Person immediately erupted in rage.

His fury surged forth, making the entire Eight-Hundred-Li Skeleton Mountain seem like a blazing furnace.

One had to know that the Divine Martial Sect was already in a precarious state.

The only sect master in the late Foundation Establishment Realm had been surrounded and killed outside Skeleton Mountain thirty years ago.

The two mid-Foundation Establishment elders had also fallen one after another afterward.

This left only him, in the early Foundation Establishment Realm, to oversee the sect's affairs.

In fact, he knew very well that the destruction of the sect was only a matter of time.

However, he had always harbored unwillingness in his heart.

Now that the day had truly come, his anger surged to the heavens, and his courage swelled with malice as he unleashed his full cultivation power.

"In that case, I shall experience the devil's methods for myself!"

As his words fell, this acting sect master of the Divine Martial Sect, True Person 【Huanwu】 , shook his body.

With a thunderous boom, he revealed his Dao Foundation.

It turned out to be a giant!

In the sky above, blood qi surged across eight hundred li.

Amidst it, a mighty god clad in armor, with a dignified face, stood tall and stared straight at Lü Yang.

" 【Divine Weapon Heavenly Martial Dao Foundation】 , truly lives up to its name."

Seeing this, Lü Yang smiled without the slightest intention to avoid it.

Because when he opened the mystical eye at his brow, the light of the Heaven-Seeking Instrument shone forth, instantly revealing the opponent's true condition.

This man was injured!

It made sense.

Since the day when True Person Yinshan had made his den in Skeleton Mountain thirty years ago, the True Persons of the Divine Martial Sect had either been wounded or killed one by one.

However, Lü Yang felt no psychological burden about this.

Rather, he enjoyed dealing with these old, weak, sick, and crippled opponents.

True Person Huanwu was the perfect match for his current needs.

It was also an excellent opportunity to test his combat power at the early Foundation Establishment level and see where he stood.

"Well come!"

Lü Yang let out a long roar and likewise revealed his Dao Foundation.

A thousand-li stretch of golden auspicious clouds rose with a thunderous boom.

Within the clouds, one could vaguely see a true dragon weaving through.

In the next moment, the two clashed.

Boom!

Unlike the previous battle where Lü Yang had used the 【Yama Palace】 against the half-dead Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak, this was a true battle between Foundation Establishment True Persons manifesting their Dao Foundations!

For a moment, the entire Skeleton Mountain shook violently.

Below, the Qi Refining disciples felt their true qi in chaos and their spirits trembling.

The weaker ones were even knocked unconscious by the shockwave.

Looking up to the sky, they saw the layers of astral clouds shattered by the clash, revealing the clear blue sky and the rising sun!

Meanwhile, outside Skeleton Mountain.

Three streaks of light flew toward the mountain.

Sensing the earth-shaking sounds of battle, one of the streaks of light separated, revealing a face filled with surprise.

"That Yuan Tu is already fighting with the Divine Martial Sect True Person?"

These three were the other Foundation Establishment True Persons, apart from Lü Yang, selected by the Primordial Saint Sect to participate in the campaign to annihilate the Divine Martial Sect.

All of them were also in the early Foundation Establishment Realm.

"Isn't this a bit reckless?"

"Young people are always impulsive."

"At the very least, he should have waited until all three of us arrived before making a move."

"After all, even a centipede that dies does not fall over easily."

"The Divine Martial Sect still has some foundation."

With that thought, the three dared not delay.

Their light streaked through the sky, and in no time, they arrived outside Skeleton Mountain.

They saw the battlefield and prepared to assist Lü Yang if he showed any signs of being at a disadvantage.

However, in the next moment, all three were stunned.

In the sky above, the rolling auspicious clouds showed no sign of faltering.

Instead, the armored giant appeared battered and defeated, with his armor shattered in disarray.

"Yuan Tu's Dao Foundation is truly formidable!"

"He actually has the upper hand?"

One of the True Persons showed a look of amazement.

"I heard that Yuan Tu achieved the Dao with a third-grade true technique, with his Dao Foundation pointing directly toward the Golden Core Realm."

"With such skill, this is not surprising."

While sighing in admiration, one of the True Persons, 【Yu Chong】 , had eyes filled with hidden excitement.

" 【Myriad Chariots Dragon Riding Dao Foundation】 , is it truly pointing toward the fruit position of 【City Head Soil】 ?"

"If Yu Shu's words are not mistaken, this person might have even refined his Natal Power."

Meanwhile, below, Zhao Xuhe was watching in fascination.

Such a clash stretching over a thousand li—if it had not taken place in the sky but had fallen unrestrained upon Skeleton Mountain, it would have wiped out every living thing there!

None of them, even with their statuses as Qi Refining disciples, could have withstood the aftermath!

"Foundation Establishment... this is Foundation Establishment..."

At this moment, Zhao Xuhe's desire for Foundation Establishment surged to its peak.

He felt that if he could achieve Foundation Establishment, he could die without regrets in this life.

Just then, the battle in the sky suddenly shifted.

True Person Huanwu of the Divine Martial Sect, seeing himself being pushed back and falling into a disadvantage, could no longer hold back.

"Primordial Saint devil, you've gone too far!"

Before his words finished, he circulated his power and suddenly formed a hand seal.

In the next moment, the towering giant suddenly stood still.

Then, it puffed up its chest and bellowed from its throat.

"Zha!"

In an instant, the previously surging golden auspicious clouds seemed to bear a weight of thousands of pounds.

They solidified on the spot, losing their previous freedom and ease.

【Heavenly Sound of Stopping War】 !

This was a Natal Divine Ability fully activated by True Person Huanwu.

It had the power to settle the qi, making it impossible to dodge regardless of how high one's cultivation was.

In the next moment, the giant transformed by True Person Huanwu leaped forward.

Somehow, a massive axe appeared in his hand, as large as a mountain.

Two flood dragons coiled around the axe's body.

At this moment, the dragons bared their fangs and claws, breathing fierce flames, causing the axe blade to slash forth a crimson arc.

【Divine Martial Flood Dragon Binding Axe】 !

This was the Divine Martial Sect's sect-protecting treasure.

Crafted from 【Flood Dragon】 material, imbued with the spiritual essence of the twelve earthly fiends' 【Dunzhang】 , it manifested wondrous power and was an excellent killing spiritual treasure.

Not to mention that this spiritual treasure perfectly complemented the Divine Martial Sect's Dao Foundation.

At this moment, the giant wielded the axe with all his might, unleashing the treasure's power to its limit.

The force of the strike was like the collapse of the heavens!

Even Lü Yang could not help but praise it upon seeing this.

True Person Huanwu had indeed earned his position as the current leader of the Divine Martial Sect.

With his Natal Divine Ability combined with a spiritual treasure, his combo could be called a sure-kill move.

Ordinary early Foundation Establishment cultivators, lacking a refined Natal Divine Ability and without suitable spiritual treasures for protection, would likely have their Dao Foundations damaged and flee in disgrace if caught by this combo.

They would then have to spend decades nursing their injuries, wasting much of their lifespan.

Thus, at this moment, the three observing True Persons of the Primordial Saint Sect all showed slight changes in expression.

Especially the one named 【Yu Chong】 , who looked particularly anxious.

He immediately rose on a streak of light, intending to break in and rescue Lü Yang.

However, at this moment.

Facing True Person Huanwu's axe strike imbued with all his might, Lü Yang remained calm.

The Heaven-Seeking Instrument at his brow activated.

He likewise uttered a divine sound, decreeing:

"To practice conduct and speak the Dao, this is the essence of ritual."

As his words fell, a divine light manifestation emerged from within the golden auspicious clouds.

Under Lü Yang's intentional concealment, the manifestation was shrouded in heavy mist, making it indistinct and difficult to discern.

Only a mighty force spread out from within.

In an instant, blazing white light flooded the sky.

True Person Huanwu's figure was swallowed by the white light and, in the blink of an eye, disappeared from the original spot.

When he reappeared, he had been relocated thousands of li away!

In the next moment, his axe struck nothing but empty space.

True Person Huanwu's face was filled with bewilderment.

He knew the power of his full-force strike was unquestionable.

However, no matter how powerful it was, it was meaningless if it did not hit the target.

"Natal Divine Ability?"

Just as this thought flashed through True Person Huanwu's mind, his eyes suddenly reflected a pair of cold, mocking pupils.

In an instant, he felt like he had fallen into an icy abyss.

He had been teleported back.

From thousands of li away, from a state of exhaustion right after his full-force strike with no time to recover his power, he was now back within arm's reach of Lü Yang!

'What kind of divine ability is this!?'

True Person Huanwu was terrified and immediately tried to flee in a streak of light.

However, it was too late.

Lü Yang, using the Heaven-Seeking Instrument's calculations, precisely seized his moment of exhaustion.

With a thought, the 【Abi Sword】 had already fallen into his palm.

Under the frenzied stimulation of his power, a childish voice emerged from the sword.

"Slash!"

Clang, clang——!

The sword's blade was unsheathed, unleashing a boundless killing aura that stirred up a monstrous sea of blood.

It effortlessly slashed through the giant form of True Person Huanwu.

Chila!

In the next moment, the towering giant was split in half at the waist by the 【Abi Sword】

.

The shattered giant sprayed hot blood as if it were a living creature!

For a moment, the Qi Refining disciples below in Skeleton Mountain looked up in shock.

All they could see was a blood-red sky, the sun and moon dimmed.

Massive drops of blood, like fiery meteor showers, rained down in torrents.

Each drop left charred pits in the ground, accompanied by a muffled groan of suppressed agony!

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[1,424 words]

Above the firmament, True Person Huanwu was fleeing in a sorry state.

The blood beads that scattered across most of Skull Mountain, resembling fiery meteors, were in fact fragments of his Dao Foundation, representing his lifelong cultivation.

However, at this moment, he couldn't afford to care about that.

If he didn't run now, he would die here!

In an instant, his surging blood and Qi transformed into a long rainbow piercing the sky, aiming to fly beyond Skull Mountain.

Yet, at that moment, another beam of white light swept across the sky.

The next second, True Person Huanwu found himself back in front of Lü Yang.

Lü Yang was about to strike again but suddenly halted his action.

He noticed that True Person Huanwu now had a vacant expression, his pupils dim, appearing as an empty shell.

“Left behind the physical body, but the soul escaped?”

Lü Yang frowned slightly.

Above his head, within the golden auspicious clouds, the light and shadow of his innate divine ability grew increasingly bright, seemingly about to fully manifest from the clouds.

However, Lü Yang ultimately exhaled a deep breath, restraining his divine ability and refraining from further pursuit.

Although he was confident in his ability to catch up, doing so would expose his innate divine ability, making it easy for onlookers to discern his secrets.

“Forget it.”

With this thought, Lü Yang ceased his pursuit and released the Abe Sword from his hand.

The Abe Sword gracefully spun in the air after being let go.

The next moment, a red light flashed.

A little girl, about eight or nine years old, wearing a red cotton jacket and sporting a high ponytail, emerged.

She looked at True Person Huanwu and couldn't help but pout.

After many years of inactivity, she had taken action again, yet failed to kill the opponent.

How could she save face with her small face?

Seeing Lü Yang deep in thought, she hurriedly said, fearing he would underestimate her, "If it weren't for the fact that I was slightly injured and haven't recovered, I would have definitely killed that True Person!"

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang looked at the Abe Sword again.

"You can become stronger?"

"Of course!"

At this point, the little girl placed her hands on her hips and raised her head proudly, saying, "I specialize in breaking cultivators' Dao Foundations, and consuming Dao Foundations can also enhance my power."

As she spoke, the little girl seemed to recall her glorious past, gesturing excitedly, "It doesn't take much; just feed me ten or so, even if they're only at the early Foundation Establishment stage, I can recover thirty percent of my strength and manifest a divine ability. Then, I guarantee you'll be invincible among peers!"

"Oh."

Faced with the little girl's boasting, Lü Yang merely nodded indifferently.

Then, with a wave of his hand, he stored the little girl, who still wanted to speak, into his sleeve.

He wasn't interested in being invincible among peers.

After all, if he could dominate, why would he fight opponents of the same level?

Of course, he didn't disregard combat power.

This time, engaging in a fierce battle with True Person Huanwu and even using his innate divine ability was to test his own strength.

After all, he could choose not to act, but he couldn't be without power.

'Moreover, my innate divine ability... is truly extraordinary!'

Lü Yang introspected, observing within his Foundation Establishment realm.

At the deepest part of the golden auspicious clouds formed by his Dao Foundation, there was a chariot made entirely of gold and jade.

Pulling this chariot were four illusory flood dragons, exhaling clouds and mist, continuously emitting dragon roars akin to wind and thunder.

Around the chariot stood twelve large banners, followed by golden carriages, elephant carriages, plowing carts, comfort carts, and four-direction viewing carts, among other accompanying vehicles.

At a glance, it was solemn and majestic.

This was Lü Yang's innate divine ability, named 【Imperial Carriage and Dragon Chariot】.

As for its effects, Lü Yang received feedback from the divine ability, summarized in one sentence:

"Practice cultivation and preach the Dao, manifesting the world's representation, able to determine closeness, resolve doubts, distinguish differences, and clarify right and wrong!"

As the name implies, this innate divine ability comprises four divine wonders.

Although they cannot be used simultaneously, each possesses immense power.

Previously, Lü Yang had been using 【Determine Closeness】.

As the saying goes, closeness and distance, the close are near, the distant are far.

This divine wonder's function is to assess the closeness between oneself and others, altering their relative distance.

Whether it was sending away the Primordial Saint Sect's True Person Yu Shu, evading True Person Huanwu's deadly axe, or severely injuring him, those arbitrary movements were all due to the power of 【Determine Closeness】.

Although it lacked direct lethality, it enhanced Lü Yang's flexibility in combat.

Moreover, it was very convenient for escaping.

After all, the coverage of this divine ability was unimaginably vast.

As long as there was a causal entanglement with Lü Yang, he could use this divine ability to reach them, regardless of distance, at the cost of varying mana consumption.

Therefore, he was confident in catching up with True Person Huanwu just now.

Back then, the Fulong Arhat appeared precisely after sensing his breakthrough to Foundation Establishment, likely because his innate divine ability had similar mysteries.

As for the remaining three divine wonders, they were equally peculiar.

【Resolve Doubts】 governs causality.

When major events are undecided, this divine wonder can forcibly guide them toward the desired outcome.

This divine wonder is highly effective in influencing causality.

Although the more complex and heavier the causality, the more mana is required to forcibly guide the result, correspondingly, this divine ability can eliminate all variables, ensuring that a desired event occurs.

Of course, this inevitably entangles oneself with the corresponding causality.

Hence, there is 【Distinguish Differences】 .

As the name suggests, this method distinguishes differences.

You are you, I am me; what you do has nothing to do with me.

It is specifically used to sever causality with others.

At that time, the other's causality would not contaminate you.

For example, the causal debt carried by the 【Abe Sword】 .

Lü Yang estimated that after breaking through to the late Foundation Establishment stage, he could use this divine ability to sever it.

Therefore, 【Distinguish Differences】 is often used in conjunction with 【Resolve Doubts】 .

If one's cultivation is sufficient and mana is strong, relying on this divine wonder can even achieve freedom from causality and calamity, leading to great freedom and ease!

As for the final one, **【Clarify Right and Wrong】**, it is even more domineering.

Clarifying right and wrong is not about universally accepted rights and wrongs but about one's own judgment.

What I say is right is right; the world's matters of right and wrong can be decided by a single word!

However, although this divine wonder is domineering, its effect is significantly reduced against those of the same realm.

Its true power lies in being used against lower realms.

At its peak, it can even increase a Qi Refining cultivator's chance of breaking through to Foundation Establishment by ten percent with just a single word!

“ **【Imperial Carriage and Dragon Chariot】** ”

Lü Yang rode the wind, his expression calm, pondering in his heart:

“Innate divine abilities are not formed casually.”

“Generally, they are based on the Dao Foundation, with the soul guiding the direction, deriving the most compatible innate ability.”

“Therefore, even with the same Dao Foundation, different cultivators' innate abilities will have subtle differences.”

“And mine...”

Just looking at these four divine wonders—escape, shifting blame, severing ties—none are direct combat methods.

To some extent, they indeed align with his personality.

“Moreover, my innate divine ability has four divine wonders.”

“Compared to me, that True Person Huanwu only has one divine wonder.”

“Is this the difference between Dao Foundations, or is it because I have a perfect Foundation Establishment?”

At this moment, the approach of three Qi presences suddenly awakened Lü Yang.

Looking back, he saw the three Foundation Establishment True Persons sent by the Primordial Saint Sect to assist him in eliminating the Divine Martial Sect, standing not far away with cautious expressions.

“Greetings, Fellow Daoist Yuan Tu.”

One of the True Persons praised, “Fellow Daoist has achieved perfect Foundation Establishment, possesses numerous spiritual treasures, and extraordinary divine abilities. It seems that the eradication of the Divine Martial Sect is now certain.”

“Not at all.”

Lü Yang returned the salute.

Among the three True Persons, a middle-aged man with a square face, flowing beard, and a noble appearance stepped forward.

“I am Yu Chong.”

The man first saluted, then smiled, “Yu Shu is a junior from my family. He previously offended the True Person. I have come specifically to apologize.”

At this point, he looked eagerly and said urgently, “This place is not suitable for detailed discussion.”

“Fellow Daoist Yuan Tu, why don't we go inside and talk?”

Fearing Lü Yang might refuse, he added via voice transmission, “...It concerns the 'City Head Soil' and your future Dao path!”

“.Oh?”

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang narrowed his eyes.

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Chapter 141: The Struggle in Jiangdong, the Bloodline of Zouyu

[1,405 words]

Where was the most hidden place for conversations between True Persons?

It was very simple—within the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Inside the Foundation Establishment Realm, the 【Bi Wind】 never dispersed throughout the year, making it extremely difficult for any soul or divine sense to linger for long.

Thus, one could almost speak without worrying about being eavesdropped on.

Therefore, at the suggestion of True Person Yu Chong, Lü Yang first apologized to the other two True Persons.

After that, he turned into light and entered the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Not long after, he saw, outside the auspicious clouds formed by his Dao Foundation, a strange beast approaching him.

It had the body of a tiger, the head of a lion, white fur with black patterns, and a long tail.

This was precisely Yu Chong's Dao Foundation.

As soon as the two made contact, the beast turned into light and disappeared.

Yu Chong stepped out from it without saying a word and actually gave Lü Yang a grand bow first:

“Zouyu bloodline 【Chong】 , greets Fellow Daoist.”

“Zouyu.”

Lü Yang's expression remained unchanged, but one hand was secretly calculating behind his back.

However, he discovered that the karma of this name was unimaginably heavy!

“Fellow Daoist need not waste your magical power. The karma of Zouyu is too heavy and not so easily calculated.”

Yu Chong seemed to have guessed Lü Yang's thoughts and said calmly, “This concerns 【City Wall Soil】 . Fellow Daoist is now the most hopeful candidate for ascension, so I will naturally explain all the karma involved.”

After speaking, his expression suddenly turned solemn:

“Zouyu is the former incarnation of Tian Wu!”

At those words, Lü Yang immediately raised an eyebrow.

It was fortunate they were inside the Foundation Establishment Realm.

If they were in the real world, this single sentence could have triggered karma and caused someone with intentions to sense it.

“Zouyu... Tian Wu.”

Lü Yang quickly understood Yu Chong’s meaning but still found it unbelievable:

“The Jiangdong Dao Court... actually had more than one ruling family, with dynastic changes?”

This was utterly absurd!

Lü Yang simply couldn’t fathom it.

How could a force like Jiangdong Dao Court, with Nascent Soul cultivators and surely more than one Golden Core True Lord, experience dynastic turnover?

“This matter... involves many hidden secrets.”

Yu Chong sighed, “In short, my Zouyu clan was the original ruler of Jiangdong Dao Court.

Tian Wu rose later to seize power.

If it weren’t for the last millennium’s great calamity falling upon Jiangdong, my Zouyu clan might have already achieved unparalleled dominance.”

Speaking of this, Yu Chong couldn’t help but reveal a look of deep hatred.

“...In the end, our clan was forced to flee to distant lands, and our former foundations were divided among various factions.”

“Tian Wu took Jiangdong’s legacy.

The Sword Pavilion claimed the treasury of treasures.

As for the Saint Sect... the esteemed seniors of the Saint Sect, in their boundless compassion, took us in.”

Yu Chong spoke very tactfully, and his tone was full of gratitude.

However, since they were both people of the Saint Sect, Lü Yang could naturally hear the truth behind the words.

After all, it was well known that the Saint Sect valued useful talents above all else.

As for the final pure land—

“【City Wall Soil】?”

“Correct.” Yu Chong nodded, “【City Wall Soil】 was the fruit position of my clan in the past, and also the most important one.

However, it was lost in the Pure Land.”

“The Bodhisattvas of the Pure Land used great magical power to forcibly seal 【City Wall Soil】 .

If it hadn't been for our clan's last imperial descendant self-destructing before death, actively erasing all techniques and Dao Foundations related to this fruit position, making it hidden and hard to claim again, the Pure Land might have already produced another Bodhisattva.”

“...So?”

Lü Yang narrowed his eyes, “Surely, Fellow Daoist Yu didn't come to pledge allegiance just because my Foundation Establishment triggered a response from 【City Wall Soil】?”

“Precisely so!”

Yu Chong looked resolute, “Although my Zouyu clan now resides in Jiangbei, none of us through the generations have ever stopped longing for our homeland, hoping to one day return to Jiangdong.”

“And now, another great calamity is approaching.”

“I have come on behalf of the Zouyu clan to pledge our allegiance to you, Fellow Daoist.”

“If you can truly rise with the momentum of the great calamity and claim 【City Wall Soil】 , my Zouyu clan can also revive and reclaim the land of Jiangdong.”

By the end of his words, Yu Chong was visibly excited.

Lü Yang listened attentively, nodding repeatedly, even showing a cooperative smile on his face, and clapping softly at key moments, but he never spoke.

Gradually, Yu Chong realized what was happening.

“Fellow Daoist Yuan Tu?”

Yu Chong spoke up, but Lü Yang still wore a faint smile as he shifted the topic:

“Fellow Daoist Yu, how long has your Zouyu clan been part of the Saint Sect?”

Yu Chong was stunned for a moment, “It has been several thousand years.”

“Ah, then you’re truly old members of the Saint Sect.”

Lü Yang nodded, then stared straight at Yu Chong:

“After so many years, have you learned nothing?”

Yu Chong finally came to a sudden realization.

In the next moment, he hurriedly took out a Dao book from his sleeve:

“I heard that Fellow Daoist enjoys studying formations and talismans, so I specially brought this as a gift.”

“Brother Yu, you’re too kind!”

Lü Yang immediately burst into laughter, warmly patting Yu Chong’s shoulder as he accepted the Dao book.

Yu Chong could only accompany the laughter while silently complaining in his heart:

As expected of a True Person of the Saint Sect!

Always refusing to act without seeing tangible benefits.

If I had known, I wouldn’t have wasted so many words.

If I had offered the gift right away, he’d probably treat me better than his own brother!

In the next moment, Lü Yang put away the Dao book, leaned in with a cordial smile, and asked:

“Speaking of which, Brother Yu, how many Foundation Establishment True Persons are in your branch?”

Are there any at the late Foundation Establishment stage?

If so, could you have them assist me? I will certainly repay the favor generously in the future!”

You really are shameless!

Yu Chong decisively shook his head:

“My clan is not what it once was.

Now, we have only one ancestor at the mid-Foundation Establishment stage, but his lifespan is nearly exhausted and he cannot be moved lightly.”

“Oh.”

Lü Yang’s expression quickly turned cold:

“Fellow Daoist Yu, I am currently tasked with eliminating the Divine Martial Sect.

Let’s discuss other matters later.”

Facing the Saint Sect’s characteristic ruthlessness, Yu Chong, an old True Person of the Saint Sect, was already used to it.

He simply cupped his hands and said, “Then let’s discuss it in detail another time.

After all, my Zouyu clan is the former imperial lineage of Jiangdong, the former master of 【City Wall Soil】 .

Fellow Daoist will need us.”

With that, he took the initiative to leave the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Lü Yang remained in place, his face showing a thoughtful expression:

“ 【City Wall Soil】 ... its karma not only involves the Pure Land, but is also linked to Jiangdong.”

With such heavy karma, 【City Wall Soil】 was likely no ordinary fruit position.

Lü Yang had already noticed this from his own innate divine ability.

Ordinary innate divine abilities probably didn’t possess such profundity.

“Well, no rush.”

Lü Yang saw things clearly and naturally didn't believe Yu Chong's so-called pledge of allegiance.

The other party obviously had other plans and simply needed his help.

Although Yu Chong spoke so grandly, as if Lü Yang had to rely on their support to ascend to the Golden Core stage, Lü Yang was well aware that he held the true advantage in this relationship.

They needed him, not the other way around.

If he didn't seize this opportunity to extort them heavily, he wouldn't be a true member of the Saint Sect!

Just then, Lü Yang suddenly felt a ripple in the originally calm web of karma.

One particular karmic thread began to shift.

"...As expected, here they come."

Zouyu's matter was instantly thrown to the back of his mind.

Lü Yang's lips curled slightly as he looked toward the far north.

He had known the other party wouldn't let this opportunity slip by.

Fulong Arhat!

"I'm hiding in the Saint Sect, so he can do nothing. But now that I've come out, how could he sit idly by? This must have been within True Person Chong Guang's expectations as well."

The Saint Sect never raised useless people.

Since True Person Chong Guang had invested in him, he naturally wanted to see a return.

Lü Yang had to prove his worth to secure continued investment.

And Fulong Arhat was the test stone given to Lü Yang!

In the next moment, Lü Yang's eyebrows suddenly raised.

Because near Fulong Arhat, he sensed another familiar and deeply memorable karmic presence.

“...It's him?”

—Guang Ming had arrived as well.

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

[1,494 words]

Northern Frontier, Divine Martial Sect.

In the deepest part of the sect, within a gloomy grand hall, a streak of rainbow light pierced through the sky and landed in the hall, finally transforming into a burly man who collapsed onto the ground.

“Pfft!”

As soon as True Person Huan Wu knelt down, he could not hold back and coughed up blood, yet his face was full of heartache as he used both hands to cover his mouth and forcibly swallowed the blood back down.

After all, this “blood” was actually the essence of his Dao Foundation.

Normally, even spitting out a single mouthful would require more than ten days to recover.

Now, however, it kept gushing out uncontrollably, showing just how severe his injuries were.

Not to mention, he had even abandoned his physical body and escaped with only his soul.

“Senior Brother!”

At that moment, a young man hurried out from within the hall, his face filled with anxiety.

Seeing True Person Huan Wu in such a state, he quickly stepped forward to support him.

“Junior Brother Xuan Wu... Medicine, medicine!”

True Person Huan Wu urged repeatedly.

The young man dared not delay, immediately retrieving a jade pill bottle and pouring out a small crimson pill.

In the next second, he activated it with his mana.

The broken pill fell onto True Person Huan Wu's body.

In an instant, his organs regenerated, flesh and blood reformed, bones filled in, and he once again took the form of True Person Huan Wu!

With his soul entering the new body, he finally let out a sigh of relief.

His previously unstable Dao Foundation stabilized once more.

Though the newly formed body kept emitting cracking sounds as if it struggled to bear his soul, at least it could be used for now, and his soul wouldn't be left without a vessel.

"As long as Senior Brother is alright..."

Seeing this, True Person Xuan Wu finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Yet when he thought of the sect's current situation, a wave of sorrow suddenly welled up in his heart.

"Senior Brother, why don't we just leave?"

Though he was deeply attached to the Divine Martial Sect, True Person Xuan Wu still gritted his teeth and spoke these words, clearly expressing his intent to abandon the sect!

"No matter what, we are True Persons, not mere Qi Refining mortals."

"If we abandon the sect's legacy, take nothing with us, harbor no other thoughts, and flee overseas with single-minded focus, I doubt anyone would bother to chase us."

True Person Xuan Wu's words made True Person Huan Wu fall silent.

He was right.

If they truly abandoned the sect now, although the Divine Martial Sect would be doomed, the two of them would surely survive.

But how could he willingly accept that?

True Person Huan Wu was already over one hundred and fifty years old this year.

He had just barely refined his life-bound essence, waiting to borrow the sect's merit and destiny to help him find a strand of Heavenly Star and Earth Fiend energy to forge his innate divine ability, allowing him to take his cultivation one step further.

Even if his three-hundred-year lifespan ended, he could more easily return to the Foundation Establishment Realm in his next life.

But if the sect fell?

First of all, the merit and destiny would be gone, and any hope of mid-Foundation Establishment in this life would be shattered.

Second, with no sect, who would guide his next incarnation?

If they fled overseas, they would become wandering ghosts with no ties to anything!

What Dao path could there be to talk about then?

Even his next reincarnation would have no prospects!

Thus, unless there was truly no other choice, True Person Huan Wu really did not plan to abandon the sect.

However, after his recent battle with Lü Yang, his heart felt ice-cold.

“That demon has gone all in.

It seems Jiangnan has truly given up on us...”

For a moment, True Person Huan Wu felt utterly lost.

Yet just then—

“Amitabha.”

A Buddhist chant sounded like a clear spring, washing over them and instantly easing the anxiety and fear in the two True Persons' hearts.

However, it also greatly startled them both.

“Pure Land? Buddhist Cultivator?”

True Person Huan Wu raised his head, only to see a wisp of sandalwood fragrance filling the air.

When he came back to his senses, a boyish-looking youth with red lips and white teeth had already appeared in the grand hall.

“This humble monk, Fulong, greets the two benefactors.”

Fulong Arhat first put his palms together in a respectful gesture, then smiled and said, “Though the Sword Pavilion has no interest in the Northern Frontier, the Pure Land does not mind lending a hand.”

“Is this true?” True Person Huan Wu asked with sudden delight.

Of course it was a lie.

Fulong Arhat sneered inwardly, but his expression grew even more compassionate as he said, “Pure Land Buddhist cultivators do not speak falsehoods. This humble monk has come precisely to offer assistance to your esteemed sect.”

In truth, this was purely Fulong Arhat’s personal action, unrelated to the Pure Land.

It was just that in his recent karmic calculations, he had joyfully discovered that Lü Yang, who had stayed hidden in the Primordial Saint Sect for thirty years, had finally emerged.

Thus, he had rushed here without delay, hoping to seize this excellent opportunity to eliminate future troubles.

With this thought, Fulong Arhat took out an object from his kasaya robe.

It was a golden statue, dazzling and radiant.

When Fulong Arhat activated it with his mana, it immediately manifested a corporeal form and landed beside True Person Huan Wu.

“This treasure is called the **【Golden Body of Renunciation】** , formed from the voluntary sacrifice of one of our temple’s disciples.”

“Compared to the body forged from pills that you use, this body is undoubtedly far more resilient. It should be enough to restore over eighty percent of your strength.”

“Many thanks, Holy Monk!”

True Person Huan Wu showed no hesitation.

He immediately released his soul again and merged with the **【Golden Body of Renunciation】** .

His previously weakened aura began to rise once more.

Fulong Arhat nodded in satisfaction when he saw this, then turned his gaze toward Skeleton Mountain.

“He’s already sensed me.”

Fulong Arhat furrowed his brow slightly and muttered to himself, “This man’s talent is extraordinary. He has refined his life-bound essence in just thirty years. If I want to kill him, it won’t be easy.”

To be fair, with his mid-Foundation Establishment cultivation, he had complete confidence in dealing with Lü Yang.

At the very least, he was certain he wouldn’t lose.

However, Foundation Establishment True Persons could sense karma and had the ability to avoid misfortune and seek fortune.

If Lü Yang chose not to fight him and fled upon hearing the news, Fulong Arhat actually wouldn’t have much of a solution.

Unless he could confine the battlefield to a single location.

Only by making Lü Yang unable to escape could he seize the chance to kill him.

The ideal outcome would be to convert Lü Yang, which would benefit him the most.

For this reason, he had made some preparations.

Whether they would work or not would depend on their respective tactics.

He believed Lü Yang was just as eager to get rid of him, and it would come down to whose schemes were superior.

While Fulong Arhat was deep in thought, elsewhere in the Divine Martial Sect, a sneaky-looking monk putting on a solemn facade was leisurely strolling around.

“Tell me, how did I end up becoming the Senior Brother of 【Fulong Temple】?”

Guang Ming had been enjoying himself quite a bit lately.

With Guang Hai and Guang Hui both having died tragically, he had saved the remaining Buddhist cultivators of the Pure Land, earning himself quite a bit of influence.

“Life is truly unpredictable~”

Guang Ming sighed with heartfelt emotion, but he had somewhat lost the motivation to continue cultivating.

After all, for Buddhist cultivators, reaching this stage was pretty much the end of the road.

Because 【Fulong Temple】 already had a master.

As long as Fulong Arhat remained alive, no matter how high his own cultivation rose, it would only serve to benefit Fulong Arhat.

Since that was the case, why bother with bitter cultivation every day?

It was time to enjoy life!

With this thought, a scene suddenly flashed in Guang Ming's mind—the moment during the Dao-Seizing Battle when Lü Yang had slaughtered Guang Hai and the others in one fell swoop.

“Hiss!”

Guang Ming gasped sharply and spat in disgust, “Ptui ptui ptui! What rotten luck! Why did I suddenly think of that murderer? Quick, forget it, forget it!”

However, the more he tried to forget, the clearer that figure in his memory became.

In a daze, he seemed to have returned to the Dao-Seizing battlefield, trembling as he watched that person's back.

He watched as Lü Yang turned around, smiled at him, and said:

“Guang Ming, my fellow Daoist, how have you been?”

No matter how far apart they were, a single thought could bridge the distance.

【Defining Closeness and Distance】 !

“...Huh?”

Guang Ming snapped back to reality, only to find Lü Yang had actually turned to face him.

He rubbed his eyes and pinched his face.

Ouch, that hurt.

'Oh my god!'

It was the real person!?

In the next moment, there was a thud as Guang Ming directly knelt on the ground, sobbing loudly, "High Immortal! This humble monk... this humble monk has missed you so much!"

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

Chapter 143: Senior Brother Zhao, This Will Be the Last Time

[1,440 words]

"Annoying."

Before Lü Yang finished speaking, Guang Ming, who had been crying moments ago, suddenly fell silent, kneeling on the ground without daring to lift his head, feeling as if he had fallen into an icy abyss.

However, Lü Yang remained gentle, personally reaching out to help him up.

"How have you been in the Pure Land?"

"Thank you for your concern, True Person."

Guang Ming was drenched in sweat, swallowing hard, and stammered, "Thanks to True Person's mercy for sparing my life, this little monk has been doing fairly well in the Pure Land."

"Oh?" Lü Yang raised an eyebrow. "Did you gain any benefits?"

"No! No!"

Guang Ming frantically shook his head and hurriedly said, "I was merely promoted by Master to the position of chief disciple of the 【Fulong Temple】 , nothing more than that."

"I see." Lü Yang nodded in satisfaction. "Very good, very good."

Only then did he finally get to the point. “To tell you the truth, I have a small matter that requires your assistance. Would Daoist Guang Ming be willing to lend me a hand?”

Of course not!

Guang Ming felt a chill in his heart, but on the surface, he showed an eager expression. “To brave fire and water for True Person is a blessing I have cultivated over eight lifetimes!”

Hearing this, Lü Yang’s smile grew even more kind as he said warmly, “Don’t worry, it’s just a small matter. I currently have a promising talent under my command, named Zhao Xuhe, who, like me, cultivates the Nine Transforming Dragon Art and has long since perfected his Qi Refining stage. Recently, he’s preparing to break through to Foundation Establishment.”

“At that time, I will personally act to shield him.”

Lü Yang spoke casually, but Guang Ming was terrified, quickly patting his chest and promising, “Please rest assured, True Person, this little monk will keep this matter absolutely secret!”

“Keep it secret?”

Lü Yang shook his head with a smile. “Do I need you to keep it secret? Wouldn’t it be easier for me to just kill you? What I need is for you to tell Fulong about this!”

“Huh?”

Guang Ming gaped, even more confused.

But Lü Yang paid no mind and continued, “This doesn’t really count as betrayal. You could even say it helps you earn merit, so there’s no need to be too concerned.”

Though he said so, Guang Ming quickly realized the truth.

‘No, this is a trap!’

‘He’s deliberately using a cultivator of the Nine Transforming Dragon Art breaking through to Foundation Establishment to lure my master. This demon wants to harm my master!’

For a moment, Guang Ming couldn’t help but swallow nervously.

Currently, he was the chief disciple of the 【Fulong Temple】 , with Fulong Arhat above him and no further path to advance. But if Fulong Arhat died, it would be a different story.

Thinking of this, Guang Ming immediately lowered his voice and hoarsely said,

“But... that is my master!”

“The master who introduced me to the Dao, whom I regard as a father!”

Faced with Guang Ming’s wail, Lü Yang nodded understandingly. “Rest assured, I have it all planned. I guarantee this time he will die without leaving a corpse.”

“One word is enough!”

Guang Ming agreed without hesitation, and only then did Lü Yang leave gracefully.

After Lü Yang left, Guang Ming collapsed to the ground, sweating profusely while his trembling hands pulled out a stick of Awakening Incense from his robe.

Pa!

The Awakening Incense was lit, and as the fragrant smoke curled up, Guang Ming’s expression gradually calmed down.

After an unknown period of time, he suddenly opened his eyes.

But this time, it was completely different.

“Heh heh.”

Though Guang Ming’s appearance remained unchanged, his brows relaxed, his gaze sharp, and his entire demeanor had undergone a drastic transformation.

“In the end, these ignorant juniors do not understand the marvels of my Pure Land.”

“Of all the cultivators in the world, the ones least afraid of being turned traitor are us from the Pure Land. After all, when you cultivate yourself into 【the self】 , how could 【the self】 betray itself?”

He had deliberately brought Guang Ming here to serve as bait!

“Zhao Xuhe wants to lure me out and ambush me? Since that’s the case, I might as well turn the trick against them and let them suffer for their scheme!”

Thinking of this, Fulong Arhat stroked Guang Ming’s body again, a cold glint flashing in his eyes.

“Though somewhat clever, he’s still greedy and cowardly, actually thinking of betraying me... so be it, I’ll keep him alive for now to deceive that Lü Yang, lest he senses something amiss. I’ll deal with him after this is over.”

In the next moment, Fulong Arhat withdrew his consciousness.

A while later, Guang Ming opened his eyes in a daze, but without paying attention to anything else, he immediately looked toward the Awakening Incense beside him.

In an instant, Guang Ming’s teeth chattered uncontrollably.

‘He’s been here!’

This stick of Awakening Incense was specially crafted by him, containing hidden mysteries. Its flame was connected to his spiritual sense, leaving an obvious mark in his mind.

This mark was extremely fragile and would be wiped clean the moment it was disturbed by an external spiritual sense.

Yet now, the mark was gone!

‘No mistake, it must have been Master who came. I just can’t remember it, didn’t know, and couldn’t sense it... he already knows Lü Yang approached me!’

Guang Ming let out a long breath, gradually calming down after a long while.

‘He knows... that’s good!’

‘At least this way, I am still of use to Master, and he won’t kill me for the time being. As for Lü Yang, I am also of use to him, so he probably won’t kill me either...’

At this thought, Guang Ming suddenly felt a deep sense of helplessness.

Back when Lü Yang approached him, Guang Ming had wailed precisely because he realized he had become a chess piece manipulated by two True Persons.

If he sided with Lü Yang, his master would kill him.

If he didn’t side with Lü Yang, Lü Yang would kill him.

‘At this point, I have outwardly sided with Lü Yang, but secretly I am still my master’s puppet. Yet, in that conversation earlier, I actually hinted at Lü Yang...’

He had said: that was his master!

As a master, how could he not have means to control his disciple?

As long as Lü Yang could pick up on his hidden meaning, he would understand Guang Ming's true stance.

Only in this way could he avoid offending both sides and perhaps find a way to survive.

At this moment, Lü Yang had already tossed Guang Ming to the back of his mind.

Because no matter what Guang Ming thought, it didn't matter to him. It was meaningless. All he needed was for Guang Ming to pass the information about Zhao Xuhe.

Immediately afterward, Lü Yang stealthily entered a quiet chamber in the Skull Mountain Market.

He pushed open the door and walked in.

Inside the quiet chamber, Zhao Xuhe was in closed-door cultivation, completely unaware of Lü Yang's arrival. Lü Yang extended a finger and pressed it to his forehead.

"Sorry, Senior Brother Zhao, this will be the last time."

As his words fell, a stream of yellow light merged into Zhao Xuhe's body, making Zhao Xuhe feel an unparalleled sense of ease, as if he were resonating with the entire Skull Mountain.

Lü Yang watched with a satisfied smile.

Just now, he had personally transferred the most crucial inheritance of the Witch Ghost Path, the control of the eight-hundred-li Skull Mountain's earth veins, to Zhao Xuhe without reservation!

In the next instant, a divine light glowed at Lü Yang's fingertip.

【Sever Suspicion】 !

The web of causality trembled as an invisible thought entered Zhao Xuhe's sea of consciousness, carrying a simple message: whoever blocked his Foundation Establishment, he would fight to the death.

Even at the cost of mutual destruction!

Under the influence of **【Sever Suspicion】** , if Zhao Xuhe encountered obstruction in his Foundation Establishment with no way to retreat, he would decisively unleash his most powerful move.

——Self-detonate the earth veins!

In an instant, Lü Yang felt a surge of intense danger.

This was heaven and earth reacting, silently issuing him a warning.

If Zhao Xuhe really self-detonated the earth veins, Lü Yang would inevitably be caught up in the resulting karma.

At this thought, the divine light on Lü Yang's fingertip suddenly shifted.

【Sever Connection】 !

Activating his innate divine ability, Lü Yang instantly severed all ties with the earth veins of Skull Mountain, forever freeing himself from any related karma, leaving everything to Zhao Xuhe.

What Zhao Xuhe did had nothing to do with me.

The divine brilliance enveloped Lü Yang like armor, cleansing him of all karma.

Soon, that sense of being heavily targeted by heaven and earth vanished.

Only then did Lü Yang smile in satisfaction, withdrawing his finger and looking at Zhao Xuhe, who remained in closed-door cultivation.

Senior Brother Zhao, go without worry.

In the next life, I will treat you well!

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

Chapter 144: Fulong's Invitation, Mending Heaven Joins the Game

[1,352 words]

Primordial Saint Sect, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, Mending Heaven Peak.

This place was at the highest point of the sea of clouds, with pure spiritual energy and lush greenery.

Deep within the dense forest, a graceful figure was sitting cross-legged, meditating and channeling true qi.

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak nodded in satisfaction upon seeing this.

“Qian'er has been diligent in her cultivation lately, but it's a pity that her Six Paths Nirvana Phoenix Art has reached a bottleneck. Ultimately, it still lacks the nourishment of the Nine Transforming Dragon Art.”

Thinking of this, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak sighed again.

Unfortunately, Lü Yang was no longer a Qi Refining cultivator; he was no longer someone who could be easily manipulated.

Without the nourishment of the Nine Transforming Dragon Art, Chen Shuqian's chances of breaking through to the Foundation Establishment Realm were at most thirty percent, which was still unreliable for him.

If possible, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak would prefer to make a deal with Lü Yang.

This was also the reason for his previously enthusiastic attitude.

After all, if he could have Lü Yang and his daughter engage in dual cultivation, the benefits to him would be immense.

“Fortunately, I still have Xin'an.”

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak shifted his gaze to another part of the peak, where Chen Xin'an, who had regained his physical body, was meditating with closed eyes.

“Grow up quickly.”

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak murmured softly, looking at his pair of children like a farmer gazing at promising seedlings, his eyes full of hope and expectation.

A pair of children, double insurance.

As long as one of them reached Foundation Establishment, his plans would succeed.

By then, he would be a late-stage Foundation Establishment True Person, a pillar of the Primordial Saint Sect!

However, at this moment.

While deep in thought, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak suddenly raised his eyebrows, recalling his past acquaintance with Panlong, and his image surfaced in his memory.

The next second, he smiled: "After so many years, Panlong, you still come to see me?"

As his words fell, the image in his memory quickly became clear.

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak immediately entered the Foundation Establishment Realm, watching as a young man emerged from the void.

"Amitabha."

Fulong Arhat clasped his hands together and smiled: "We are old acquaintances. Although we now belong to different factions, personal and public matters are separate, and our friendship remains."

"You speak so nicely."

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak sneered: "You talk about friendship with the True Persons of the Primordial Saint Sect? I don't even talk about friendship with them! Enough nonsense, let's get straight to the point. What matter brings you to me, and what benefits can you offer?"

Fulong Arhat didn't hesitate and said directly: "A top-quality cauldron!"

"We know each other well. I know your plans. A cauldron who has cultivated the Nine Transforming Dragon Art—I believe you have a great need for such a person?"

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak narrowed his eyes: "What do you want me to do?"

Fulong Arhat spoke in a low tone: "You are a member of the Primordial Saint Sect. I want you to help me divert the other True Persons of the sect. I want Lü Yang to die outside Skeleton Mountain!"

Inviting one True Person of the Primordial Saint Sect to deal with another!

Such an act was tantamount to betrayal.

Not to mention that Lü Yang was currently favored by True Person Chong Guang, holding a significant position.

Such shocking words, yet the Master of Mending Heaven Peak seemed to have anticipated them, his expression unchanged as he slowly uttered two syllables:

"Not enough!"

Upon hearing this, Fulong Arhat's eyes lit up.

There's room for negotiation!?

For a moment, Fulong Arhat was overjoyed.

He had only intended to test the waters, but it turned out there was a real chance, making him marvel at the sect's ethos.

Without hesitation, he asked: "How much do you want?"

Only then did the Master of Mending Heaven Peak smile slightly and say: "In addition to the cauldron who has cultivated the Nine Transforming Dragon Art, I also want the golden body relic you will leave behind after your reincarnation."

As his words fell, Fulong Arhat frowned.

Arhats of the Pure Land would condense a relic upon death, a unique Foundation Establishment treasure of the Pure Land.

Consuming it could increase the chance of Foundation Establishment by ten percent.

Fulong Arhat had cultivated for over eighty years to reach Foundation Establishment, wasting a hundred years.

He finally achieved nirvana in the Pure Land, becoming an Arhat, barely breaking through to the mid-stage of Foundation Establishment.

Now, at over two hundred years old, he was not far from the three-hundred-year lifespan limit of Foundation Establishment.

Reincarnation and re-cultivation would occur within the next thirty to forty years.

If not for this, he wouldn't be in a hurry to eliminate Lü Yang.

After all, if he didn't act now, it would be like nurturing a tiger.

By the time he reincarnated and regained his Arhat position, Lü Yang might truly be his equal.

"Is this for your son?"

Fulong Arhat glanced in the direction of Chen Xin'an and then said solemnly: "I agree, but in that case, you must take action personally!"

"Fine."

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak calmly nodded: “When you need me, just summon me with your divine power. But you mustn't let him escape.”

“No need to worry about that. No one understands the 'Myriad Chariots Dragon Riding Dao Foundation' better than I do!”

At this point, Fulong Arhat showed a confident expression: “I have studied the innate divine power condensed by this Dao Foundation for decades.”

“Lü Yang's innate power has just been refined. How can he compare to me?”

“Besides, this divine power isn't particularly formidable. It's merely capable of free movement, making it more flexible in combat. There's nothing else mysterious about it.”

Fulong Arhat spoke casually.

As a Buddhist cultivator, his combat didn't rely on innate divine powers, so he didn't mind revealing them: “As long as Lü Yang appears before me, I will naturally restrain him with divine power. Even if he escapes, I can pull him back.”

“That's it?”

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak was somewhat surprised: “The 'City Wall Soil' had quite a reputation in the past. Its associated Dao Foundation's innate power has only one mystery?”

“That's the reality.”

Fulong Arhat sighed: “I only obtained one mystery back then. It should be because the fruit position is hidden and suppressed by the Bodhisattvas.”

Upon hearing this, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak had another thought.

Could it be that the problem isn't with the fruit position, but with you?

After all, even with the same Dao Foundation, there are differences between individuals.

'Lü Yang has a perfect Foundation Establishment.'

In comparison, what is Fulong Arhat?

A mere rogue cultivator who stumbled into Foundation Establishment, essentially a pawn used by the Pure Land Bodhisattvas.

Thinking of this, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak's brow twitched, and he changed his mind.

'If I go to Skeleton Mountain, I shouldn't act hastily. I should observe the situation first. If things go awry, I might as well betray Fulong with a backstab.'

After all, True Persons of the Primordial Saint Sect are known for their flexibility.

With this in mind, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak's expression became even more amiable.

He chatted with Fulong Arhat for a while longer before seeing him off.

In a quiet room in Skeleton Mountain's marketplace.

“Hmm? Who is plotting against me?”

Lü Yang, who had been meditating, suddenly opened his eyes.

A Bing Fire light shone from his forehead, illuminating the six directions, making the karma on his body even clearer.

Although the Master of Mending Heaven Peak and Fulong Arhat had taken care to obscure karma, Lü Yang now possessed the 'Heaven-Seeking Instrument.'

How could ordinary means deceive him?

With just a glance of the treasure's light, he immediately sensed something amiss.

A slight calculation revealed the cause and effect!

This was something the Master of Mending Heaven Peak and Fulong Arhat could never have anticipated.

Combat between Foundation Establishment True Persons wasn't just about direct confrontation.

Sometimes, the battle of karma could be the key to victory.

Used well, karma could kill without a blade.

Used cleverly, it could even help one escape calamity.

The 'Heaven-Seeking Instrument' was a treasure that inherently placed Lü Yang in an invincible position.

This was his true trump card in plotting against Fulong Arhat!

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

[1,398 words]

“Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak.”

Between his brows, the [Heaven-Seeking Instrument] radiated brilliance, illuminating cause and effect, and also revealing Lü Yang’s face, which suddenly showed an indescribable expression of delight.

“There’s actually an unexpected gain?”

It should be known that his plan this time was to transform Zhao Xuhe into a merit-based nuclear bomb, just waiting for Fulong Arhat to come knocking, then detonating it for a fierce strike.

Just like the Golden Core Sword Qi, this move could only be used once.

Originally, he regretted having to use it on Fulong Arhat, unable to include the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

Unexpectedly, Fulong Arhat actually sought out the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak and even invited him to come along. Isn’t this like being handed a pillow when you’re sleepy!

It’s simply perfect!

Thinking of this, Lü Yang’s lips curled into a smile. So what if the two joined forces? No problem, I’ll blow them both up equally!

“Senior Brother Zhao, it all depends on you.”

The next second, Lü Yang slightly moved his lips and exhaled, speaking slowly under the blessing of his innate divine ability: “Primordial Saint Sect, Zhao Xuhe, can establish a foundation for the Great Dao!”

[Discern Right from Wrong]!

With these words, the Foundation Establishment status was bestowed upon the Qi Refining cultivator.

The power from top to bottom invisibly elevated Zhao Xuhe’s status by a level.

Breaking through to Foundation Establishment immediately added a ten percent chance of victory!

Several days later.

In the market of Skeleton Mountain, Zhao Xuhe sat upright in a quiet room, his face full of joy.

“I didn’t expect that the incident with the Witch Ghost Path back then would still bring such an opportunity, allowing the earth veins of Skeleton Mountain to actively recognize me as master. It’s truly a great fortune.”

With the support of the earth veins, coupled with the Nine Transforming Dragon Art, the Ascension Order bestowed by the True Person of Yinshan, and a great divine ability, he now had a forty percent chance of breaking through to Foundation Establishment. Normally, a mere forty percent would still be too little, but at this point, Zhao Xuhe felt he shouldn’t delay any longer.

“I must take the gamble!”

Thinking of this, Zhao Xuhe felt a slight pain between his brows, sensing the so-called “past life memories of True Person Panlong,” a trace of gloom suddenly flashing in his eyes.

The past life memories he once firmly believed in now seemed increasingly false.

Many details didn’t match; there was only cultivation, but not many miscellaneous matters, and it was fragmented, like pieces that couldn’t withstand scrutiny.

“True Person Panlong.”

Zhao Xuhe took a deep breath, his intuition telling him that this Foundation Establishment True Person was definitely plotting against him, a strong sense of crisis making him increasingly tense.

He must break through immediately!

“Now that there are still True Persons from the Saint Sect stationed here, if I break through, even if that True Person Panlong comes, he may not dare to act against me.”

The more Zhao Xuhe thought about it, the more he felt that breaking through now was the best choice.

Unconsciously, this thought was continuously magnified, making him quickly make up his mind.

“Let’s do it!”

With this thought, Zhao Xuhe no longer hesitated. His entire body’s Qi immediately began to erupt, and with the support of the earth veins, he began to slowly ascend towards the Foundation Establishment Realm!

Almost simultaneously—

“He’s here!”

In the Divine Martial Sect of the Northern Frontier, Fulong Arhat suddenly opened his eyes, sensing a sudden rise of cause and effect from the direction of Skeleton Mountain, originating from the Nine Transforming Dragon Art.

“So this is Zhao Xuhe?” Fulong Arhat calculated with his fingers, then a cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth: “Trying to use this person to lure me out, and have people from the Primordial Saint Sect ambush me. It’s a good idea, but still too young, not understanding the gap between mid and early Foundation Establishment.”

Each step of a Foundation Establishment True Person was a chasm!

Mid and early Foundation Establishment seemed to differ by only one word, but if they were to fight, even if four or five came, he was confident of victory!

Not to mention, for safety, he specially invited the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak to assist in battle.

With this thought, Fulong Arhat no longer hesitated. A divine light appeared at his fingertips, and he activated his innate divine ability to summon the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

Soon, a figure emerged under the divine light.

Fulong Arhat looked closely and saw that the newcomer was a blurry figure entirely shrouded in mist, with indistinct features and unclear Qi.

“This time, I must trouble fellow Daoist.”

Fulong Arhat was not surprised at this sight. Even in the Saint Sect, dealing with fellow True Persons alongside outsiders required covering one’s face.

‘Although with this old ghost’s character, he might not act unless he sees me gaining the upper hand.’

But having him come was enough.

As long as he blocked the other True Persons of the Saint Sect, allowing him to duel Lü Yang, he could go all out and make Lü Yang vanish into ashes within ten moves!

Immediately after, two beams of divine light descended from the sky.

One revealed his figure—it was the previously injured but now mostly recovered True Person Huanwu, holding the Divine Martial Sect's sect-protecting spiritual treasure, the [Divine Martial Binding Flood Axe], his face full of resolute killing intent.

Following behind him was another True Person of the Divine Martial Sect, Xuanwu.

Seeing this, Fulong Arhat smiled: "Have you made up your mind?"

"I have."

True Person Huanwu nodded: "This time, Xuanwu and I will assist the Holy Monk in battle, only hoping that the Holy Monk can slay that Yuan Tu and protect the Divine Martial Sect."

Fulong Arhat certainly had no intention or ability to protect the Divine Martial Sect.

However, this didn't prevent him from lying with open eyes. Anyway, after killing Lü Yang, the Divine Martial Sect would be useless, and he could just leave.

Therefore, upon hearing this, he immediately maintained a serious expression and solemnly said: "Promoting the true Dharma is my unshirkable duty."

—Everything was ready.

With the assistance of the two True Persons of the Divine Martial Sect and the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak, even if Lü Yang had set a trap, it would be useless in the face of absolute strength.

How could this be lost?

The next second, Fulong Arhat activated his divine ability again, disappearing from the original place with the others.

At the same time, Zhao Xuhe had already stepped into the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Not as good as Lü Yang in the past, even with the Ascension Order unlocking the Ninefold Heaven Gate, this step was still extremely difficult, and he was already drenched in sweat.

However, everything was still going smoothly.

But just as he was about to construct his Dao foundation, the Foundation Establishment Realm suddenly radiated brilliance, and then he saw a familiar figure walking towards him.

“Amitabha, benefactor.”

Before the approaching Fulong Arhat could speak, Zhao Xuhe immediately reacted, pointing at him and gritting his teeth: “True Person Panlong! It’s really you!”

“Oh?”

Fulong Arhat raised his eyebrows: “It seems benefactor is not entirely ignorant. You should join my [Fulong Temple], cultivate the Path of Annihilation, and enjoy supreme bliss from now on.”

Boom!

Before he finished speaking, Fulong Arhat felt four Foundation Establishment Qi rising within Skeleton Mountain, immediately revealing a smile of expectation.

Immediately after, four beams of divine light entered the Foundation Establishment Realm.

“Who are you!?”

True Person Yu Chong was the first to speak, his gaze falling on Fulong Arhat, first stunned, then showing deep-seated killing intent.

He recognized Fulong Arhat!

As a descendant of the Zouyu clan, he had long hated this newly promoted Arhat from the Pure Land, who used [City Wall Soil] to seize power.

“Benefactor Yuan Tu, long time no see.”

Meanwhile, Fulong Arhat ignored him and looked at Lü Yang, who was inexplicably hiding behind other True Persons and remained silent.

The next second, the Divine Martial Sect’s True Persons Huanwu and Xuanwu both appeared, and together with the concealed Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak, blocked True Person Yu Chong and the other two True Persons of the Saint Sect, creating a battlefield exclusively for Lü Yang and Fulong Arhat, trapping both within.

Seeing this, True Person Yu Chong’s expression changed drastically.

“Bastard! Bald donkey, how dare you!?”

No one present was a fool.

Even if they hadn't realized it at first, they all understood now—this was clearly a pre-arranged killing trap!

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

Chapter 146: Where is Lü Yang?

[1,331 words]

In the Foundation Establishment Realm, a total of eight Foundation Establishment True Persons each occupied a position, and with the manifestation of their Dao Foundations, they almost blocked all the winds of the Foundation Establishment Realm outside.

Lü Yang's expression turned extremely ugly.

"You were prepared for this?"

He swept his gaze around, finally landing on the Master of Mending Heaven Peak who was heavily concealed: "Who is this person? How come he is not within my calculations?"

Upon hearing this, Fulong Arhat immediately burst into laughter: "That is not something I can tell you."

As his words fell, Fulong Arhat's expression turned murderous: "You only need to know that today, this Skeleton Mountain shall be your burial ground!"

The next second, 【Fulong Temple】 expanded!

Circles of Buddhist light spread out behind Fulong Arhat's head, revealing a scene of pavilions, temples, and Zen forests, along with a thick fragrance of incense.

Seeing this, Lü Yang narrowed his eyes.

Compared to the previous lifetime, Fulong Arhat in this life clearly no longer toyed with him like a cat with a mouse.

He went all out with his first move, and the power he displayed far exceeded that of the previous lifetime, with 【Fulong Temple】 spreading out to cover him entirely.

Clang, clang——!

A loud explosion rang out as a divine light appeared around Lü Yang, blocking a nine-ringed tin staff that descended from the sky, sending sparks flying.

In the blink of an eye, the divine light shattered.

Without saying another word, Lü Yang transformed into a streak of white Qi and fled from the spot, reappearing as a human form not far away, actually choosing to evade without fighting.

"Hmm?"

Retracting the nine-ringed tin staff, Fulong Arhat frowned, faintly sensing something was off.

After all, Lü Yang's displayed attitude seemed overly passive.

Fulong Arhat swept his gaze and soon locked onto Zhao Xuhe, who was standing at the edge of their battlefield.

At this moment, Zhao Xuhe's eyes were bloodshot, and golden auspicious clouds surged beneath his feet as he desperately refined his Dao Foundation.

If he succeeded, it would also be troublesome for Fulong Arhat.

"Trying to stall for time and wait for him to break through?"

In an instant, Fulong Arhat understood Lü Yang's intention.

It was nothing more than bringing in a scapegoat.

A wise move, but ultimately futile!

"In that case, I'll take him down first!"

With a thought, Fulong Arhat instantly appeared in front of Zhao Xuhe, intending to capture him as a Guardian Vajra before dealing with Lü Yang.

Seeing this, Zhao Xuhe immediately showed a look of despair.

The moment the eight True Persons appeared, he had realized something was wrong.

With previous experience, he immediately understood he had once again become bait.

He had only held onto a final shred of hope, desperately trying to condense his Dao Foundation.

But now, that hope was shattered.

At this moment, Zhao Xuhe's emotions were extremely complex.

Disappointment, dejection, helplessness—all these feelings flashed through his mind like a spinning lantern, finally brewing into a nameless fire.

'This is outrageous!'

Just because I am not in the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Just because my cultivation is not enough.

I am doomed to be used as a pawn.

What should have been rational thinking was now burned into a blur by anger.

"Beasts! All of you are beasts!"

Blood spurted from Zhao Xuhe's mouth, dripping down his lips.

His eyes widened bloodshot, vessels bursting, as all his emotions were replaced by a single thought:

"If I can't have it good, none of you will either!"

"All of you, die!"

In the next second, Zhao Xuhe fiercely grabbed toward the Skeleton Mountain below.

Billowing Yin energy surged into the sky, and the eight-hundred-mile earth veins began to shake violently.

"What did you do?"

Seeing this, Fulong Arhat was slightly stunned, feeling both puzzled and uneasy, as if his spiritual platform was clouded.

Almost immediately, he turned his head to look at the Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

However, with just one glance, where was the Master of Mending Heaven Peak?

Looking around, the True Persons of the Saint Sect had long since fled, leaving only Huan Wu and Xuan Wu, the two True Persons of Divine Martial Sect, standing there with bewildered expressions.

'Not good!'

Fulong Arhat instantly realized the danger.

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak might not have known anything, but seeing that Yu Chong and the other two Saint Sect True Persons had already fled, how could he not act?

Just to be safe, he had naturally chosen to follow them... Damn it, the bastards had sold him out so decisively!

In an instant, Fulong Arhat decided to use his divine ability to escape.

However, the life-bound divine ability that had allowed him to come and go freely in many places now felt like a stone sinking into the sea, completely unable to take him away!

【Tethering Closeness】 !

A brief restraint... but it was enough!

Fulong Arhat gritted his teeth.

Seeing that he could not use his life-bound divine ability to escape, he immediately rode a streak of light, trying to fly out of Skeleton Mountain.

But at that moment——

"Where do you think you're going!"

Lü Yang, who had just been avoiding the fight, suddenly lunged forward, blocking him in midair.

"What do you want to do!?"

Fulong Arhat looked at Lü Yang in shock and fury.

But he saw Lü Yang's appearance gradually change, finally revealing a stunningly exquisite face.

At the same time, a sinister temple surged into the sky behind her.

【Yama Palace】

The Guardian God, Su Nu!

"You are not Lü Yang!?"

In that instant, Fulong Arhat felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave, like a butterfly caught in a spider's web, overwhelmed by a suffocating sense of doom.

Boom!

The next second, dark clouds gathered over the entire Skeleton Mountain.

Countless thunder snakes crackled in the sky!

A massive karmic force suddenly descended upon everyone present!

"No——!"

"I clearly already ran far away, how could this happen?"

"Lü Yang, that damn brat!"

At this moment, it was not just Fulong Arhat.

Even Yu Chong and the others who had fled earlier, as well as the Master of Mending Heaven Peak, all let out miserable screams simultaneously.

The Heavenly Dao was just and impartial.

With the destruction of the eight-hundred-mile earth veins of Skeleton Mountain, the first to bear the brunt were Zhao Xuhe, the culprit, and Fulong Arhat, who had driven him to this point.

However, the other True Persons, whether accomplices or those who had the power to stop it but did not, were also recorded by the Heavenly Dao.

In the next moment, the karmic retribution fell!

Zhao Xuhe suffered the worst.

His fate was exhausted on the spot, turning into dust with a mix of anger and confusion.

"Destroying earth veins and offending the heavens."

Fulong Arhat let out a miserable cry, blood tears streaming from his eyes as he watched his once glorious merit and fortune be shattered by a mighty force.

Next were the two True Persons of Divine Martial Sect and the Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

Heaven and earth bore witness.

If Fulong Arhat was the mastermind, then these three were accomplices.

Though their merit was not entirely lost, their fortune was severely damaged!

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak was so enraged that he spat blood.

After all, he had come here originally just to gain some benefits.

In the end, not only did he gain nothing, but he was also punished by heaven, losing half of his merit for nothing!

Not far away, Yu Chong and the others also let out muffled groans.

They could not be considered accomplices, at most guilty of failing to stop it.

Thus, they only lost some fortune.

Compared to Fulong Arhat and the others, this was already a great blessing.

For a moment, everything fell silent.

After a long while, a voice as ghastly as a demon echoed.

It was none other than Fulong Arhat, standing bloodstained at the center of the "explosion."

"Lü Yang!!!"

Fulong Arhat looked up and howled to the sky, the hatred in his voice seemingly impossible to cleanse even after three lifetimes.

His massive divine sense instantly locked onto Su Nu.

However, in response, Su Nu gave a playful smile.

"Master, my mission is complete!"

Boom!

The next second, Su Nu actually self-destructed without hesitation.

Leaving Fulong Arhat standing there, staring blankly, with only one thought left in his heart:

Where is Lü Yang?

Weren't you supposed to ambush me?

You were never in Skeleton Mountain! Where are you hiding!?

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

Chapter 147: In the Future, He Will Surely Be a Pillar of the Primordial Saint Sect!

[1,386 words]

Northern Frontier, Divine Martial Sect.

Lü Yang strolled leisurely among the pavilions and towers, still in the mood to admire the surrounding scenery, as if he were merely a young scholar out on a spring excursion.

However, above his head, unbeknownst to anyone, rolling clouds had already covered the entire Divine Martial Sect. Yet, the cultivators within the sect remained completely unaware, continuing their cultivation, duels, and conversations, as if these clouds were mere illusions that didn't exist at all.

Within the clouds, countless electric serpents slithered.

From beginning to end, this phenomenon did not kill a single disciple of the Divine Martial Sect; it merely brushed past them, taking away some intangible things.

—Merit and fortune.

All the disciples of the Divine Martial Sect who were touched by the clouds, even if they were completely unaware, found their bodies inexplicably heavier, as if burdened with a weight of a thousand catties.

Immediately after, Lü Yang looked up at the sky.

The [Sky-Seeking Instrument] between his brows radiated light, allowing him to see clearly. At this moment, countless gazes were fixed upon the Divine Martial Sect!

He saw the approving gaze of True Person Chong Guang.

He saw the Arhat of the Pure Land shaking his head and sighing.

Of course, these were not their true bodies present but rather projections through the calculation of cause and effect, using the omnipresent web of karma in the world to observe from afar.

Under their watchful eyes, Lü Yang smiled lightly.

In the next moment, the clouds receded, like the ebb and flow of tides, finally converging entirely into Lü Yang's palm, forming a fruit woven from merit and fortune.

"Slurp!"

Lü Yang placed the fruit into his mouth, taking big bites of the flesh, his red lips and white teeth feasting heartily, consuming all the merit and fortune that the Divine Martial Sect had accumulated over the years.

While gnawing, Lü Yang did not forget to visit the Divine Martial Sect's treasury, casually opening it, then picking up storage bags and swallowing them whole, indiscriminately collecting them.

Among them were spiritual treasures, cultivation methods, and various pills, effectively looting the Divine Martial Sect's many treasures clean.

Such a drastic change in fortune naturally alarmed the two True Persons of the Divine Martial Sect.

"The sect... the sect has been robbed!"

True Person Huan Wu almost immediately took out a precious mirror, reflecting the scene within the sect, seeing Lü Yang's leisurely figure, his eyes bulging with rage:

"It's Lü Yang! He's not at Skeleton Mountain; he's at the Divine Martial Sect!?"

For a moment, both True Person Huan Wu and True Person Xuan Wu felt a chill in their hearts, their blood boiling turning into an indescribable coldness.

It's over! Completely over!

Upon hearing this, Arhat Fulong suddenly turned his head, then directly cast a divine ability, sparing no effort to use his innate divine power, wanting to return to the Divine Martial Sect immediately.

Soon, familiar resistance struck.

Obviously, this was Lü Yang using [Determining Closeness] to obstruct him. However, this time, Arhat Fulong was prepared, and his vast mana surged out instantly.

"You can't stop me!"

Arhat Fulong transmitted his voice full of killing intent.

After all, he was at the mid-stage of Foundation Establishment, while Lü Yang was only at the early stage. What could he use to compete in mana?

Then he heard a light laugh:

"Thank you, fellow Daoist, for the escort. Farewell."

In the next second, Arhat Fulong pierced through the void, arriving at the Divine Martial Sect in one step, only to see Lü Yang drifting away, leaving behind the brilliance of a divine ability.

Drifting away, carefree and at ease.

Arhat Fulong saw clearly that the direction in which the other party fled was precisely the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds of the Primordial Saint Sect.

The karma of the eight hundred li Skeleton Mountain hadn't touched him at all!

"Outrageous... outrageous!!!"

Arhat Fulong was so angry that his golden body was about to explode, almost losing his mind and rushing into the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds. But at the last moment, he calmed down.

After all, if he truly dared to charge into the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds, it would be seeking death. Even the Bodhisattvas of the Pure Land wouldn't save him, let alone kill Lü Yang.

"Diverting the tiger away from the mountain... what a clever tactic!"

Only at this moment did Arhat Fulong truly understand Lü Yang's scheme: from beginning to end, Lü Yang probably never intended to confront him directly!

Using Zhao Xuhe to lure him away, then triggering the earth veins, using heavenly punishment to severely damage his merit and fortune. Lü Yang then took the opportunity to launch a surprise attack on the Divine Martial Sect, reaping all the benefits alone, and finally drifting away. Even though Arhat Fulong suffered such a huge loss, he had to admit Lü Yang's brilliance.

Truly cunning, like an old turtle.

This was something Arhat Fulong had never anticipated. After all, before today, looking at Lü Yang's experiences, who could say he wasn't a favored child of heaven?

Such a genius should have been brave and aggressive.

In fact, during the Dao Seizing Battlefield, Lü Yang did perform this way, slaughtering Qi Refining cultivators, high-spirited, moving through armies as if in a no-man's land.

But now, in retrospect, it was all fake!

This beast was clearly only brave and aggressive towards low-level cultivators. When facing those of the same or higher realms, he was as cautious as walking on thin ice.

"Miscalculated!"

Arhat Fulong looked up and sighed, yet he was unwilling.

Although Lü Yang's scheme was brilliant, it ultimately had a flaw:

This move couldn't kill him.

Thinking of this, Arhat Fulong was puzzled: "Now that I've been severely damaged by heavenly punishment, even an early-stage Foundation Establishment cultivator could possibly kill me."

"Such a good opportunity, why didn't he make a move?"

If Lü Yang had really chosen to fight him, Arhat Fulong could have gone all out. However, now, he felt his whole body powerless.

"What exactly does he want to do?"

Primordial Saint Sect, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

Lü Yang used [Determining Closeness] to return to Luofeng Mountain in one step, having already put the matters of the Northern Frontier behind him, as he had perfectly achieved his predetermined goal.

Plundering the Divine Martial Sect's merit and fortune.

As for True Person Huan Wu and True Person Xuan Wu, one was dying, the other had limited strength and had been stripped of merit. They were insignificant to the Primordial Saint Sect.

Moreover, weren't there still people like Yu Chong? Lü Yang believed they could handle it well.

Returning to Luofeng Mountain, Lü Yang checked his spoils while making up his mind: "For the next fifty years, I'll stay in the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds and not go out."

As for Arhat Fulong?

"Are you kidding? Why would I risk my life against a mid-stage Foundation Establishment cultivator? The realm gap is there. If something unexpected happens, wouldn't I suffer a huge loss!"

He just needed to wait patiently.

Because he was still young, breaking through Foundation Establishment before eighty, now just over a hundred years old, with nearly two hundred years left to enjoy slowly.

"Compared to me, Arhat Fulong has at most thirty or forty years of life left in this life. Moreover, his merit and fortune have dissipated. After dying in this life, he can only reincarnate as a pig or dog, impossible to return to the Foundation Establishment realm. So I just need to wait patiently for thirty or forty years, and I'll naturally be worry-free!"

From the beginning, Lü Yang saw it clearly.

Compared to Arhat Fulong, he had no advantage in cultivation, spiritual treasures, or experience. His only advantage was his youth!

Time was his greatest capital!

Therefore, all his plans were based on this.

Using the self-destruction of the earth veins to destroy Arhat Fulong's chance of reincarnation, then outlasting the old man! Wait until he dies of old age, then dance on his grave.

Dueling? Risking life?

Too small! Such a narrow perspective!

"Competing in mana, competing in divine abilities, in the end, can't compare to competing in lifespan!"

Thinking of this, Lü Yang was calm and composed: "Arhat Fulong... humph! When you die of old age, I'll have a life-and-death battle with your reincarnated self!"

At the same time, within the Sacred Fire Cliff.

True Person Chong Guang withdrew his gaze from the web of karma, glanced in the direction of Luofeng Mountain, his expression both strange and emotional, finally couldn't help but exclaim:

"This child will surely be a pillar of our Primordial Saint Sect in the future!"

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chapter 148

[1,556 words]

Time always passed swiftly.

Especially when Lü Yang remained reclusive within the Primordial Saint Sect, never poking his head out regardless of the storms outside, it became even less likely for him to encounter any trouble.

Time flew by.

Inside a quiet chamber on Mount Luofeng, Lü Yang had a Dao book placed before him, with the 【Heaven-Seeking Instrument】 between his brows shimmering brilliantly. His handsome face was filled with a conflicted expression.

"Not right. Right, right, right. Not right, not right, right?"

After a long while, Lü Yang suddenly opened his eyes, revealing a pair of crimson, dazzling pupils, within which countless runes seemed to circulate.

Almost simultaneously, a graceful figure appeared beside him.

As soon as Su Nu manifested, she immediately bowed deeply, her red lips slightly parted as she softly said, "This servant greets the master and congratulates the master on achieving great divine powers!"

"How long have I been in seclusion?"

"Reporting to the master, you have been in seclusion for over five years."

"Five years..."

Lü Yang was somewhat surprised—not because it was long, but because it was too short. He had originally thought that this time, he would need to spend at least several decades.

After all, before entering seclusion, he had chosen to comprehend not something else, but the Dao book of formations and talismans he had obtained from his conversation with True Person Yu Chong. Its name was 『Comprehensive Book of Pacifying Wars』, encompassing the four arts of formations, talismans, pills, and tools. Not only was it vast in quantity, but it also reached up to the fourth grade.

Such a Dao book was evidently difficult to comprehend.

Having had the experience of studying formations for twenty years in his previous life, Lü Yang originally thought that this time would be similar. However, his speed of comprehension far exceeded expectations.

"It seems my talent is quite good."

"With my talent, plus the negligible assistance provided by the 【Heaven-Seeking Instrument】, I should be able to achieve some success in a few more decades."

Immediately after, Lü Yang stepped into the Foundation Establishment Realm.

After consuming the merit and fortune of the Divine Martial Sect, Lü Yang's 【Myriad Chariots Dragon-Taming Dao Foundation】 had undergone a new transformation, granting him a mysterious sense.

"My opportunity..."

Lü Yang looked up, gazing into the distance.

With the blessing of fortune, he could vaguely calculate where his opportunity to break through to the mid-stage of Foundation Establishment lay.

"...It's actually overseas?"

Lü Yang's gaze changed. To break through to the mid-stage of Foundation Establishment, one needed to integrate a Heavenly Gang Earth Fiend and refine it into an innate divine ability.

This was not something that could be obtained just anywhere.

Even within the Primordial Saint Sect, such resources were unavailable.

This was because the Heavenly Gang Earth Fiend was born in response to fate. If not taken within a short period, it would return to the heavens and earth. Even a Golden Core True Monarch could not retain it.

Therefore, regardless of the sect or faction, cultivators seeking the Heavenly Gang Earth Fiend to break through had to travel abroad.

This was also one of the reasons various forces competed for territory.

After all, the larger your territory, the higher the chance of the Heavenly Gang Earth Fiend manifesting within it.

"It seems this trip overseas is unavoidable."

Thinking of this, Lü Yang shifted his gaze to Su Nu again: "How are things outside the sect? What about Fulong? Has that bald donkey not returned to the Pure Land?"

"Reporting to the master, no."

At this point, Su Nu's expression became somewhat peculiar: "Not only has he not returned, but in fact, that bald donkey has been wandering near the Primordial Saint Sect almost every day for the past five years."

"Oh?"

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang showed an interested expression: "Is he waiting for me? It seems the old monk is unwilling to accept defeat, thinking I will come out to fight him again?"

Su Nu nodded and continued: "In fact, in recent years, your reputation has grown increasingly prominent. Many True Persons regard you as a master of manipulating karma and fate. As someone at the early stage of Foundation Establishment, toying with mid-stage Foundation Establishment cultivators in the palm of your hand—such feats are rare even within the Primordial Saint Sect."

"They all say you are... um." Su Nu suddenly closed her mouth.

Seeing this, Lü Yang became even more interested and curiously asked: "What do they say about me? That I possess vast divine powers? That I am exceedingly intelligent? That I am a peerless genius capable of surpassing higher realms?"

"This..."

Su Nu cautiously glanced at Lü Yang and whispered: "They say you are well-versed in the art of self-preservation, act prudently, and are a turtle that hides its head..."

Seeing Lü Yang's expression gradually darken, Su Nu's voice grew increasingly softer.

In the end, she obediently knelt before Lü Yang, lowered her swan-like slender neck, nodded vigorously, and said no more.

A day later.

Lü Yang, feeling refreshed, walked out of the quiet chamber and released his aura.

Before long, a figure sensed it and broke through the void, landing on Mount Luofeng.

It was none other than True Person Yinshan.

Upon landing, he smiled and cupped his hands: "Congratulations, Junior Brother, on destroying the Divine Martial Sect and seizing its merit and fortune. It seems the mid-stage is within reach."

"Senior Brother flatters me; it's still early."

Lü Yang shook his head: "That bald donkey Fulong is still alive, and the karma remains unresolved. To be cautious, I plan to wait a few more decades before going out to seek opportunities."

"Mm..."

Upon hearing this, True Person Yinshan looked deeply at Lü Yang, hesitating to speak.

Clearly, he thought Lü Yang was being overly cautious, not like a young man at all.

Although the Fulong Arhat indeed had a deep blood feud with Lü Yang now, Foundation Establishment True Persons could conceal karma.

As long as Lü Yang was slightly careful, even if he left the Primordial Saint Sect, the Fulong Arhat would likely be unable to do anything to him. Yet, Lü Yang insisted on hiding within the sect, which was excessively prudent.

Lü Yang immediately saw through True Person Yinshan's thoughts.

However, to him, it was another consideration: indeed, even if he left the sect, with his abilities, the Fulong Arhat would likely be unable to do anything to him.

But why take the risk?

If there's an eighty percent chance he can't harm him, that means there's a twenty percent chance he can. Why gamble on that twenty percent when he can win securely?

At this moment, a beam of spiritual light descended into the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

"Lü Yang! Come out!"

The next second, the spiritual light exploded, and a voice resounded in all directions.

It was the Fulong Arhat's shouting and cursing, with various provocations and taunts emerging endlessly.

Immediately after, the spiritual light dispersed, revealing a rainbow-colored garment—it was a woman's clothing—falling conspicuously towards Mount Luofeng, attracting the attention of many True Persons in the Primordial Saint Sect. Some laughed, some mocked, and some admired.

Lü Yang, upon seeing this, calmly accepted it.

"Su Nu, it's yours."

Lü Yang grabbed the rainbow-colored garment, instantly refined it, then called out the still slightly weak Su Nu and casually threw it over.

"Thank you, master!" Su Nu immediately showed a face full of joy.

True Person Yinshan, seeing this, could only inwardly sigh that this Junior Brother Yuantuo had a face as thick as a city wall, truly worthy of being the future pillar of the Primordial Saint Sect as designated by Senior Brother.

Then, Lü Yang turned around, smiling as he took out a storage pouch.

"To be honest, Junior Brother previously looted the Divine Martial Sect and, after obtaining its treasury, went into seclusion without carefully organizing it."

Lü Yang sighed as he stuffed the storage pouch into True Person Yinshan's hands: "Senior Brother is the right-hand man of Uncle Master Chong Guang. The Divine Martial Sect's treasury is messy and filled with many useless items. It's better to send it to Senior Brother's residence first for a thorough inventory to ensure everything is in order before handing it over to the sect."

True Person Yinshan, while receiving the storage pouch, shook his head: "Isn't this inappropriate?"

"Just trying to ease the burden for the sect!"

Lü Yang insisted, and True Person Yinshan half-heartedly accepted. Then Lü Yang smiled and asked: "Do you know where the two True Persons of the Divine Martial Sect are now?"

"Huanwu and Xuanwu?"

True Person Yinshan was taken aback, thought for a moment, and said: "The Divine Martial Sect's fortune and merit have dissipated, and its disciples have scattered. Naturally, they have fled overseas."

At this point, True Person Yinshan's eyes lit up: "Junior Brother wants to offer that 【Abe Sword】?"

"That's the idea."

Lü Yang nodded: "Unfortunately, the Divine Martial Sect's True Persons have fled overseas and are hard to find. Does Senior Brother have any means?"

Having just received Lü Yang's storage pouch, True Person Yinshan naturally couldn't refuse. He immediately smiled and said: "That's no problem; leave it to me!"

After speaking, True Person Yinshan looked at Lü Yang with even more satisfaction.

To be fair, he had originally thought Lü Yang would ask him to help deal with the Fulong Arhat... If that were the case, he would have had to firmly refuse.

After all, the Fulong Arhat now was a dying madman.

Such people were troublesome and not worth provoking.

But Huanwu and Xuanwu?

Two early-stage Foundation Establishment cultivators from a declining minor sect—True Person Yinshan could easily handle them.

It was a trivial matter!

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[1,371 words]

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“Amitabha... damn it!”

Arhat Fulong slammed his palm down in anger, and the cliff was instantly reduced to powder, yet even so, the rage in his heart did not subside in the slightest.

On the contrary, he became even angrier.

It was only now that he truly understood why Lü Yang had not stayed to fight him that day.

That bastard actually intended to wait for him to die of old age!

This was unreasonable.

Because to those in the Foundation Establishment Realm, how precious was cultivation time?

In the early stage of Foundation Establishment, just healing injuries would take several decades.

Condensing one’s innate divine ability would take several decades more.

Seeking heavenly stars and earthly fiends to refine into innate abilities—just this stage alone would consume over a hundred years!

A Foundation Establishment lifetime lasted only about three hundred years.

Spending over a hundred years just in the early stages showed how precious time was.

Cultivation truly was a race against time.

Yet now, there was someone who completely ignored cultivation.

Despite having achieved perfect Foundation Establishment, already having condensed his innate divine ability, and even obtaining great merit and destiny, anyone else would have rushed out to seek heavenly stars and earthly fiends.

But Lü Yang actually stayed in the Saint Sect and did not leave!

Over these years, Arhat Fulong had tried countless methods.

Provocations, mockery, deliberately ruining Lü Yang's reputation—yet Lü Yang remained unmoved like a mountain, leaving Arhat Fulong with no choice but to vent his anger here.

“That damned coward...”

Thinking of this, Arhat Fulong turned his head to glance in the direction of the Pure Land, feeling even more stifled.

He had actually been cut off by the Pure Land.

After all, his merit had been exhausted, and his lifespan was nearing its end.

To the Pure Land, he was already a useless person.

As for the 【City Wall Soil】 , the key was not him but his Dao foundation— 【Fulong Temple】 .

This was the advantage of the Pure Land.

【Fulong Temple】 could be inherited by others.

For those on the Path of Ascension through Body Refining, the Foundation Establishment was unique—whoever it belonged to, it remained so.

However, in Jiangxi, the ownership of the Dao foundation actually lay with the Pure Land.

If Fulong died?

Then just have someone else inherit 【Fulong Temple】 .

For this reason, even a Bodhisattva of the Pure Land had spoken, saying that Guang Ming seemed quite good.

He had made contributions in the previous Dao struggle, so let him inherit it.

Listen to that—was that even human speech?

When Arhat Fulong heard this news, he nearly exploded with rage.

Yet he could do nothing and certainly could not return to kill Guang Ming.

After all, that was the Bodhisattva's personal choice.

If he obediently accepted his fate, after death he could become a pig or dog for ten lifetimes, and after repaying his karmic debts, perhaps after hundreds or thousands of years, he might still have a slim hope of returning to the Dao.

But if he offended the Bodhisattva?

Then he would never be able to repay that debt, not in a thousand lifetimes.

Thinking of this, one could imagine just how heavy the resentment in Arhat Fulong's heart had become.

He dared not resent the Pure Land, nor the Primordial Saint Sect, so he could only direct all his hatred toward Lü Yang, wishing he could tear him apart.

"What should I do now?"

Arhat Fulong muttered under his breath, and at that moment, a figure of light suddenly appeared beside him.

"What else can you do? There's only one thing left for you."

"And that is to wait!"

As the words fell, Arhat Fulong looked toward the figure of light, suddenly grinning.

"Mending Heaven, I'm down on my luck, but you aren't much better off."

The person was none other than the Master of Mending Heaven Peak!

Arhat Fulong and the Master of Mending Heaven Peak were of the same generation.

He was nearing death, but how much longer could the Master of Mending Heaven Peak live?

They were both old monsters nearing their end.

To be honest, seeing the Master of Mending Heaven Peak also in such a miserable state made Arhat Fulong feel much better.

"You tell me to wait, but how should I wait?"

"Of course, you should wait until the moment you are supposed to sit in meditation."

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak spoke coldly.

"Your lifespan is easy to calculate—just another decade or two."

“I estimate that Lü Yang will wait until twenty years later.”

Upon hearing this, Arhat Fulong’s face darkened.

Though he wanted to refute, he opened his mouth for a long time but couldn’t say a word.

He knew clearly that what the Master of Mending Heaven Peak said was highly likely to be true.

But he quickly reacted, his eyes suddenly lighting up.

“You have a way to help me endure for several more decades?”

“Several decades is impossible.”

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak replied indifferently.

“But ten more years is possible.”

“I have a Wind-Resisting Pill that can shield you from the 【Bifeng】 for ten years, allowing you to live ten years longer.”

“However, the power of the pill is limited.”

“Using it a second time will reduce its effect by a third, and a third time by another third.”

Upon hearing this, Arhat Fulong straightforwardly asked:

“What do you want?”

“Your golden body relic after your death.”

“And you must dual cultivate with my daughter to help her achieve the Six Paths Nirvana Phoenix Art.”

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak stated his terms.

“Deal!”

Arhat Fulong agreed without hesitation.

After all, he had nothing left to lose now.

At rock bottom, any direction was up.

Only then did the Master of Mending Heaven Peak nod in satisfaction and took out a white jade pill.

Arhat Fulong took it and immediately sent it into his sea of consciousness to protect his soul.

He instantly felt a wave of relief, and the deadly crisis from the 【Bifeng】 was greatly alleviated, showing that the pill was indeed highly effective.

“Thank you, fellow Daoist.”

Arhat Fulong cupped his hands in gratitude, his face full of joy, while glaring viciously in the direction of the Saint Sect.

“Lü Yang... just wait, I will make you pay with blood!”

Time flew by.

Twenty years later.

“What? Fulong has sat in meditation?”

When the news reached Mount Luofeng, Lü Yang was somewhat surprised.

He habitually calculated with the help of the 【Heaven-Seeking Instrument】 .

No, he was still alive.

Though by counting the days, it did seem about time.

“Looks like he used some life-extending method.”

“Playing tricks with me... these people are so devious!”

“Can’t they just be good people like me?”

Lü Yang sat steadily as if fishing, thought for a moment, and then summoned Su Nu.

The next day, Su Nu, disguised as Lü Yang, openly left the Saint Sect and deliberately paraded around in Jiangbei several times.

“Hmph! Do they really think I’ll fall for the same trick twice?”

Arhat Fulong hid in the shadows, watching Su Nu flying across the sky, gritting his teeth in hatred.

“Such an obvious probe... they must really suspect I’m dead.”

“Otherwise, there’s no need to have someone disguise themselves as Lü Yang to bait me.”

“Come to think of it, it makes sense.”

“To confront me, he has delayed seeking heavenly stars and earthly fiends for decades.”

“If he delays any longer, he might not even break through to the mid-stage Foundation Establishment in this lifetime!”

“He must be getting anxious!”

Thinking of this, Arhat Fulong grew even more excited, revealing a sinister smile.

“Give it some more time... he definitely won’t be able to hold back!”

“He will come out!”

But soon, his expression changed again, becoming anxious and uncertain.

“It’s still not stable.”

“Only ten years... what if he plays it safe and waits another ten years?”

After speaking, he looked toward the Master of Mending Heaven Peak beside him.

“Mending Heaven, it’s not that I’m greedy.”

“It’s just that we’re already this far along.”

“We’re just one step away from killing him.”

“Why not give me another Wind-Resisting Pill?”

“Hmm...”

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak fell silent upon hearing this.

But then he thought—he had given out one Wind-Resisting Pill hoping to use Arhat Fulong to take revenge on Lü Yang.

But if Lü Yang really waited another ten years, and Arhat Fulong was still worn down to death, wouldn’t that pill have been wasted?

After thinking for a long time, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak finally gritted his teeth.

“...Fine, I’ll give you one more.”

“The last one!”

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Chapter 149: Sitting in Meditation

[1,371 words]

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But if Lü Yang really waited another ten years, and Arhat Fulong was still worn down to death, wouldn't that pill have been wasted?

After thinking for a long time, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak finally gritted his teeth.

“...Fine, I’ll give you one more.”

“The last one!”

Chapter 150: Beast, You’re Playing Me!?

[1,397 words]

At Luofeng Mountain, Lü Yang had been living quite comfortably lately.

Every day, he held the 『Complete Treatise on Pacifying Rong』, studying formations and talismans.

Whenever he had free time, he would discuss the Dao with Su Nu, deepening their communication.

In the blink of an eye, another ten years had passed.

On this day, a streak of flowing light descended from the sky and landed on Luofeng Mountain.

From within, True Person Yinshan stepped out, wearing a strange expression as he looked at Lü Yang.

“Junior Brother, aren’t you going out yet?”

“Going out? No rush, no rush.”

Lü Yang hurriedly walked up, his eyes burning with anticipation as he looked at True Person Yinshan.

Seeing this, True Person Yinshan gave a proud smile and then took out a formation disk.

Inside the formation disk, two familiar souls were tightly suppressed.

Countless black chains pierced through their souls, locking all their thoughts.

They could not even self-detonate, leaving their expressions numb.

It wasn't until they saw Lü Yang that a trace of emotion finally surfaced in their eyes.

True Person Huanwu and True Person Xuanwu.

The two fugitives from the Divine Martial Sect had actually been captured by Yinshan!

While Lü Yang was impressed, he also grew extremely vigilant.

Not because he distrusted True Person Yinshan, but because of the danger of the mid-Foundation Establishment Realm.

After all, he knew that if he fought these two True Persons, though he could win and even kill them, capturing them alive was nearly impossible.

Yet Yinshan had done it.

Both were mid-Foundation Establishment.

If Yinshan could do it, could Arhat Fulong do it as well?

If Arhat Fulong could, then Lü Yang certainly was no match for him.

At this thought, Lü Yang immediately made a decision.

“Let's wait a bit longer.”

After all, he had just obtained two Foundation Establishment True Persons.

He was planning to use them to refine the 【Abe Sword】 .

Before that, he would continue to use Su Nu to stall Fulong.

Arhat Fulong's bloodshot eyes stared at Su Nu as she flew across the sky.

Beside him, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak explained helplessly in a low voice:

“Yinshan brought him the two wastes from the Divine Martial Sect.”

“He is currently refining the 【Abe Sword】 , so he hasn’t come out yet.”

After a long while, Arhat Fulong finally forced a smile and said, “No matter.”

“Although the second Wind-Avoiding Pill’s effect was reduced by a third, it is still effective.”

“Victory is within reach. I will endure.”

Another ten years passed.

On Luofeng Mountain, a blood-red light pierced the heavens and dyed half the sky red.

It took a long time before the light slowly receded, transforming into a little girl who landed.

“Master, I’m full!”

The little girl, the incarnated spirit of the 【Abe Sword】 , patted her round belly, her cheeks flushed with satisfaction.

“It’s been so long since I’ve eaten this well!”

After speaking, she spun on the spot and transformed back into her crimson long sword form, allowing Lü Yang to grasp her in his hand.

As Lü Yang continuously infused his mana into the sword, resonating with the sword spirit, the newly refined 【Abe Sword】 's information soon surfaced in his mind.

“Excellent! As expected, it has become a superior-grade spiritual treasure!”

Lü Yang's face lit up with joy.

Unlike the 【Heaven-Seeking Instrument】 , the 【Abe Sword】 was a pure killing weapon, its wonders naturally more suited for combat.

And this wonder was called 【Butcher of Men】 .

“Using 【Blood of the Masses】 as material, and 【Deep Steel】 as the blade, with its spirit infused with the Upper Dipper’s 【Shangzhang】 star, it manifests its wonder and becomes the 【Abe Sword】 .”

This sword carried the essence of 【Shangzhang】 .

In the heavens, it manifested as frost and wind.

On earth, it embodied metal and iron.

It commanded the authority of slaughter over heaven and earth, embodying extreme Yang.

Thus, the more the wielder practiced this way, battling peers, defeating the strong with the weak, and taking lives in defeat, the stronger the sword’s power would become.

Until finally, with one strike, all techniques would be shattered!

Lü Yang sighed, “What a 【Butcher of Men】 !”

As the name suggested, this was a sword for killing!

The more it killed, the stronger it grew.

Its power increased with the strength of those it slew.

In a sense, it shared the same ability as the Myriad Spirits Banner—simple, brutal, yet extremely effective.

However, unlike the Myriad Spirits Banner, this wonder had a drawback.

That was, the wielder could only win, never lose.

Once defeated by someone else, the wonder’s power would be halved and would need to be accumulated again from scratch.

Yet correspondingly, its power was guaranteed.

“Now that I have used two Foundation Establishment True Persons to refine the sword, it’s hard to say how powerful it has become. I should find an opportunity to test it someday.”

Satisfied, Lü Yang put away the Abe Sword.

Then, he opened the panel of the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 and focused on the 【Anchor Point】 , falling into deep thought.

“Should I use it now?”

Previously, he had planned to use the anchor point after restarting.

However, after decades had passed, he gradually changed his mind.

Because now, it seemed that he had accumulated quite a lot of good things.

Moreover, if he restarted from the very beginning, he would definitely have to choose cultivation.

But in that case, a Foundation Establishment True Person suddenly appearing in the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds would surely alarm many people.

And at that time, he would not have the Heaven-Seeking Instrument.

If he wasn't careful, it might become a dead end.

So, after much consideration, Lü Yang felt it was better to leave an insurance policy—using the anchor point now.

After all, he could freely choose the time when he restarted.

Additionally, there was another advantage to doing this.

By setting the anchor point in the present, he wouldn't need to prioritize cultivation and treasures upon restarting.

Instead, he could choose a talent!

With the experience and achievements of this lifetime, he was confident he could unlock a superior talent!

Lü Yang had great confidence in the talents provided by the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 .

Just the purple talent 【Some Skills】 had saved him more than once, making him even more eager to see what effects a golden talent might have.

“... Let’s do it!”

After much deliberation, Lü Yang finally made his decision.

With a thought, an anchor point was set on the panel of the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 .

After completing all this, Lü Yang began planning his next move.

“Should I leave the sect to search for the Heavenly Dipper and Earth Fiend?”

Lü Yang made a divination and then shook his head.

“Something’s not right. How is Fulong still alive after twenty more years? Forget it, I’ll wait a bit longer.”

Ten years passed, and then another ten years...

Arhat Fulong finally could not hold on any longer.

Because the repeated use of the Wind-Avoiding Pill reduced its effectiveness by a third each time, he had used up a full three pills from the Master of Mending Heaven Peak over the past twenty years.

And then, he could no longer contact the Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

By now, not to mention fighting anyone, Arhat Fulong could barely move.

He was on the verge of death, his breath fading with each passing moment.

At this moment, only despair remained in his heart.

Then, he suddenly found that his memory, which had been blurred by old age, had become clear again—especially the image of Lü Yang.

【Confirming Intimacy and Distance】 !

In the next second, the figure from his memory turned from illusion to reality.

A young man, unchanged from decades ago, full of vitality, walked out step by step.

It was Lü Yang, who had calculated that Fulong's end was near and had specially come to visit.

“Fellow Daoist, it has been a while, hasn't it?”

Arhat Fulong: “...”

At this moment, the twenty years spent waiting outside the Holy Sect flashed through his mind.

Arhat Fulong finally woke up from his dream-like state.

“A treasure for calculating the secrets of heaven... Beast, you've been playing me!?”

Before he could finish his words, Arhat Fulong spewed a mouthful of hot blood toward the sky.

“Ah——!!!”

He was unwilling!

Had he known Lü Yang possessed a treasure that could calculate the secrets of heaven, he would never have foolishly wasted twenty years.

He would have found another way to conceal his presence!

At this thought, Arhat Fulong struggled to support himself, as if wanting to fight Lü Yang to the death.

However, his end had already come, and he was beyond saving.

Within the Foundation Establishment Realm, a gust of wind blew.

Arhat Fulong, who had just managed to lift himself halfway, completely lost his strength and collapsed to the ground with a thud.

Then, with a loud crash, his body disintegrated.

A wisp of his soul drifted into reincarnation.

