

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

[1,271 words]

Chapter 361: The Great Investigation

Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion, Extreme Heaven Cliff.

Lü Yang's avatar exhaled a turbid breath, looked inward, and gazed toward the Foundation Establishment Realm. Within it, a flying sword shimmered brilliantly under the force of Bì Wind.

【Eternal Observation, Sword of Gold Enforcement Foundation】 !

This sword foundation was no inferior to the 【Ten Thousand Chariots Dragon Riding Dao Foundation】 , and the condensed innate divine ability was called 【Brilliant Union with the Eternal, Upright Enforcement of the Sword of Gold】 .

Beneath it lay four arcane mysteries:

【Heaven Execution】 , 【Truth Slaughter】 ,

【Mind Entrapment】 , and 【Certain Death】 !

"Something's not right."

Sensing the divine name transmitted by the Dao Foundation, Lü Yang fell into deep thought—because the characters "Brilliant Union" had been part of the Daoist title bestowed upon him by the Daoist Dangmo.

Why would it appear in the name of his divine ability?

"...Unless this Dao Foundation, and even its divine abilities, have already been 【officially recorded】 ! The incense offering at the Hall of Reception probably wasn't just a ceremonial gesture!"

Lü Yang felt a chill in his heart, but he couldn't help feeling a bit lucky. He had come at the right time. Had it been during the era when the True Sovereigns still held power in the world, he wouldn't even have been able to play the game. Just the name of this divine ability would have kept him awake at night. Now, with the True Sovereigns in seclusion, there was at least some room to maneuver.

"The four arcane mysteries of this innate divine ability each have their own strengths."

Lü Yang carefully sensed them, sword glints flickering within his eyes.

" **【Heaven Execution】** focuses on slaughter. One strike severs all—no matter what divine powers or transformations you possess, if you're struck, you're done."

" **【Truth Slaughter】** is the art of splitting and combining sword light."

"When the sword light manifests, it splits into thousands, infiltrating every corner, penetrating the enemy's body. Once inside, they recombine and can be slashed outward again—truly insidious and venomous."

" **【Mind Entrapment】** is a technique to entangle the enemy."

"With just a sweep of divine power, it traps the enemy in a mysterious space, where a duel of techniques ensues."

"If one loses, it turns into illusion, merely a simulation without harm to oneself. But if one wins, illusion turns into reality, and the enemy dies instantly."

"Moreover, under this divine veil, the sword wielder can repeatedly test strategies, experimenting in countless ways until discovering the opponent's trump card—then one strike takes their life. The only drawback is that each failure consumes a large amount of spiritual power, so only those with deep reserves should use it."

"The final one, **【Certain Death】**, is a mutual destruction sword."

"As the name suggests, once this arcane mystery is activated, the user slays themselves before the enemy, cutting off their own fate. Though their body remains unharmed, their life ends instantly."

In Lü Yang's hand, the sword light circled, divine radiance gleaming in four hues.

Aside from that, Lü Yang had also condensed two **【Sword Divine Abilities】** using his sword case, but those were purely enhancements for the innate divine ability's mysteries.

Apart from increasing status, they had no special properties.

"Most likely because the **【Fruit of the Sword Path】** hasn't truly been validated yet, so there's no mystical augmentation—only bricks added to the foundation."

Pushing open the door, Lü Yang strolled out of his cave dwelling, assessing his own combat strength:

‘No wonder the sword cultivators of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion are reputed to be peerless in magical combat. These four arcane mysteries alone are well-rounded both in numbers and mechanics—truly difficult to counter in battle.’

"Not to mention above this, there's also 【Sword Intent】."

Lü Yang was still musing when—

Suddenly, a flying message talisman dropped from the sky, clearly intended for him. He took it, scanned it with his divine sense, and immediately showed a hint of surprise.

The next moment, he transformed into sword light and flew to the top of Extreme Heaven Cliff.

This place had previously been the secluded cultivation site of 【True Sovereign of Upholding Heaven and Virtuous Conduct】, but now that the sovereign had gone into seclusion, the one seated there was Daoist Dangmo.

“Greetings, Master!”

Without hesitation, Lü Yang offered a sword salute.

Daoist Dangmo glanced at him, then said calmly, “At this stage of cultivation, the roots of your past life are no longer much help.”

“Go and enter the world.”

“For us sword cultivators, shutting oneself away is not the way. To temper a sword heart, one must undergo many bloody battles, forging a path from life and death.”

Though Daoist Dangmo spoke vaguely, Lü Yang understood well—sword cultivators refined their sword divine abilities through slaughter and duels. The Sword Pavilion still maintained its usual refined wording—calling it ‘entering the world’—but it essentially meant finding a place for a massacre.

As he finished speaking, Daoist Dangmo pulled out a jade slip.

“Recently, major sects and clans in Jiangnan have reported that the Southern Border’s Myriad Venom Cult has been secretly abducting civilians there to use as materials for Gu refinement. Go and investigate.”

At this, a trace of killing intent surged in Daoist Dangmo’s expression:

“If this is true, report back to me immediately.”

Lü Yang respectfully received the jade slip. “Disciple obeys!”

After Lü Yang departed, a figure appeared at the cliff—none other than Ye Cheng, the Ye Family True Person who had met Lü Yang before. Watching Lü Yang's silhouette fade away:

'This one has some luck after all!'

This Ye family direct descendant mused: 'Originally, I had the Myriad Venom Cult's mole switch his Foundation Establishment spiritual item. With his accumulated karma and misfortunes, he was surely doomed to suffer a sudden disaster and fail in his foundation. But unexpectedly, his background is formidable enough to pull through.'

'A pity... If not for my senior uncle's stubbornness, I wouldn't have had to act in secret.'

Looking back at the cliff top, Ye Cheng shook his head: 'Though our Sword Pavilion is the leader of the righteous path, acting with proper justification, why waste time investigating mere commoners?'

Commoners were insignificant, easily replaced under the cycle of heaven and earth. Their sheer numbers made them tedious to investigate, costing energy and resources.

And what if something was truly discovered?

'Wouldn't it be simpler to let a Sword Seed die at the hands of the Myriad Venom Cult?'

'That man killed Xingfeng in his past life, and yet my Ye Family bore no grudge, even accepting him as a disciple. Now it's time for him to pay back that karma.'

That was why he had devised a scheme—waiting for Lü Yang to fail in Foundation Establishment, and then shift the blame to the Myriad Venom Cult, gaining just cause for retribution.

'Righteous-Demonic War, a Sword Seed slain.'

'Our Sword Pavilion avenges its disciple and purges evil—such a simple method, and yet Senior Uncle refused it.'

"Forget it, I must act myself to ease his burden."

With that, Ye Cheng flicked his finger, sending out a flying message talisman.

Meanwhile, outside Extreme Heaven Cliff in the Sword Pavilion—

A disciple at the late stage of Qi Refining suddenly looked up, catching the talisman from the sky. He hurried to a quiet chamber and began reading.

'The Sword Pavilion... is making a move against the Holy Cult?'

‘Not good!’

His expression shifted rapidly. Taking a deep breath, he plunged his consciousness into his dantian, where a small worm coiled.

This was the 【Thousand-Mile Heart-Linked Gu】 .

The Myriad Venom Cult practiced Gu as its foundation. Every cultivator refined several kinds of Gu insects as substitutes for magical tools—each with unique powers.

As its name implied, the 【Thousand-Mile Heart-Linked Gu】 consisted of a parent and child Gu, allowing messages to be transmitted from the child to the parent.

After this operation, even before Lü Yang left the Sword Pavilion, the news of his journey to the Southern Border had already reached the Myriad Venom Cult.

Share to your friends

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

[1,287 words]

Chapter 362: First Encounter with the Dao Court

Several days later, in the Southern Frontier.

Lü Yang transformed into a streak of sword light, speeding along the way, but abruptly came to a halt upon entering the Southern Frontier. He withdrew his sword light and stood amidst the clouds, gazing into the distance.

The next second, a jade slip appeared in his hand.

This jade slip had been bestowed by Daoist Dangmo. Aside from detailed intelligence about the real persons of the Myriad Poisons Sect, it also contained another piece of information that he highly valued:

“Just as I’ve worn out iron shoes searching for it, I find it without any effort!”

Unexpectedly, the Myriad Poisons Sect in the Southern Frontier also held clues about 【Xin Metal】 !

“There is a sacred pool within the Myriad Poisons Sect that gathers moonlight and transforms it into 【Emperor’s Nectar】 . If one collects a full bottle and refines it, it can serve as 【Xin Metal】 .”

Simply unbelievable!

“The pool is named 【Moon-Worshipping】 , cultivated in secret by the Myriad Poisons Sect for many years. It only succeeded slightly over a decade ago and is located on an excellent feng shui site!”

At this, Lü Yang’s eyes suddenly lit up.

“This Myriad Poisons Sect... has already paved its path to death!”

Such a treasured feng shui site should be reserved for the virtuous. And throughout the land, he, as an Immortal Spirit, the Heavens’ favored child, was naturally the most deserving!

Previously, he had no high hopes for acquiring metal in sixty years precisely because Immortal Spirits require extremely long periods of nurturing. Especially the final step, which demanded a slow and meticulous approach with virtually no shortcuts. However, if supported by a feng shui treasure site, the nurturing efficiency would be significantly boosted!

“That said... I must still plan carefully.”

After all, the Southern Frontier was entirely different from the Northern Frontier.

The Myriad Poisons Sect was far more cunning than the Divine Martial Sect. The Divine Martial Sect had been fooled by the Sword Pavilion, blindly believing its promises and foolishly establishing their sect in the Northern Frontier.

But the Myriad Poisons Sect did not trust the Primordial Saint Sect.

Therefore, besides covertly aligning with the Saint Sect, they had also sought another backer in private. As a result, the Myriad Poisons Sect developed far better than the Divine Martial Sect.

That other backer was none other than the Dao Court!

“Boom rumble rumble!”

As Lü Yang pondered, black clouds surged in the distant sky. The previously vast white clouds turned dark in an instant, pressing down like a city’s doom, enveloping the heavens.

Amidst the dense black clouds appeared an imposing military formation. Within the camps stood dense arrays of weapons and soldiers, each performing their duties, their auras interconnected to seal the sky and lock the land, forming a fortress-like barrier

that blocked Lü Yang's path to the Southern Frontier. A large banner fluttered amidst the formation, bearing two bold characters:

【Suppress South】

Beneath the banner, a dragon horse trotted proudly. Atop it sat a valiant man, dragging a long spear behind him, leaving behind a trail of blazing flame.

He stood there in the clouds, laughing loudly, "May I ask which real person from the Sword Pavilion stands before me?"

【King of the South Suppression】 Wu Tai'an.

The jade slip had already detailed the Dao Court's deployments in the Southern Frontier. This 【King of the South Suppression】 was no ordinary figure—he was a direct descendant of Tian Wu.

In the Dao Court, bloodlines wielded real power.

Perhaps many Dao Court officials held illusory ranks, with actual strength inferior to cultivators of the same realm—but the royal bloodline was a different matter.

Generations of Dao Court royals cultivated independently, with official ranks being mere decorations.

For instance, this King of the South Suppression, though a Dao Court prince with a peak Foundation Establishment Realm cultivation, even without his title, possessed late-stage Foundation Establishment strength!

"In a way, he's quite similar to Suo Huan back then."

That being said, Lü Yang harbored little fear. After all, this was still Jiangnan; unless the Dao Court had gone mad, they wouldn't dare assassinate him here.

"I am Ming He, heading to the Southern Frontier on my master's orders."

Lü Yang stood in the clouds and cupped his hands. "Might I ask why the King of the South Suppression is here? Are you colluding with the Myriad Poisons Sect to bar my way?"

'As expected of a Sword Pavilion lunatic!'

Though the King of the South Suppression cursed inwardly, he maintained a smiling face. "Young friend misunderstands. I am stationed here solely to guard against the demonic sects of the Southern Frontier."

—A blatant lie.

In truth, the entire Dao Court tacitly acknowledged this. Whether stationed to watch or secretly soliciting the Myriad Poisons Sect, it was all to guard against the Sword Pavilion.

After all, everyone knew what the Sword Pavilion was like.

Without precautions, they might one day slaughter their way into Jiangdong under the banner of “universal salvation”!

While the two conversed—

Far in the sky, on a distant mountaintop, two other Foundation Establishment cultivators silently watched Lü Yang.

Their appearances were rather bizarre.

One of them, at first glance, looked quite handsome, yet as his lips parted, there was no tongue or teeth to be seen—only a vicious-looking gu worm squirming inside.

Beside him, the other cultivator was even stranger. His face was smooth, lacking any facial features. No eyes, ears, nose, or mouth. Instead, in his palm rested a human-faced gu worm, fused into his flesh. All speech and spells came from this gu in his hand.

Judging by appearances alone, it was obvious they were both real persons of the Myriad Poisons Sect.

One was called 【Huigu】 , the other 【Dragon Centipede】 .

“That one—is he Yan Xiao?”

The Dragon Centipede Real Person spoke first. “According to our Sword Pavilion spies, though this one has just reached Foundation Establishment, he is a sword cultivator with extraordinary strength.”

“Do you think the King of the South Suppression can stop him?”

Real Person Huigu shook his head. “The Dao Court won’t go against the Sword Pavilion. Unless the Holy Sect is ready to abandon the Southern Frontier, the Dao Court will never intervene.”

“Then what do we do?”

Real Person Dragon Centipede frowned. “The 【Moon-Worshipping Sacred Pool】 was painstakingly formed. The refinement of the 【Ten Thousand Calamities Gu】 is at its final stage—we can’t give it up now.”

Upon hearing this, the gu in Huigu’s hand shrieked. His tone turned vicious: “Hesitation leads to chaos. He’s only just built his foundation. If we join hands to capture him—no need to kill, just detain him for a year or so—that’ll be enough.”

“Well said!”

Dragon Centipede nodded and smiled. “You and I are both mid-Foundation Establishment. Dealing with a newcomer should be no trouble.”

Meanwhile, in the far sky, the King of the South Suppression had already stepped aside.

“Young friend, since you are headed to the Southern Frontier, I shall not hinder you. But beware—those are treacherous lands, full of demonic ways. Stay cautious.”

“Thank you for your concern, Your Highness.”

Lü Yang cupped his hands and watched the military formation withdraw.

“This prince... has ill intentions! Making such a show merely exposed my whereabouts, making it difficult for me to sneak in now.”

Still, it was no major issue.

He had never intended to sneak in, to begin with.

After all, he was now a late-stage Foundation Establishment sword cultivator. As long as a peak Foundation cultivator or a True Person didn’t appear, he feared nothing!

“Besides, this is just a clone—what’s there to fear?”

“Might as well test my sword’s edge!”

In the next second, Lü Yang rose with his sword light and boldly charged into the Southern Frontier. Seeing this, Dragon Centipede and Huigu turned pale.

“How daring!”

The two had expected Lü Yang to sneak in, planning to tail him, lure him deep, then trap and capture him in seclusion. Never had they imagined Lü Yang would brazenly soar into the Southern Frontier, utterly unafraid of exposure!

Share to your friends

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

[1,351 words]

Chapter 363: Mechanisms and Numbers Coexist!

Lü Yang sped through the southern frontier, his Qi force manifesting as a grand sword light that locked onto the Wan Poison Sect's mountain gate, flying directly toward the Ten Thousand Gu Cavern.

The two True Persons of the Wan Poison Sect followed closely behind.

"This man... truly courting death!"

True Person Dragon Centipede sneered coldly. "If he weren't a disciple of the Sword Pavilion, but rather a rogue cultivator, acting so brazenly in our southern frontier, I would've already refined him into a Human Gu!"

True Person Cicada Moulter, however, shook his head. "A disciple of a great sect, having just entered Foundation Establishment. A bit of arrogance is normal. In fact, the more arrogant he is, the more it works to our advantage. I was fretting over how to lure him deeper into the southern frontier, but now he's walked right in on his own, saving us the effort."

"Senior Brother is right."

True Person Dragon Centipede sneered again, saying, "Once we trap him, we must let him suffer a bit, so he learns the hard truth that there's always someone stronger!"

Before long, Lü Yang had penetrated ten thousand miles into the southern frontier.

Looking back, the Sword Pavilion was long gone beyond the horizon. All he could see were dense forests, while eerie miasma began to drift down from the skies.

In the next moment, a sharp screech suddenly rang out.

"Skreee!"

As the sound pierced the air, a massive creature crawled out from the clouds — a dragon head and centipede body stretching for miles, its crimson eyes glaring at him.

With a flick of his fingers, Lü Yang instantly calculated the creature's origin: '【Dragon Centipede Gu】', refined using true dragon's blood to nurture the Gu seed, then

implanted into one's Dao Foundation to incubate. Once the Gu breaks from its cocoon, it becomes the cultivator's life-bound Gu, functioning similarly to a True Person's innate divine ability.'

"A freak from the Wan Poison Sect?"

As soon as the words left his lips, Lü Yang flicked his fingers again. Instantly, the sound of swords echoed like thunder, booming through heaven and earth.

Below, beasts in the forests were startled and fled in terror.

"Where is the Wan Poison Sect Master?"

Lü Yang held a spell seal, sword light coiling around his fingertip, and said calmly:

"I've come under orders from my master, Daoist Dangmo, to investigate the case of the missing civilians in Jiangnan. Does the Sect Master of Wan Poison not intend to come out and offer an explanation?"

At these words, True Person Dragon Centipede let out a laugh of anger.

"Insolent!"

The Wan Poison Sect ruled the southern frontier. Their sect master was a late-stage Foundation Establishment True Person. For him to come out and greet someone? Maybe if it were Daoist Dangmo himself!

But a mere junior?

Who did he think he was? A late-stage Foundation Establishment sword cultivator?

With that thought, True Person Dragon Centipede stopped wasting words. He suddenly opened his gaping bloody mouth and spewed a mass of black gas toward Lü Yang.

The True Persons of the Wan Poison Sect refined Gu insects that devoured astral and earthly energies, crafting them into powerful spells. This black gas was one such spell, called the 【Soul-Disturbing and Spirit-Dismantling Gu】 — seemingly a cloud of mist, but actually composed of dense, black Gu insects.

If caught in the gas, the insects would immediately swarm in.

Even protective treasures and indestructible bodies were useless; the Gu would find microscopic openings to invade the body, devour flesh and blood, and tear out the soul.

This was True Person Dragon Centipede's strongest technique.

Though he acted disdainful, he didn't take Lü Yang lightly. He attacked with full force, aiming to destroy Lü Yang's physical body and subdue him completely.

Yet Lü Yang showed no fear. Instead, he laughed heartily.

"Good, good, good."

"The Wan Poison Sect dares to retaliate when questioned by the Sword Pavilion. Clearly, they're deeply demonic — not just ordinary devil cultivators anymore..."

A heavy hand was needed!

Before the words had even faded—

A sword cry echoed!

In Lü Yang's hand, his sword light instantly split into one hundred, then one thousand, then ten thousand — within an instant, transforming into countless thread-thin sword Qi!

These threads were so fine that even divine sense could barely detect them. They collided directly with the black mist formed by the Gu, instantly exterminating every last one of the swarming insects. Then, the sword threads slashed toward True Person Dragon Centipede, frightening him into a scream as he twisted his body and fled in a puff of black smoke.

"Mid-stage Foundation Establishment!?"

The moment Lü Yang struck, the overwhelming power of two sword techniques exposed his realm. Both Wan Poison Sect True Persons instantly recognized it.

"Not good..."

True Person Cicada Moulter, who had been hiding in the shadows, sensed something wrong. Previously, they had been confident because they believed Lü Yang was at early-stage Foundation Establishment.

Two mid-stage Foundation Establishment cultivators versus an early-stage? Victory was certain.

But now they were on equal footing — and against a sword cultivator, no less! How could they possibly win?

"This can't be done. We must retreat..."

True Person Cicada Moulter rushed to True Person Dragon Centipede's side, raising a Gu insect in his palm.

It was his life-bound Gu — **【Cicada Moulter】** .

As the saying goes: “Mushrooms of the morning do not see dusk; cicada moulters know not spring and autumn.”

Fittingly, this Gu cut off divine sense perception, preventing one from sensing external changes.

Once released, the world around dimmed into a twilight haze. Only he, the Gu master, could still see clearly.

"Now's the time..."

He had no intention to fight further — he just wanted to grab True Person Dragon Centipede and flee.

But just then—

"Trying to run?"

A chilling voice echoed. True Person Cicada Moulter looked over and saw Lü Yang standing with eyes closed, a radiant and shimmering sword in his hand.

【Brilliant Concord Sword of Steadfast Gold】 !

This sword was born from his Dao Foundation — both his magical sword and his divine ability!

“ **【Mind Trap】** !”

The next instant, True Person Cicada Moulter found himself still standing beside True Person Dragon Centipede.

The **【Cicada Moulter】** had not even been activated.

Everything he had just experienced... was merely an illusion, as if none of it had ever occurred.

‘What’s going on!?’

He stood frozen, and Lü Yang responded with a light chuckle.

This was the brilliance of his innate divine ability — **【Mind Trap】** . From the moment the two appeared, they had already fallen into its effect.

Anything unfavorable to him would be rendered an illusion, while only outcomes in his favor could become reality!

‘Still, with my current mana, I probably can’t use 【Mind Trap】 too many times...’

To test his combat power, Lü Yang had not assumed the title of True Person and crushed them outright.

So despite his overwhelming advantage, stopping two escaping opponents would still require effort.

Fortunately, he had another trick up his sleeve.

’ 【Divining Fate and Drawing Lots】 !’

With a thought, a majestic aura of fate transformed into three fate sticks before his eyes.

【Event: Slay True Persons Dragon Centipede and Cicada Moulter】

【Great Fortune: Your strength is overwhelmingly superior. You easily kill both.】

【Lesser Fortune: Though they are adept at fleeing, you expend some effort and still slay them.】

【Misfortune: Their luck is good, and they escape. You’re in poor shape, grow furious, and impersonate a True Person to slap them dead.】

‘The gap in strength is too great... It’s hard to draw a bad stick...’

He grabbed the 【Great Fortune】 stick.

This outcome was now guaranteed!

Paired with 【Mind Trap】 , he would turn this guaranteed victory into reality!

When this sword strikes, it will kill without fail!

“Boom!”

In the next second, Lü Yang drew his sword. The brilliant sword light, as if guided by the divine, struck before True Person Cicada Moulter could even raise his Gu insect.

The blade flashed across them both.

In that moment, True Person Cicada Moulter and Dragon Centipede hadn't even registered what had happened.

They instinctively raised a hand to touch their cheeks—

'Is my head still there?'

But their hands grasped nothing.

Their heads were gone.

The sword had been too fast — their bodies and souls already destroyed, though their minds had not yet caught up.

But in the end, it was all for naught.

"Clang-clang!"

The sword returned to its sheath.

And then, with a resounding boom, the two headless bodies exploded, transforming into a sky-filling spiritual tide!

Share to your friends

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

[1,140 words]

Chapter 364: It Begins with Me!

"Just this, and you dare to challenge me?"

Lü Yang suppressed the sword light, extended his hand, and immediately retrieved two streams of light from the dissipating spiritual tide formed by the disintegration of the two True Persons of the Myriad Poisons Cult.

They were their gu insects.

【Dragon Centipede Gu】 .

【Cicada Gu】 .

The former was evidently a divine gu akin to a dharma body, enabling one to transform into a variant dragon centipede, possessing a semblance of true dragon might, but that was all.

The latter, however, was more intriguing.

“The morning mushroom knows not the dusk, the cicada knows not spring and autumn.”

Lü Yang held the 【Cicada Gu】 in his hand; at first glance, it resembled a delicate golden cicada, emitting a chirping sound as his spiritual power infused it.

Suddenly, Lü Yang's brows slightly furrowed, for within the cicada's chirping, he distinctly felt a subtle decay in his body, his spiritual power circulation accelerating, as if time was gradually slipping away from him. Strands of frost appeared among his originally jet-black hair.

“Hmph!”

In the next moment, Lü Yang sneered coldly, flicked his fingertip, and instantly unleashed a 【Sword Qi Thunder Sound】 , dispersing the eerie cicada chirping in an instant.

Looking back, there was no sign of decay.

His jet-black hair remained unchanged, and the wrinkles and decay that had emerged due to the passage of time vanished entirely, as if everything just now had been an illusion.

“Interesting.”

Lü Yang stroked his chin, contemplating the profoundness of the 【Cicada Gu】 . Its foundation did not lie in spiritual power but in the belief of the one affected.

“Appearance arises from the heart; if believed, it exists; if not, it doesn't. This gu insect can create an almost indistinguishable illusion, and once the affected person believes it, the illusion becomes reality. If not believed, it's merely a dream. This gu is far superior to the 【Dragon Centipede Gu】 .”

The only drawback was its extremely short lifespan.

Born in spring, dies in summer; born in summer, perishes in autumn. Therefore, it usually remains dormant and only awakens when needed, not to be used lightly.

‘No wonder among the three fortune sticks drawn by the 【Divination of Fate】 earlier, there was a possibility that I could never defeat them.’

After all, if the 【Cicada Gu】 was used well, its power was indeed significant.

Whether injured, depleted of spiritual power, or facing other predicaments, as long as one firmly believed in the illusion created, any crisis could be easily resolved.

'Unfortunately, they encountered me.'

Such a miraculous gu insect hadn't even had the chance to display its power before being instantly neutralized by Lü Yang's unorthodox methods, rendering its wonder useless.

"It's mine now!"

Lü Yang reached out and stored the 【Cicada Gu】 away. The only regret was that neither of the two had the Myriad Poisons Cult's gu control methods on them.

"Well, such secrets are rarely carried around..."

At this thought, Lü Yang's movements slightly paused.

In fact, if he wished, he could now use the 【Heavenly Canopy All-Encompassing Dharma Body】 to bring forth the Myriad Spirits Banner and capture these two True Persons of the Myriad Poisons Cult.

By then, any secret techniques could be easily obtained through questioning.

However, after some contemplation, Lü Yang decided against it.

'It's unnecessary. Since the clone has already entered the Sword Pavilion, it must not leave any clues related to the main body; it's better to sever ties cleanly.'

'Moreover, caution is the parent of safety... Who knows if someone is watching me right now!'

In the southern frontier, within a military camp shrouded in layers of clouds and bristling with weapons, the Dao Court's 【King of the South Suppression】 , Wu Tai'an, calmly withdrew his gaze.

"He actually won..."

Wu Tai'an stroked his chin, somewhat surprised: "Just having reached Foundation Establishment, yet able to recover to mid-stage perfection. This person's previous life's foundation must be extraordinary."

He was a noble of the Dao Court's royal family; the current emperor was his elder brother, and the crown prince his nephew. The bloodline granted him a pair of jade-

green eyes, naturally capable of observing the heavens and the underworld, a mysterious ability akin to an innate divine power, allowing him to see thousands of miles with ease.

“The Sword Pavilion has produced another formidable sword cultivator.”

Wu Tai'an sighed, but his expression gradually darkened, his tone low: “Looking at the world, how many heroes are there?”

“The Holy Sect is the most dazzling.”

“Just one 【True Lord of Morning Reality and Grand Void】 broke a five-thousand-year shackle, ushering in a sixty-year era of great contention. Which True Person in the world doesn't owe him a favor?”

“The Sword Pavilion is equally unwilling to lag behind.”

“Daoist Dangmo, Ye Guangji, the current world's number one sword cultivator. I can't even think of anyone in Foundation Establishment who can withstand three of his strikes; his strength is simply unreasonable.”

“As for the Pure Land, even more so. The Buddha Child has descended; the 'Buddha Kingdom on Earth' is imminent.”

“Even overseas...”

At this point, Wu Tai'an suddenly flew into a rage, slamming his palm on the table: “Even overseas, damn it, there's now a formidable rogue cultivator from beyond the heavens!”

The Holy Sect, Sword Pavilion, Pure Land—all had outstanding talents of the era.

Overseas also produced gifted individuals.

“But what about us?”

What about the Dao Court?

Upon these words, Wu Tai'an's deputy couldn't help but cautiously speak: “Your Highness, don't we also have the Crown Prince as the regent...”

This remark was ill-advised. Upon hearing it, Wu Tai'an immediately sneered: “Crown Prince? An idle figure occupying a position without merit! Probably all his thoughts are on waiting for His Majesty to pass away, to meet the Grand Ancestor, and then naturally inherit the throne. That's all he aspires to in this life!”

“Even guarding the capital is a stretch for him.”

“Expecting him to expand territories and seek a golden position on his own? That's overestimating him! Forget a golden position; even a false one, he probably doesn't have the guts!”

“As for the entire court, every single one is an unparalleled coward!”

“With such vermin, how can we govern Jiangdong well? How can we manage the Dao Court effectively?”

Wu Tai'an's scolding was relentless.

However, his deputy listened with trepidation, wishing he were deaf, only able to keep his eyes down, pretending not to hear.

But in the next second, his expression changed.

Because after the tirade, Wu Tai'an's expression suddenly became calm: “Back then, the 【True Lord of Morning Reality and Grand Void】 established sixty years of peace.”

“It's been ten years since then.”

“Yet the world remains the same; though undercurrents surge, no one has truly taken that step. Do you know why?”

“Why?” the deputy asked in a low voice.

“Because they're afraid!”

DDL

Wu Tai'an grinned: “Are the words of the 【True Lord of Morning Reality and Grand Void】 trustworthy? Have the esteemed elders truly gone into seclusion? Did they leave any contingencies?”

“These are all unknowns!”

“Perhaps some even suspect it's a scheme among True Lords, aiming to unearth and eradicate the seedlings nurtured over five thousand years.”

Share to your friends

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

[1,307 words]

Chapter 365: From Arrogance to Deference

Southern Frontier, Main Altar of the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult.

Within the spacious grand hall, several white-haired elders were gazing grimly at a pile of mangled flesh before them, exchanging uneasy glances.

“Long Wu and Huigu are dead!”

“The Life Gu has shattered; there's no saving them. Their souls have dissipated, merged into the underworld. Even if they were to return to the mortal realm, they would no longer be the same individuals.”

The elders of the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult were filled with shock and fury. As the overlords of the Southern Frontier, they had long been accustomed to acting with impunity among the various Miao tribes, taking whatever they desired. It was rare for even their disciples to die prematurely, let alone true cultivators. Yet now, they had suffered such a significant loss.

“.Was it the Sword Pavilion?”

“An informant from the Sword Pavilion reported that the Demon-Subduing True Person had dispatched a newly established Foundation Establishment disciple. Could it have been he who killed Long Wu and Huigu?”

“Just established Foundation Establishment?”

“How is that possible!”

“Not entirely impossible. Have you forgotten the nature of the Sword Pavilion? They claim it's a new Foundation Establishment, but in reality, it's likely an old Foundation Establishment returning anew.”

“Oh, that would explain it.”

The Ten Thousand Poisons Cult's Life Gu was a peculiar technique, containing a trace of a true cultivator's soul, which could be used to guide the soul at critical moments.

In theory, even if True Person Long Wu and True Person Huigu died outside, the Life Gu's guidance should have preserved a sliver of life, allowing for reincarnation and a return to Foundation Establishment status in a hundred or so years. However, the current situation was that even their souls had not been preserved.

Such a ruthless killing method.

Aside from the Sword Pavilion, perhaps only the other three equally renowned forces could achieve this. The elders of the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult grew increasingly grim at the thought.

“Enough, if we can't provoke them, we can at least avoid them.”

“No matter how formidable that Sword Pavilion True Person is, he's not a Great Sword Cultivator. With our Cult Master overseeing us, he wouldn't dare openly cause trouble at our Holy Mountain.”

“Let's endure for a few years.”

“In time, once the Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu is fully refined and the Cult Master's divine powers are perfected, we won't have to live under the Sword Pavilion's shadow anymore.”

One elder was still trying to console the others, easing their frustration, when he suddenly sensed something and looked towards the mountain gate.

From afar, a sword's cry resounded!

“Clang clang!”

The sword's cry echoed like thunder, shaking the heavens and earth. The sound waves rippled visibly through the air.

Boom!

In an instant, the protective formations around the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult's main altar lit up with patterns, clearly reacting to the perceived threat. However, as the sword's cry fell, these formation patterns trembled violently and began to disintegrate, showing signs of collapse!

With this rupture, the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult was in immediate peril!

The elders' expressions changed drastically. They hurriedly manifested their Dao foundations one after another, attempting to stabilize the crumbling formation patterns.

“What kind of technique is this?”

“Sword Qi Thunder Sound... Is it that newly established Sword Pavilion sword cultivator? Killing Long Wu and Huigu wasn't enough; he dares to assault the Holy Mountain?”

“Such audacity! Such audacity!”

The elders were both shocked and enraged, especially the one who had just claimed that the opponent wouldn't dare to attack their mountain gate.

At this moment, they sensed that outside the Holy Mountain, it was as if a new sun had risen. The sword's cry was its blazing light, filling the heavens and stirring the universe. Cultivators below Foundation Establishment couldn't survive in such an environment; merely hearing it would shatter them!

“Where is the Cult Master of the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult?”

Above the sky, Lü Yang merged with the sword's light. Each word he spoke thundered down upon the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult's mountain gate.

‘I am becoming more adept at mastering Sword Qi Thunder Sound.’

Though it was only the first realm of the sword path, its power rivaled the Innate Mountain-Moving True Method that Lü Yang had once mastered, comparable to Foundation Establishment Dao techniques.

If he advanced further to the level of Sword Heart Clarity...

It might even rival innate divine abilities.

‘Truly overpowered.’

No wonder sword cultivators were once unrivaled in combat, akin to the divine abilities bestowed by the Void Heaven. Having an extra divine ability gave them an edge.

But soon, Lü Yang thought: though overpowered, now the one overpowered is me.

That's a different matter.

After all, sword cultivation also demanded talent and effort. Setting aside mechanisms and values, his achievements were more due to hard work and perseverance!

“I am the current Sword Seed Minghe of the Sword Pavilion, ordered by my master to investigate the abduction of Jiangnan's citizens.”

“Cult Master of the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult, come out and meet me!”

Lü Yang spoke again, unabashedly activating Sword Qi Thunder Sound, seemingly grasping the essence of Sword Heart Clarity.

At this moment.

“Young friend, you've gone too far.”

As the voice fell, a moon-white light rose from within the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult, forming a crescent moon that hung silently in the sky.

A cold voice drifted through, calming all sword cries in its path. However, this wasn't due to superior swordsmanship but rather a higher cultivation level, suppressing others with sheer power. Relying on the might of a Grand True Person, she forcibly extinguished Lü Yang's sword qi.

Then, a graceful figure quietly appeared.

She wore the distinctive silver attire of the Southern Frontier's Miao people, a pleated skirt with intricate embroidery, and her bare feet, fair with a hint of red, stepped in mid-air.

However, the most striking feature was her appearance.

Her exquisite features seemed almost unnatural, as if every inch of her skin had been meticulously sculpted, describable only as flawless.

Yet Lü Yang remained indifferent.

After all, he knew that the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult possessed a Beauty Gu, specifically used to enhance appearances. Even the plainest woman could become a beauty with it.

Lü Yang glanced at her and said calmly, "You are the Cult Master of the Ten Thousand Poisons Cult?"

"I am."

The white-clad woman was named Long Yue, a late-stage Foundation Establishment Grand True Person. At this moment, her pretty face showed anger as she coldly said, "May I ask why the Sword Pavilion's True Person has come here?"

"Two reasons."

Lü Yang raised two fingers and said indifferently, "First, I encountered two of your cult's True Persons on the way and have already sent them to join the Sword Pavilion."

Just this one sentence caused Long Yue's face to darken.

Join the Sword Pavilion?

Throughout Jiangnan, everyone knew this was a euphemism for being killed by the Sword Pavilion. It usually didn't seem significant, but hearing it now revealed the underlying frustration!

Should I thank you?

“Second.” Lü Yang paid no heed to Long Yue's expression and continued, “I have come to investigate the abduction of Jiangnan's civilians.”

“The Ten Thousand Poisons Cult is a major suspect.”

“Now, open your mountain gate, surrender, and accept my investigation.”

Lü Yang's words were domineering, causing Long Yue's chest to heave with anger. “Surrender... Such words are more fitting for the Demon-Subduing True Person!”

Who do you think you are?

“Do you really think that killing Long Wu and Huigu allows you to look down on the world?” With this thought, Long Yue burst into laughter, her voice filled with murderous intent:

“Very well! Then—”

Before she could finish, a sword cry rang out!

Lü Yang's expression remained calm as the power of the Tribulation Wave immediately enveloped him. His previously perfected mid-stage Foundation Establishment aura broke through its bottleneck in an instant.

In the next moment, the sword cry ceased.

Though it was just a moment.

It was enough to freeze Long Yue's expression, her fair neck slightly moving. In the blink of an eye, her flawless face broke into a smile:

“Then please, fellow Daoist, come inside for a discussion.”

Share to your friends

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

[1,441 words]

Chapter 366: Moon-Worshipping Sacred Pool

In the end, Long Yue yielded.

After all, her previous assertiveness before Lü Yang stemmed fundamentally from her status as a Grand True Person, which granted her absolute suppressive power over him.

However, things were different now.

Though it lasted only a moment, Lü Yang had indeed exhibited the aura of a Grand True Person, placing him on equal footing with her. At the same realm, the situation changed entirely.

Sword cultivators were nearly invincible within the same realm!

At least, for a minor sect like the Myriad Poison Sect, they were certainly invincible. Even though Long Yue considered her own cultivation to be higher, she only had some confidence in preserving her life.

"Please, fellow Daoist."

Long Yue took the initiative to step aside and dispelled the Myriad Poison Sect's protective mountain formation, allowing Lü Yang to ride a beam of sword light straight into its depths.

Upon entering the Myriad Poison Sect, Lü Yang immediately released his divine sense, sweeping unscrupulously over every inch of the sect's territory. The elders of the Myriad Poison Sect turned ashen, as if their beloved goddess had been defiled, and they wished they could confront Lü Yang directly.

"What is fellow Daoist seeking?"

Long Yue flew over, her expression calm. There was one thing Lü Yang hadn't been wrong about—the Myriad Poison Sect had indeed sent people to abduct civilians from Jiangnan.

However, that wasn't their own decision.

It was initiated by someone within the Sword Pavilion, who invited them to use those civilians as test subjects for gu poison experiments, in exchange for some spiritual materials and herbs unique to the southern border.

This business had been ongoing for over a hundred years!

Otherwise, given the Myriad Poison Sect's strength, they would have preferred to stay nestled in the southern border, as far from the Sword Pavilion as possible. Why would they deliberately cause trouble in Jiangnan?

Despite this, Long Yue dared not reveal this well-known transaction. After all, even within the Myriad Poison Sect, she had heard of Daoist Dangmo's methods, which were unlike those of other Sword Pavilion True Persons. She could only swallow her humiliation and allow Lü Yang to investigate freely.

Thus, time passed.

Seeing Lü Yang becoming increasingly excessive, searching not only the surface buildings but also the underground, Long Yue finally couldn't restrain herself and said in a low voice:

"Has fellow Daoist searched enough?"

"Of course not!"

Lü Yang's expression was indifferent as he pressed down his sword light and entered the sect master's residence, a grand hall: "Fellow Daoist Long Yue, please have a private conversation with me."

Upon hearing this, Long Yue's expression changed instantly.

'Could it be... exposed?'

As a cultivator outside the four major powers, her achievement of late-stage Foundation Establishment was naturally due to some means, the greatest of which was her physique.

It was called the 【Mystic Yin-Yang Jade Body】 .

This physique combined the wonders of water and fire, cold on the outside and hot within, making it extremely suitable for nurturing gu insects. After advancing to Grand True Person, she had developed it to the utmost.

On the other hand, this physique was also highly suitable for dual cultivation, most beneficial for nourishing cultivators who had established a Metal-element Dao foundation, especially sword cultivators from the Sword Pavilion. The so-called "tempering sharpness with water and fire" referred to this principle. A sword cultivator's sword foundation, nourished by her physique, could gain an additional three parts of sharpness out of thin air.

This had always been her secret.

After all, such a superior physique, once exposed, would undoubtedly lead the Sword Pavilion to capture her and make her their furnace for refining swords.

Thinking of this, Long Yue's delicate face grew colder.

'In the end... I still can't escape!'

Despite this, she dared not refuse. Firstly, because of Lü Yang's strength; secondly, because the Myriad Poison Sect's grand plan had reached a critical juncture.

'Enduring minor grievances is necessary for the greater scheme.'

'Once the 【Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu】 is refined, I can achieve complete Foundation Establishment. Then, the humiliation I suffer today can be repaid a hundredfold!'

'I'll endure him for now, just like being bitten by a dog...'

With this thought, Long Yue's face showed a determined expression. Then, under the watchful eyes of the Myriad Poison Sect members, she entered the grand hall.

"Boom!"

The hall doors closed heavily.

"Come here."

Taking the main seat without hesitation, Lü Yang looked at the following Long Yue: "I prefer to take the initiative. Fellow Daoist, you'd better speak up first."

Upon hearing this, Long Yue's face turned even uglier.

He wanted her to take the initiative? This was too much!

However, Long Yue quickly realized. After all, she was a Grand True Person, not a fool. It was just that her thoughts were chaotic, causing her to lose her composure momentarily.

'Wait... could it be that this person's target isn't me?'

'Did he learn about the 【Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu】 from Long Wu and Huigu? That's impossible. Soul-searching a Foundation Establishment True Person is no easy task...'

Thinking of this, Long Yue felt somewhat helpless. The 【Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu】 was her path to the Dao and the treasure the entire Myriad Poison Sect pinned their hopes on. There was absolutely no way she would let others take it. To put it bluntly, compared to the 【Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu】 , she'd rather Lü Yang take her body!

Long Yue remained silent for a moment.

However, on the other side, Lü Yang, who was constantly observing her expression, narrowed his eyes. Although his face remained unchanged, doubts arose in his heart:

'This reaction... isn't quite right.'

'Although my goal this time is 【Xin Metal】 , on the surface, as a sword cultivator, I have no use for this item. This woman shouldn't be so cautious.'

'Why is she hesitating?'

'After all, logically speaking, the Myriad Poison Sect has nothing worth my seeking. She should be open and cooperative with my investigation.'

Thinking of this, a conclusion naturally emerged:

'Unless... there's something else valuable in the Myriad Poison Sect besides 【Xin Metal】 , making her believe that even with my current cultivation, I would certainly covet it?'

Unexpectedly, there was an unexpected gain!

While Lü Yang was having these thoughts, Long Yue finally composed herself and said softly: "Long Yue doesn't know what fellow Daoist wants me to say?"

Lü Yang pondered for a moment upon hearing this, then raised his eyebrows and chuckled:

"Naturally, it's about your Moon-Worshipping Pool."

"That place is merely a secret realm of our sect, used to refine Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiend energies. It shouldn't be of much use to a sword cultivator of your level, right?"

Long Yue's tone was calm, showing no emotion.

Seeing this, Lü Yang nodded and deliberately showed a teasing expression:

"I enjoy admiring the moon. I've long been fond of your sect's Moon-Worshipping Pool."

"Why not take me there for a visit?"

"I promise to just look from the outside and not go in."

"This..."

What kind of person was Lü Yang? The moment Long Yue showed a hint of hesitation, he accurately caught it and drew a conclusion:

'Whether it's 【Xin Metal】 or the hidden treasure, they're all inside that Moon-Worshipping Pool!'

With this thought, he activated another thought.

' 【Fate-Divining Draw】 !'

【Event: Exploring the hidden opportunities and secrets of the Myriad Poison Sect.】

【Great Misfortune: Your forcefulness and dominance finally angered Grand True Person Long Yue. She would rather destroy the divine item than hand it over to you, and she mobilized the entire strength of the Myriad Poison Sect. In the end, you both suffered heavy losses. Although you ultimately won, you were severely injured.】

【Minor Misfortune: You obtained the "Xin Metal" at the cost of serious injuries but still missed out on the supreme treasure.】

【Lesser Fortune: You used both soft and hard tactics to stabilize Grand True Person Long Yue until you obtained the "Xin Metal" before turning hostile. Whether you can get the divine item remains uncertain.】

"..."

With this draw, Lü Yang had almost exhausted all the luck he had extracted from the entire Divine Martial Sect, and the result surprised him.

'The Myriad Poison Sect truly has some tricks up their sleeve!'

After all, with the combat power of this avatar, Long Yue could still fight him to a draw, showing that even minor sects shouldn't be underestimated.

'After all, the Witch Ghost Path could still produce an ancestor like Ting You...'

With this thought, Lü Yang drew the 【Lesser Fortune】 lot, planning to see the situation. If things became unmanageable, he wouldn't force it.

However, in the next second—

"Rumble!"

A violent tremor emanated from beneath the Myriad Poison Sect's mountain gate, impossible to conceal, causing Long Yue, who had been relatively calm, to lose her composure.

Lü Yang looked over and saw her expression mixed with shock and joy.

The shock was naturally because Lü Yang had seen through the clues.

As for the joy, it was because—

'The 【Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu】 ... has actually been refined and emerged at this moment!?'

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 367 : This Gu Insect Has a Connection to My Sword Pavilion!

[1,423 words]

Chapter 367: This Gu Insect Has a Connection to My Sword Pavilion!

Almost at the same moment as the earth dragon turned over, Lü Yang also lowered his eyelids, opened his Dharma Eyes, and gazed through the earth's crust toward the source of the tremor.

Even layers of rock could not obstruct his sight.

What first entered his vision was, unexpectedly, a slowly rotating grand formation. The area it covered severed heavenly secrets and obscured karmic cause and effect, with changes within it that were extremely intricate and complex.

He had just scanned this area with his divine sense earlier, but found nothing at all. In fact, if it weren't for this tremor causing a slight misalignment in the originally flawless and seamless formation, he might still be in the dark — even with the object right before his eyes, he wouldn't have been able to discover it!

'As expected, a fine treasure.'

Lü Yang's heart stirred slightly. His gaze continued to extend, soon penetrating the gradually failing formation, revealing the scene hidden within.

—It was a liquid pool.

Moon-white radiance flowed in the pool, and Lü Yang recognized it almost at a glance. It was the essence of Taiyin, the prime of Eight Stones, the 【Xin Metal】 !

Yet this was merely ornamental.

As one of the Heavenly Stems and Earthly Fiends, the value of 【Xin Metal】 was beyond doubt, but at this moment, all its mystery was overshadowed by a single point of golden light within the pool.

Like a crane among chickens.

Lü Yang's gaze fell on that point of golden light. In an instant, he felt as if his divine sense ignited, as if a mortal was staring directly at the rising sun in the heavens!

‘ 【Fiend Calamity Wave】 !’

With a single thought, Lü Yang activated the marvel of 【Clairvoyance】 , calming his mind and dispelling the burning sensation of his divine sense, allowing him to see the scene clearly.

It was a silkworm.

Its coloration was pure gold, like a spark of flame, yet looking deeper, what entered the eyes was an endless prairie fire.

Though it appeared to be no more than the size of a finger, the golden silkworm bore intricate and densely packed patterns, which changed color and form every second. Each pattern represented a type of Gu insect, and the refining of each kind was a miracle between life and death, now all superimposed together.

In the next instant, information naturally surfaced in Lü Yang's mind:

‘ 【Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu】 !’

Now unshielded by the formation, this Gu insect could no longer conceal its heavenly secrets. With just a simple calculation, Lü Yang immediately understood its origins.

‘This is the supreme Gu of the Myriad Poisons Sect.’

‘ 【Ten Thousand Tribulations Gu】 is just a pseudonym to conceal its true nature. Its real name is 【Indestructible Golden Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 !’

‘Since the founding of the sect, it has been strictly guarded, never once leaked, cultivated by generations of cultivators until now — finally birthed today.’

As for its function, it was simple.

——Breakthrough.

This silkworm was a supreme treasure specifically used to break through to Foundation Establishment perfection! This one alone could raise the odds of achieving Foundation Establishment perfection by a full thirty percent!

‘At the late Foundation Establishment stage, a true person must undergo the 【Heavenly Thunder Tribulation】 , struck by thunder to reforge the Dao foundation. However, the three calamities of wind, fire, and thunder end at the late Foundation Establishment stage. According to common sense, this step is the limit of heaven and earth, and even the 【Heavenly Thunder Tribulation】 faintly carries a warning.’

A warning to cultivators: you can only go this far; you must not go further.

If a cultivator insists on pursuing Foundation Establishment perfection, what they attract is no longer just the three calamities, but the great tribulation called 【Five Decays of Heaven and Man】 !

‘When five divine powers gather, they are rejected by heaven and earth.’

‘Thus comes the 【Five Decays of Heaven and Man】 , causing the Dharma body to be tainted, the Dao foundation to be defiled, divine powers to wither, spiritual power to fade, and inner demons to arise — until complete fall!’

Only by overcoming this can one be said to have perfected Foundation Establishment.

Only then would there be hope to condense gold nature, even establish a blessed land, and ascend to seek attainment.

Fail, and it’s just a pile of yellow earth.

If heaven and earth had shown some tolerance for cultivators before, then the 【Five Decays of Heaven and Man】 was true divine wrath — an extinction method filled with killing intent!

So Foundation Establishment perfection was not something that could be feigned with merely one more divine power.

To this day, only the Dao Court could feign Foundation Establishment perfection — and even there, positions at this level were treasured to the utmost.

This showed just how valuable Foundation Establishment perfection was.

By the same token, the value of a rare treasure that could help someone reach Foundation Establishment perfection needed no further elaboration. Thinking of this, brilliant light shot from Lü Yang's eyes.

【Indestructible Golden Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 !

This Gu insect's purpose was to help one survive the 【Five Decays of Heaven and Man】 !

'Once refined, this insect can only be used once. It allows the Gu master to form a golden cocoon. While inside, all conditions are frozen by the cocoon.'

'Even the 【Five Decays of Heaven and Man】 can hardly affect it.'

'In this way, the Gu master can patiently endure the decay within the cocoon, break free once the tribulation passes, and emerge victorious!'

Without a doubt, to any great True Person, this was an irresistible temptation.

But Lü Yang held back.

Faced with the sudden appearance of the 【Indestructible Golden Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 , he remained as steady as a mountain, only frowning slightly before sneering disdainfully:

"So that's what it is."

"Guarded so tightly — I thought it was a top-grade magical sword. Turns out it's just some external object. Small sects really are ignorant."

His words were full of contempt.

However, after hearing this, Long Yue instead let out a breath of relief. The divine power she had been prepared to unleash the moment Lü Yang made a move now slightly relaxed.

'He doesn't want it?'

'That's a treasure that helps one perfect Foundation Establishment... and he doesn't want it? Still, it's good that he didn't try to snatch it. His arrogance benefits me.'

Despite her thoughts, Long Yue couldn't help but coldly scoff in her heart.

So what if it's an external object?

In this world, cultivation level was supreme. Even if relying on external objects, one at a slightly weaker level could still dominate those of lower realms with ease!

Yet on the surface, she still wore a flattering smile, said, “Fellow Daoist must be joking,” and then stretched her hand out to the air, eagerly retrieving the 【Indestructible Golden Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】. Seeing that Lü Yang made no move to stop her, she finally relaxed.

‘So the righteous path, after all.’

Long Yue felt she may have misunderstood the Sword Pavilion. She had thought they were birds of a feather with the Saint Sect — but now, it seemed they were quite different.

In the next moment, Lü Yang spoke:

“This pool of 【Imperial Flow Essence】 is rather nice.”

His gaze sparkled with interest. “I wish to refine a magical sword and require a Heavenly Stem and Earthly Fiend element. Would Fellow Daoist be willing to part with it?”

“What’s there to refuse?”

Having safeguarded the 【Indestructible Golden Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 , Long Yue naturally cared nothing for a mere 【Xin Metal】 . She immediately raised her hand gracefully, “Please take as you will!”

“Many thanks.”

Lü Yang smiled slightly, then raised his hand and took the entire pool of 【Imperial Flow Essence】 , grasped it in his five fingers, and instantly refined it into a stream of glowing vapor.

【Xin Metal】 !

Without hesitation, Lü Yang directly stored this Xin Metal into his sea of consciousness, then used his Dharma body to transmit it directly to his true body.

Seeing this, Lü Yang’s true body showed excitement.

'With this item, my Celestial Spirit body can now complete its third divine power — reaching mid-Foundation Establishment perfection. Together with 【Law Holding】 , I too am a great True Person!'

Although 【Law Holding】 only worked on one at a time — not both the avatar and the true body — with clever use, it could fully achieve the effect of two great True Persons.

At this thought, Lü Yang's expression changed instantly.

Southern Frontier, inside the Myriad Poisons Sect.

Lü Yang's consciousness returned to his avatar. He lowered his eyelids, concealing his expression.

With only one great True Person, the Myriad Poisons Sect was a tiger's den.

But with two?

' 【Indestructible Golden Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 ... this Gu insect has a connection to my Sword Pavilion!'

Share to your friends

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

[1,313 words]

Chapter 368: I'm the One Who Decides

Southern Frontier, Grand Hall of the Myriad Venoms Sect.

Lü Yang maintained a calm expression as he looked up at Long Yue, letting out a light chuckle as he said, "Now that we've finished discussing trivial matters, it's time we talk about the main issue."

Long Yue was momentarily stunned: The main issue?

In the next second, she realized what Lü Yang meant by "the main issue"—it was nothing more than the so-called abduction of civilians from Jiangnan. Was such a matter even worth discussing?

Wouldn't a minor punishment suffice?

However, she quickly reconsidered and believed she understood Lü Yang's intentions. This was likely a mission specifically assigned by Daoist Dangmo.

As a disciple of Daoist Dangmo, Lü Yang had to provide an explanation to his master. He couldn't possibly come and go empty-handed; otherwise, how would he maintain his master's reputation? Would Daoist Dangmo believe him? If Lü Yang left and Daoist Dangmo came himself, that would be truly troublesome.

With this thought, a smile immediately appeared on Long Yue's face:

“I understand.”

Then, she performed a brief calculation, stretched out her hand, and summoned several disciples at the peak of Qi Refining from a distance, forcefully throwing them to the ground.

“These individuals have privately violated our sect's teachings by going to Jiangnan and taking innocent lives. Their crimes are heinous. Today, I will expel them all from the sect.”

“Fellow Daoist may take them to face justice as you see fit.”

Long Yue wasn't lying; these individuals were indeed responsible for abducting civilians from Jiangnan, and one of them was even a disciple she had personally trained.

But ultimately, they were only at the Qi Refining stage.

As everyone knows, Qi Refining cultivators are not considered significant.

Therefore, handing them over posed no psychological burden for Long Yue. At this moment, her thoughts were entirely focused on the 【Indestructible Gilded Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 in her hand.

She wished she could send Lü Yang away quickly and then focus on her breakthrough.

However, to Long Yue's surprise, Lü Yang didn't even glance at the Qi Refining disciples on the ground. He continued to stare directly at her and said calmly:

“Not enough!”

As his words fell, Long Yue narrowed her eyes.

In her view, Lü Yang felt that a few Qi Refining disciples weren't sufficient. Qi Refining cultivators were insignificant, but she couldn't possibly hand over a Foundation Establishment cultivator for this.

With this thought, her expression suddenly softened.

“I beg you, fellow Daoist, please don't make things difficult for me.”

Before she finished speaking, a slight blush appeared on her flawless face.

“I am but a woman, managing this vast Myriad Venoms Sect is not easy. If fellow Daoist could show some leniency, I would be at your disposal.”

“I possess the **【Mystic Yin-Yang Jade Body】** . Dual cultivation with me would bring significant benefits.”

Long Yue's offer was generous, almost like a gift. Besides protecting her own Foundation Establishment cultivators, she likely also intended to foster a good relationship with Lü Yang.

However, Lü Yang remained unmoved.

‘At your disposal? Foolish! If I kill you, I can still have everything I want! As for that physique... 《Heaven Mending True Sutra》 is not some inconvenient method.’

Ancient Cultures Institute

Even a corpse could be used for harvesting!

At the same time, Lü Yang's true body awakened from a brief seclusion. The **【Xin Metal】** had been refined, transforming into a divine ability that radiated brilliance around him.

‘The time has come!’

In the next moment, Lü Yang grinned, then directly took out a token from his bosom and forcefully smashed it on the ground in front of Long Yue.

“This is...”

Long Yue was slightly taken aback, instinctively looking at the token. Her expression suddenly changed because the markings on the token were unmistakable.

【Primordial Saint Sect, Mending Heaven Peak Master】 !

This was the token representing the identity of Chen Taihe, the Mending Heaven Peak Master of the Primordial Saint Sect. After Chen Taihe was slain, this item naturally fell into Lü Yang's hands.

‘...No, this can't be!’

In an instant, Long Yue's previously delicate demeanor vanished, replaced by a cold gaze as she stared directly at Lü Yang: “Who exactly are you?”

“I am a True Person of the Sword Pavilion, Daoist name Ming He.”

Lü Yang said coldly, “This item is the token of the Mending Heaven Peak of the Demon Sect. Its appearance in the Myriad Venoms Sect indicates that your sect has long been colluding with the Demon Sect in secret.”

“The Myriad Venoms Sect's collusion with the Demon Sect and the abduction of Jiangnan's civilians are irrefutable crimes.”

“Punishment is due!”

Long Yue was dumbfounded.

She never expected that Lü Yang, as a True Person of the Sword Pavilion and a leader of the righteous path, would so openly and blatantly fabricate charges against her!

‘Sword cultivators!’

Was there still any law? Any justice?

Although their Myriad Venoms Sect did have connections with the Primordial Saint Sect and had indeed abducted civilians from Jiangnan, without evidence, how could he slander them at will?

But she quickly responded.

“What Jiangnan civilians? You're clearly coveting our Myriad Venoms Sect's 【Indestructible Gilded Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 !”

“You know?” Lü Yang raised an eyebrow upon hearing this:

“Since you know, why not hand it over quickly!”

Long Yue: “.....”

Beast!

“You truly intend to act this way?”

Long Yue gritted her silver teeth, her expression turning cold: “The Sword Pavilion, as the leader of the righteous path, fabricates charges and seizes by force. Is this the conduct of the righteous path?”

“Conduct of the righteous path?”

Lü Yang maintained a calm expression as he slowly stood up: “My Sword Pavilion holds the reins of the righteous path and sets the rules for the world. The conduct of the righteous path is not for you to decide. The one who decides—”

“Is me!”

Before he finished speaking, Lü Yang drew his sword.

【Heaven-Slaying】 !

In an instant, dazzling sword energy roared forth with this strike, accompanied by rolling thunder. However, when it truly descended, only a trace of blue-white light remained.

Long Yue took a step back.

A crack suddenly appeared on her once flawless cheek, like a crack on a fine porcelain, from which threads of blood emerged.

As Lü Yang's innate divine ability, 【Heaven-Slaying】 was a formidable technique. Regardless of your divine abilities or cultivation level, if you were inferior to Lü Yang, a single sword strike would suffice. If Long Yue's realm hadn't been comparable to Lü Yang's, or even slightly higher, it wouldn't have been just a sword mark on her face.

ws.ndc.gov.tw

+1

Ancient Cultures Institute

+1

Even so, she still felt a sharp pain on her delicate face.

This was because Lü Yang's sword energy hadn't dissipated but had transformed into countless sword threads, like a bone-attached gangrene, crazily piercing into her spiritual body through the wound.

However, Long Yue was, after all, a Grand True Person.

Facing Lü Yang's sword energy invasion, she instantly eliminated distracting thoughts, her expression calm. Then, her red lips slightly parted, and she exhaled a long breath.

“Ha—”

With each breath, a gu worm within her spiritual body responded. It resembled a toad, with three legs and a large mouth akin to an abyss.

【Sun-Swallowing Toad】 !

“Croak!”

The toad's mouth opened and closed, and in the blink of an eye, it devoured all the sword energy that had invaded Long Yue's body. The sword mark on her face also closed and healed.

However, Long Yue's expression remained grave, without the slightest relaxation. As the gu master, she could clearly feel that after devouring Lü Yang's sword energy, the 【Sun-Swallowing Toad】 couldn't digest it. Instead, the sword energy rampaged within the toad's body, forcing it to respond with all its might.

“Do you truly intend to fight to the death with our Myriad Venoms Sect?”

Long Yue took another step back, her jade-like face turning cold: “Even if you obtain the 【Indestructible Gilded Silkworm of Ten Thousand Tribulations】 , if news leaks in the future, will you have the opportunity to use it?”

“You're overthinking.”

Lü Yang chuckled lightly, holding his sword: “News leaking in the future? Today, I will exterminate your Myriad Venoms Sect to the last person. Who will be left to leak the news?”

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 369 : Great Achievement of Immortal Spirit, Sword Heart Enlightenment

[1,548 words]

Chapter 369: Great Achievement of Immortal Spirit, Sword Heart Enlightenment

As soon as he spoke, Lü Yang immediately regretted it.

It wasn't that he regretted turning against the Myriad Poison Sect; rather, he regretted the way he had spoken.

After all, as a True Person of the Sword Pavilion, how could he resort to such coercive tactics? Moreover, annihilating an entire sect was excessively brutal—that was the Primordial Saint Sect's style.

If it were the Sword Pavilion, the proper way to phrase it would be: "Today, I shall take the 【Indestructible Gilded Silkworm】 and the 【Xin Metal】 , considering it as a karmic debt owed. Therefore, I will send you all into reincarnation today, and in your next life, I shall guide you to join the Sword Pavilion, thereby repaying this karmic bond."

—That would be the appropriate tone!

However, he had carelessly spoken his true thoughts, and his originally righteous words now carried a hint of banditry, making it easy for others to sense something amiss.

"Alas, I love the Primordial Saint Sect too deeply."

This thought flashed through Lü Yang's mind in an instant, and in the next moment, he had already made his move. As for the fate of the Myriad Poison Sect, he paid it no mind.

From the very beginning, the Myriad Poison Sect had no path to survival.

Publicly, the Northern Frontier's Divine Martial Sect had already been destroyed by the Primordial Saint Sect. If the Sword Pavilion spared the Myriad Poison Sect, it might one day find itself besieged from both north and south.

Privately, there was that Moon-Worshipping Sacred Pool.

"A naturally formed, feng shui treasure land capable of nurturing 【Xin Metal】 —if I place the Immortal Spirit's true form within it, it will undoubtedly accelerate its gestation!"

Perhaps there was still hope to catch the tail end of this grand sixty-year era!

In comparison, the 【Indestructible Gilded Silkworm】 was secondary; it would be great to obtain it, but Lü Yang wouldn't feel any loss if he didn't.

"Clang! Clang!"

A sharp sword cry resounded throughout the heavens and earth. With the blessing of 【Upholding the Law】 , Lü Yang's aura instantly surged, reaching the level of a Grand True Person.

【Brightly Harmonizing the Eternal World, Upholding the Golden Sword】 !

Without any hesitation, Lü Yang directly summoned his sword foundation, radiating myriad brilliant lights. With the divine ability 【Entrapping Intent】 , he immediately ensnared Long Yue within it.

Long Yue merely frowned slightly, vaguely sensing something was off. However, being from a small sect, her foundation was far inferior to Lü Yang's. Even though she sensed something was wrong, she didn't realize she was already under the influence of a divine ability, merely thinking it was some soul-shaking technique.

"Activate the formation, fight to the death!"

Long Yue's beautiful eyes were resolute, shedding her earlier coquettish demeanor, finally displaying the demeanor of the Myriad Poison Sect's leader, revered by all true disciples.

Since Lü Yang intended to go all the way.

Then she was equally willing to risk her life in battle!

In the next moment, the previously sealed formation of the Myriad Poison Sect's sacred mountain reopened. Beams of brilliant light shot into the sky, severing the connection between the inner and outer worlds.

【Five Saints Moon-Worshipping Mysterious Formation】 !

As the formation activated, the world instantly transformed. Day turned into night, a bright moon hung on the treetops, and the surging 【Moonlight】 cascaded like a waterfall!

Lü Yang stood amidst the surging mysterious light, upright and unflustered, gazing around: "Something felt off earlier, and now it seems someone has been secretly watching me! Who could it be? The Ye family of the Sword Pavilion? Or the Southern Suppression King of the Dao Court?"

" 【Heavenly Spider Prison】 , 【White Snake Duke】 , 【Falling Horse Poison】 !"

At this moment, Long Yue chanted incantations and formed hand seals, successively summoning a white snake, a spider, and a scorpion.

The Myriad Poison Sect's cultivation centered around gu.

Among them, five supreme gu insects reigned over all others, known as the 【Five Saints】 . As the Myriad Poison Sect's leader, Long Yue naturally cultivated these five saint gu insects.

" 【Heavenly Spider Prison】 !"

In the next moment, a white web spread out, thread by thread, not attacking Lü Yang directly but sealing the surrounding space.

In an instant, Lü Yang felt a heavy pressure, as if he were a butterfly caught in a spider's web, his thoughts and movements difficult to execute. He raised an eyebrow, unleashing a burst of sword energy. However, Long Yue remained calm, continuously weaving webs, layer upon layer, binding Lü Yang in place.

Seeing this, joy flashed in Long Yue's eyes.

The Myriad Poison Sect had long resided in the southern frontier, neighboring the Sword Pavilion for many years, naturally treating the Sword Pavilion's sword cultivators as hypothetical enemies and devising many countermeasures.

"Though sword cultivators are formidable, they are not without weaknesses."

"Their greatest weakness lies in their greatest strength—their flying swords! Relying on the sharpness of their flying swords, they often neglect their physical bodies. Usually, with their swift sword escapes and unmatched attack power, they have nothing to fear. But once these two are restricted, they are at a loss."

In essence, they had high offense but low defense.

Long Yue used binding techniques against Lü Yang to restrict his speed and power, forcing him to compete in physical strength and magical power!

"I possess the 【Sun-Swallowing Toad】 , capable of devouring all external energies and injuries, and the formation shares the damage for me."

"How can he possibly outlast me?"

Long Yue was full of confidence. With a thought, the remaining two divine ability gu insects, 【White Snake Duke】 and 【Falling Horse Poison】 , descended upon Lü Yang.

"Boom!"

A terrifying sound wave reverberated throughout the Myriad Poison Sect's sacred mountain, even suppressing Lü Yang's sword energy thunder sound, completely engulfing his figure.

Between heaven and earth, myriad illusory lights intertwined.

Each illusory light was a manifestation of divine abilities, seemingly ordinary but containing vast power. If they landed overseas, they could easily collapse an island.

Moments later, a figure finally emerged from the center of the illusory lights.

Seeing this, Long Yue's beautiful eyes revealed a smile. However, before the smile could widen, it froze on her face as the figure became clearer.

Because Lü Yang was unscathed.

On his body, rolling black energy formed a majestic phantom with three heads and six arms, emitting mysterious flames, directly withstanding Long Yue's divine abilities.

【Heavenly Firmament's All-Encompassing Dharma Body】 !

This dharma body radiated solemnity. One hand tightly grasped the 【Falling Horse Poison】 , remaining unmoved even as its scorpion tail pierced its flesh.

Another hand was raised high, its robust arm entwined by the 【White Snake Duke】 's body, muscles bulging, five fingers gripping the snake's seven-inch point, allowing it to bare its fangs and bite into its flesh. Every moment, the dharma body's injuries worsened.

However, what shocked Long Yue was.

Despite the dharma body's worsening injuries, Lü Yang's aura showed no signs of weakening. Instead, it grew stronger, continuously rising to a certain limit!

"What is this thing!?"

Even in the Primordial Saint Sect, Foundation Establishment True Persons who had cultivated second-grade true arts were extremely rare. Naturally, Long Yue, far in the southern frontier, couldn't recognize Lü Yang's dharma body.

If it were the Southern Suppression King, Wu Tai'an, perhaps he would.

However, under the cover of the 【Five Saints Moon-Worshipping Mysterious Formation】 , the Southern Suppression King's vision had been cut off, making it difficult for him to observe this place unnoticed.

Of course, this was within Lü Yang's expectations.

Otherwise, why would he choose to battle Long Yue within the Myriad Poison Sect? Only in such a situation, where no one knew, could he fully unleash his abilities!

In the next moment, Lü Yang opened his eyes.

The dharma body was profound—the more severe the injuries, the stronger the divine abilities and magical power. He flipped his palm, and a radiant, multicolored treasure sword appeared in his hand.

"Zheng——!"

The sword's cry resounded once more. Lü Yang held the 【Calamity Wave】 , and wherever his gaze fell, time seemed to halt, leaving only him in the world.

Even the thunderous roar of sword energy turned into silence.

Countless thoughts and distractions vanished at this moment. Lü Yang's body and mind seemed to enter a wondrous, indescribable state.

Around him, numerous divine abilities naturally manifested.

【Master of Arms】 , 【Stubborn Gold Duke】 , 【Solemn Mysterious Frost】 ... and a divine ability evolved from the profundity of 【Upholding the Law】 , yet without any light or shadow.

Only a melodious bell sound.

【Heavenly Bell】 !

At this moment, the four innate divine abilities coiled around the dharma sword in Lü Yang's hand, merging seamlessly, finally all integrating into his dharma sword.

"Maintaining stillness to reach ultimate emptiness... Sword Heart Enlightenment, so this is Sword Heart Enlightenment?"

Lü Yang suddenly understood.

The Sea-Slaying Sword from his previous life surfaced in his mind.

He drew his sword.

" 【Proclaiming Might】 "

As the sword was unsheathed, it instantly outshone all brilliance between heaven and earth, forcing Long Yue's gaze to fixate upon it, unable to look away.

This sword from Lü Yang's true body had been charging for a long time, further enhanced by the dharma body pushing all divine abilities to their peak, combined with

the Sword Pavilion's 【Sword Heart Enlightenment】 technique. With the status of a Grand True Person and top-tier divine abilities and treasures from a major sect, how could Long Yue, from a small sect, possibly withstand it?

"Swish!"

A beautiful head instantly flew into the air.

The graceful body was directly shattered by the aftermath of the sword light, leaving only the soul escaping, only to be intercepted by a banner before entering the 【Underworld】 .

"A late Foundation Establishment stage banner spirit."

It's mine now!

Share to your friends

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

[1,483 words]

Chapter 370: Who Can Kill Me?

In the Southern Frontier, beneath layers of clouds.

Within the military camp, \[King of the South Suppression] Wu Tai'an closed his eyes, recalling the last scene he had witnessed: "Did the Myriad Poisons Sect have some mysterious treasure emerge?"

At this thought, he couldn't help but consider using his innate blue eyes to observe carefully. However, after some contemplation, he abandoned this tempting idea—not because he couldn't see through the Myriad Poisons Sect's protective formation, but because it was difficult to do so without alerting those within the formation.

"Forget it."

Wu Tai'an quickly gathered his thoughts. If this were within the Dao Court's territory, his domineering nature would have led him to satisfy his curiosity without hesitation.

However, this was the Southern Frontier.

The Myriad Poisons Sect was not a concern, but Lü Yang was, after all, a True Person of the Sword Pavilion and a disciple of that Daoist Dangmo. There was no need to create complications over such a trivial matter.

After all, he had more important matters in the Southern Frontier.

In the next moment, Wu Tai'an turned and walked back into his military tent, dismissed his attendants, and then took out an ancient and square prayer wheel from his bosom.

"Click-clack."

Wu Tai'an channeled his spiritual power, slowly turning the prayer wheel. Though it appeared to be an ordinary object, it inexplicably required a tremendous amount of his spiritual power.

As the prayer wheel turned, each rotation emitted a strand of Buddhist light. Initially, it was just a spark, but it quickly transformed into a bright flame. Within the firelight, the image of a monk gradually emerged, hands clasped together in a smile, making eye contact with him.

"Amitabha, Benefactor Wu is finally willing to see me."

The monk smiled slightly, exuding a strange aura. He appeared dignified and composed, yet his demeanor was inexplicably somewhat timid.

These two conflicting styles were perfectly integrated within him.

"Guang Ming."

Wu Tai'an's expression remained calm: "Initially, you were just an ordinary novice disciple of the Pure Land, not even a True Person, yet overnight, your personality changed drastically."

"That day, the \[True Lord of Morning Truth and Great Void] initiated a grand era."

"All the Bodhisattvas went into hiding, but a single Dharma image fell from the \[Heaven of Freedom] to the human world, landing precisely on you, making you the Buddha's child."

Wu Tai'an directly recounted the process of Guang Ming becoming the Buddha's child, clearly having investigated it numerous times. Yet, no matter how many times he reviewed the story, it always seemed absurd. Did they truly believe that blessings would fall from the sky? That such a coincidence would happen to him? Were all the Arhats dead?

Therefore, now, he had only one question in his heart:

"May I ask if it was the Venerable in person?"

Wu Tai'an bowed deeply. All the True Lords had gone into hiding; who could be the exception? Naturally, it was the Nascent Soul Dao Lord! Moreover, the World-Honored One of the Pure Land had a precedent!

However, in response to Wu Tai'an's inquiry, Guang Ming merely smiled.

He recalled the experience of that day. When the Dharma image descended, he had fled everywhere, but in the end, he ran directly into it.

The subsequent feeling was something he still couldn't accurately describe. It wasn't that he hadn't been possessed by an Arhat before—that was a privilege of the Pure Land's higher-ups—but such possessions were very clear, and as the original owner of the body, he felt them deeply, instinctively generating a sense of rejection.

But that time was different.

That time, when the Dharma image merged with him, he felt no rejection, only saying: "Ah! I didn't expect that I am actually the incarnation of the World-Honored One!"

And then, nothing more.

His consciousness didn't change, his memories didn't change, and his personality didn't change. Therefore, in response to Wu Tai'an's inquiry, he could only smile.

Because he didn't know either.

'Am I Guang Ming? Or am I the World-Honored One?'

These questions didn't matter. What mattered was that now, the [Victorious Intention Born of Brightness Mandala World Manifestation] had already descended upon him, giving him an innate mission.

"Amitabha, Benefactor Wu, you are attached to appearances."

Guang Ming smiled and looked down at Wu Tai'an: "You took my prayer wheel because of our karmic connection. Now that I have descended, there should be four disciples accompanying me westward to seek the golden truth."

"These four disciples each have their own origins."

"The [Victorious Intention Born of Brightness Mandala World Manifestation] has already determined the karmic connections: one person each from Jiangdong, Jiangbei, Jiangnan, and overseas, all can attain the supreme Bodhi fruit."

"You are one of them."

Guang Ming's words caused Wu Tai'an's body to tremble slightly. With his cultivation, he couldn't control his physical body, showing the intensity of his emotional fluctuation.

'The World-Honored One... it truly is the World-Honored One in person! The \[Victorious Intention Born of Brightness Mandala World Manifestation] is exactly the same as the \[Great Compassionate Mandala World View] of the past! This clearly indicates that the World-Honored One has established karmic connections and invited me to be his disciple. As long as I accept this fate, he promises me a supreme golden position in the future!'

"Disciple pays respects to Master!"

Even though the Guang Ming before him was not even a fraction of his age, Wu Tai'an didn't hesitate at all. He knelt down on the spot and kowtowed three times with loud thuds.

In the Dao Court, such occurrences were already commonplace.

At the same time, his heart was filled with boundless confidence. The World-Honored One personally promised him! Granted him a golden position! This time, his quest for gold was undoubtedly a sure victory!

"Good."

Seeing Wu Tai'an decisively kowtow, Guang Ming smiled and nodded, then slightly tilted his ear, as if listening to something, before speaking again:

"Indeed, it is the destined karmic connection."

"There's no better time than the present. Today, besides Benefactor Wu, there is another benefactor who also has a master-disciple connection with this humble monk. It's just right to meet together."

Upon hearing this, Wu Tai'an immediately frowned.

'Another person? Who?'

As a cultivator of the Dao Court, palace intrigue was already ingrained in Wu Tai'an's bones. Before Guang Ming's words had even faded, he instinctively felt a sense of hostility.

'Could it be...!'

Wu Tai'an pondered. The World-Honored One wouldn't choose a rogue cultivator as a disciple; if he were to choose, it would certainly be from the four major forces. Besides him, who else was there in the Southern Frontier?

'...That Sword Pavilion True Person?'

This speculation became more certain when Guang Ming looked towards the direction of the Myriad Poisons Sect. But Wu Tai'an just couldn't understand: what qualifications did that Sword Pavilion True Person have?

Not even at the peak of Foundation Establishment!

Why did the World-Honored One favor him?

"Hiss!"

For some reason, even though he had just slain Long Yue and should have been in high spirits, Lü Yang suddenly felt a bone-chilling cold.

'What's going on?'

Lü Yang looked up, a sense of foreboding rising in his heart, along with a sense of urgency: 'The longer the night, the more dreams. It's better to finish things quickly and settle my true body.'

At this thought, Lü Yang immediately formed the \[Commanding Mountain Moving True Method] seal.

With the support of this technique, the mountain gate of the Myriad Poisons Sect suddenly cracked open, revealing the interior of the mountain—a natural karst cave came into view.

Inside the cave was a liquid pool.

The intense moonlight fell into the pool. Although Lü Yang had already emptied the previously accumulated imperial nectar, it was only a matter of time before it accumulated again.

In the next moment, Lü Yang's consciousness returned to his true body. He strode into the pool, and instantly, an unprecedented feeling of harmony with heaven and earth surged in his heart, as if a baby returning to the womb. In his ears, melodious murmurs sounded, as if explaining the great Dao of heaven and earth to him.

"Good... good!"

Lü Yang's face showed joy: "As long as I stay in this Moon Worship Pool, the nurturing time for the celestial spirit is not a problem at all. At most thirty years, and I will reach perfection!"

Foundation Establishment perfection—the highest level below True Person.

By then, who could kill him!?

At this thought, Lü Yang suddenly felt a bit sleepy.

Since he had been able to replace sleep with meditation, Lü Yang had never slept again. In his nine lifetimes of cultivation, this was the first time he felt drowsy.

Perhaps he should sleep for a while?

Anyway, there was no rush. With his avatar keeping watch outside, he could completely take a nap. When he woke up, heaven and earth would naturally have arranged everything.

"...Hmm?"

Boom!!!

Like a thunderclap, Lü Yang's thoughts forcibly surged amidst his drowsiness. His closing eyelids were abruptly forced open a crack from the darkness.

'Something's wrong! Something is wrong!'

'But... since when did it start going wrong?'

Why hadn't he noticed?

In an instant, chaotic thoughts continuously surfaced and shattered in Lü Yang's mind, finally transforming into a clear and definite command:

'[Tribulation Wave]!'

Save me!

Share to your friends

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

