

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 411: Pillaging the Dragon Palace!

Just how wealthy was the True Dragon Clan?

Everyone knew that the True Dragons were rich—after all, they were the noble scions of Heaven and Earth, with an ancient lineage, and had True Lords guarding them. It was simply impossible for them to be poor.

But how rich were they, exactly?

In this regard, the True Dragon Clan had always been extremely tight-lipped, never leaking a single detail—until today. Lü Yang had finally seen it with his own eyes.

Upon entering the treasure vault—

What caught Lü Yang off guard was that the vault itself wasn't large at all. It was merely a small room, furnished with a desk and two bookshelves to either side.

Then, Lü Yang was dumbfounded.

He saw it as clearly as could be—the desk and the bookshelves were all made of wood, but flowing across them was an aura far too familiar to Lü Yang: the qi of Immortal Spirits!

'These are stillbirths of Immortal Spirits? Ones that failed to be nurtured, never made it to birth, and ended up perishing in the womb? This desk, these shelves... they're all made of 【Jia Wood】? That's right. All of them were crafted using the stillbirth of a 【Jia Wood】 Immortal Spirit as the foundation!'

This was extravagance to the point of absurdity!

Such a tier of spiritual material was enough to forge a top-grade superior spiritual treasure—or even be directly refined into a Heavenly Gang or Earth Fiend material, with power to spare!

And yet here, its only purpose was to hold things.

Lü Yang shifted his gaze to the items placed on the desk and shelves. On the desk lay a Daoist scripture, along with the Four Treasures of the Study: brush, ink, paper, and inkstone.

Each of the two bookshelves held three items.

On the left shelf were: a teapot, a seal, and a jade stone with seven orifices.

On the right shelf were: a small box, a crystal sphere, and a streak of dazzling golden light sealed inside a glazed vial, radiating so brightly it was nearly blinding.

“Holy crap!”

Lü Yang might not recognize the rest, but that streak of golden light in the vial—he couldn’t be more familiar with it.

It was actually a Metal Nature!

Immediately, Lü Yang activated his 【Exquisite Heart】 to inspect it.

That streak of Metal Nature appeared before his spiritual sense, taking the form of a fierce, snarling white Chi dragon, its enormous dragon eyes glaring menacingly ahead.

Lü Yang pinched his fingers into a calculation, instantly grasping its origin.

‘This is... that 【White Chi】 !’

The Dragon Monarch’s eldest son—the previous Crown Prince of the Dragon Palace before Heavenly Jiao—once a prime candidate for achieving the Golden Core among the True Dragons. In the end, he was lured out and slain by the Four Great Powers.

“After elder brother died, a Dao-Sin emerged. Father suppressed it and refined it into a Metal Nature, which has been stored here ever since.”

Heavenly Jiao’s tone was calm.

“Father’s cooperation with the Dao Court wasn’t just to find a path of survival for our race—he also harbored some hope of reviving my brother.”

“Oh?”

Lü Yang raised an eyebrow. “The Dao-Sin was already born; the soul must have long reincarnated, completely dissipated. What are you going to use—a single Metal Nature—to revive him?”

“That, I’m not sure.”

Heavenly Jiao shook his head. “I only know that Father poured countless efforts into creating this third-grade True Art, solely in preparation for Brother’s revival.”

Lü Yang followed his gesture and looked at the Daoist scripture on the desk.

『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 !

Lü Yang swept it with his spiritual sense and immediately frowned.

This was indeed a third-grade True Art, but to his surprise, it wasn't meant for True Dragons or beast cultivators at all—it was tailored for human-bodied cultivators.

And not just any human cultivators.

“According to Father, joining the Dao Court comes with both pros and cons. The benefit is naturally a return to the Inner Lands, with the Dao Court as backing—this would greatly empower the True Dragon Clan.”

“The downside, however, is that being under the Dao Court means a descent in spiritual rank. From a conceptual standpoint, it would be like lowering our divine status. From then on, all True Dragons would no longer be born with Foundation Establishment as a birthright—they'd merely be beasts with decent talent, greatly diminishing the clan's potential.”

“But there is one way to avoid this downside.”

At this point, Heavenly Jiao instinctively lowered his voice.

“That is—rebellion! Overthrow the Tian Wu royal house, and let the True Dragon Clan take their place!”

At those words, Lü Yang froze.

“.Huh?”

Rebellion under the Dao Court's rule?

That's madness!

“You don't know, Master.” Heavenly Jiao shook his head and explained, “The Jiangdong Dao Court is different from the other three great factions—it permits rebellion.”

“The great currents of the world—long divided must unite, long united must divide.”

“That is simply 【Heaven's Law】 .”

“Before the Tian Wu royal family, it was the Zouyu imperial lineage, wielding the Fruit Position of 【City Wall Earth】 —so overbearing! And yet, they still fell like any other.”

“So Father's plan is: after joining the Dao Court, wait for the right moment. When the imperial throne is in flux, have my brother's Metal Nature reincarnate, bestow him with this 『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 , and let him join the struggle for the throne—with the full backing of the True Dragon Clan.”

“And this kind of thing... the Dao Lord won't interfere?”

“Of course not!”

Heavenly Jiao chuckled. “The Dao Lord’s vision is far too grand to concern himself with such matters. Besides, once our clan joins the Dao Court, we’ll be part of his inner system.”

“What’s more, Father specially created this 『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 precisely to win the Dao Lord’s approval.”

“As a third-grade True Art, its targeted Fruit Position is 【Heavenly Fire Above】 —the supreme Fire Element. So far, no one has successfully attained it.”

“If our True Dragon Clan can achieve it and ascend to the Dao Court’s royal line, it would mean pulling this Fruit Position into the Dao Court’s official hierarchy. Such a tremendous benefit—how could the Dao Lord possibly refuse? Especially after 【City Wall Earth】 fell to the Pure Land, the Dao Court would only be glad to see it!”

“So that’s how it is...”

Only then did Lü Yang grasp the entire scheme of the True Dragon Clan. Undeniably, in terms of ‘laundering their reputation and going legitimate’, this plan was extremely thorough.

What he valued even more was:

‘This 『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 ... might be perfect for me!’

Because when the Dragon Monarch created the technique, he deliberately embedded a restriction—based on its concept, only a human-bodied dragon descendant could cultivate it.

And this wasn’t something like a beast taking human shape and putting on a disguise. It required one to truly possess a human body and the noble rank of True Dragon bloodline—a complex and cumbersome process. Even with the Dragon Monarch’s abilities, constructing such a being would be incredibly difficult.

In other words, despite being a third-grade True Art—

There was actually no one in the world who could currently cultivate it. Not even its Qi Condensation stage entry was accessible, let alone using it to establish a foundation.

But for Lü Yang, none of this was an issue.

Thanks to the Golden Talent: 【True Dragon Bloodline】 !

At this moment, Lü Yang met every criterion for “human-bodied dragon descendant”—inside and out. This technique might as well have been custom-made for him!

Truth be told, if not for the fact that 【True Dragon Bloodline】 was granted by the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 , and 『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 had clearly been part of the Dragon Monarch’s plan from many years ago—he would’ve suspected someone was manipulating him.

Because this coincidence was just too uncanny.

‘Don’t tell me there’s another trap...’

With that thought, Lü Yang rubbed his temples, uncertain what to think. He could only shelve it for now and turned to inspect the other items in the vault.

For example—the Four Treasures of the Study on the desk, aside from the 『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 .

At first glance, they looked unremarkable. But when Lü Yang activated 【Exquisite Heart】 and pierced through the illusion—his eyes nearly popped out.

Brush: 【Wu Earth】 .

Ink: 【Wu Fire】 .

Paper: 【Ji Earth】 .

Inkstone: 【Wei Earth】 .

‘ 【Heavenly Fire Above】 ... damn it, these are the corresponding Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiend elements! The Dragon Monarch already prepared them all for his son!’

In that moment, Lü Yang was so furious that his hands trembled.

So this was what being a second-gen Immortal looked like?

He recalled how much hardship he had endured just to gather Heavenly Gang and Earth Fiend materials back then...

You rich bastards! This world was falling deeper into decay because of all these background-leeching, shortcut-climbing parasites!

...Wait, no. I’m a True Dragon now too.

In that case, aren’t these technically my assets?

Then never mind!

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After seeing through the true nature of the Four Treasures of the Study, Lü Yang did not hesitate in the slightest, directly putting them away.

‘The appearance of the Four Treasures of the Study was not merely for show, but also a type of seal. Without the proper bloodline, one would not even be able to unseal it and retrieve the treasures.’

‘So that’s how it is. This is the true use of the 【Golden Talent: True Dragon Bloodline】 !’

He had previously even harbored private doubts in his heart, wondering why the 【Golden Talent: True Dragon Bloodline】 was considered a golden talent when it seemed nothing more than an inferior version of 【Innate Celestial Spirit】 .

Now it appeared that the judgment of the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 was indeed accurate.

The value of the 【Golden Talent: True Dragon Bloodline】 did not lie in the minor enhancements it provided, but rather in allowing him to legitimately and rightfully inherit the treasures of the True Dragon clan.

‘Almost everything in this treasury was reinforced with seals. Only a true dragon could access them. Not even half-bloods would suffice—it had to be of the level of a Dragon Monarch, born directly of the Heavenly Jiao. Without the 【Golden Talent: True Dragon Bloodline】 , even if I entered this treasury, I would only be able to gaze in vain.’

“Not bad, not bad.”

While sighing in amazement, Lü Yang slipped the 『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 into his storage. After a moment’s thought, he also put away the desk upon which the items were placed.

After all, it was 【Jia Wood】 !

Such a top-grade spiritual material—just a bit of effort and it could be refined into an excellent spiritual treasure. Who would reject free wealth? No one ever despised having too much money.

“They’re all mine!”

Before long, Lü Yang arrived at the left-hand bookshelf, where his gaze fell upon the teapot on the first tier. He lifted its lid, revealing a spiritual water shimmering within.

At this, Suo Huan’s brows lifted sharply:

“ 【Heavenly One True Water】 ?”

Hearing this, Lü Yang’s eyes lit up: the essence of all waters, the purest of yin. A single drop could transform into rivers and seas—it was the finest material for cultivating a blessed land.

“It is said that this item embodies the form of ‘Heavenly One births water, Earth Six completes it’. Thus, by taking but one drop a day and infusing it into a blessed land over thirty-six days of six cycles, one could maximize the land’s potential, preparing sufficient foundation for its eventual ascension into a Cave Heaven.”

Thinking this, Lü Yang immediately looked toward the Heavenly Jiao.

The Heavenly Jiao nodded in confirmation: “Indeed so. This was prepared by Father, waiting only for me to condense a blessed land so it could aid me in swiftly completing it.”

“.”

What a squanderer of wealth!

Lü Yang cursed inwardly at this shameless way of cultivating through resources, all while sweeping every last drop of the 【Heavenly One True Water】 into the 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 .

Mine now!

Not only that—he casually tucked the teapot away as well. Anything capable of containing such spiritual water must itself be a treasure.

“What’s next?”

His gaze shifted to the second tier of the left-hand bookshelf, where a seal rested, engraved with bold characters: 【Dragon Monarch of Dividing Waters, Revealing Grace and Extending Blessings】 .

‘This is... the karmic fortune of the dragon clan!?’

Lü Yang hefted the seal in his hand, immediately feeling an unprecedented weight. Peering with his 【Exquisite Heart】 , he saw before him mists swirling, with countless dragons galloping forth, summoning clouds and rain.

‘So it is. This was prepared for the Dragon Monarch to join the Dao Court.’

Quite thorough—even the official position was ready. This was an immense fortune; using it to empower the 【Divining Fortune Drawing Lots】 would almost certainly yield a great omen!

After a brief thought, Lü Yang pocketed the seal.

“Mine now!”

On the third tier of the left-hand shelf rested a jade stone with seven apertures, rising and falling faintly like a living being, ceaselessly inhaling and exhaling vast spiritual energy.

“This item is called the 【Jade Gui of Union and Separation】 .”

The Heavenly Jiao explained at his side: “It bears seven apertures. By dripping one’s heart blood upon it, all external forces applied to oneself can be diverted into the jade gui.

“The more external energies the jade gui bears, the more its apertures will close. When all seven close, it means the jade gui is saturated and unusable, requiring time and refinement by the fire of mana. Only when the seven apertures reopen can it be used again.”

It was a true life-saving treasure.

Had the Heavenly Jiao carried this **【Jade Gui of Union and Separation】** back then, Lü Yang might not have subdued him at all. He might even have escaped.

“This one’s mine too!”

With a sweep of his sleeve, Lü Yang stored it away.

He then applied the same method to the now-empty left bookshelf, dismantling it and taking it away as well—leaving not a needle or thread for the dragon clan.

The right-hand bookshelf.

On the first tier lay a small chest, requiring bloodline authentication to open. Lü Yang unsealed it, and at once a torrent of spiritual energy surged out.

“Hiss!”

So much! So vast! So full!

Though it looked like a mere small chest, within was a hidden expanse of a hundred li, filled with piles upon piles of spiritual materials forming mountains!

This was evidently the accumulation of the dragon clan’s domination overseas through countless years, gathered from far-off seas—spiritual wood, spiritual fire, spiritual water, spiritual earth, spiritual iron—the five elements in full, none lacking, all carefully chosen, even tending toward complementary resonance.

“This too was prepared by Father,” explained the Heavenly Jiao hurriedly, “meant for when I established a blessed land, so I could construct a five-element cycle within, thus increasing the chance of evolving it into a Cave Heaven.”

At this point, a trace of melancholy showed on his face:

“Truth be told, these spiritual materials were several times more abundant a few thousand years ago. Unfortunately, my elder brother consumed over half in his quest for the Golden Core...”

Lü Yang: “.”

What a waste of heaven’s gifts!

His eyes turned red with envy.

So many resources, yet in his previous life the Heavenly Jiao was slain by Suo Huan alone. Clearly, all those materials spent on him were nothing but disgraceful waste.

“To prevent such a tragedy from repeating, I suppose I must work a little harder myself.”

With a grand wave of his hand, Lü Yang swept all the contents of the chest into the 【Heaven of Parting Regret】 —of course, he did not forget to take the chest itself.

I’ll take everything!

The last item was a crystal sphere. Gazing into it, Lü Yang saw within a boundless ocean and splendid scenery.

‘This is... a blessed land... no, a Cave Heaven fragment!’

Cave Heaven Fragment!

Once again, Lü Yang was shaken to the core by the True Dragon clan’s extravagance. No wonder they dared not let a whisper of this leak.

If the Holy Sect knew of this, the Dragon Palace would never know peace again.

“This is a fragment of the 【Cave Heaven of Heaven’s Canopy Purifying the Profound】 ,” explained the Heavenly Jiao once more. “It was left by a Dragon Monarch of old, whose Fruit Position was 【Heavenly River Water】 .

“According to Father’s plan, if another of our clan attained the Fruit Position of 【Heavenly River Water】 , this fragment could be refined, greatly accelerating the gestation of their Cave Heaven and shortening the time needed to reach the mid-Golden Core stage. But thus far, no dragon has been able to make use of it.”

“Mine!”

Before his words had even faded, Lü Yang had already pocketed the crystal sphere. His hands trembled with excitement—this was undeniably a fortune!

“No time to waste—let’s go at once!”

His expression turned grave. No matter how many resources he carried, so long as they remained in his pockets, they were but treasures inviting disaster. Only by using them, converting them into strength, could he truly feel at ease.

‘At this rate... could it be that in this lifetime, I too have a chance to seek the Golden Core?’

Swiftly, Lü Yang dismantled the now-empty right bookshelf as well and stored it away.

“This treasury is vast enough to hold such wealth, meaning it too is a treasure in itself. Dig up the floor, take down the ceiling as well!”

He was not a greedy man.

It was just that, since the treasury had already been emptied by him, if the Dragon Monarch returned to see it, he would surely feel sorrow. Better to remove the entire treasury, sparing them the pain of sight.

Eh, I truly am a great benefactor!

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Chapter 413: 【Xuandu Blessed Land!】

Dragon Palace, Lü Yang silently walked out of the treasure vault.

Suo Huan considerately helped him close the door. Then Lü Yang saw him silently snap off the dragon head ornament on the door and stuff it into his own pocket.

His movements were practiced, natural, as if born to do so.

Lü Yang frowned instantly when he saw this. Hands and feet so unclean—where did he learn that from? If others found out, they might think we were here to strip the place bare!

Thinking of this, Lü Yang decided he must severely scold Suo Huan.

“Make a fake one and put it back.”

On the other side, Suo Huan also noticed Lü Yang’s look of disdain.

At first, he thought Lü Yang was dissatisfied with his actions and was about to plead guilty. But the moment he heard those words, he suddenly realized:

‘So he looks down on me for not being professional enough!’

It was his own narrow perspective!

“This was this subordinate’s mistake.”

Suo Huan quickly cupped his hands, then took out a piece of refined iron, forging it into the likeness of the dragon head, striving to make it identical in form and expression. Afterward, he

imbued it with a layer of shimmering spiritual light, making it appear as though crafted from a rare treasure, before installing it back onto the great door.

“This is more like it.”

Only then did Lü Yang nod in satisfaction. With a wave of his hand, under the guidance of the Heavenly Jiao, he retraced their path, leaving the Dragon Palace silently through the secret passage.

Even now, the inside and outside of the Dragon Palace were still in chaos.

Lü Yang came quietly, left quietly, not taking away even a wisp of cloud.

‘But I took away the Dragon Palace’s treasure vault. This way, even if the palace is breached, those bandits won’t get anything. That, at least, counts as a contribution to the dragon race!’

—Overseas, on a remote island—

“I must immediately enter seclusion. All of you, guard me!”

The moment he left the Dragon Palace, Lü Yang prepared for closed-door cultivation. He had no choice—the harvest this time was simply too great. Unless he quickly consumed it, his heart could not rest.

‘But this should not be the entirety of the Dragon Palace’s collection.’

‘At the very least, the Dragon Monarch’s personal treasures were certainly not there!’

It was undeniable—the items within the Dragon Palace’s vault were all incomparably precious. Yet, in truth, few could be of use even to a Golden Core True Lord.

‘But of course—how could things useful to Golden Core True Lords possibly be left in the vault? They must be kept on the person, for only then would one feel secure. Moreover, the orientation of these resources was clear—most were meant to quickly elevate a Blessed Land to perfection, preparing for the Golden Core breakthrough.’

Thus, for Lü Yang at present, these resources were immensely useful.

Enough to greatly shorten the gap between him and those old Foundation Establishment Perfection cultivators!

After all, he had not even refined a Blessed Land yet. 【Lihen Heaven】 , though called a small Blessed Land, was ultimately not the same as a true one.

‘Originally, I was worrying over how to elevate it into a real Blessed Land.’

‘Now, I no longer have to worry!’

Inside the temporarily excavated secret chamber, Lü Yang calmed his heart and mind. With a single thought, he shed his human form, revealing once more the true form of 【Lihen Heaven】 .

“. Begin!”

Without the slightest hesitation, he poured an entire jug of 【Heavenly One True Water】 into 【Lihen Heaven】 —extravagant and wasteful to the extreme.

One must know, even a single drop of 【Heavenly One True Water】 could nourish a Blessed Land, requiring thirty-six days of careful refinement to draw out its greatest efficacy. Yet Lü Yang dumped in an entire jug at once—compared to careful refinement, he wasted nine-tenths of its effect!

But for Lü Yang, the calculation was different.

‘A single drop needs thirty-six days of slow refinement? What I lack most now is time! Even if only one-tenth of the effect remains, that is already enough for me.’

He triumphed through sheer quantity!

As for wasting another’s fields—why should he care? After all, this was a gift from the true dragon clan.

Use it first, consider later!

“Rumble!”

In that instant, Lü Yang clearly saw 【Lihen Heaven】 undergoing tremendous change, and even the five divine abilities he had cultivated manifested before him.

【Exquisite Heart】 , 【Containing True Qi】 , 【Returning Origin Art】 , 【Heaven-Bearing Net】 , 【Same as the World】 !

The five divine abilities all poured into 【Lihen Heaven】 at once. Then, like snow melting into water, they began merging into a single whole.

Yet at that very moment—

“Shhhhhh!”

Suddenly, Lü Yang felt a familiar gale surge forth from the void, like a thousand blades slashing down upon 【Lihen Heaven】 .

‘Bi Wind!?’

Lü Yang’s pupils shrank abruptly.

This was a tribulation that only appeared at the 【Foundation Establishment Realm】 . Yet now, as he refined his Blessed Land, Bi Wind had blown forth!

‘Why is this so?’

‘No... wait. What is a Blessed Land?’

At once, Lü Yang recalled the teachings of True Person Chong Guang:

‘A so-called 【Blessed Land】 is the transformation of the Dao Foundation—expanded after being supplemented by innate divine abilities—refined from the very life-foundation of a Foundation Establishment Perfection cultivator.’

The essence of a Blessed Land was none other than the Dao Foundation itself!

‘Every step of the Dao Foundation’s growth must be tempered through the Three Disasters. To reach perfection, one must even endure the Five Decays of Heaven and Man before success becomes possible.’

‘And so it is for a Blessed Land.’

‘Ordinary Foundation Establishment Perfection true persons need not undergo this again, for their Dao Foundations have already faced such tribulations.’

‘But I am different.’

‘My cultivation was rooted entirely in 【Lihen Heaven】 , directly absorbing the essence of Heaven and Earth from the Seven Luminaries through Qi-gathering methods.’

‘Thus, 【Lihen Heaven】 has never endured the Three Disasters nor the Five Decays of Heaven and Man.’

“And so, if I wish to refine a true Blessed Land, I must now make up for this step!”

Realization dawned on Lü Yang. “No wonder other Realm Heavens, such as 【Xuanling Realm】 , have no such concept as a Blessed Land.”

No wonder this phenomenon existed only in this broken place!

‘Crossing tribulation—if one fails, it is calamity. But if one succeeds, it becomes opportunity!’

“Rumble!”

The next second, before Lü Yang could react, a mass of Yin Fire silently ignited within 【Lihen Heaven】 , threatening to consume everything.

“. Well come!”

Lü Yang dared not hesitate. With a thought, he brought forth from his storage all the Five Elements spiritual materials he had looted from the Dragon Palace's treasure vault—piled like mountains.

The moment countless spiritual materials appeared, the Yin Fire burned them, melting them, while the Bi Wind scoured away their impurities, leaving only pure essence to be absorbed into 【Lihen Heaven】. Gradually, the aura of this small Blessed Land climbed higher and higher.

Until—

“Rumble!”

A thunderclap resounded as an enormous lightning bolt fell from nowhere, shattering 【Lihen Heaven】 and the spiritual materials, only to fuse them into one.

Bi Wind for polishing, Yin Fire for tempering, Heavenly Thunder for coronation!

The three disasters arrived one after another. Were it not for Lü Yang having long since reached Foundation Establishment Perfection, and his five divine abilities stabilizing 【Lihen Heaven】, it would have collapsed instantly.

Yet soon after the Three Disasters, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man descended!

The Dharma body became defiled, the Dao Foundation stained, divine abilities withered, mana dissipated, inner demons swarmed—five distinct tribulations descended all at once!

As the fivefold calamity fell, 【Lihen Heaven】's brilliance dimmed instantly.

Without hesitation, Lü Yang threw out a fragment of 【Heaven-Covering Purifying Profound Cave Heaven】, hurling it into 【Lihen Heaven】!

This fragment of Cave Heaven had been intended for the Dragon Monarch to enhance a new 【Heaven River Water】 True Lord's Cave Heaven. Yet now Lü Yang used it to stabilize his Blessed Land—a peerless case of misapplied greatness. But precisely because of that, its effect was extraordinary, instantly steadying 【Lihen Heaven】!

“Rumble!”

At this, the Five Decays surged even stronger, as though unwilling to relent without destroying Lü Yang.

Seeing this, Lü Yang quickly formed a seal: ‘【Same as the World】!’

“.”

The very next instant, all calamities froze.

Clearly, the Five Decays of Heaven and Man had been brewing long, ready to strike him mercilessly. Yet now, they hung motionless in place.

Lü Yang smiled at once.

【Same as the World】 was not omnipotent. Each transfer of calamity inflicted wear upon the divine ability itself, and once the limit was exceeded, it must cease.

Moreover, the bond between 【Same as the World】 and Heaven and Earth was not unbreakable.

At least, Lü Yang was certain—with the heritage of the Four Great Powers, if their cultivation was high enough and their mastery of karma profound, they could surely find ways to counter it.

But this one divine ability was truly unsolvable for Heaven and Earth themselves—especially here, where Heaven and Earth were severely weakened. They could do nothing against Lü Yang!

“Come then, strike me if you can.”

Time and again, the Five Decays swelled, only to falter beneath the radiance of 【Same as the World】 .

At last, like a deflated balloon—

All calamities dissipated.

Only Lü Yang remained, seated in mid-air, 【Lihen Heaven】 reverting into his fleshly body. From within this small Blessed Land, however, a brand new radiance was born.

Like a butterfly breaking free of its cocoon.

“This is my Blessed Land.”

The next moment, Lü Yang raised his head to the sky. The new radiance shone upon his brow, filled with myriad wondrous scenes.

A name surfaced naturally within his heart:

【Xuandu Blessed Land.】

In that instant, 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 became a lens. Through it, Lü Yang’s formerly clouded vision now clearly perceived this realm of Heaven and Earth.

“Holy shit!”

Lü Yang’s expression froze stiff.

He saw—the once-complete Heaven and Earth was now like a colossal honeycomb, riddled with holes in every direction!

The largest thirty holes were none other than the thirty Fruit Positions!

While the rest, large and small alike, were Blessed Lands of Foundation Perfection and Cave Heavens of Golden Core True Lords—this realm of Heaven and Earth had long been torn into a thousand wounds!

—I no longer owe anything~

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Chapter 414: Cultivators Are Thieves of Heaven and Earth!

Cultivators were thieves of heaven and earth!

At this moment, only this single thought remained in Lü Yang's mind. He stared blankly at the sky, as if seeing an entirely new world.

'Holes. All of them are holes.'

'Even the Fruit Positions were like this, and yet they were the thirty greatest ones... But weren't Fruit Positions supposed to be a part of this heaven and earth?'

'Or could it be...'

Lü Yang's thoughts twisted and turned. Suddenly, he seemed to realize something. He sharply turned his divine sense upon himself, his expression turning strange.

Unlike those holes, his 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 at this moment was not a hole at all. Rather, it seemed to be something that had appeared out of thin air. And now, when he used 【Same as the World】 to link with heaven and earth, an intense feeling arose within him—a sensation as if he were being scrutinized.

'Heaven and earth... are observing me?'

A subtle expression slowly spread across Lü Yang's face: 'That's right. The 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 was not a hole, because it did not point toward the Fruit Positions.'

Thus, heaven and earth observed.

If he chose to walk the path of Empty Verification like the Innate True Persons, then he would be nourishing heaven and earth. In that case, their attitude toward him would surely improve greatly.

But if he ultimately decided to continue down the road of Fruit Position cultivation...

Then he would become the greatest enemy of heaven and earth.

‘So that’s how it is—this is the essence of cultivation!’

‘Seizing the fortune of heaven and earth to forge Fruit Positions... it appeared to originate from heaven and earth, yet in truth, it made one a parasite gnawing at them. Could it be that every Fruit Position under heaven was designed by the Dao Lords themselves?’

How powerful were Nascent Soul Dao Lords truly?

If cultivators were thieves of heaven and earth, then the four Nascent Soul Dao Lords must be the greatest of all thieves. Saints not perishing, great thieves not ceasing—they could be called Saint Thieves!

‘This world’s cultivation system... was almost entirely centered upon the four Dao Lords. They had carved out the thirty greatest holes from this heaven and earth, transforming them into thirty Fruit Positions. Then the other True Lords and True Persons used these holes to continue prying away at the foundations of heaven and earth.’

This was the very essence of cultivation!

And the so-called Blessed Lands were tools for prying at the walls of heaven and earth. No wonder such things did not exist in other worlds—what difference was there between this and suicide for heaven and earth?

“No wonder cultivators suffer the Three Disasters and the Five Declines of Heaven and Man.”

The four Dao Lords were deeply bound with heaven and earth, to the point where the very foundations of this world’s cultivation system contained self-contradictions.

The Three Disasters and the Five Declines were both tribulations and opportunities.

On one hand, heaven and earth truly slaughtered cultivators through them. On the other hand, Blessed Lands could only be forged through the tempering of such tribulations.

“...”

Lü Yang was silent for a long time. At last, he withdrew his 【Xuandu Blessed Land】. He no longer gazed at the heavens, burying his doubts and speculations deep within his heart.

From ancient times until now, countless True Persons who had reached Foundation Establishment completion and refined their Blessed Lands had likely done the same. For no other reason—they were too weak. They had no power, merely frogs at the bottom of a well, catching glimpses of the heavens. What did it matter whether they guessed right or wrong? In the end, nothing would change.

‘For now... Golden Core takes priority!’

Lü Yang stirred his thoughts, and within his sea of consciousness emerged the contents of the third-grade true cultivation art he had obtained in the Dragon Palace treasury— 『Dragon Chapter of Heavenly Speech and Radiant Flame』 .

‘No wonder the path of Empty Verification was so much harder than orthodox cultivation.’

‘After all, one path restored, the other destroyed. Naturally, destruction was easier than restoration... It’s already remarkable this heaven and earth lasted this long!’

‘No... wait.’

The Dao-Seizing Battle!

Lü Yang’s mind suddenly flashed with a long-forgotten name. Every so often, the True Lords would pluck realms from beyond the heavens, then merge them into this world.

‘Back then, I thought nothing of it. But looking now, wasn’t that patching heaven and earth? The True Lords swallowed the bulk, dividing among themselves the realms containing Fruit Positions or their embryonic forms, feeding them into their own Cave Heavens. Then they only left scraps—realms without even Fruit Positions—to fill heaven and earth, like tossing scraps to beggars.’

‘Beasts!’ Lü Yang cursed inwardly.

In this way, they prevented heaven and earth from growing too powerful, yet also avoided its collapse from excessive holes—achieving sustainable exploitation!

In this instant, Lü Yang comprehended much.

This was not an increase in power, but in knowledge and perspective—his Dao progress. He had gained a deeper understanding of heaven and earth.

“...Suo Huan, Daoist Friend.”

The next second, Lü Yang turned and looked toward Suo Huan. “You just saw me refining my Blessed Land. I wonder, Daoist Friend, did you have any insights?”

“...”

At those words, Suo Huan—already deep in thought—furrowed his brows tightly. He appeared utterly vexed, pondering yet unable to seize the crucial point.

Lü Yang sighed inwardly.

‘The 【Obstruction of Knowledge and View】 was too fierce.’

With that, he stopped circling around and directly asked, “Daoist Friend, how do you think your 【Lingxu Blessed Land】 came into being?”

“Boom!”

Before the words even finished, Suo Huan’s expression changed drastically.

In an instant, his face turned deathly pale.

Lü Yang’s words were like a great axe, cleaving through the heavy fog clouding his spirit platform, revealing places he had never noticed before.

Yet at this moment, Suo Huan almost wished he had not seen. Even so, countless thoughts welled up within him. Indeed, his 【Lingxu Blessed Land】 had not undergone tempering by the Three Disasters and Five Declines of Heaven and Man. So how could it have been refined out of nothing?

【Huanxu Realm】 had given it?

Impossible! True Blessed Lands were unique to this broken land. The 【Huanxu Realm】 did not even have complete Fruit Positions—how could it forge a genuine Blessed Land?

Unless...

‘...Someone?’

Suo Huan’s teeth clenched hard, his body trembling despite himself. ‘Yes, someone! Unless someone had secretly intervened to help me refine the 【Lingxu Blessed Land】 ...’

But in this ruined place, who would act out of kindness?

‘A scheme! I’ve been used?’

‘Who!? Why can’t I remember anything...’

In that instant, Suo Huan felt as if plunged into an icy abyss. But he was no stranger to storms. Though his heart was chilled, his face remained calm.

He even had the presence of mind to glance at Lü Yang.

‘This man—he absolutely isn’t a rootless, orthodox wandering cultivator like me. Eight or nine out of ten, he’s a True Person of one of the Four Great Powers, who reincarnated outside and has now returned!’

Otherwise, how could he know so much?

Back then, how many years had Suo Huan spent just to blend into this broken land?

And yet Lü Yang? Forget integration—just watching him loot the Dragon Palace with such practiced ease, he clearly moved through this broken land like a fish in water!

‘...Could he be from the Saint Sect?’

At the same time, far away, another had reached the same suspicion as Suo Huan.

In Jiangbei, at the Sky-Reaching Sea of Clouds.

Inside the Sacred Fire Cliff, Hong Ju sat cross-legged in his cave dwelling. His sea of consciousness still replayed and simulated the battle where Lü Yang slew the Heavenly Jiao.

‘Truly alike...’

The more he replayed, the more astonished Hong Ju became.

For in his eyes, Lü Yang’s final strike against the Heavenly Jiao—manipulating causality and toying with fate—was strikingly similar to his own master, Lord Hong Yun!

‘Come to think of it, ever since Lord Hong Yun met me over ten years ago, he mysteriously vanished. Then, some time ago, Buddhist Son Guang Ming stirred up great upheaval in Jiangnan, enough to draw even True Person Dang Mo to act personally. I thought Lord Hong Yun had failed and gone to reincarnate once more...’

But now it seemed... not so?

As Hong Ju pondered, suddenly the cave doors swung open. An old Daoist in black robes, with kind brows and a benevolent look, walked inside.

“【Xiang Ye】?”

Hong Ju raised a brow. “Shouldn’t you be preparing for Seeking the Golden Core? Why come to me?”

Xiang Ye wasted no words, going straight to the point. “That wandering cultivator from beyond, the one who slew the Heavenly Jiao overseas—what does Daoist Friend think of him?”

“...What do you mean?”

“I think... he must be a True Person of the Saint Sect!”

Xiang Ye stroked his beard with a faint smile. “If he weren’t a True Person of the Saint Sect, how could he refine such insidious and sinister divine abilities? I think... perhaps there’s a chance to draw him to Jiangbei.”

Hong Ju frowned. “You think he would agree?”

“He will have no choice!”

Xiang Ye chuckled lightly. “Have you forgotten? That Heavenly Jiao bore a trace of Buddhist Fate. Though the dragon died, the Buddhist Fate would not vanish.”

At this, Xiang Ye’s face revealed a flicker of resentment.

“That one from Jiangxi... the fellow who liked mingling with us lower cultivators... By now, he’s likely already headed overseas.”

Chapter 415 : White Chi’s Golden Nature, the Buddha Child Descends Once More!

Chapter 415: White Chi’s Golden Nature, the Buddha Child Descends Once More!

Suo Huan left absent-mindedly.

Lü Yang did not mind. He knew this Daoist friend of past and present lives needed some time to recover, so he simply continued his seclusion and took out a glazed bottle.

【White Chi’s Golden Nature】 !

From this journey to the Dragon Palace, Lü Yang had truly gained abundantly. Just the 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 alone had elevated his combat strength by an entire tier.

With a thought, the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 appeared.

He swallowed it in one gulp.

【Calculating the experiences of “White Chi.”】

【You are the Dragon Monarch’s eldest son, his painstaking creation. Not born of yin and yang union, but given life through a drop of the Dragon Monarch’s heart blood.】

Dense lines of text emerged.

Undeniably, though both were sons of the Dragon Monarch, White Chi was far stronger than Heavenly Jiao, perhaps because his origin was even more profound.

‘Strictly speaking, White Chi was not truly the Dragon Monarch’s son, but rather a kind of incarnation of the Dragon Monarch, who developed self-awareness and an independent soul. Thus his bloodline was infinitely close to the Dragon Monarch’s, far surpassing Heavenly Jiao’s. His strength in Foundation Establishment Perfection was at the very peak!’

But alas, Heaven envied the talented.

‘The Four Great Powers cast their lines overseas. White Chi had no escape and could only obediently walk onto the dining table for one desperate struggle. Yet in the end, he still could not break free from fate.’

The Dragon Monarch's eldest son was torn apart and devoured.

'...Hm.'

Lü Yang's gaze flickered slightly. White Chi's talent far exceeded Heavenly Jiao's, and so the Four Great Powers dispatched even stronger True Lords to devour him.

'In the last life, the strongest to attack Heavenly Jiao was only a mid-stage Golden Core. 【Ang Xiao】 , though late Golden Core, was bound to the Underworld and did not act personally, which was why the Dragon Monarch still had the power to fight. Yet in White Chi's case, the Dragon Monarch did not even dare to move.'

He could only watch White Chi being devoured.

Why?

From the memories settled by the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 , Lü Yang found the answer:

'Because at that time... a late-stage Golden Core True Lord personally descended!'

'A True Lord from the Sword Pavilion!'

"Its name was, 【True Lord of Sword-Manifesting Preaching】 !"

This True Lord was unlike 【Ang Xiao】 , who was confined in the Underworld. He could strike without restraint, and the Dragon Monarch dared not face him head-on.

Otherwise, if the other swung his sword, the Dragon Monarch might truly die!

As Lü Yang engraved the title of this Sword Pavilion True Lord deep into memory, the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 finally burst forth with radiant golden light.

【You have obtained Golden Talent: Dragon-Flaying Platform!】

【Dragon-Flaying Platform: This talent was irrigated with blood and hatred, recreating the scene of White Chi's devouring. You may designate the fate and destiny of a single person.】

While Lü Yang was in seclusion, Suo Huan stood outside the cave dwelling, no longer able to conceal the furious despair in his heart. His face twisted slightly.

'This damned place, damned place—'

Who was scheming against him?

'If there is a hidden hand behind the 【Lingxu Blessed Land】 , then what about my 《Dao Scripture of Myriad Spirits Returning to the Ruins》 ? Did I truly escape from the 【Huanzhu Realm】 back then?'

Or was he still inside the 【Huanzhu Realm】 ?

Still seated at that banquet table, being devoured by True Lords?

"...Bastard!"

Suo Huan clenched his teeth, unwilling to face reality, yet unable to deny it. His chest felt as if flames would burn through his lungs.

And at that moment—

"Daoist friend, why be so distressed?"

Suo Huan looked up. A relaxed and handsome Daoist walked toward him. Suo Huan did not recognize the man, nor could he calculate his karmic ties.

"May I ask who Daoist friend is?"

"Inferior self, Nameless."

Ancestor Tingyou shook his head. In this heaven and earth, he still had some reputation. But after the baptism of the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 , he bore no cause nor effect, and none could see through him. Yet if he proclaimed his name, that would be another matter, and it might bring Lü Yang unnecessary trouble.

"I greet Daoist Friend Nameless." Suo Huan clasped his hands.

Though grief and anger churned within, he forcefully suppressed it. After all, he had endured like this for centuries—he was already used to it.

"Daoist friend is courteous."

Ancestor Tingyou returned the salute, then patted Suo Huan's shoulder and said softly: "Actually, Daoist friend need not agonize so much."

"When the sky falls, someone taller will bear it."

"Even if you do nothing, someone will handle it for you."

Suo Huan froze at these words, then his eyes lit up. Yes! If Lü Yang had no intention of helping him, why pierce his illusions at all?

But soon he revealed worry again.

"Though that is true, I have yet to render any merit, it is hard to accept undeserved grace..."

As the saying went, “No merit, no reward.”

In this cursed place, the free gifts were the costliest. Compared to Lü Yang’s generosity, what was earned through effort was what reassured Suo Huan.

Moreover, if he could achieve merit, perhaps Lü Yang would guide him with greater care.

Now, Suo Huan had only one thought: He desperately wanted to improve!

Ancestor Tingyou smiled faintly. He took out a talisman from his robe and tossed it to Suo Huan. “Take it, this is for you.”

“Hmm?”

Suo Huan caught the talisman.

In the next instant, an overwhelming surge of incense Qi spread out from it. Looking back, he saw a flag-banner blotting out the sky.

Beneath the banner, countless visions appeared: bustling crowds, cities large and small, endless mortals. From each mortal rose threads of thought, gathering like sands into a tower, finally converging upon Suo Huan, pushing his Qi to break past its limits!

Foundation Establishment Perfection!

At the same time, Ancestor Tingyou also broke through to Foundation Establishment Perfection under the incense’s blessing. His gaze then turned toward the distant sea.

“Since Daoist friend wishes to listen, why hide so far away to eavesdrop?”

“Why not come closer, and listen openly?”

Ancestor Tingyou’s voice rode the tides, slicing across the waves. Soon, at the far edge of the sea’s horizon, a figure emerged.

The man wore monk’s robes, flapping in the wind. He looked unremarkable, like a young novice monk from Jiangxi Pure Land. Yet behind him loomed a colossal golden Buddha, astride a six-tusked white elephant, holding a white lotus in its trunk, seated with a Demon-Subduing Seal!

“What person!?”

Suo Huan’s expression changed instantly. The man had approached so close, yet Suo Huan’s divine sense had not detected him at all!

To survive overseas all these years, his greatest skill was vigilance through divine sense.

Even the stir of grass or wind could alert him beforehand.

Even if a Foundation Perfection cultivator approached, he would never be entirely unaware. Yet this man appeared without any prior sign!

But then Suo Huan realized.

For in the present world, who did not know that the Pure Land's World-Honored One had birthed yet another Buddha Child to wreak havoc? Who dared not remember a Buddha Child's Dharma Aspect?

Thus, even in the desolate overseas, where information was scarce, it was hard not to recognize him. Even if one did not know the man, one would know the Dharma Aspect.

‘【Manifestation of Victory-Intention, Supreme Mandala's Worldly Aspect】 ...’

The Buddha Child—Guang Ming!

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 416: Land-Born Buddhist Kingdom!

Bodhisattva Guangming!

Even Suohuan had heard of the World-Honored One's notorious name for “blowing up fish.” In an instant, a chill surged to the crown of his head, and he almost instinctively gave rise to a doubt:

‘Could it be that the World-Honored One is the mastermind behind the 【Lingxu Blessed Land】?’

‘And now he's here to enlighten me?’

But he quickly came to his senses—he had once considered entering the Pure Land, but as an outsider cultivator, even the Pure Land disdained him.

And if the visit wasn't for him—

‘Could it be for that senior?’

Suohuan turned back to glance at the island where Lü Yang was in seclusion. Instead of panic, he was overjoyed. This was truly heaven's aid. A chance to earn merit had arrived!

“Amitabha!”

At that moment, with a chant of the Buddha's name, Buddhist light rippled across the sea surrounding Lü Yang's secluded island. Golden lotuses bloomed across the water's surface.

Bodhisattva Guangming stepped upon those golden lotuses, walking toward the island one step at a time. Though his eyes remained closed, the 【Manifest World Form of Victorious Will Shining Dharmadhatu】 behind him lowered its gaze, and in its pupils, the scenery of the island inside and out reflected clearly—as if none could conceal themselves before it.

But in the very next second—

Ancestor Tingyou flung a wide sleeve, instantly shrouding the innermost part of the island in an illusion barrier, tightly concealing Lü Yang's secluded cave dwelling.

“Hmph?”

Seeing this scene, Bodhisattva Guangming halted his steps, and the 【Manifest World Form of Victorious Will Shining Dharmadhatu】 behind him seemed to frown slightly.

“This benefactor's cultivation is truly profound.”

Bodhisattva Guangming spoke slowly—not too loud, not too soft—but his calm and composed tone carried a sense of control over all things, making Suohuan's scalp tingle.

After all, this was a Bodhisattva!

Although not truly the reincarnated World-Honored One, he was still one of the highest figures in the current world—even among Foundation Establishment perfection cultivators, he was undoubtedly a peak existence.

Especially in recent years, King Wu Taian of the Dao Court had shaved his head and formally joined this Bodhisattva's sect, boosting his momentum enormously. Not long ago, he had even gone to Jiangbei and clashed head-on with the Perfected Grandmaster Xiangye of the Holy Sect outside the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

Such prestige, such divine power—

Who in the world would not fear him?

“Mere petty tricks—Bodhisattva must not laugh.”

Facing Bodhisattva Guangming's gaze, Ancestor Tingyou remained calm and said in a deep voice: “Since Bodhisattva has graced my humble abode, may I ask the reason for your visit?”

Bodhisattva Guangming smiled faintly upon hearing this: “I've come to invite the benefactors to visit my Pure Land.”

“I must apologize—we decline.”

Ancestor Tingyou shook his head: “Though vast, the Pure Land permits no other. We cultivators of the Immortal Path seek Great Freedom and Boundless Liberation. We truly cannot enter the Pure Land.”

“Great Freedom?”

Bodhisattva Guangming chuckled at once: “Then the benefactor should even more so enter my Pure Land. Is there anywhere in the world more free than my Pure Land?”

“The Demonic Sect, the Sword Pavilion, the Dao Court—all exploit their disciples.”

“Only my Pure Land is united in heart. Whether Bodhisattvas, Arhats, or novice monks, all are equal—there is no scheming or worldly strife.”

“If this is not freedom, what is freedom?”

“If this is not liberation, what is liberation?”

Bodhisattva Guangming placed his palms together and spoke peacefully: “As for the talk of the World-Honored One seizing bodies, it is sheer nonsense. If the benefactor thinks so, then you are clinging to forms.”

Ancestor Tingyou was momentarily speechless.

“What a silver tongue.”

So no matter what he said, this guy was always right?

With that thought, Ancestor Tingyou lost interest in further conversation. He directly invoked his Xianghuo Divine Power, raised his divine rank, and firmly stood in Bodhisattva Guangming’s path.

“In any case, I must ask the Daoist friend not to proceed further.”

Yet Bodhisattva Guangming turned a deaf ear, simply staring directly at the Xianghuo Divine Power enveloping Ancestor Tingyou, revealing an expression of delight:

“What a marvelous Outer World Dao Lineage!”

“Human hearts can stir the forces of heaven and earth? What sort of method is this... could it be that the realm you hail from also contains Fruit Positions? This Fruit Position has fate with my Pure Land!”

Saying this, Bodhisattva Guangming could barely contain his joy: “Excellent, excellent! Tian Jiao was the one I originally selected as my destined disciple, and we were fated to be master and pupil. Now that Tian Jiao is dead, it seems that this karmic bond must fall upon the outer world benefactor still in seclusion.”

“Coming upon this by chance was no waste!”

Before his words even finished, the 【Manifest World Form of Victorious Will Shining Dharmadhatu】 behind him stirred. Its mountain-sized mouth slowly emitted a Buddha’s chant:

“Amitābha!”

The Buddha’s sound roared like thunder, spreading in an instant to all directions, making fish and shrimp in the sea tremble uncontrollably. All across heaven and earth, endless divine visions began to manifest.

‘He’s making his move!’

Suohuan’s eyes widened. In the distant sky, Buddhist light surged, transforming into rolling auspicious clouds that spread and surged like a sky-covering Buddha palm!

At the palm’s center, the character 【卍】 shone brightly. As it descended, deafening chants echoed like demonic sounds piercing the mind. Had any ordinary Qi Refining cultivator stood here, they would’ve been instantly converted into a Pure Land zealot!

“Bodhisattva’s Five Divine Powers— 【Clairvoyance of the Mind】 !?”

Suohuan’s pupils contracted sharply.

Clairvoyance of the Mind—where “his mind” meets “my mind”!

Bodhisattvas, unlike worldly cultivators, manifested their divine powers not from the Heavenly Gang or Earth Fiends but directly through their Dharma forms, making their abilities fundamentally different from all others.

But after over a decade, Guangming’s methods were already widely known.

【Clairvoyance of the Mind】 was one of them. It was said that King Wu Taian of the Dao Court had been enlightened precisely by this technique, which led him to willingly join the Pure Land!

“Boom!”

In an instant, the little pride Suohuan had gained after reaching Foundation Establishment perfection was completely obliterated. He immediately activated all his Xianghuo Divine Power to resist the sky.

Not only that—

On the other side, Ancestor Tingyou summoned the Banner Spirits of the Seven Luminaries Heaven, such as the Wusheng Matron, Ancestor Yan, and the Capital City God, all empowered by Xianghuo Divine Power.

However, he did not use the 【Yama Palace】 .

Firstly, without augmenting it with Metal Attributes, the 【Yama Palace】 built only upon Foundation Establishment-level divine ranks would not generate any qualitative transformation.

Secondly, if he deployed the 【Yama Palace】 , his identity would definitely be exposed.

So better to hold back.

Even so, with Xianghuo Shendao's support, nearly ten Foundation Establishment perfection-level divine gods appeared, enough to shock countless observers.

Yet Bodhisattva Guangming only looked disappointed:

“What a fragile system.”

He shook his head and casually commented: “This hardly looks like something a realm with Fruit Positions could develop... Perhaps a Fruit Position prototype?”

Before he even finished, he had already begun forming a hand seal.

In the next moment, infinite illusionary colors emerged behind him. Within them loomed temples, meditation forests, and countless monks chanting sacred Buddhist doctrines.

“ 【Land-Born Buddhist Kingdom】 !”

In an instant, the golden illusion engulfed the world. All the Xianghuo Divine Gods were encompassed within, and their divine ranks began plummeting!

‘The incense power is severed!’

Ancestor Tingyou reacted swiftly and immediately realized the problem: ‘The Xianghuo Divine Path's weakness is still too glaring... Xianghuo Gods can only exert their powers within their own domain. Once transferred elsewhere and distance is increased, incense augmentation drops drastically!’

That was why Lü Yang had never treated the Xianghuo Divine Path as a true battle method.

In Lü Yang's view, the Xianghuo Path's only real use was to build the 【Yama Palace】 —to overwhelm the weak with the strong. At the same level, it simply couldn't compete.

And now, that belief was proven.

Bodhisattva Guangming, with his profound cultivation, immediately spotted the Xianghuo Path's weakness and struck precisely, shattering the siege of nine divine gods in an instant!

Meanwhile—

In the distant sky, two streaks of escape light streaked forward. Their identities soon revealed—Xiangye and Hong Ju, having rushed from Jiangbei across the sea.

“Dharma Form... Buddhist Kingdom...”

Upon seeing this, Xiangye seemed to recall something, a deep dread flickering in his eyes as he cursed internally: ‘The Pure Land really has no shame!’

Foundation Establishment perfection-level Dharma Form.

The 【Land-Born Buddhist Kingdom】 rivaling a Blessed Land.

Plus the profound cultivation from a reincarnated World-Honored One.

Among Foundation Establishment cultivators, each of these was top-tier—and now all were gathered together. Who the hell could stop this!?

Even Xiangye only wanted to come early to warn Lü Yang, and if possible, invite him into the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds before Guangming arrived.

But now, Bodhisattva Guangming had beaten them to it.

“It’s too late...”

Just as Xiangye sighed in his heart, and Ancestor Tingyou, Suohuan, and the others were about to be crushed to powder beneath the Buddha palm—

A radiant light suddenly shone through the heavens and earth.

It was a pure, jade-white halo.

As it spun, countless spiderweb patterns spread out, linking heaven and earth—abruptly blocking the falling Buddha palm.

“【Same as the World】!”

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 417: Times Are No Longer the Same!

“Boom rumble rumble!”

At this moment, as the circular radiance transformed by 【Same as the World】 slowly revolved, thunder roared across heaven and earth, making Guang Ming Buddha Child frown.

Even the Buddha Palm froze for an instant.

If it had truly been the World-Honored One before him, he naturally would not have cared about such a threat. However, he was not the World-Honored One, and right now he instead felt somewhat apprehensive, as though a rat hesitating to bite the cat.

On the other side, at the very center of the radiance, Lü Yang's robes also fluttered in the wind as he stood with hands behind his back, his gaze locked onto Guang Ming Buddha Child. After all, just a little over ten years ago, he too had been forced to the sect's gate by this same Buddha Child, nearly slain on the spot.

That scene remained vivid in Lü Yang's memory to this day.

But now, his identity had already changed. He had no karmic ties to his Sword Dao Incarnation, so Guang Ming Buddha Child could not recognize him. Instead, the Buddha Child merely smiled and said:

"May I dare ask for benefactor's name?"

Lü Yang grinned in return, baring his teeth with a sinister smile: "My surname is Lü, my name is Daddy. The full name is Lü Daddy. Since today we meet as kindred spirits, Daoist Friend may directly call me Daddy."

The moment these words fell, heaven and earth fell silent.

Though they were overseas, the sea breeze ceased to blow, the waves stopped surging, and the ocean became as calm as flat ground. An invisible pressure suffused all of heaven and earth.

Not far away, Xiang Ye and Hong Ju were utterly dumbstruck.

'This is definitely a True Person of my Saint Sect... No, even among True Persons of the Saint Sect, this one must belong to that category of mentally unsound!'

'Since when did Lord Hong Yun become this arrogant...'

'Madman!'

Looking across the world, who did not secretly resent the World-Honored One's shameless act of fishing for weaklings? But until now, who had dared speak it aloud?

Not to mention cursing him to his face—people did not even dare whisper that the World-Honored One was shameless in private. They could only cloak it in euphemisms. Everyone knew the World-Honored One bore grudges. If an insult reached his ears, and he retaliated, it would mean ruin.

Yet Lü Yang cursed him.

And not only cursed—he even added seniority! To call it “fearless” was an understatement. Even True Lords would not dare speak this way to Guang Ming Buddha Child!

Such audacity!

Such arrogance!

Was he not afraid of death?

“...”

At that moment, the smile on Guang Ming Buddha Child’s face slowly faded. The Dharma Aspect behind him lowered its eyelids, staring intently at Lü Yang.

“Even if I dare call it, would Benefactor dare acknowledge it?”

As his words fell, Lü Yang suddenly felt as if an invisible mountain crashed down on his back, attempting to force him into a bow.

Yet he laughed.

“What would I not dare?”

As he spoke, he not only refused to bow but instead straightened his spine like an unsheathed sword piercing the heavens, meeting Guang Ming Buddha Child’s gaze head-on.

The stare of the Dharma Aspect was enough to make even a late-stage Foundation Establishment True Person bend at the waist, and even a Foundation Establishment Great Completion cultivator would feel crushing pressure.

But for Lü Yang, this was child’s play.

【Sword Intent】 !

Although only a seed, and not yet honed to the perfection of Real Person Dangmo’s **【Sword Intent of No Killing】** , it was more than sufficient to resist oppressive might.

‘Did you think you could toy with me like you did over ten years ago?’

Times were no longer the same!

“Swish swish!”

Standing with hands behind his back, Lü Yang’s halo of **【Same as the World】** fused even deeper with heaven and earth, his bearing utterly fearless and confident.

At last, Guang Ming Buddha Child spoke:

“Does Benefactor truly believe his divine power invincible?”

Even before his voice faded, his palms were pressed together. Behind him, the 【Earthly Buddha Nation】 suddenly expanded, merging with 【Victorious Enlightenment Mandala Manifestation】 .

“Boom!”

In an instant, the entire 【Victorious Enlightenment Mandala Manifestation】 swelled violently, and within the 【Earthly Buddha Nation】 countless monks chanted in unison:

“Good indeed! Good indeed!”

“Our Buddha is merciful!”

“Namo Victorious Enlightenment Mandala Manifesting World Buddha!”

Amidst the myriad chants, the Dharma Aspect slowly extended its arms. One became ten, ten became a hundred, a hundred became a thousand. In but a blink, it manifested forty-eight thousand arms!

In the center of each palm opened a Dharma Eye.

And within each Dharma Eye swirled endless visions: temples, Zen forests, pagoda towers—supreme realms of the Great Vehicle, Pure Lands of Utmost Bliss.

“Amitabha!”

The next moment, all forty-eight thousand arms formed seals, pinched mudras, and manifested dharmas. Suddenly, heaven and earth resounded with a deafening crash.

“Crack!”

Lü Yang’s expression changed abruptly.

The radiance behind his head— 【Same as the World】 —dimmed, its link with heaven and earth severed in an instant!

‘As expected...’

Though his gaze grew grave, he did not panic. After all, the greatest strength of 【Same as the World】 was in concealment, striking before being exposed.

Once exposed, flaws naturally appeared.

After all, no divine power was unbreakable, and no Dao law flawless.

Especially before a Buddha Child—an instrument for the World-Honored One’s “fishing.” Having prior intelligence on 【Same as the World】 , it was no surprise he could counter it.

‘If it were me just after returning, my only option would be to falsely wield the Golden Rank to break this...’

‘But now, things are different.’

Having gained the full support of the True Dragon Clan, Lü Yang had already cultivated a Blessed Land. With this transformation, he no longer faced Guang Ming Buddha Child powerless!

‘Perfect. Time to test my newly acquired Golden Talent!’

Facing the crushing pressure, Lü Yang flicked his sleeve and rose. From between his brows blossomed divine radiance, reflecting suns, moons, rivers, and mountains.

‘【Xuandu Blessed Land】!’

With or without the aid of a Blessed Land was a tremendous difference for a Foundation Establishment Great Completion True Person. Only with a Blessed Land could one perceive the true essence of things.

With 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 empowering him, Lü Yang looked upon Guang Ming Buddha Child anew and shuddered.

Without flesh and skin, where was there any human shape? He was nothing but an empty shell, a tether of golden light linking him to the Dharma Aspect behind.

No wonder rumors of the World-Honored One possessing others were so widespread.

No matter how the Pure Land tried to “dispel rumors,” no one believed it.

For once one cultivated a Blessed Land, a single glance revealed truth. It could not be hidden from cultivators of the world. To deny it was only self-deception.

Suddenly.

Beneath layers of Buddha light, the young Daoist extended his right hand. With fingers spread, the 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 in his palm forcefully tore open the Buddha light around him!

In that instant, Guang Ming Buddha Child’s heart jolted: ‘Not right!’

His thoughts raced, and the colossal Dharma Aspect raised its palm to smash down. With 【Divine Knowledge of Others’ Minds】 augmenting it, he would forcibly convert Lü Yang!

Yet Lü Yang did not dodge in the slightest.

The next second, his Dharma Body was struck squarely by the Buddha Palm. But simultaneously, above his head emerged a dazzling jade with seven apertures.

【Jade Gui of Union and Separation】!

All the power within the Buddha Palm was transferred onto this life-saving treasure Lü Yang had obtained from the Dragon Palace. In an instant, six of its seven apertures sealed shut.

Yet Lü Yang remained unscathed!

Meanwhile, his palm holding the Blessed Land did not falter.

‘【Heaven-Bearing Net】!’

The small world constructed by divine power, together with 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 , counterattacked at once, dragging Guang Ming Buddha Child inside. In an instant, countless sword edges emerged!

But upon seeing them, Guang Ming Buddha Child frowned. For they were not strong—enough only to inflict superficial wounds on his Golden Body. At most like scraping off a layer of flesh—painful, but recoverable in half a day.

Yet then—

As the imagery of death by a thousand cuts was imposed upon Guang Ming Buddha Child, an invisible might surged forth!

‘【Dragon-Flaying Platform】!’

【Dragon-Flaying Platform: A Golden Talent born from blood and hatred, recreating the scene of White Chi being torn apart and devoured. It may anchor another’s fate and life force.】

The Golden Talent refined from White Chi’s essence!

Among all talents Lü Yang had obtained so far, this was the most unique—for it served no purpose but slaughter!

‘Dragon-Flaying Platform—so long as the ancient scene of White Chi being flayed alive and consumed is recreated, the victim’s fate will resonate with that death. The truer and more complete the reenactment, the stronger and more inescapable the doom!’

“Splurt!”

The next instant, what could once only inflict shallow cuts now tore into flesh and organs!

Unstoppable!

By the resonance of fate, Guang Ming Buddha Child had become the White Chi being flayed alive. The despair of White Chi then was the powerlessness he now suffered!

“Boom!”

His Golden Body was ripped apart, shredded by a thousand blades, bursting into blazing scarlet light that dyed half the sky!

Such scarlet light staining the 【Earthly Buddha Nation】 was like a flawless painting suddenly marred by a glaring flaw. In an instant, all visions collapsed, reduced to the mundane, and came crashing from the heavens into the sea!

Far in the distance, Xiang Ye and Hong Ju looked at one another, disbelief in their eyes.

‘The Buddha Child of the Pure Land actually lost?’

‘This can’t be Lord Hong Yun!’

The next moment, a beam of Buddha light shot skyward and vanished into the horizon.

Lü Yang narrowed his eyes: ‘So it was just a clone?’

‘Indeed. 【Dragon-Flaying Platform】 had not fully manifested its power. Only a clone’s frail life could be severed in one blow. If the true body were here, it would at most be wounded...’

“Benefactor, we shall meet again. But then, this poor monk shall come in person.”

In his ears, Guang Ming Buddha Child’s voice lingered.

Lü Yang sneered:

“Anytime, I’ll be waiting!”

This time was just collecting some interest, setting a trap. If you dare bring your true body, I will dare feign the Golden Rank and kill you just the same!

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 418: Returning to the Saint Sect

Overseas, the waves surged, the tides rolled like a thousand mountains.

"Finally, it is over."

As Bodhisattva Guangming’s avatar shattered, 【Buddha-Kingdom on Earth】 dimmed. In the distance, Hong Ju and Xiang Ye finally let out a breath, feeling greatly relieved.

After all, the oppressive might of Bodhisattva Guangming was far too overwhelming. Not only because of the background of the Pure Land World-Honored One, but his own strength was equally

terrifying. In this era, perhaps only one person could surpass him. Thus, even though Guangming had shown them no interest, they still felt like thorns pierced their backs.

Especially Hong Ju, who exhaled a long turbid breath.

As for Xiang Ye, it was different. He had long cultivated a Blessed Land. Although he had not yet refined his Metallic Nature, he at least had the capital to contend with Guangming.

But Hong Ju was not the same.

His entire life was completely dependent on Hong Yun's Metallic Nature. His fate was sealed. He himself possessed no Metallic Nature, nor could he possibly refine a Blessed Land of his own.

Thus, even at the Great Circle of Foundation Establishment, he was merely a blank slate. With profound methods and techniques, he might surpass the Heavenly Jiao by a hair's breadth—but that was all. Nothing more. If he had been the one to face Guangming just now, he would likely already be gravely injured, fleeing in a pitiful state.

"Let us go. We should meet that Fellow Daoist Lü."

Xiang Ye drew in a deep breath, putting aside any pretense. Just as he stepped forward, however, the heavens suddenly resounded with a deafening roar of surging waters.

"Rumble—!"

The source of the sound was none other than Lü Yang, seated upon the firmament. His entire being was enveloped by the boundless radiance emanating from the 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 .

‘He is injured too?’

Xiang Ye was doubtful, secretly pondering:

‘No, he must be injured. That was a Bodhisattva. Even if it was only an avatar, to slay it without injury? Impossible. If it had been Dàng Mo, perhaps it would be believable.’

His guess, however, was not precise. Lü Yang indeed bore no wounds—not because his strength exceeded Guangming's, but because he had been cunning. He had used the 【Jade Gui of Union and Separation】 , obtained from the Dragon Palace Treasury, to endure Bodhisattva Guangming's strike. At this moment, he was still working to dissolve the Buddhist radiance and Dharma power sealed within the Gui.

‘A Bodhisattva... truly has some tricks.’

Lü Yang sat cross-legged, hands forming the lotus-holding mudra. Endless streams of mana surged into the 【Jade Gui of Union and Separation】 —yet it was like pouring a cup of water into a cartload of firewood, utterly insufficient.

In the faintness, he seemed to glimpse a colossal palm.

The palm print was full and round, its five fingers lustrous, exuding an air of jade-like "Perfection". In a daze, Lü Yang could even hear the sound of scripture chanting emanating from it.

At the sight, his eyes narrowed.

'If this palm had truly struck me directly, even if I did not die, I would be half-crippled. The outcome would not have been a grand victory, but mutual destruction.'

With that thought, his gaze brightened:

'Once I refine this palm, I can store it within the **【Jade Gui of Union and Separation】**. When the time is right, I will unleash it to strike my enemies.'

Using the opponent's Dao against them!

That was the true marvel of the **【Jade Gui of Union and Separation】**. Otherwise, if it had been merely a tribulation-diverting treasure, it would never have been qualified to be stored in the Dragon Palace Treasury.

As Lü Yang pondered, his brows lifted slightly.

From the distance, two streams of light descended softly. They did not rashly approach, but instead halted at a respectful distance and bowed formally:

"Xiang Ye of the Saint Sect."

"Hong Ju of the Saint Sect."

"We greet Fellow Daoist!"

The two paid homage together, making Suohuan, who stood behind Lü Yang, reveal a complicated expression.

They were all cultivators from Beyond the Heavens. So why such disparity in treatment?

He had lived overseas for centuries, yet was always addressed as nothing more than a "Heavenly Rogue Cultivator". The four great powers discarded him like worn shoes. But Lü Yang had been here less than a single day, and already the Saint Sect's True Persons had come forward, addressing him as "Fellow Daoist".

"We greet the two Fellow Daoists."

Lü Yang did not posture. He rose and returned the courtesy. Yet, his gaze lingered with slight surprise upon Xiang Ye, whose appearance was utterly different from his memory.

He had aged.

In Lü Yang's impression, Xiang Ye was a youthful Daoist. Yet now, Xiang Ye appeared as an elderly man with kind brows, white hair, and childlike complexion.

His vitality was waning. Why?

Perhaps sensing Lü Yang's doubt, Xiang Ye smiled:

"Forgive me for letting Fellow Daoist laugh. I too battled against that one from the Pure Land earlier."

"Only some minor aftereffects remain."

Though he spoke lightly, Lü Yang—gazing with his 【Exquisite Heart】—saw clearly. At most, Xiang Ye had thirty years of lifespan left. His great limit was near.

In the next moment, Xiang Ye cut to the point:

"Fellow Daoist, may you reveal the truth? Which True Person of my Saint Sect are you the reincarnation of?"

Lü Yang: "..."

Who are you calling Saint Sect?!

"Fellow Daoist misunderstands." Lü Yang smiled faintly. "I am but a cultivator from Beyond the Heavens, with no relation whatsoever to the Saint Sect you speak of."

"Truly?"

I don't believe it!

Xiang Ye's eyes narrowed, scrutinizing Lü Yang. Lü Yang remained calm, meeting his gaze evenly. After a long, tense silence, it was Xiang Ye who broke it first:

"Since Fellow Daoist is unwilling to speak, then so be it. However... you have now thoroughly offended the one from the Pure Land. If you continue to wander overseas, danger lurks everywhere. Why not come as a guest of my Saint Sect? To be frank, I too have been planted with a Buddhist Fate Seed by him."

"Then I shall accept rather than decline."

Lü Yang did not resist the invitation. After all, the overseas domain had already been swept clean by him. At the Sword Pavilion, he already had a clone in place.

He had no connections within the Dao Court, and the Pure Land was forbidden.

Thus, all considered, returning to the Saint Sect was the most cost-effective choice.

But then again—

"Fellow Daoists need not worry about that one from the Pure Land for now." Lü Yang's tone was calm. "For roughly one year, he will not be able to emerge."

Pure Land, Shengyi Shengming Temple.

Its former name was 【Fulong Temple】 .

Ever since Bodhisattva Guangming was born here, the temple had changed its name. Its scale expanded daily, and the number of monks multiplied beyond count.

But at this moment, Shengyi Shengming Temple was in turmoil.

Countless monks were either furious, fearful, or aghast as they stared at the towering Buddha statue within the main hall. The flawless Buddha-radiance that once covered it had now collapsed in one corner, dispersing part of its divine power.

"How could this be? How could this be!"

A monk trembled violently, nearly unable to stabilize his Dharma body, sweating profusely—until the young novice beneath the statue opened his eyes, calming him somewhat.

"The Bodhisattva!"

At once, he cried out hoarsely. The monks who had panicked now regained composure, their expressions steadying.

After all, the one slain overseas had only been an avatar.

Now that the Bodhisattva's true body had awakened and emerged from seclusion, if he went forth immediately—who could possibly resist?

Under the expectant gazes of the crowd, Bodhisattva Guangming did not hesitate. He simply declared:

"I will enter seclusion for one year. From today, all cultivators of the Pure Land shall follow me into retreat."

"Ah?"

The monks were dumbstruck.

Just like that? Accepting it? His avatar was destroyed, and he had no intention of reclaiming face?

In an instant, several sharper monks held their breath. Thinking of the change in the Buddha statue, suspicion arose in their hearts—

Could it be that the Bodhisattva lost more than just an avatar...?

But that opponent was merely a rogue cultivator from Beyond the Heavens.

How could he have achieved it?

Bodhisattva Guangming ignored their shifting expressions. He closed his eyes once more, gazing inward. Soon, he sank into deep contemplation.

‘What a vicious technique of life-reduction.’

‘Not only was the 【Past Body】 destroyed, even its lifespan was utterly stripped away. At least one year of recovery will be required.’

At that thought, his brows furrowed.

‘And that Immortal Spirit remains without a trace. At this rate, gathering all four disciples will be an endless endeavor... At this point, I must find another path.’

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 419: The Choice Given to Suohuan

Jiangbei, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

As a streak of escaping light descended, Xiang Ye, Hong Ju, and Lü Yang landed one after another on the Sacred Fire Cliff. Lü Yang, after a long absence, once again cast his gaze upon the scenery of the Saint Sect.

As he had expected, stretching his eyes across the horizon revealed a scene brimming with vigorous vitality, with all things competing to flourish.

He even saw an old acquaintance.

‘True Person Yinshan.’

True Person Yinshan, however, remained completely unaware of his gaze.

Upon seeing this, Lü Yang could not help but feel a trace of emotion. That once lofty and unattainable Foundation Establishment True Person—when viewed again now—seemed nothing special.

‘And also... the Innate True Person!’

Lü Yang had not forgotten the scene he had witnessed earlier through the 【String Puppet】 . The Innate True Person Mu Changsheng was still imprisoned within the Secret Realm of Law Refinement.

That one had been thoroughly ruined by the Saint Sect’s Patriarch. After painstakingly creating 【Boundless Heaven】 , he had thought himself close to attaining the Golden Core. Yet, at the most crucial moment, his soul had been plucked and hurled into the Secret Realm of Law Refinement by the invisible hand of the Saint Sect Patriarch. The result—five thousand years of wasted effort, all for nothing.

‘Mm, better stay far away from that unlucky wretch.’

Don’t let his blood splatter on me.

As Lü Yang pondered, Xiang Ye was also sizing up this so-called “wandering cultivator from beyond the heavens,” secretly mocking in his heart:

‘What heavenly outsider? All utter nonsense.’

As if he could not see through it?

‘This fellow entered the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds as though entering his own home, and he found the Sacred Fire Cliff in an instant. If he is not a True Person of the Saint Sect, then I’ll eat my beard!’

‘This is clearly an act of distancing and cutting ties.’

Xiang Ye stroked his chin:

‘But where in the world did my Saint Sect suddenly produce such a great True Person? As if he had leapt straight out from a rock...’

Cultivation was never a solitary endeavor.

Qi Refinement, Foundation Establishment, Blessed Land, Golden Nature—each required resources. Each demanded interaction with others. Each required striving and contending against others.

Teachers, Daoist friends, enemies—by reason, which cultivator lacked these three? In the early or middle stages of Foundation Establishment, it might not matter much, as few paid attention. But at the later stages, even at Perfection—dignified True Persons—such individuals held no small reputation in the world.

How could there possibly be someone unrecognized?

‘This person... I must know him!’

Xiang Ye prided himself on his seniority. Even Chong Guang was not his elder. Looking across the Saint Sect today, only Hong Ju had lived longer.

‘...Hm?’

All of a sudden, Xiang Ye’s thoughts paused.

‘It would be one thing if I did not recognize him, but Hong Ju is different... This one has survived for over five thousand years by relying on that 【True Lord of Heavenly Fortune and Radiant Light】.’

At Foundation Establishment Perfection, even with five reincarnations, one could only live about fifteen hundred years.

By reason, Hong Ju should have seen off several generations of the Saint Sect’s Foundation Establishment True Persons. If this truly were a great True Person returning, how could he possibly not recognize him at all?

Unless—

‘He needs to conceal himself?’

‘Who could make him conceal himself?’

Xiang Ye’s mind unraveled threads of thought one by one, until a conjecture leapt forth:

‘...Hong Yun?’

The moment he thought of this, Xiang Ye’s first reaction was:

‘Impossible!’

The legend of Hong Yun was famous throughout the Saint Sect. If the Saint Sect had a “Top Ten Annual Jokes,” Hong Yun’s tale would always claim the top spot.

Thus, the instant Xiang Ye thought of “Hong Yun,” he instinctively rejected the notion. But soon, after eliminating one impossibility after another, he could not help but reconsider:

‘Could it really be Hong Yun...? Hmph, say what you will, he was a reincarnated True Lord. Best not to underestimate him too much.’

Though Xiang Ye’s mind churned, his face betrayed nothing:

“Daoist friend, you have just arrived and have also fought a fierce battle against that Buddha Child. Why not rest here for now, recuperate a while, and afterward, you and I may speak further.”

“Many thanks, Daoist friend.”

Lü Yang cupped his hands, then entered the quiet chamber of the cave dwelling arranged for him by Xiang Ye. With a thought, he once more brought out the Myriad Spirits Banner.

As the flag unfurled and fluttered, Suohuan's figure emerged.

"Greetings, my lord."

Suohuan bowed respectfully, a trace of anticipation flickering in his eyes.

Immediately after, Lü Yang's expression grew solemn, his voice weighty:

"Concerning the issue upon Daoist friend's body, I have two solutions. It depends on which you choose."

"Please instruct me, my lord."

If there was one thing Lü Yang always did, it was keeping his word.

Since he had promised to aid Suohuan in this lifetime, he had naturally already thought of a method. Moreover, in his current eyes, Suohuan's problem was not difficult at all.

Lü Yang raised two fingers:

"The first method: You abandon the 【Lingxu Blessed Land】. I strip away your consciousness, then send your soul to reincarnate. Once the reincarnation ends and the external traces are washed away, I will return your consciousness to you. At that time, you may cultivate the Grand Dao anew."

This plan was practically a one-and-done solution.

With the 【String Puppet】, Lü Yang could fully lock onto Suohuan's soul. Even after passing through the baptism of the 【Netherworld】, he could still swiftly sense it.

And once cleansed by the 【Netherworld】, even Ang Xiao would no longer be able to do anything to Suohuan.

Though consciousness-severing bore an extremely high risk of failure—one misstep could lead to instant death—Lü Yang could use 【Divining Fortune Drawing Lots】 to avoid that fate.

'Strictly speaking, through this method I could even achieve the soul's eternal survival without Golden Nature, no different from a True Lord's reincarnation. If word spread, countless Foundation Establishment True Persons would go mad with envy... Pity that, for me who possesses the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】, this method is utterly meaningless.'

And yet—

"I choose the second method."

As Lü Yang had expected, Suohuan discarded the first method almost without hesitation. He could not abandon the hope of reviving the 【Huanzhu Realm】 .

Even if it came with problems—he would not.

Lü Yang shook his head:

“The second method: You may retain the 【Lingxu Blessed Land】 , but you must never again cultivate that 『Myriad Spirits Returning to the Void Dao Scripture』 .”

At this, Suohuan did not object, but worry clouded his face:

“But without the 『Myriad Spirits Returning to the Void Dao Scripture』 , I, a mere outsider cultivator, how could I hope to attain the Golden Core?”

“Just replace it with another.”

With a thought, Lü Yang quickly organized a scripture within his divine sense and handed it to Suohuan.

『Supreme True Immortal Dao』 !

“This is...”

“This is the scripture corresponding to the Fruit Position of the 【Xuanling Realm】 .” Lü Yang grinned. “All the True Lords are still in seclusion. The 【Xuanling Realm】 remains untouched.”

By reason, given the efficiency of the Four Great Powers, the 【Xuanling Realm】 should have been consumed long ago. Yet, thanks to Chong Guang stirring up trouble, all the True Lords had been taken away, leaving the digestion of the 【Xuanling Realm】 unfinished—its shell still remained.

Lü Yang’s plan was simple.

Abandon the 『Myriad Spirits Returning to the Void Dao Scripture』 that Ang Xiao had left his backhand within, and instead have Suohuan devour the 【Xuanling Realm】 to ascend and claim the Fruit Position!

Suohuan’s eyes brightened.

“Can this succeed?”

“...There is hope!” Lü Yang’s face was firm with conviction. But inside, his thoughts were different:

‘Hope my ass. Dead for sure!’

If Suohuan had chosen the first method, Lü Yang would have happily assisted. But the second method meant he had not escaped Ang Xiao’s schemes.

Nothing could be done.

After the journey to Seven Luminaries Heaven, Lü Yang had deeply realized—sometimes one must make a strategic withdrawal. If one never jumped off the opponent’s chessboard, one would never win.

Thus, when Suohuan chose the second method, Lü Yang simply assumed him beyond saving.

But that was fine.

According to Lü Yang’s calculations, as long as he restarted, cleansing Suohuan’s soul and 【Lingxu Blessed Land】 once with the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 should solve the problem.

So why, then, had Lü Yang even proposed a second method?

The answer was simple: If Suohuan did not pursue the Golden Core, how could he lure 【Ang Xiao】 out?

‘Daoist Friend Suohuan, by choosing the second method, your chance lies in the next life. Since that is so, letting me make use of you in this life—shouldn’t be a problem, right?’

【Netherworld】 , the Unnamable Place.

Within a towering palace, 【Ang Xiao】 sat cross-legged, quietly overlooking the river of souls flowing past his gates, as though gazing upon the most exquisite of sights.

“Mm?”

Suddenly, he lifted his head.

Though now unable to view the mortal world, nor extend his hand beyond the palace, the resonance through the Fruit Position made his brows furrow:

“The 【Obstruction of Knowledge and View】 was broken... Suohuan?”

【Ang Xiao】’s expression darkened slightly. Suohuan was his key piece for seizing the Fruit Position and dragging him into the 【Netherworld】 . There should never have been a problem.

Yet a problem had arisen.

This feeling of things slipping beyond his control left 【Ang Xiao】 deeply displeased. Though he had not been entirely idle these past thirty years, he had lacked the critical opportunity to achieve merit.

Just then, his gaze shifted.

At the gates of the palace, within the boundless river of souls—

“Amitabha.”

One soul of a Foundation Establishment cultivator who had died of old age suddenly leapt forth. Its soul shone with Buddhist light as it proclaimed in a resounding voice:

“Little monk Guang Ming greets Senior 【Ang Xiao】 .”

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 420: Ang Xiao Makes Another Move

To be fair, 【Ang Xiao】 was just a tiny bit startled.

However, that tiny bit didn't show on his face and was quickly suppressed. With his breadth of knowledge, he naturally recognized what this thing was.

【Ang Xiao】 narrowed his eyes slightly, staring straight at the aged soul wreathed in Buddhist light before him. This soul was certainly not the so-called "Guang Ming" he spoke of, but rather someone who had taken advantage of a soul's form to cut corners and attempt to converse with himself—who was situated within the 【Underworld】 —from the present world.

And as far as he knew—

There were only two kinds of people in all the world who could do such a thing. One, naturally, was the World-Honored One of the Pure Land. The other was a Bodhisattva granted authority by the World-Honored One.

‘But the World-Honored One couldn't possibly be interested in me.’

On this point, 【Ang Xiao】 was absolutely certain. He knew well that once someone reached the Nascent Soul level, the only matters that could prompt a Dao Lord to intervene would be those relating to the very fabric of Heaven and Earth.

And what he sought was the 【Underworld】 .

So strictly speaking, there was no fundamental conflict between him and the Four Dao Lords. As long as he did not cross the red line, no one would act against him.

That being the case—

‘The World-Honored One has once again sent down a Bodhisattva to mingle with the cultivators of the lower world.’

【Ang Xiao】 was not surprised by this. After all, it had happened before. It was old history by now, and this time the opportunity was even more favorable.

The last time the World-Honored One descended a Bodhisattva, the various True Lords were still active in the world. Though they didn't dare obstruct too much out of respect, it wasn't as if they did nothing at all. Otherwise, that Bodhisattva wouldn't have been beheaded with three strikes by the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

But this time, even those True Lords had retreated from the world.

'Could it be that this Bodhisattva is still not invincible?'

As Ang Xiao pondered this, he saw that along with the rippling of the Buddhist light upon the aged soul, Bodhisattva Guang Ming's consciousness linked from afar to the present world.

This was the marvel of 【Telepathy】 .

It turned "his heart" into "my heart".

Soon, Bodhisattva Guang Ming's voice drifted softly into the air: "Having been forced into dormancy for nearly thirty years, does Senior wish to be freed sooner?"

"Oh? You wish to help me break free?"

Bodhisattva Guang Ming nodded. "Indeed."

"Heh."

Faced with Guang Ming's confirmation, 【Ang Xiao】 let out a laugh. At his level, there were few secrets left in this world.

And Bodhisattvas—these beings, in his eyes, were far from being equal to the World-Honored One. Though they appeared similar on the surface, their essence was vastly different. If it were the World-Honored One saying this, he wouldn't doubt a single word. But coming from a Bodhisattva? He had to question it.

"Senior does not believe me?" Guang Ming's brows furrowed slightly.

"Go on."

【Ang Xiao】 did not flatly deny it but gestured for Guang Ming to continue. "How do you intend to help me break free? And why would you want to?"

"Amitabha."

Guang Ming first chanted a Buddhist invocation, then spoke in a low voice: “I have established the 【Buddha Kingdom on Earth】 , yet three of my disciples have yet to return to their rightful places.”

“One of them is an immortal spirit, currently hiding in Jiangnan.”

Before Guang Ming could finish, 【Ang Xiao】 chuckled.

Jiangnan? Guang Ming didn’t need to elaborate; he already knew the situation. “So, the Bodhisattva’s been blocked again by that kind-hearted elder of the Sword Pavilion?”

“.You see clearly, Senior.”

Despite 【Ang Xiao】 ’s deliberate mockery, Guang Ming’s tone remained calm. “This humble monk wishes to ask Senior to act—help me eliminate the Demon-Suppressing True Person.”

To him, the four disciples needed to establish the Buddha Kingdom on Earth should hail from Jiangnan, Jiangbei, Jiangdong, and overseas. At present, only the Prince of Southern Pacification, Wu Taian of Jiangdong, had returned to position.

His attempts in Jiangbei and overseas had both failed. In fact, the overseas battle even resulted in the destruction of an important incarnation.

Now, both Lü Yang and Xiang Ye were hiding deep within the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

Under such circumstances, the only place he could still take action was Jiangnan. Yet the Demon-Suppressing True Person of Jiangnan would never allow him to step foot there unbidden.

So how was he supposed to proceed?

‘Only when I gather at least two disciples can I initiate the ritual of the 【Buddha Kingdom on Earth】 . At that time, all True Persons who have perfected Foundation Establishment across the world will be forced to emerge.’

The grand era had already passed its halfway mark.

As for those striving for the Golden Core, all preparations that needed to be made, or could be made, had long been set in motion. The entire world was already a powder keg.

All it needed was a spark.

‘Let the death of the Demon-Suppressing True Person be that spark to ignite this grand era!’

Looking at Bodhisattva Guang Ming, 【Ang Xiao】 ’s expression remained unchanged. He secretly made a few calculations, then finally shook his head and said, “What benefit do I get from killing the Demon-Suppressing True Person?”

“ 【White Wax Gold】 .”

Bodhisattva Guang Ming's next words made 【Ang Xiao】 sit up straight. 【White Wax Gold】 , like 【Overturning Lamp Fire】 , was a Fruit Position that contained Chen Earth.

In other words, it was his exclusive domain.

Seeing this reaction, Bodhisattva Guang Ming became even more certain and smiled. "I wonder if Senior is aware of the three inherited Dao titles within the Sword Pavilion—Demon-Suppressing, Evil-Banishing, and Monster-Subduing."

"Demon-Suppressing needs no further mention. Of the other two, the Monster-Subduing True Person is still in the late Foundation Establishment stage, but the Evil-Banishing True Person has already reached full perfection in Foundation Establishment. This person tends to live in seclusion, and all public renown has been overshadowed by Demon-Suppressing, to the point that very few even know what Fruit Position he cultivates."

"He cultivates 【White Wax Gold】 ?"

Bodhisattva Guang Ming nodded. "This humble monk has a method to make that Evil-Banishing True Person voluntarily offer himself in sacrifice to Senior, pulling 【White Wax Gold】 into the Underworld."

"Moreover, the Dao Sin he transforms into after failing to attain the Golden Core can also be of use to Senior."

"Although it cannot help Senior break free completely, using a Dao Sin incarnation to interfere in the mortal world shouldn't be difficult for Senior, right?"

Of course, it wouldn't be difficult!

Although Chong Guang had declared he was creating a sixty-year era of great conflict, Golden Core True Lords also differed in strength—especially someone like 【Ang Xiao】 , a high-tier Golden Core True Lord at the late stage.

Ordinary True Lords might need the full sixty years to return to the world, but for him, forty years at most would suffice to break free. And if it was merely interfering in the mortal realm through a Dao Sin incarnation—he could do that even now!

So the conditions presented by Bodhisattva Guang Ming truly moved him.

"What do you plan to do?"

Bodhisattva Guang Ming pressed his palms together. "Because of your presence, Senior, the Evil-Banishing True Person's Dao path has been severed, and he has been forced to seek another route. This humble monk lent him a helping hand."

"Oh? How did you help?"

"This humble monk told him where the Innate True Person Mu Changsheng is currently located."

Bodhisattva Guang Ming smiled faintly. Mu Changsheng's tragic fate might be hidden from the rest of the world, but before a fellow Dao Lord like the World-Honored One, it was no secret at all.

Thus, he was also well aware of it.

“Not long ago, the Evil-Banishing True Person dispatched a reincarnated Foundation Establishment cultivator who had died of old age, seeking to obtain the method of consciousness separation from Mu Changsheng's mouth.”

What kind of figure was 【Ang Xiao】? As soon as Bodhisattva Guang Ming's voice fell, he had already deduced the other's entire plan:

‘The Secret Realm of Law Refinement of the Saintly Sect—its only covert entry point is through the 【Underworld】 .

And to pass through the Underworld... they would have to pass right under my nose!’

The method of consciousness separation?

As long as 【Ang Xiao】 could locate the soul of that deceased Foundation Establishment cultivator, he could tamper with it at any time, turning it into a secret art that triggers the fall of a Fruit Position!

As for what plans Bodhisattva Guang Ming might be harboring—he didn't care.

As long as he could drag 【White Wax Gold】 into the 【Underworld】 , he would profit no matter what!

However—

“You're certain you want to kill the Demon-Suppressing True Person?”

【Ang Xiao】 glanced at Bodhisattva Guang Ming. The Demon-Suppressing True Person was the Sword Pavilion's prized asset, tied to the 【Sword Dao Fruit Position】 . Never mind whether Guang Ming could kill him—

Even if he could—would he dare?

“Killing him is definitely out of the question.”

Bodhisattva Guang Ming shook his head. “But if we can get him to offer himself in sacrifice, dying for the sake of affirming the 【Sword Dao Fruit Position】 —then it doesn't matter. The result is the same.”