

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 381: Lü Yang's Development Plan

At this thought, Lü Yang had already departed, leaving behind only his Sword Dao clone seated cross-legged at the original spot.

Under the arrangement of Ancestor Ting You, his primary consciousness was extracted from the clone and transferred into the 【Sky of Parting Regret】 , transforming it into his new main body.

No anomalies appeared in the heavens and earth.

This was because the entire process was completed within the Ten Thousand Spirits Banner, which had been cleansed by the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 , rendering it cause and effect-free, sufficient to obscure the heavenly secrets.

At this moment, Lü Yang had arrived in the Outer Heavens.

“Strictly speaking, this is my first time coming to the Outer Heavens.”

The previous journey to the 【Ten Thousand Martial World】 was facilitated by the sect's treasured 【Heaven-Piercing Hall】 , an official channel, with full escort and no sensation throughout the process.

This time, however, was an illegal crossing.

He traveled through a narrow path opened by Hong Yun, and now, upon entering the Outer Heavens, Lü Yang truly witnessed the scenery of this realm.

Contrary to his imagination of the "universe,"

What met his eyes was a sea of light, blazing to the extreme, boundless and infinite. Merely being within it caused Lü Yang to feel intense pain.

‘This is the 【Profound Light of Yin-Yang Creation and Destruction】 .’

According to Hong Yun's memories, the so-called 【Profound Light of Yin-Yang Creation and Destruction】 was unique to the Outer Heavens, capable of decomposing all things, returning them to the primordial state.

Ordinary Foundation Establishment True Persons falling into it would depend on the quality of their Dao foundation. Those above third grade could last a quarter of an hour; those below third grade would inevitably turn to ashes within that time. Unless one had achieved complete Foundation Establishment and refined a Blessed Land, they could barely traverse it. Only Golden Core True Lords could cross it as if walking on flat ground.

“I've refined the minor Blessed Land 【Sky of Parting Regret】 , which counts as a clever workaround.”

That said, the 【Sky of Parting Regret】 was certainly inferior to a true Blessed Land. Having only advanced a short distance, Lü Yang could already feel the Blessed Land sustaining damage.

“Fortunately, the Outer Heavens lack the concept of distance.”

The Outer Heavens were vast, yet without the notion of near or far. It all depended on whether one possessed a "coordinate." As long as there was a coordinate, no matter how distant, one could arrive in a single step.

Without a coordinate, even the nearest place would seem as distant as the horizon.

Holding firmly to the coordinates provided in Hong Yun's memories, Lü Yang stepped forward. Under his spiritual perception, he suddenly saw scenes within the sea of light.

They were one cavity after another.

The sea of light in the Outer Heavens appeared flawless, yet in reality, cavities followed one after another, each unfathomably deep, as if leading to another world.

Was this the appearance of worlds in the Outer Heavens?

Lü Yang turned to look back and immediately his pupils contracted, for he saw the world he had left behind, that broken place, as it appeared in the sea of light.

Describing it as a "cavity" seemed inadequate.

It should be called an "abyss"!

Compared to the surrounding cavities, that broken place seemed to have torn the sea of light apart, vast and boundless beyond imagination, resembling a black hole!

Its manifestation was even similar to a black hole, emitting an immense gravitational pull, attracting the surrounding cavities representing worlds one after another, then devouring them. It was like a giant beast opening its bloody maw, instilling an inescapable sense of dread.

“That broken place.”

Lü Yang dared not look further. He turned his head and stepped out, swiftly disappearing from the original spot, plunging toward the direction of the coordinate sensed by his spiritual perception!

The moon was bright, stars sparse, and the evening breeze gentle.

Lü Yang opened his eyes, no longer relying on spiritual perception, but allowing himself to disintegrate, transforming from human form back into the 【Sky of Parting Regret】 , suspended at the center of the sea of clouds.

“Looking back, the world has changed.”

Lü Yang immediately activated the 【Puppet on Strings】 . As expected, just like in the Ten Thousand Martial World, he could still sense the presence of his Sword Dao clone.

With just a thought, he could have his main body enter the Ten Thousand Spirits Banner, which would then follow the 【Universal Manifestation Body of Qian Heaven】 to transfer beside the Sword Dao clone, allowing him to return to that broken place. However, before developing further, he would never make such a decision again.

‘Any thought I have is being manipulated by someone!’

Lü Yang surveyed his surroundings. Unlike his previous experience in the Ten Thousand Martial World, this time he felt no hostility or pressure from this world.

All thanks to Hong Yun.

Even when he was still a True Lord, Hong Yun had exerted significant influence over this world, shaping it into a form that wouldn't reject outsiders.

“Strictly speaking, this world hasn't yet condensed a Fruit Position, unlike the Ten Thousand Martial World. Theoretically, it should be similar to Suo Huan's native world.”

At most, it was a prototype of a Fruit Position.

If it were a world like the Ten Thousand Martial World that had truly formed a Fruit Position, even if Hong Yun were still a True Lord, it would be difficult for him to exert significant influence.

But a Fruit Position prototype was different.

Suo Huan's native world had once condensed a Fruit Position prototype, but what was the result? It was crushed by a True Lord, with only Suo Huan escaping.

“It's actually very difficult for a Fruit Position prototype to evolve into a full Fruit Position.”

With the supplement of Hong Yun's memories, Lü Yang realized that many of his previous thoughts were flawed.

“For example, having Ancestor prove the Fruit Position prototype within the Ten Thousand Spirits Banner... it's actually unfeasible, because without a true Fruit Position, it can't support a True Lord.”

Then why could an Innate True Person succeed?

“Because of the 【Long Flowing Water】 !”

“ 【Long Flowing Water】 signifies boundless vastness. The Innate True Person used Dao Sin to draw upon the 【Long Flowing Water】 for thousands of years, harnessing its vastness to nourish himself.”

“In simple terms, he used the power of the Fruit Position of 【Long Flowing Water】 to catalyze the Fruit Position prototype within the Ten Thousand Spirits Banner, greatly accelerating the condensation of the Fruit Position, thus giving birth to 【Heaven of Nonexistence】 . This required a long-term plan, which Ancestor didn't have the conditions for, not to mention...”

Lü Yang suspected that the heavens and earth also played a role in this!

After all, the Innate True Person's actions essentially stole the surplus of the heavens and earth to compensate for his own deficiencies. Without the support of the heavens and earth, how could he have succeeded?

Moreover, in terms of results, the heavens and earth also benefited.

With all True Lords hidden from the world, no longer overseeing the world, the heavens and earth had room to maneuver. The emergence of 【Heaven of Nonexistence】 was a huge advantage for them!

Thinking of this, Lü Yang couldn't help but curse again:

“What a broken place.”

Collecting his thoughts, Lü Yang looked up at the sky, only to see four moons occupying the east, south, west, and north, sealing the entire world.

This was a grand formation.

Named the 【Seven Luminaries Stabilizing the World and Preserving Truth Grand Formation】 , ranked third grade, it was a formation at the True Lord level, left behind by Hong Yun when he discovered this world.

Its purpose was to prevent him from being drawn back to that broken place.

The power of the formation manifested externally as the sun and moon before him, with three suns in the sky during the day and four moons hanging high at night, combining the light of the seven luminaries.

“After all, it's a new world; caution is paramount.”

Lü Yang was very cautious. Having been deceived repeatedly in that broken place, even now in a new world, he instinctively decided to act cautiously.

As for how to develop in this world, Lü Yang already had a plan.

‘A Fruit Position prototype can hardly support a True Lord. This is probably one of the reasons why Hong Yun never fled here. After all, once he fled here and didn't return, unless this world naturally evolved into completeness, his path upward would be cut off, making it impossible to become a True Lord.’

That said, Lü Yang was different from Hong Yun.

‘The Fruit Position is actually secondary. For me, as long as I achieve complete Foundation Establishment, it's considered a success.’

Because of Ancestor Ting You!

Because of the pseudo-Golden Position method of the 【Yama Hall】 !

‘Even if I can't become a True Lord, gathering nine complete Foundation Establishments and pseudo-holding the Golden Position would have a similar effect. At least, it would be more than enough to dominate when I return!’

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Chapter 382: Is This Really a Fish Pond Trap?

Seven Luminaries Heaven—this was the name Lü Yang had given to this world.

Its structure resembled that of the Myriad Martial Realm: a round sky and square earth, with the vast land of the Divine Continent. Out of caution, Lü Yang did not move his true body but instead dispatched a Banner Spirit.

Chen Xin'an.

He chose a very remote location, avoiding the central continent of Seven Luminaries Heaven, and instead selected a small village nestled within dense mountain forests.

“This place... actually has no spiritual energy.”

Possessing Chen Xin'an's body, Lü Yang strolled through the forest, releasing his divine sense to probe the surroundings, only to discover that this realm lacked any spiritual energy.

‘This is quite unfriendly to Qi Refining cultivators.’

In the cultivation system of the Broken Realm, spiritual energy was necessary up until the late stage of Qi Refining. Only at that point did cultivators begin to generate their own spiritual energy.

‘In other words, if a cultivator below the late stage of Qi Refining were to come here, once the mana in their dantian was depleted, without external spiritual energy to replenish it, they would immediately become ordinary mortals! Body cultivators would fare even worse; without mana, their painstakingly tempered physiques might not even be able to move.’

Only those at the Foundation Establishment stage would be unaffected.

After all, once the Dao Foundation was established, it was no longer about adapting to spiritual energy but rather spiritual energy adapting to them. Although mana would still be consumed, they could be entirely self-sufficient.

“Rustle, rustle!”

Lü Yang formed a hand seal with one hand, a green light igniting at his fingertip. A surge of wood-element spiritual power burst forth, instantly sweeping over and enveloping the surrounding forest.

In an instant, vegetation grew wildly; trees blossomed, bore fruit, withered, and then flourished anew, as if experiencing spring, summer, autumn, and winter in a single moment. Seeing this, Lü Yang nodded in satisfaction. His divine abilities and mana were still usable—undoubtedly good news, ensuring he wasn't defenseless.

At that moment, Lü Yang's eyebrows suddenly twitched.

“Hmm? Someone's coming?”

In the next second, he decisively dispersed Chen Xin'an's Banner Spirit body, transforming it into a mass of innate Qi and concealing it, observing silently with his divine sense.

Soon after, an old man quietly appeared.

With his arrival, a faint scent of sandalwood suddenly wafted through the air.

He had white hair and a youthful face, a stooped posture, and simple attire, exuding a kind and benevolent demeanor. His eyes, narrowed into slits, swept over the scene Lü Yang had created.

After a moment, he frowned in confusion:

“Where did this wild fox Zen come from?”

“Daring to use spells so recklessly, most likely backed by some unruly wild deity. Alas, being outside the jurisdiction of the City God, chaos is inevitable.”

The old man carefully inspected the area again but found nothing unusual.

Worried, he departed.

However, Lü Yang still did not reveal himself, maintaining his state as innate Qi, patiently waiting. Who knew if the old man might double back?

One day passed.

Two days passed.

Not until the third day did Lü Yang cautiously reassemble his body, somewhat speechless: “He actually left? Didn't suspect someone might be hiding in the shadows?”

How unprofessional.

Lü Yang judged by his own standards; if it were him, he would have pretended to leave but secretly stayed behind, checking intermittently to ensure no one was present.

Yet the old man left without a second glance!

It had been a long time since Lü Yang encountered someone so straightforward.

“Moreover, that person is quite interesting; he actually possesses a status?”

Lü Yang stroked his chin. Although the status wasn't high—not even reaching Foundation Establishment, at most equivalent to a perfected Qi Refining cultivator with a major divine ability—it was still a status.

Just this alone rendered him immune to most mundane harms. And this was merely the most remote corner of Seven Luminaries Heaven.

‘Indeed, caution was the right approach.’

Lü Yang took a deep breath. Although, according to Hong Yun's memories, Seven Luminaries Heaven was a retreat he had specially prepared for himself and should theoretically be safe...

But five thousand years had passed.

Five thousand years were enough for many variables to arise. Even if a True Person hadn't appeared, just one perfected Foundation Establishment cultivator could be enough to kill him on the spot.

‘No rush; slow and steady wins the race.’

Lü Yang continued forward, using his divine sense to trace the lingering sandalwood scent left by the old man—left so blatantly.

Did cultivators in this world not know to erase their traces?

Or was it... bait to lure him?

Countless thoughts swirled in Lü Yang's mind, yet he remained unhurried. After all, it was merely a Banner Spirit body; at worst, he could afford to lose it. Thus, he boldly followed the trail.

Before long, a mountain village came into view.

From within the village, the faint sounds of bustling voices drifted out. There were about a hundred households, but at a glance, all were ordinary mortals, none possessing any cultivation.

The sandalwood trail ended here.

Lü Yang stood still, patiently waiting for a while... yet nothing happened. No traps as imagined—so peaceful it was unsettling.

Gazing into the distance, Lü Yang soon spotted a small shrine made of earth within the village, about the size of a doghouse. Inside was an incense burner with three long sticks of incense and several plates of fruit offerings. Amid the faint sandalwood aroma, a light and shadow faintly manifested.

It was the white-haired, youthful-faced old man.

He sat cross-legged within the incense flames, eyes closed, breathing steadily. His chest rose and fell as he inhaled the incense smoke, and his previously weak status had actually improved!

‘Almost reaching the level of a pseudo-Foundation Establishment...’

‘Goodness!’

Lü Yang finally understood. No wonder this world lacked spiritual energy yet still had similar cultivators—it turned out they didn't cultivate using spiritual energy!

“City God? Earth Deity?”

“Becoming a god through incense offerings?”

Numerous thoughts flashed through Lü Yang's mind. Unfortunately, observing from afar made it difficult to discern the details. To truly understand, soul-searching would be the simplest and most direct method.

‘But I can't just kill my way in.’

Lü Yang pondered: ‘Earth Deities, City Gods—they sound like cultivators with home-field advantages. If I rashly attack, the risk is too great.’

Moreover, who knew what other methods they might possess?

It would be best to lure the snake out of its hole.

With that in mind, Lü Yang immediately began setting up outside the village.

First, he found a valley and set up an array to isolate the inside from the outside, ensuring that anyone entering couldn't send out messages. Then he arranged trapping and killing arrays, adding a layer of concealment outside all the formations.

In addition, he applied various talismans to enhance the power of the arrays.

He also obscured the heavenly secrets.

After completing all this, Lü Yang reenacted his previous actions within the valley, using his mana to influence the environment.

“Hmm?”

To Lü Yang's surprise, almost as soon as he made a move, the old man in the shrine opened his eyes.

“Where exactly is this wild fox Zen from!”

Fuming with rage, he flew out of the shrine, releasing his full mana aura, and then dove headfirst into the trap Lü Yang had meticulously set...

‘Huh?’

For a moment, Lü Yang was stunned, completely unprepared for such recklessness.

Didn't he check first?

Wasn't he worried about traps?

Didn't he calculate the heavenly secrets?

In the next second, dozens of arrays activated. The old man, caught within, didn't even have time to groan before letting out a miserable cry and fainting with eyes rolled back.

Yet Lü Yang still did not reveal himself.

He stood outside the array, manipulating it to strike the old man a few more times from a distance.

Already suppressed by Lü Yang, these additional hits further weakened the old man's aura. He seemed barely alive, with more breaths going in than out.

Only then did Lü Yang, half-doubting, step out, manifesting a false body from afar to approach the old man, ready to counter any sudden attack.

However, nothing happened.

It was as if the old man had truly fallen into the trap and been subdued effortlessly.

“That's it?”

I haven't even exerted myself, and you're already down?

Lü Yang blinked, a long-lost, indescribable emotion welling up within him.

Was this really a fish pond trap?

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Chapter 383: Bestowal of Incense and Talisman

Although it was hard to believe, Lü Yang tested several more times. Only when the old man was nearly shattered in soul did he finally confirm that the other party had indeed been outwitted by him.

There was nothing more to say.

He took action—Soul Search!

Fortunately, after leaving the Earth God Temple, the opponent's status plummeted. From a pseudo-Foundation Establishment, he fell directly to the level of a Qi Refining cultivator who had mastered great divine abilities.

Dealing with someone at the Qi Refining stage didn't require going all out.

Soon, as Lü Yang's divine sense surged in, the old man's memory fragments emerged in a rush, revealing the accumulation of his half-life cultivation experience.

"This Earth God's origin was merely the first village chief of Bai Village. Back then, he led dozens of households to reclaim wasteland in the Taiyue Mountains, establishing Bai Village. After his death, the villagers spontaneously worshiped him. Through incense and talisman bestowal, he became the current Earth God of the Taiyue Mountains."

"Incense and talisman bestowal?"

Lü Yang lowered his eyelids and quickly unearthed the most crucial part from the Earth God's memory—the current cultivation system of Qiyao Heaven.

The cultivation in Qiyao Heaven could be summarized in eight characters:

Incense and talisman bestowal, ascend to heaven in five steps!

The initial talisman bestowal required the worship of a village or township's people, allowing one to become a God of Fortune and Virtue, also known as the Earth God. In remote areas, this equated to the level of a pseudo-Foundation Establishment.

That said, this type of incense deity had significant limitations. The greatest was the jurisdictional area. For example, the Earth God before him possessed pseudo-Foundation Establishment strength within his own Earth God Temple. However, once he left the temple, his status equated only to a Qi Refining cultivator with great divine abilities.

"Even so, it's still quite impressive."

A pseudo-Foundation Establishment was still Foundation Establishment. Having status was better than having none.

More importantly, this cultivation method was incredibly fast. As long as one could gain the worship of ordinary people, the incense's blessing would allow immediate ascension!

Take this Bai Village Earth God, for instance.

In life, he was an ordinary mortal. After death, he became a pseudo-Foundation Establishment great cultivator. In remote areas, countless Qi Refining cultivators would envy him.

"Above the Earth God is the City God."

There were four ranks of City Gods.

County City God, Prefecture City God, Provincial City God, and the highest, Capital City God, corresponding respectively to early, mid, late, and complete stages of Foundation Establishment.

As the names implied, a County City God received incense worship from a county. However, in reality, a significant portion was siphoned off and sent higher up, giving rise to the Prefecture City God, then the Provincial City God, and finally the Capital City God overseeing all City Gods.

This hierarchical system resembled tax collection.

Thus, an encompassing, ironclad City God system was established, governing the entire Qiyao Heaven and the vast lands of Central State.

"Very similar to the Dao Court, but far inferior."

Lü Yang pondered. This system, based on the populace, resembled Jiangdong Dao Court. However, the City God system relied heavily on incense and was deeply dependent on the people.

In contrast, the Dao Court's "official positions" had far fewer restrictions, entirely bestowed by the Dao Court's emperor. The populace only needed to maintain a number.

Moreover, the Dao Court was much stricter than the City God system.

Under the Dao Court's rule, there were no loose cultivators. Any force had to be registered within the Dao Court's departments; otherwise, cultivation was impossible.

In comparison, the City God system had too many loopholes.

The biggest was the fickleness of human hearts. Incense could be easily stripped away. Not everyone would worship the City Gods.

Hence, there emerged the "Heretical Worship."

"Heretical Worship refers to establishing beliefs outside the City God system, bestowing talismans to become deities, and even attempting to overthrow the City God system."

"However, most Heretical Worships weren't strong, often entrenched in remote areas outside Central State, making it hard to cultivate powerful incense deities. Only two exceptions existed: one called the 'White Lotus Sect,' worshipping the 'Unborn Mother,' and the other was the ancestral temple of the royal court."

Seeing this, Lü Yang's eyes grew brighter.

"This incense deity path... truly a good thing!"

With the simplest belief, one could transform the thoughts of mortals into incense power, then elevate cultivation and status—perfectly suited for him!

Because he possessed the Myriad Spirits Banner!

In Lü Yang's view, the City Gods of Qiyao Heaven were too pure, relying solely on protecting mortals to gain incense worship.

Why go through such trouble?

A simple mind-bewitching technique could solve it.

In this regard, the White Lotus Sect had some methods, using various mind-bewitching techniques to gather incense. But compared to the Myriad Spirits Banner, they were still too naive.

Because the White Lotus Sect's followers could betray.

But the banner spirits of the Myriad Spirits Banner were absolutely loyal!

Thinking of this, Lü Yang began to plan: "According to the Bai Village Earth God's memory, the world's incense currently supports at most three Capital City Gods."

Now, the City God system, White Lotus Sect, and the royal ancestral temple each held one.

Though the three vied for power, they maintained a delicate balance. No one wanted a fourth equal to themselves.

Their method was simple.

Control the population.

After all, the foundation of the incense deity path lay in people. The more people, the more beliefs, the more incense, and naturally, the more incense deities could be supported.

So, by controlling the population, the possibility of a fourth Capital City God was cut off.

"But conversely... if the people of Qiyao Heaven fervently reproduced, causing a population explosion, not just three, even nine Capital City Gods could be supported!"

Nine Capital City Gods? Nine complete Foundation Establishments!

"This is my opportunity!"

At this thought, Lü Yang's eyes gleamed with a cold light. If he could achieve this, he might have a chance to return to that desolate place!

But he soon calmed down.

Starting was the hardest part. Though the ideal was grand, reality was harsh. To specialize in the incense deity path, he had a fundamental problem to solve.

He wasn't a native!

Though Qiyao Heaven, under Hong Yun's development, didn't exclude outsiders, it was unlikely to offer them the same treatment as locals.

Including the banner spirits he carried—they weren't natives of Qiyao Heaven. Without status influence, no matter how loyal, they couldn't generate incense belief out of thin air. If he wanted to follow the incense deity path, the only way was for Qiyao Heaven to accept him as one of its own.

But how to achieve that?

Lü Yang stroked his chin. Unless he could, like last time in the Ten Thousand Martial World, bribe the realm's heavens, he'd always be an outsider in Qiyao Heaven.

How to bribe?

"Earth vein energy... no, an entire earth vein!"

Eight Hundred Li Skeleton Mountain!

"Thinking back, I should've taken the Skeleton Mountain's earth vein when I was in Jiangbei. Yet, I completely overlooked it."

Lü Yang slapped his forehead. He should've noticed something was off back then. After all, the Skeleton Mountain's earth vein was valuable. Yet, he seemed to have entirely forgotten it. Looking back now, perhaps the heavens had already been subtly interfering with his thoughts through the immortal spirit body!

The more Lü Yang thought, the angrier he became.

"Heaven and earth are heartless... then don't blame me for being unrighteous."

At this thought, Lü Yang immediately decided: to undermine the heavens, he'd start with the Eight Hundred Li Skeleton Mountain. Otherwise, how could he continue to progress in Qiyao Heaven?

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Chapter 384: Undermining the Foundations of Heaven and Earth!

That said, Lü Yang's original body could not return.

"This kind of task... better leave it to the clone!"

With a thought, Lü Yang instantly contacted his clone who was still in seclusion within the Sword Pavilion via the 【Puppet on Strings】 , and then pushed open the door of his meditation chamber.

The next moment, he rode a streak of escaping light and arrived at Extreme Heaven Cliff.

On the cliff, Daoist Dangmo was still sitting cross-legged as always, quietly gazing up at the sky above his head, as if in silent eye contact with someone unseen.

"Disciple greets Master."

Lü Yang dispersed his sword light and saluted respectfully as soon as he landed.

Daoist Dangmo turned in response, and only then did Lü Yang, startled, see that in his hand he was holding the head of a woman, her features delicate and serene.

"Amitabha."

The female head softly uttered a Buddhist chant, then smiled at Lü Yang, saying, "This humble nun is Jingguan. Greetings to you, little benefactor."

'Hiss!'

Lü Yang's eye twitched at her words, and he drew a sharp breath. After all, the sight of Daoist Dangmo cradling a woman's head was far too bizarre.

Yet, the head named Jingguan laughed, "Little benefactor, you are caught up in appearances. A head, a person—what difference does it make? It just looks strange, that's all. But I see you are deeply connected to the Buddha's path. If you one day join my Pure Land along with your master, wouldn't that be wonderful?"

Before she finished speaking, Daoist Dangmo put her away.

"Apologies for the scene."

Daoist Dangmo gave a wry smile. "She was the former Buddha Child of the Pure Land. I converse with her mainly to explore ways to rid you of your Buddhist karma."

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang's expression changed slightly.

"Buddhist karma!?"

"That's right." Daoist Dangmo nodded, a hint of helplessness on his face. "You've been marked by the Buddha Child and have unwittingly formed karmic ties with him."

At this, Daoist Dangmo seemed to recall something from the past and spoke pensively, "The World-Honored One of the Pure Land was the last among the Lords of the Dao to emerge. He is the most worldly in conduct—capable of picking up and letting go—so he never hesitates to interact with the lowly."

Though Daoist Dangmo's words were tactful, Lü Yang instantly understood.

This was a roundabout way of saying the World-Honored One had no shame!

"In short, whenever the World-Honored One desires something from the mortal world, he sends down his divine manifestation to enlighten a Buddha Child. At such times, all sects give him face."

'Well, who would dare not to?'

Lü Yang wore an understanding look. It couldn't be helped—Lords of the Dao were that domineering. If you didn't give the World-Honored One face, he would give you the cold shoulder.

Daoist Dangmo continued, "When the divine manifestation descends, it's like a stone tossed into a lake, stirring countless ripples. These ripples are the Buddhist karma, deeply linked to the Buddha Child. Some are good, some evil. But once tainted, they are hard to cleanse."

The more he said, the uglier Lü Yang's expression became.

But then, something clicked in Lü Yang's mind: didn't Daoist Dangmo just say that the woman's head, calling herself "Jingguan," was the former Buddha Child of the Pure Land?

Why was she in Daoist Dangmo's possession?

Seeing Lü Yang's change in expression, Daoist Dangmo didn't hide the truth.

"She was my Buddhist karma once—a malignant one."

"So we fought."

"I won by a narrow margin, thus escaping the influence of that karma."

Daoist Dangmo spoke lightly, then looked back at Lü Yang and said solemnly, "Now do you understand what I mean?"

Lü Yang nodded. "Master wants me to be wary of the Pure Land."

"What good is being wary?" Daoist Dangmo sighed. "What I mean is—you're too weak. Without even mastering sword intent, stop running around!"

Lü Yang: "..."

It was clear Daoist Dangmo had guessed his intentions. But since the earth vein pertained to the original body's cultivation, no matter the risk, the clone had to go!

So Lü Yang shook his head decisively. "I must make this trip."

Daoist Dangmo frowned. "Where to?"

"North of the River."

Lü Yang answered openly, "I heard there's an earth vein beneath Skull Mountain in the North, once the foundation of the Ancient Witch Ghost Path. I want to retrieve it."

"Witch Ghost Path..."

Daoist Dangmo's brows furrowed. As a direct descendant of the Ye Clan, he naturally knew the sordid tales of their ancestor from a millennium ago, which now filled him with doubt.

"What do you want that earth vein for?"

To cultivators, earth veins were like excrement—no one wanted to get involved. Even a trace of karmic entanglement could become a massive headache.

"I want it to aid in my cultivation."

Lü Yang replied without hesitation, "Recently, I've been contemplating Master's 【Sword of No Killing】 and have sensed something. That earth vein might help me make a breakthrough."

“Really?” Daoist Dangmo looked skeptical.

“I never lie,” Lü Yang said sincerely. And he wasn’t lying—the earth vein beneath Skull Mountain could indeed help him advance.

Though where he would advance was another matter.

After a moment, Daoist Dangmo sighed. “Very well. Wait here.”

He then sat solemnly atop Extreme Heaven Cliff, formed a sword seal with his fingers, and bright golden light shone from his fingertips, manifesting countless radiant images.

『Mystic Virtue Blessed Land』 !

This was no youthful imitation like the 【Sky of Separation】 —this was a true blessed land. Once revealed, it immediately exuded boundless mystical imagery.

Within the blessed land, scenes shifted until they showed the landscape of the eight-hundred-li Skull Mountain. Daoist Dangmo reached out, his hand entering the blessed land effortlessly, and pulled out a thread of yellow qi—undoubtedly the earth vein!

Lü Yang could hardly hide his awe at the sight.

Meanwhile, in Skull Mountain in the North...

Within the market town, whether disciples of the Saint Sect or itinerant cultivators, all looked up, faces mirroring Lü Yang’s stunned expression.

Because they saw a beam of light.

That light was unbearable to look at, yet reached down into Skull Mountain and grabbed the sprawling eight-hundred-li earth vein—ripping it right out!

The earth vein merged with the light... then vanished.

Almost at once, Daoist Dangmo withdrew the 『Mystic Virtue Blessed Land』 and casually tossed the now-miniaturized earth vein to Lü Yang.

“Go back into seclusion. Cultivate your sword intent as soon as possible.”

Lü Yang: “...”

Only today did he witness the true wonder of a 【Blessed Land】 !

If a blessed land could do this, what about a 【Cave Heaven】 ? No wonder Cave Heavens were the foundation of Golden Core True Lords—no wonder they could oversee the world!

“Many thanks, Master!”

Lü Yang accepted the earth vein, but couldn't help feeling awed.

'No wonder the Ancient Witch Ghost Path was wiped out by a Golden Core True Lord's sword from thousands of miles away. For a True Lord, a thousand miles is but a step!'

What was more terrifying—Daoist Dangmo just did something similar.

To seize an earth vein across thousands of miles, out of thin air—it might not be equivalent to wiping out a sect with one sword, but the power gap it showed was still despair-inducing.

'And he's so intent on me cultivating sword intent... does he have other motives?'

Returning to his meditation chamber, Lü Yang mused, but remained open-minded: 'Forget it. The sword path clone was always expendable. If he wants it, I'll give it.'

Daoist Dangmo had shown him grace.

Lü Yang didn't consider himself a good person, but so long as it didn't harm him, he didn't mind repaying favors. Thus, he quickly let it go.

In the next second, Lü Yang stored the earth vein inside the Myriad Spirits Banner.

This supreme treasure could freely switch between his original body and clone via the **【Heavenly Dominion Omnifaceted Incarnation Method】** —the perfect delivery tool.

More importantly, it had been cleansed by the **【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】** .

No cause, no effect—no one could trace it!

"Boom!"

At that moment, thunder rolled across the sky.

Lü Yang looked up and saw that the karmic fortune of this sword path clone was dissipating at a visible rate—until it completely vanished!

Yet he only sneered at the sight.

A sheer cliff, standing tall—free of desire, thus firm.

Karmic fate gone? A hundred lifetimes as swine or dog? I'm not even trying to stay here—what's the point of docking my pay? Just a tantrum of impotence!

'I love how you can't stand me... yet can't do anything about it!'

As this thought crossed his mind, the **【Sword of No Killing】** at his waist trembled, unsheathing three inches—and his struggling progress in sword intent suddenly showed advancement!

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 385: Reestablishing the Witch Ghost Path!

Seven Luminaries Heaven.

Lü Yang's consciousness returned to the 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 , and his Dharma body naturally manifested in sync. The Myriad Spirits Banner was grasped in his hand, and with a forceful shake, he activated it.

"Swish swish!"

From within the Myriad Spirits Banner, a vast surge of earthly energy burst forth—it was the eight-hundred-li Skeleton Mountain's earth vein. Almost simultaneously, Lü Yang sensed a presence.

Above the firmament, it felt as if a gaze had suddenly fallen upon him, fixating intently on the earth vein he had just smuggled from the Broken Place. This gaze was far less agile than that of the Myriad Martial World and lacked the scheming nature of the Broken Place's heavens and earth; instead, it was filled with naivety.

'Still too young—but that's just perfect!'

Youth is easy to deceive!

Lü Yang deliberately released a strand of earth vein energy, which was instantly devoured by the Seven Luminaries Heaven. Subsequently, he felt a mighty force sweep over him.

"Boom!"

In the next moment, Lü Yang observed that within the Myriad Spirits Banner, numerous banner spirits emerged, each erupting with a magnificent incense flame!

These incense flames converged towards Lü Yang, instantly transforming the entire 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 into a sacred realm of incense. Countless incense flames intertwined and condensed, ultimately forming a radiant, sandalwood-scented talisman that floated quietly at the center of the 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 .

"Incense Bestowal of the Talisman!"

Seeing this, Lü Yang's face lit up with joy. The Seven Luminaries Heaven truly was an honest realm; he had merely offered a wisp of earth vein energy, and it responded in kind.

From this day forward, he had a household registration in the Seven Luminaries Heaven!

Lü Yang's divine sense settled upon the incense divine talisman, only to find its script blank, evidently awaiting Lü Yang's inscription to establish the divine title.

"This thing..."

At this thought, Lü Yang suddenly grinned, then picked up a brush and, without hesitation, wrote a line of bold, flowing characters in the center of the divine talisman:

【Yama Heavenly Profound Nether Ghost-Governing Lord】 !

With the divine title established, the divine talisman was formed.

In an instant, Lü Yang felt the incense divine talisman drawing closer to him. However, he had another thought and summoned Ancestor Ting You.

"What do you need my help with this time... hmm?"

As soon as Ancestor Ting You appeared, he immediately saw Lü Yang and the incense divine talisman behind him bearing the title 【Yama Heavenly Profound Nether Ghost-Governing Lord】 .

This name was all too familiar to him; it was the honorific he had designated when he first created the method of the 【Yama Hall】 . At that time, his ambitions were lofty, and he used the character "Lord" in hopes of feigning a golden position to rival a Golden Core True Lord...

But it had instead brought about his demise.

In an instant, countless thoughts surged in Ancestor Ting You's mind, memories of the past Witch Ghost Path flashing through, finally settling on Lü Yang.

"Ancestor."

Lü Yang smiled and said passionately, "Now that we've arrived in an entirely new realm, why not reestablish the Witch Ghost Path?"

"Reestablish the Witch Ghost Path..." Ancestor Ting You murmured softly.

"Precisely!"

In the next second, Lü Yang waved his hand and said excitedly, "Disciple believes that the incense divine path of the Seven Luminaries Heaven is our opportunity for the Witch Ghost Path to rise again!"

"In the past, our Witch Ghost Path couldn't gather nine Foundation Establishment cultivators at perfection. Thus, even though Ancestor created the method to feign a golden position, it was never

implemented and was destroyed by a single sword. Has Ancestor never considered? Gathering nine Foundation Establishment cultivators at perfection, feigning a Golden Core, and contending with that True Lord..."

Lü Yang's words brought tears to Ancestor Ting You's eyes.

Had he never thought of it? Of course, he had!

Since the Witch Ghost Path was exterminated a thousand years ago, every day and night of his lingering existence had been consumed by this thought! But that was all—it had never seemed achievable.

But now, perhaps there was truly hope?

Immediately, Lü Yang pushed the incense divine talisman he had just condensed towards him: "Ancestor, I entrust this item to you; henceforth, you shall wield it!"

"Give it to me... is that appropriate?" Ancestor Ting You frowned slightly.

In his view, although Lü Yang had refined the 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 into a new main body, he possessed only the position without cultivation, relying entirely on the protection of banner spirits.

Therefore, Lü Yang should need the incense divine talisman more.

However, facing Ancestor Ting You's refusal, Lü Yang waved his hand without hesitation: "Absolutely certain, Ancestor wielding this item puts me at ease."

"After all, with Ancestor's abilities, you can surely better utilize its value than I can!"

His words were full of righteousness.

But privately...

'Are you kidding? How could I possibly want something so unclear in nature? What if there's a trap? It's too dangerous!'

Lü Yang was certainly not selfless.

Having been tricked too many times in the Broken Place, he instinctively distrusted the incense divine talisman, so he planned to find a reliable person to test it first.

'After all, what's the banner spirit's is mine, and what's mine is still mine.'

'With Ancestor's comprehension, he can surely uncover the incense divine talisman's secrets.'

'If there's no problem, then all is well, and I can use it later. If there is a problem, the unlucky one won't be me...'

He could also phrase it nicely, providing emotional value to Ancestor Ting You.

Why not do it?

Baixiang Village.

Since he had decided to reestablish the Witch Ghost Path and follow the incense divine path, the identity of the local deity of Baixiang Village became very useful, and Lü Yang planned to make good use of it.

"Unfortunately, not all banner spirits can provide me with incense..."

There were two types of banner spirits within the Myriad Spirits Banner.

One type was refined into banner spirits after death, which constituted the majority. The other type was like Ancestor Ting You and Chen Xin'an, living beings who entered the banner.

Only the latter could provide Lü Yang with incense. Lü Yang speculated that perhaps because the latter had the potential for revival in some sense, they were regarded as "living beings" by the Seven Luminaries Heaven, whereas the former were essentially dead and naturally couldn't provide any incense.

"Take it slow, no rush..."

Lü Yang possessed Chen Xin'an, carrying the local deity of Baixiang Village to the village's Earth Temple. With a surge of magical power, he entered a mysterious domain.

"Somewhat resembles the Foundation Establishment Realm?"

Lü Yang curiously observed his surroundings. This place was entirely condensed from incense energy, yet it was faintly connected to the real-world Earth Temple.

Here, the state of Baixiang Village's local deity also improved, returning to a feigned Foundation Establishment. However, with Lü Yang present, he would never awaken again in this life. After all, to develop the Witch Ghost Path, the identity of a local deity with an existing village base was just right, saving him considerable effort.

"But this place is still too small."

Lü Yang looked around and quickly had an idea:

'Although I don't plan to use that incense divine talisman, letting the 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 replace this Earth Temple and serve as the new incense divine realm is still feasible!'

He even harbored a grander ambition in his heart.

Given time, could the 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 expand to encompass the entire Seven Luminaries Heaven, becoming the sole incense divine realm, thereby accommodating countless City Gods?

After all, being an individual practitioner couldn't compare to running a platform.

'If I can truly achieve this, then the embryonic form of the Seven Luminaries Heaven's incense divine path, the source of all City Gods, will undoubtedly be mine!'

Acting on his thoughts, Lü Yang immediately began the process.

The 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 , originally situated high above, quietly descended, replacing the Earth Temple. He then started planning how to harvest the villagers' incense.

However, just as Lü Yang was envisioning a beautiful future...

"Boom!"

Suddenly, the entire 【Earth Temple】 shook violently, startling him into immediate alertness. As he regained clarity, several thoughts flashed through his mind:

'I've been exposed!'

'The Earth Temple was bait to lure me?'

'Is someone trying to harm me again!?'

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 386: The Advantage Is Mine

The originally idyllic Bai Village was now shrouded in an atmosphere of intense tension.

"It's a wolf pack! Wolves from the mountains are attacking!"

"Call all the adults from each household, grab your weapons, and head to the village entrance!"

"Hurry, send someone to contact the temple attendant. Everyone, don't worry! With the temple attendant here and the Earth Deity's protection, a mere pack of wolves can't harm us!"

As Lü Yang cautiously extended his divine sense to observe, he was startled to see over a dozen giant wolves, each the size of a calf, encircling the entire village. Their eyes glowed crimson, and their howls and roars caused panic among the elderly, women, and children in the village.

The hearts of the people were unsettled.

"So that's how it is. The foundation of incense offerings lies in people's hearts, which is why the Earth Deity Temple is shaking. If I don't manifest a miracle, the incense offerings will dissipate."

Mortal beings are inherently pragmatic.

They believe in you when you're useful; when you're not, they'll naturally turn to someone else who is. As people's faith wavers, the divine realm of incense offerings becomes unstable.

After understanding the situation, Lü Yang finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Fortunately, it's not someone deliberately plotting against me."

Once he calmed down, Lü Yang felt a bit helpless. He couldn't be blamed for being so cautious; he was truly afraid. Just then, a voice suddenly rang out:

"Earth Deity, Earth God, protect our homes and manifest your divine power."

The voice resonated directly into the Earth Deity Temple, causing the incense offerings directed at the "Bai Village Earth Deity" to surge, as if eager to rush outside.

Lü Yang looked out and saw an old Taoist priest, around fifty or sixty years old, standing respectfully in front of the Earth Deity Temple, holding three sticks of incense, which he reverently placed into the incense burner.

However, the Bai Village Earth Deity was currently unconscious. Without his permission, how could someone else utilize these incense offerings?

"Temple Attendant."

Lü Yang quickly recalled the identity of the old Taoist priest from the Bai Village Earth Deity's memories. The so-called temple attendant is a low-level practitioner within the divine path system.

"They don't gather incense offerings themselves but instead rely on the incense deity, using the method of 'inviting the deity' to obtain the deity's divine power and abilities. Their strength depends entirely on the incense deity they rely on. If it's the temple attendant of the City God, their 'inviting the deity' technique might even rival a late-stage Foundation Establishment grand cultivator?"

With this thought, Lü Yang immediately summoned Ancestor Ting You.

Ancestor Ting You understood instantly and promptly bestowed a stream of incense divine power, replacing the Bai Village Earth Deity's incense offerings, and blessed the old Taoist priest outside.

"Hmm?"

The next moment, the old Taoist priest, who had been chanting, suddenly paused, a hint of confusion in his eyes. However, he quickly regained his calm demeanor.

The safety of the village was paramount; everything else was secondary.

"Thank you, Earth Deity!"

With these words, the old Taoist priest, now empowered by the incense divine power, strode confidently towards the outskirts of the village to fend off the wolf pack's invasion.

"Although they didn't specifically target me, it's clear they're acting against Bai Village."

Lü Yang pondered, then raised his gaze towards a small mountain peak about a thousand miles away from Bai Village, where two figures stood.

Although they seemed to be concealing themselves, their methods were rather crude.

"Perhaps this is an opportunity to witness the methods of these divine path cultivators from the Seven Luminaries Heaven, to avoid being caught off guard in the future."

As Lü Yang contemplated, he began to make arrangements.

Late-stage Foundation Establishment Long Yue, mid-stage Foundation Establishment Mending Heaven Peak Master, Ancestor Ting You, Dragon Maiden Sui Ling, and over ten early-stage Foundation Establishment rogue cultivators and demon cultivators.

The Myriad Spirits Banner and all Foundation Establishment Banner Spirits were to be deployed!

If the enemy proved too formidable and he couldn't match them, he would immediately retreat, having Ancestor Ting You take him away while the other Banner Spirits stayed behind to cover the retreat.

On the mountain peak Lü Yang had been observing earlier.

Two Taoist priests sat cross-legged, with an incense burner emitting smoke before them, which they continuously inhaled, bringing a rosy hue to their faces.

After a while, the two Taoists opened their eyes simultaneously.

One of them formed a hand seal, causing a long sword behind him to unsheathe with a crisp sound. The rolling incense transformed into sharp sword energy that scattered in all directions.

"Senior Brother Lin's divine power is impressive!"

The other Taoist, seeing this, couldn't help but show envy. "I've been practicing this 'Righteous Sword Technique to Break Evil' for years, yet I haven't even grasped the basics."

Lin Sheng smiled modestly, though pride gleamed in his eyes. "It's only because I'm a few years older than you, Junior Brother Wang, that I've made some progress. As long as you continue to diligently study our White Lotus teachings, you'll catch up to me sooner or later."

"Thank you for your encouragement, Senior Brother."

Wang Anping appeared invigorated upon hearing this.

He then took out a copper bell he carried with him, infused all his incense divine power into it, and shook it vigorously.

This treasure was called the "Beast Summoning Bell."

As the name suggests, it could be used to command wild beasts in the mountains, especially when enhanced with incense divine power. The wolf pack attacking Bai Village was summoned using this method.

"Senior Brother, I wonder why we go to such lengths?"

Wang Anping, while activating the treasure, asked curiously, "With our cultivation levels, we're not inferior to that Bai Village Earth Deity. Wouldn't he comply with our demands?"

"If he complies, it becomes more troublesome!"

Lin Sheng shook his head and sneered, "We don't just want an Earth Deity; we want Bai Village and its incense offerings."

"If he complies, how can we spread our teachings?"

Wang Anping still seemed puzzled. "In that case, why don't we just kill him? Then we can preach freely. Who would dare stop us?"

"Indeed, no one would dare stop us."

Lin Sheng's voice remained calm. "But if the Earth Deity dies and we immediately start preaching, the villagers will surely suspect something. Even if they believe, it won't be genuine!"

"Such incense offerings would be tainted with too many distractions, lacking purity."

"Therefore, the best approach is to do as Senior Brother suggests: first, send some demons to attack the village, cause a few deaths, and shake the Earth Deity's foundation of incense offerings."

"Over time, as more people die, faith in the Earth Deity will wane. We just need to patiently wait until the village is on the brink of destruction, then step in to save them. Naturally, we'll win their hearts and turn Bai Village into our White Lotus Sect's stronghold."

To turn the tide in a desperate situation—why it's desperate, don't ask.

However, in the next moment, Lin Sheng's confident smile froze as he saw an unexpected change in the battle between the villagers and the wolves.

It was the old Taoist priest, now empowered by Lü Yang's incense divine power.

He appeared almost like a deity descending to the mortal realm, charging alone into the wolf pack, and with a flurry of punches, effortlessly killed two giant wolves.

"That's the Earth Deity's temple attendant."

"Hmph, as expected, he made a move."

Lin Sheng's expression turned cold. "No matter. We'll act in secret, seal his Earth Deity Temple, and cut off his divine power. The result will be the same!"

He and his junior brother were both elite members of the younger generation in the White Lotus Sect.

Despite their youth, they had caught the attention of the Divine Lord. Although they were temple attendants, they were in no way inferior to Earth Deities, and could even contend with the County City God.

A mere Bai Village.

Could it possibly produce a few County City Gods?

The advantage is ours!

"Boom!"

With that, he mounted his flying sword, infused it with rolling incense divine power, and in an instant, it transformed into a dazzling sword rainbow, descending towards Bai Village.

The two Taoists, now concealed by divine power and invisible to mortals, flashed and arrived before the Earth Deity Temple. They then forcefully broke through the entrance and entered, their voices thunderous:

"Bai Village Earth Deity! We are..."

Their voices abruptly stopped.

Because what they saw was entirely different from the pitiful and helpless Earth Deity they had imagined. Instead, they were met with countless terrifying figures, stretching as far as the eye could see.

All of them were now staring directly at them.

At that moment, Lin Sheng and Wang Anping felt a bone-chilling cold spread from their hearts to their limbs, reaching the top of their heads, causing their teeth to chatter.

In the end, they could only manage to squeeze out a single word from their throats:

"Ah?"

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 387: The Fishpond Trap Is So Much Fun

Inside 【Heaven of Heartbreak】 .

Not only Lin Sheng and Wang Anping, who had barged in, even Lü Yang himself was momentarily stunned. He had never expected the other side to charge in so directly.

Were they not afraid of traps?

For a moment, all was silent. The entire 【Heaven of Heartbreak】 was shrouded in an eerie stillness, until the silence was broken by the sound of someone gulping.

“Gulp.”

Wang Anping’s face turned deathly pale. Instinctively, he tugged at Lin Sheng’s sleeve, only to find that this senior brother he had always admired had regained his composure.

“No need to panic.”

Lin Sheng sneered. Though the sight before him was utterly shocking, with the gazes of over a dozen Foundation Establishment Banner Spirits weighing down on him like mountains—despite not even infusing their gazes with power—the more overwhelming it felt, the more certain he became of his own suspicion:

‘This must be an illusion!’

Look at this scene. That woman at the front, her aura was practically identical to a City God of a provincial capital. The ones next to her also had the bearing of City Gods.

Even the weakest among them were at least on the level of a county’s City God.

Such an exaggerated lineup, barring someone on the level of the Great Deity 【Mother of Non-Life】 , was essentially the entire foundation of the White Lotus Sect!

And where were they right now?

A land god's temple!

If you told him a true dragon could emerge from shallow waters, he might barely believe it—but this was far beyond that! This was a fishpond producing true dragons!

So it was obvious.

It was an illusion!

“Land God of Baixiang Village, do you take me for one of those wild gods or evil cultists, ignorant of orthodox arts, that you can fool with this trickery? Truly you know not the immensity of heaven and earth!”

Lin Sheng considered himself the most outstanding youth of his generation in the White Lotus Sect. He had even refined a flying sword and had a steadfast Dao heart. Thus, though the scene before him seemed entirely real and he could not find a single flaw, he still firmly believed it was all an illusion. He drew his sword and shouted:

“Slash!”

No matter how clever the illusion, he would cut it down with one sword! After all, it was just a rural land god—no illusion could possibly withstand his slash!

In the next second, the flying sword shot out!

Since it was to break the illusion, Lin Sheng naturally aimed at the strongest figure in the illusion—the woman standing at the top.

Foundation Establishment Late Stage, Great True Person, Long Yue.

“Crack!”

The flying sword didn't even reach Long Yue. It shattered under the pressure of her surrounding spiritual power, clattering to the ground in pieces of scrap metal.

Lin Sheng: “...”

“Senior Brother!”

Wang Anping nearly screamed in despair, yet Lin Sheng became even more resolute: “Good, good, such a potent illusion, I truly underestimated you!”

He still refused to believe it.

“I'm currently trapped in an illusion. My real self must still be unconscious and hasn't truly activated the sword technique. After all, how could my flying sword shatter on contact...”

He glanced at the nearly paralyzed Wang Anping beside him:

“Junior Brother Wang, don’t be fooled. Just think logically—how could a mere land temple house so many great deities...”

“Shut up!”

Before Lin Sheng could finish, Wang Anping suddenly sprang up like a carp, swung his arm wide, and slapped him across the face.

“Smack!”

Lin Sheng was immediately seeing stars.

Wang Anping had used real force in that slap, even infusing it with divine incense power, hoping to wake him up and stop his nonsense.

Yet Lin Sheng just laughed even harder:

“So you’re part of the illusion too!”

Seeing this, Wang Anping completely gave up on his senior brother and directly knelt down, kowtowing repeatedly: “Please, mighty deity, spare me...”

Meanwhile, Lin Sheng sat cross-legged and started reciting scriptures, occasionally muttering:

“It’s all illusions! You can’t fool me!”

“Impossible...”

For a moment, the entire **【Heaven of Heartbreak】** was filled with an eerie atmosphere.

Lü Yang fell into a deep silence.

Even now, he couldn’t understand why the other party had charged in alone—and then immediately knelt down without saying a word.

But just then—

“Boom!”

Suddenly, the kowtowing Wang Anping erupted with dazzling divine light, torrents of incense divine power surging from his body!

“I’m saved...”

Wang Anping lifted his blood-covered head, a look of post-crisis relief on his face. Though he had seemed to be begging for mercy, he had secretly been activating a protective treasure granted by the sect. Lifting his robe, he revealed a White Lotus token—the source of the incense divine power!

While Wang Anping rejoiced, Lü Yang also became pleased.

‘So he did have a trump card!’

Lü Yang immediately saw through the technique—it was clearly a summoning method, capable of either retrieving him or bringing someone over.

With that, Lü Yang quickly issued commands.

‘Long Yue, prepare to self-detonate with the others.’

‘Ancestor, get ready to flee with me.’

If it was someone at the late stage of Foundation Establishment, they could still fight. But if it was someone at the peak, they’d have to buy time and teleport back to the sword path avatar.

In the next second, light coalesced into a figure.

Then came a loud voice filled with authority: “What scoundrel dares harm my disciple of the White Lotus Sect? Surrender now!”

A green-robed figure shrouded in divine incense strode forth, his aura vast as the sea, not inferior to a county’s City God.

But Wang Anping screamed in horror: “Why!?”

Why had he come himself instead of bringing Wang Anping away?

“Divine Lord, take us away first!”

The green-robed figure frowned and replied, “I am the Green Lotus Divine Lord, charged with protecting the faithful. One of my disciples was attacked—how could I simply turn and flee?”

Then he turned around.

“Let me see who dares to kill—kill—kill...”

The Green Lotus Divine Lord’s voice halted abruptly.

But soon, after a brief pause, he looked as though he had an epiphany:

“An illusion?”

Wang Anping: “...”

On the other side, Lü Yang could no longer hold back.

“...This is it?”

County-level City God, early Foundation Establishment. Worse, the aura wasn't even at peak—and he had charged in completely defenseless.

At that thought, Lü Yang gave a command:

“Attack!”

“Boom!”

A massive hand of spiritual power fell from the sky and grabbed the Green Lotus Divine Lord in its palm. He only managed to let out one scream before turning into ashes.

Naturally, Lü Yang didn't hold back either. With a sweep of the All-Spirits Banner, he instantly refined him into a Banner Spirit.

But in the next moment, another divine light burst forth!

Again, divine incense rolled, radiant light flashed, and another figure strode out, bellowing: “What villain dares kill the Divine Lord of our White Lotus Sect?”

Lü Yang fixed his gaze.

Provincial-level City God, mid Foundation Establishment.

“Boom!”

Another one turned to ash, refined into a Banner Spirit.

Then, unbelievably, a third divine light emerged. Even after the second divine was killed, the same sequence played out:

“What Daoist dares slay our great Divine Lord?”

Still a provincial-level City God, clearly stronger—mid Foundation Establishment peak.

“Boom!”

Ashes. Refined into a Banner Spirit.

Finally, the stream of divine lights ceased completely. Only three fiercely loyal White Lotus Divine Lords stood behind Lü Yang.

Meanwhile, Wang Anping collapsed into complete despair, slumping to the ground.

Lin Sheng, however, remained composed, even laughing heartily: “As I thought, still an illusion!”

Lü Yang: “...”

Looking at the three new White Lotus Divine Lord Banner Spirits at his side, Lü Yang had only one thought left:

The fishpond trap was just too much fun!

Chapter 388 : Giving the Seven Luminaries Heaven a Taste of the Saint Sect's Shock

Chapter 388: Giving the Seven Luminaries Heaven a Taste of the Saint Sect's Shock

Even so, Lü Yang did not let down his guard.

Although the three Divine Lords of the White Lotus Sect were slain by the hand of the banner spirit, it was through the use of the 【Tribulation Wave】 , a technique that mystically kills without incurring karmic consequences.

‘In this way, at least I can avoid being directly targeted.’

With karma severed, the likelihood of White Village being immediately discovered was low, affording him time to prepare and avoid falling into a passive situation.

Yet, even so, Lü Yang still found the White Lotus Sect's response incomprehensible. Were they truly sending their people to die one after another?

‘No, even in a fishpond trap, there shouldn't be such fools. It must be due to environmental differences. This realm likely isn't as intense as the broken lands, so top forces rarely engage in true warfare, often giving each other face. That's why situations like the one just now occur.’

Lü Yang had always been generous in estimating his enemies.

Though he didn't react immediately, after a brief contemplation, he quickly understood the internal logic behind the White Lotus Sect's continuous sacrifices.

‘Ultimately, the foundation of this realm is incense!’

‘However, for the highest echelons, comparable to the peak of Foundation Establishment, like the City Gods, no amount of incense can make them stronger.’

After all, the embryonic stage of a divine position cannot cultivate a Golden Core.

In fact, with too much incense, they might worry about the emergence of new City Gods.

Given this, why bother fighting?

‘Because there are few real wars, related experience and vigilance are naturally lacking, leading to all sorts of foolish actions.’

In short, it's due to prolonged peace.

However, this is only temporary; people grow.

Lü Yang had no doubt that after suffering such a loss, the White Lotus Sect would become more vigilant. Next time, they would surely be well-prepared.

Then, it would truly be difficult to deal with.

‘In other words, before that happens, I must accumulate enough advantages; otherwise, if I truly face the White Lotus Sect, I won't be their match!’

Lü Yang constantly reminded himself, and to be safe, he even brushed himself with the 【Tribulation Wave】 to ensure his mind remained clear. Only then did he look at the three White Lotus Sect Divine Lords who had just been refined into banner spirits, noticing that incense still swirled around them.

“Banner spirits... can also receive incense?”

Lü Yang's gaze shifted slightly. These three Divine Lords had been refined into banner spirits after being killed by him. Essentially, they were dead objects and couldn't provide him with incense.

But while they couldn't produce it, they could receive it!

They were still Divine Lords of the White Lotus Sect. At this moment, Lü Yang could clearly feel the incense belonging to the White Lotus Sect being drawn to him!

“This is truly...”

Lü Yang's expression gradually turned peculiar. Although the White Lotus Sect had many followers, not all worshipped the 【Unborn Old Mother】 .

It's akin to the County City God, State City God, and Prefecture City God.

The people of a county naturally don't worship the State City God but their own County City God. However, the County City God is still part of the overall City God system.

Similarly, the three Divine Lords of the White Lotus Sect each had their own followers, merely incorporated into the larger system of the 【Vacuum Hometown】 .

‘The vassal of my vassal is not my vassal.’

Thinking of this, Lü Yang's eyes brightened, accurately grasping a loophole in this incense deity system: "It seems I can poach their followers?"

Then, he looked to the other side.

There, Wang Anping still sat dazedly, while Lin Sheng continued to chant scriptures, attempting to break the "illusion."

"Would you be willing to join my Witch Ghost Path?" Lü Yang asked calmly.

"I am willing!"

Wang Anping responded without hesitation, immediately prostrating himself. On the other side, Lin Sheng pretended not to hear. Seeing this, Lü Yang acted decisively.

"Boom!"

Reduced to ashes, refined into a banner spirit.

Watching his former senior brother turn to ash and be reborn, now bearing a face full of loyalty, Wang Anping felt a chill in his heart.

'What exactly is this Witch Ghost Path?'

'They say our White Lotus Sect acts mysteriously, deceiving followers, and is an outright evil god nonsense! This so-called Witch Ghost Path is far more evil than us!'

But under the eaves, one must bow.

Soon, as the Myriad Spirits Banner unfolded, even though Wang Anping was reluctant, he gritted his teeth, mustered his courage, and voluntarily transformed into a banner spirit.

In the next moment, as he reappeared, just as Lü Yang had anticipated, a pure stream of incense emerged from him and was bestowed upon Ancestor Ting You. Though it was only one, it confirmed Lü Yang's earlier speculation, making him smile confidently.

"We can expand."

In his view, this world was still too normal.

Even the White Lotus Sect, labeled as a cult, merely confused followers and disregarded lives, lacking professionalism and an established industry.

Their utilization of talents was far too low.

"I have to take charge!"

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At this point, it's time to bring some Saint Sect shock to the Seven Luminaries Heaven!

Seven Luminaries Heaven, the main altar of the White Lotus Sect.

Here, thousands of followers gathered, each carefully selected from various regional branches, the most devout believers with the purest incense.

At this moment, they were engaged in morning prayers.

Each follower devoutly recited the scriptures of the White Lotus Sect, and as they chanted, streams of incense floated into an unseen realm.

【Vacuum Hometown】 .

This place was the incense divine realm of the White Lotus Sect, similar in nature to Earth God temples and City God temples. It should have been a pure land of deities, a sacred place where all gods congregate. However, at this moment, the halls had collapsed, sacred trees had fallen, and many divine lights had dissipated, causing numerous minor deities to emit terrified wails.

It wasn't until one person appeared that the chaos ceased.

A young man in a black robe, with a solemn expression, gazed intently at the three temples causing the disturbance within the 【Vacuum Hometown】 .

Around the temples, only ruins remained.

Yet, at the center, three statues still radiated divine light, incense swirling around them.

His name was Black Lotus, the right-hand man of the 【Unborn Old Mother】 . Usually, when the 【Unborn Old Mother】 was in seclusion, he managed the sect's affairs.

Therefore, his cultivation was second only to the 【Unborn Old Mother】 , comparable to a Prefecture City God.

In Lü Yang's terms, a late-stage Foundation Establishment grand master.

“Dead? Or alive?”

According to the information he received, the entire divine system responsible for the border regions should have been wiped out, from the great Divine Lords down, none survived.

But now?

All three temples had been destroyed, a sign of a divine spirit's death. Yet, the statues within remained intact, still shining brightly.

Something was amiss.

“...Not good!”

In the next second, the Black Lotus Divine Lord suddenly reacted: “Immediately send people to investigate the incense fluctuations under these three Divine Lords' jurisdictions.”

As he spoke, a chilling murderous intent appeared in the Black Lotus Divine Lord's eyes. If the Divine Lords had merely died, it wouldn't be a big deal. After all, the incense remained; at worst, they could be replaced. The sect's Divine Lords were quite willing to take over the followers left behind by fallen comrades.

However, now it seemed the three Divine Lords hadn't died.

That posed a significant problem!

If they had fallen into enemy hands and still lived, they likely chose to betray. And if they defected, what if they took their followers with them?

“This is... stripping away the very foundation of our White Lotus Sect!”

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 389: The White Lotus Cult Is Still Too Righteous

Regarding the doctrines and development model of the White Lotus Cult, Lü Yang carefully questioned the three Divine Lords of the White Lotus Cult, and what he learned shocked him to the core.

“Master, there is something you may not know.”

The three Divine Lords were Qinglian, Zilian, and Jinlian. Among them, Zilian was a powerful Divine Lord comparable to the mid-stage Foundation Establishment Realm, and Jinlian had already reached the mid-stage's peak.

At this moment, it was naturally Jinlian who spoke first:

“Although our White Lotus Cult is known for manipulating people's hearts, we do not rely solely on deception. If we only deceived others without offering genuine benefits, we would never have gathered so many followers.”

“Moreover, beguiling people's hearts requires casting spells daily, which is both complex and laborious. The incense and faith power generated are far inferior to the pure devotion of true believers. So unless absolutely necessary, we typically refrain from using such techniques. We prefer to earn our followers' heartfelt devotion through tangible benefits.”

“Exactly, exactly!”

Qinglian hurried to chime in, “The sacred land of our cult, the ‘True Emptiness Homeland,’ is a genuine land of bliss, where people live without disaster, hardship, or fear.”

“All our believers long for it.”

“That is why they have unwavering faith in the White Lotus Cult.”

Zilian also explained, “Among the believers, we screen the most devout individuals each year and send them into the ‘True Emptiness Homeland’ to enjoy supreme bliss.”

“We use this to set an example.”

“When the remaining followers see this, they naturally emulate it and strive even harder to contribute to the cult, offering up all their wealth and faith.”

After the three Divine Lords finished their explanation, Lü Yang quickly grasped how the White Lotus Cult operated—and was utterly shaken.

“No way, you guys actually *nurture* your followers?”

That’s right. According to the three Divine Lords, the ‘True Emptiness Homeland’ truly supported its fanatical followers, spending untold sums daily!

The operation was simple: the cult used the sweat and toil of countless bottom-level believers to support the fanatics in the ‘True Emptiness Homeland.’ Periodically, the cult would purge and recruit new blood to ensure circulation, thus maintaining a stable flow of incense and faith.

“This is something we simply had to do.”

Jinlian sighed, “These troublesome commoners must have something to look forward to. Otherwise, unrest brews. And when there’s unrest, people’s hearts waver, and the incense offerings decrease.”

“But in recent years, we’ve faced quite a few difficulties.”

“Even though the selection process has become stringent, the number of believers in the ‘True Emptiness Homeland’ continues to rise, and the daily expenses are growing exponentially.”

“In the past few months, the cult has been running a deficit. That’s why we dispatched disciples to this remote region—to develop new sources of incense and recruit more capable, hardworking followers. After all, the more believers below, the better life becomes for those above in the ‘True Emptiness Homeland.’”

“You guys...”

Lü Yang shook his head upon hearing this, gazing at the three Divine Lords with a look of disappointment: “The White Lotus Cult? Still too upright in your ways!”

“Huh?”

The three Divine Lords were stunned. They’d been called an evil cult countless times—but this was the first time someone had accused them of being *too* righteous.

Lü Yang calmly said, “In the end, why are you wasting money to support them?”

“What else can we do?”

Jinlian asked in confusion, “Followers are still people. And people need food, have desires, and seek pleasures. All these require money to fulfill.”

“Followers count as people?”

“Why not use a bit of illusion magic? Make steamed cornbread appear like gourmet delicacies, rags look like fine silk and brocade, then dazzle their senses so they believe it’s all real. Wouldn’t that achieve the same effect—without spending a single coin?”

To Lü Yang, this was all a waste.

After all, the All-Spirits Banner was much more efficient. Once turned into Banner Spirits, they no longer needed to eat. They lived off spiritual energy, and the banner could simulate all forms of luxury.

A perfect method for cost reduction and efficiency enhancement.

Not to mention, Banner Spirits were uniquely loyal—once voluntarily absorbed into the banner, they would know nothing but devotion. The incense and faith power they produced was exceptionally pure.

“All right, take me to meet your believers.”

At Lü Yang’s command, the three Divine Lords dared not refuse. After all, as Divine Lords of the White Lotus Cult, each had their own incense territory.

In several remote cities under the Seven Luminaries Sky—

The city god temples here had long since fallen into neglect. Every household now worshiped plaques of the White Lotus Cult, offering sincere prayers day and night.

But in recent days, something had changed.

Where the plaques used to respond by preaching White Lotus doctrines and displaying the blissful ‘True Emptiness Homeland’ to energize believers...

Now, a new name appeared:

【Realm of Parting Hatred】

“Depart from all the world’s fear and hardship, leave behind lingering hatred, ascend to the highest heavens. No conditions required—anyone can freely enter.”

At first, no one believed it.

But when their previously worshiped White Lotus Divine Lords personally vouched for it, there was no room for doubt—especially with Lü Yang’s masterful presentation.

“Everyone, your days of suffering are over!”

“Your good days are just beginning!”

“The Wusheng Holy Mother has descended and wishes to save all. All believers, regardless of gender or age, may enter the 【Realm of Parting Hatred】 and henceforth enjoy eternal bliss.”

Who wouldn’t be swayed by this?

Especially since they were all devout followers of the White Lotus Cult. With Divine Lords backing it, how could it not be true?

In an instant, the crowd surged with excitement.

Lü Yang didn’t even need to do anything. He simply opened the entrance to the All-Spirits Banner and left it there—and the masses threw themselves into it.

What they believed before didn’t matter.

First lure them in under the name of the 【Wusheng Holy Mother】 —once they entered the banner, their beliefs were whatever Lü Yang told them. It was a simple matter of words.

“*Hiss!*”

Witnessing this, the three Divine Lords of the White Lotus Cult gasped in unison—only to see Lü Yang remain calm, utterly unmoved.

Entering the banner alive, like Chen Xin’an and Ancestor Ting You, did not mean true death. Aside from absolute loyalty, little else changed.

Some might call this cruel.

But in the Primordial Saint Sect, they called it *efficient.*

‘Still, I can’t just take them all in at once. Right now, I’m doing this reluctantly to gather incense. After all, Banner Spirits can’t reproduce.’

Once the situation stabilized, Lü Yang’s plan was to open an All-Spirits Banner Elder Care Center.

In short, only the elderly nearing natural death but not yet deceased would be turned into Banner Spirits—realizing a sustainable “drain-the-pond” approach.

‘Later, I can even declare a doctrine: as long as you work hard in your youth and have three or four kids, you’ll ascend to heaven in your old age to enjoy blessings. This way, we can achieve explosive population growth—and harvest annually in large numbers.’

Isn’t that beautiful?

Grinning at the thought, Lü Yang released the newly converted Banner Spirits back into the world, not urging them to change faith immediately.

“No rush. Slow and steady wins the race.”

Changing faith too quickly would alarm the White Lotus Cult—especially that 【Wusheng Holy Mother】 , a powerful goddess equivalent to Foundation Establishment peak, whom he couldn’t handle right now.

So he would devour them step by step!

With the newly converted Banner Spirits as a foundation, he would gradually consume the rest of the White Lotus believers—until the entire cult was transformed!

Once all believers of the White Lotus Cult became Banner Spirits—

So what if there’s a 【Wusheng Holy Mother】 ?

By then, the rightful orthodoxy of the White Lotus Cult would lie in the 【Realm of Parting Hatred】 !

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 390: Blasting Fish is Truly Delightful

Time flowed like a spinning wheel, and in the blink of an eye, more than ten years had passed.

Within the realm of 【Departed Heaven】 , Patriarch Ting You sat cross-legged, with the incense talisman of the 【Yanmo Heavenly Profound Nether Capturing Ghost Lord】 floating before him.

After a moment, Patriarch Ting You opened his eyes.

Instantly, three innate divine abilities ignited across his body, accompanied by his life-bound divine ability, forcefully breaking through the bottleneck.

Late Foundation Establishment Realm, Great True Person!

In the cultivation of the Foundation Establishment Realm, this step was considered a qualitative transformation. Therefore, the difficulty of recovery far exceeded previous stages, causing Patriarch Ting You to spend considerable time.

Nevertheless, he ultimately succeeded.

On the other side, Lü Yang watched with excitement. After all, although both were at the late Foundation Establishment Realm, the weight of Patriarch Ting You was on a different level compared to Long Yue.

"Congratulations, Patriarch."

As soon as Patriarch Ting You completed his cultivation and opened his eyes, Lü Yang appeared before him, bowing respectfully.

Patriarch Ting You smiled wryly and shook his head. Although he had restored his physical body, he was still bound by the Ten Thousand Spirits Banner. Strictly speaking, as the banner master, Lü Yang had no need to be so courteous to him. Even if Lü Yang made excessive demands, he had no way to refuse.

Yet, Lü Yang's attitude remained unchanged.

Undeniably, this feeling of being respected was quite gratifying for Patriarch Ting You. Moreover, Lü Yang had always prioritized the revival of the Witch Ghost Path.

What was this?

‘A pure heart of a child.’

Patriarch Ting You sighed, then personally helped Lü Yang up, saying, "I have tested the incense talisman for you and have thoroughly understood its strengths and weaknesses."

As expected of a patriarch!

"What are the pros and cons of this incense divine power?"

At this point, Lü Yang recalled much of his pre-transmigration knowledge and couldn't help but ask, "Could it be that this incense is poisonous, with significant hidden dangers upon use?"

"Not quite," Patriarch Ting You shook his head. "Or rather, it originally had such a tendency, but someone forcibly altered it."

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang was momentarily stunned but quickly understood.

‘Indeed, since Hong Yun regarded this world as the final refuge, how could he allow something as obviously harmful as poisonous incense to evolve?’

"The advantages of incense divine power are straightforward," Patriarch Ting You continued. "First, it has a high baseline; even the weakest are at the level of great divine abilities in the Qi Refining stage. Second, it progresses rapidly; as long as there is sufficient incense, there are no bottlenecks or tribulations, allowing continuous advancement up to the peak of the Foundation Establishment Realm!"

Just these two points were already astonishing.

However, Lü Yang remained composed. There was no such thing as a free lunch. The greater the advantages of the incense divine path, the more likely it had corresponding drawbacks.

"But..."

As expected, the next moment, Patriarch Ting You changed his tone: "Most of its drawbacks I can resolve, but two are inherent issues."

"First, the Dao foundation."

Patriarch Ting You said solemnly, "Although incense gods have status, they are not self-cultivated and lack a Dao foundation. Their status is elevated through incense."

"Once the incense dissipates, the person falls."

"At that time, the higher one stands, the harder the fall. The most tragic are the City Gods. Without incense, they almost immediately perish!"

This was somewhat similar to Foundation Establishment cultivators supporting True Lords.

However, the difference was that True Lords had their own caves. Even if all Foundation Establishment cultivators died, they would at most retreat into seclusion without any harm.

But incense gods were different. Once the populace below died en masse, and the incense vanished, it would immediately become a life-threatening issue!

‘Perhaps this is also why this world remains peaceful. If a major conflict were to erupt, with the City Gods at the peak of the Foundation Establishment Realm, they could overturn the situation, causing the continent to sink and the divine path to be eradicated. With such a level of deterrence, the three factions can maintain peace.’

After understanding this, Lü Yang looked at Patriarch Ting You again: "And the second?"

"Second, the incense itself."

Patriarch Ting You shook his head, "Incense is formed from human hearts, containing numerous distracting thoughts. Those with unstable minds are likely to go astray upon using it."

"This issue becomes more problematic at higher realms."

After speaking, Patriarch Ting You pointed to the incense talisman of the 【Yanmo Heavenly Profound Nether Capturing Ghost Lord】 before him: "Currently, it is only at the late Foundation Establishment level."

"It already puts some pressure on me."

"Even if it reaches the pinnacle of this world, the peak of the Foundation Establishment Realm, I can still suppress it... but just because I can suppress it doesn't mean others can."

"If my predictions are correct, the reason why the great gods at the City God level in this world do not manifest is likely due to being burdened by incense, requiring seclusion to maintain themselves and avoid going astray. However, correspondingly, this is also a good opportunity to temper one's divine will."

After finishing, Patriarch Ting You looked at Lü Yang:

"Aren't you cultivating sword intent?"

"Although I don't understand swordsmanship, based on my deductions, as long as you use it in moderation, this incense divine power should be beneficial for honing your sword intent."

Lü Yang was tempted.

But he quickly calmed down. Using incense divine power to temper sword intent wasn't impossible, but it required a stable external environment.

However, that time was approaching.

Lü Yang's eyes revealed a determined look.

After ten years of lying low and secretly spreading the faith, the White Lotus Sect had become merely an empty shell. Its internal essence had long been hollowed out and consumed by him.

His method of spreading the faith was simple: using one shell to incubate another.

Starting with the foundational base of the three White Lotus Divine Lords, he expanded outward, spreading word among believers, leading one White Lotus follower after another to voluntarily transform into banner spirits.

By now, a full ninety percent of the White Lotus Sect's followers had been secretly converted into banner spirits by Lü Yang. As long as he didn't change their faith, maintaining outward offerings and keeping the incense directed towards the White Lotus Sect, the incense gods of the White Lotus Sect would find it hard to detect anything amiss.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang calculated: 'It's about time.'

"Boom!"

Before long, a series of loud explosions echoed outside 【Departed Heaven】 , as several massive hands formed from incense power reached out to grab him!

Looking out, Lü Yang saw countless figures standing outside 【Departed Heaven】 , the weakest among them comparable to early Foundation Establishment County Gods. At this moment, their auras erupted, outlining a magnificent and radiant scene, sealing off the surrounding space.

【Vacuum Homeland】 !

This time, the White Lotus Sect had mobilized entirely!

Leading them was none other than the Black Lotus Divine Venerable, whose incense divine power had almost become tangible. His aura was not much inferior to Long Yue's.

However, Lü Yang remained unflustered.

'Although I deliberately left clues, I didn't expect the White Lotus Sect to take the bait... even though they've improved compared to ten years ago.'

At least they had learned to bully the few with the many.

But it seemed they hadn't considered the possibility of a trap, or perhaps they believed that even if there was a trap, their strength was sufficient to crush it?

Unfortunately, their hopes were in vain, which suited him perfectly.

'Now that my grand plan is complete, their so-called numerical advantage is merely a group effort to deliver themselves.'

Thinking of this, Lü Yang couldn't help but feel a surge of emotion.

'Calculating cause and effect, strategizing, manipulating the enemy—everything within expectations. It's been a long time since I've felt this way!'

'Ah.'

He seemed to understand the World Honored One a bit more now.

Blasting fish is truly delightful!

With this thought, the Ten Thousand Spirits Banner appeared in Lü Yang's hand. In the next moment, the vast incense power that once belonged to the White Lotus Sect, sufficient to support a City God and a peak Foundation Establishment cultivator, surged towards 【Departed Heaven】 !