

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

Chapter 421: Sword Technique

Jiangnan, Extreme Heaven Cliff.

Within a meditation chamber, Lü Yang's consciousness fully entered his Sword Dao avatar through the 【String-Pulled Puppet】. As his eyes opened and closed, a cold flash abruptly sliced across.

“Crack!”

In that instant, a crack appeared on the floor of the quiet chamber.

Almost simultaneously, as if he had long been waiting, the chamber door was pushed open. A moment later, the Demon-Suppressing True Person stepped in with slightly hurried footsteps.

Upon entry, his first glance landed on the crack in the ground.

“.Hmm.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person's eyes lit up, immediately praising, “It seems that during your closed-door cultivation, your sword intent has grown ever closer to perfection.”

What he valued was not that Lü Yang had left a crack in the floor—such a feat was trivial for a Foundation Establishment True Person—but rather that this crack bore no residual traces of qi. This meant that Lü Yang had not used any divine arts or magic power, but had purely relied on his 【Sword Intent】 to leave this mark.

That was no ordinary matter.

After all, no matter how strong a 【Sword Intent】 was, it was still a form of intent—non-physical and entirely different from divine sense—and theoretically required magical power to exert significant force.

Yet this was affecting reality through intent alone.

Such a state, even within the realm of 【Sword Intent】, could be considered a true entry into the hall of mastery. For a time, even the Demon-Suppressing True Person clicked his tongue in amazement at Lü Yang:

“Inconceivable.”

“It seems that the Earth Vein really benefited you. To have progressed this far in your 【Sword Intent】 —normally, that would only come after a great battle.”

“Excellent. Very excellent!”

After speaking, he turned his gaze to the 【Sword of No Killing】 before Lü Yang. “Now that you’ve forged your own sword intent, it’s no longer appropriate for you to continue observing mine.”

As his voice fell, the 【Sword of No Killing】 was already returned to his possession.

At the same time, Lü Yang also rose with a flick of his sleeve, respectfully bowing to the Demon-Suppressing True Person. “This dull-witted disciple must thank Master for your meticulous guidance.”

“Think nothing of it.” The Demon-Suppressing True Person waved his hand, his gaze toward Lü Yang growing ever more satisfied, as if beholding a flourishing leek—an irreplaceable, peerless treasure. Then, changing the topic, he said, “Now that you’ve emerged from seclusion, time is of the essence. Come with me to the Jade Pivot.”

Upon hearing this, a flicker of joy rose in Lü Yang’s heart.

The so-called 【Jade Pivot】 was, in fact, the Manifestation Pavilion of the Sword Pavilion—dedicated to storing sword techniques appropriate for Foundation Establishment level cultivators—and the true purpose of Lü Yang’s visit.

‘I’ve already cultivated the 【Xuandu Blessed Land】 . It’s nearly impossible to further elevate my realm in the short term. After all, refining the Metal Element requires soul essence, and my soul in this life still resides within the Immortal Spirit body... So to further strengthen my combat power, I must rely on enhancing my arcane arts and secret techniques.’

But the issue remained unchanged.

Lü Yang lacked his own Metal Element, and thus could not cultivate 【True Arts】 . While other Dao techniques did boost his power somewhat—

—they were barely better than nothing.

This was why he had focused on 【Sword Intent】 . If he could acquire a sword art that matched his intent, the results might rival even a True Art.

What surprised Lü Yang, however, was that he had assumed the Sword Pavilion would guard its sword arts very tightly. He had even thought about how to subtly bring it up to the Demon-Suppressing True Person. But before he could even ask, the True Person himself suggested the trip to the Jade Pivot, clearly intending to pass down a sword art.

Yet Lü Yang felt little joy.

‘Too enthusiastic.’

“Gifts without reason often hide a scheme.” The instinct he had honed across many lifetimes left Lü Yang inwardly wary—no matter how he looked at it, this Demon-Suppressing True Person seemed to have ulterior motives!

Still, he quickly let the thought go.

‘This Sword Dao avatar will have to be discarded eventually anyway. I’ll take the benefits first. No matter what his scheme is, at worst I’ll wear out another avatar.’

Extreme Heaven Cliff, Jade Pivot.

What surprised Lü Yang was that despite being called the Jade Pivot, it was actually just a piece of jade, enshrined atop the ancestral hall of the Sword Pavilion’s successive sect masters.

“This item was left behind by our founder.”

Inside the ancestral hall, the Demon-Suppressing True Person spoke solemnly, “It’s said that our founder scoured the entire world to find this piece of ten-thousand-year Spirit-Rhino Luminous Jade and refine it into a supreme treasure.”

“Every generation of True Persons who have forged their 【Sword Intent】 can stand before the Jade Pivot and inject their intent into it. It will then automatically manifest a corresponding sword art. Through diligent cultivation of the sword art and continuous refinement of one’s 【Sword Intent】 toward perfection... this is the root of why we sword cultivators are peerless within our realm.”

As his voice fell, the Demon-Suppressing True Person stepped before the Jade Pivot.

In the next moment, Lü Yang saw the smooth, mirror-like jade begin to surge with brilliant spiritual radiance. At last, it coalesced into a line of small, clear characters:

『Sword Technique of Holding the Dao and Righteousness to Sever Karmic Deeds』

This was the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s sword technique, corresponding to his 【Sword Intent of No Killing】—refined over centuries, now reaching its peak.

Ordinary 【Sword Intent】 were just that—intent.

But that he could name his with the title 【No Killing】 was a mark of its perfection, to which the sword technique had contributed greatly.

‘An art both of attack and cultivation.’

Lü Yang understood in his heart. Then, seeing the Demon-Suppressing True Person step aside and gesture with his hand, he did not dare delay and immediately stepped forward to the Jade Pivot.

With a single thought, Lü Yang's 【Sword Intent】 extended outward and flowed into the jade. In the next second, it burst with radiant light, piercing Lü Yang's eyes and seeping into his very soul. In an instant, his mind was fully immersed.

And in that same moment—

Beside him, the Demon-Suppressing True Person's expression abruptly faded to neutral. His lips parted, and he softly uttered a line:

“Fellow Daoist Lü?”

The timing was perfect—precisely when the Jade Pivot's light was enveloping Lü Yang's 【Sword Intent】 —prompting an almost reflexive response from him:

“Ah?”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person stared closely at the Sword Dao avatar, seeing only blank confusion with no sign of deceit. The soul fluctuations were entirely normal. Only then did his expression relax slightly:

“It's nothing.”

Meanwhile, far away in Jiangbei, Lü Yang's true body inhaled sharply—‘He was testing me! Suspecting that I hadn't lost my past-life memories!’

Damn it, even good people can set traps!

‘This bastard's just like 【Ang Xiao】 —acted the good guy for most of his life, then suddenly betrayed you without warning! Totally unexpected!’

With that thought, Lü Yang was somewhat stunned.

If not for the fact that the Sword Dao avatar's soul had indeed been thoroughly cleansed, and he was only operating it remotely via 【String-Pulled Puppet】 , he might really have been exposed!

At the same time, the Demon-Suppressing True Person remained as composed as ever.

Who said good people couldn't be schemers? Did he not see how strange Lü Yang was? A little test would put him at ease if it passed.

“You'll stay here to cultivate.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person said calmly, “The Jade Pivot needs time to deduce a sword art. It must also continuously resonate with your 【Sword Intent】 . When it is complete, come find me.”

“Disciple obeys.”

Lü Yang promptly bowed again, then refocused his mind on the Jade Pivot. Only then did the Demon-Suppressing True Person nod in satisfaction and quietly turn to leave.

Outside the ancestral hall, he looked up at the sky.

All he saw was a great arc of fortune soaring into the heavens, manifesting scenes of dragons and phoenixes in harmony—his current fortune, prosperous beyond compare.

Yet as the saying goes, “What rises to the extreme must decline.”

‘My time is running out.’

The Demon-Suppressing True Person sighed. In the next second, the silvery laughter of a woman rang in his ears—it was Jinguan, the previous generation Bodhisattva of the Pure Land.

“One moment of no killing is easy; a lifetime of no killing is as hard as ascending to the heavens.”

“As they say, it’s better to redirect than to block. Benefactor Ye, can you truly achieve this so-called ‘no killing’? I fear you’ll end up possessed instead, and turn the world upside down in slaughter!”

## Chapter 422 : The Mantis Stalks the Cicada, While the Oriole Lurks Behind

Chapter 422: The Mantis Stalks the Cicada, While the Oriole Lurks Behind

Sword Pavilion, before the Jade Pivot Hall.

As Lü Yang continuously infused his sword intent, the radiance upon that piece of luminous jade gradually condensed, manifesting densely packed lines of script, each imprinting itself into his heart.

『Newly Refined Dao-Feather Nirvana Sword Formula』

Immediately after, a name surfaced within his mind, resonating with his 【Sword Intent】 — complementing and echoing one another perfectly, as if fish taking to water!

‘When this sword art is combined with my 【Sword Intent】 , the sword light I release may not be strong at first, yet it triumphs in its endlessness—like boundless grass upon the plains, like refined steel born of a thousand tempers. If the enemy cannot shatter it in an instant, they can only watch as it grows stronger and stronger.’

It was indeed a sword art perfectly suited for him.

‘If I temper my 【Sword Intent】 through this technique, then one day, when I reach the realm of the Demon-Suppressing True Person, perhaps it could be called the 【Unyielding Sword Intent】.’

However, that was not something achievable overnight.

The tempering of sword intent required not only diligence and practice, but also the irrigation of experience and conviction—these needed a long passage of time to finally bear fruit.

‘No matter what, the goal of this journey has already been achieved.’

Just as Lü Yang felt satisfied and was about to withdraw his consciousness from his avatar—allowing it to act autonomously—suddenly, the 【Puppet on Strings】 transmitted a disturbance.

“Hmm.”

【Netherworld】, an unspeakable place.

Within the boundless River of Souls, a faint soul drifted about. Its consciousness, while reincarnating, was gradually being veiled in shadow.

—The Mystery of the Womb.—

For reincarnated Foundation Establishment cultivators, this was the most taboo phenomenon, the manifestation of the might of the 【Netherworld】, and one of the greatest obstacles that every Foundation Establishment True Person had to pass through upon rebirth.

Although, in theory, Foundation Establishment True Persons possessed five lifetimes of longevity, in practice the Mystery of the Womb grew heavier with each rebirth: in the early stage one awakened in the second life, in the middle stage the third, in the late stage the fourth, and only upon reaching perfection could one remain lucid through all five.

And this was already the fourth life of the Yun Family’s Old Ancestor.

His second life had reached old age; after dying of natural causes, he was reborn within the Secret Realm of Law Refinement—that counted as one life. Now, to escape that realm, he had undergone yet another reincarnation.

Thus, his Mystery of the Womb was exceptionally profound.

Yet the Yun Family Old Ancestor was not panicked. With a single thought, a ritual artifact emerged within his soul, dispersing the shadows of the womb.

‘【Heavenly Inquiry Instrument】.’

This heavenly secret treasure had once fallen into Lü Yang's hands. Its wondrous name was 【All-Clarity】—besides deducing causality, it could also aid a reincarnating Foundation Establishment cultivator in swiftly regaining consciousness.

'Fortunate indeed that I still possess the Heavenly Treasure bestowed by the True Person.'

The Old Ancestor's thoughts turned rapidly: 'What a pity that Mu Changsheng remains so obstinate... This task entrusted by Evil-Banishing True Person has not been completed smoothly.'

At that thought, a trace of concern appeared in his mind.

Yet just then, darkness suddenly fell before his eyes. He looked up—and all he could see was a vast hand obscuring his vision.

"Truly, fortune favors me without effort."

"To dare wield a spiritual treasure here, shining light upon the 【Netherworld】 while reincarnating within the River of Souls—are you so eager to make yourself stand out?"

The next instant, the Yun Family Old Ancestor lost consciousness.

At the same moment, before the River of Souls, 【Ang Xiao】 stood shrouded in mist, only a full, white-jade-like hand exposed outside the fog.

That very hand now grasped the Old Ancestor's soul.

"Boom!"

In an instant, countless bolts of lightning crashed down upon his hand, blasting one charred hole after another into his flesh amid deafening thunder.

Yet 【Ang Xiao】 did not cease.

"A Foundation Establishment soul only—I've not severed it from the cycle of rebirth, merely made... a few adjustments. That's hardly enough for them to lay blame on me."

With those words, 【Ang Xiao】 activated his mana.

Though the soul of a Foundation Establishment True Person was tightly guarded—even a Golden Core True Lord would find it difficult to search—injecting a strand of memory, conversely, was not impossible.

Soon, around the Yun Family Old Ancestor's Sea of Consciousness, a fragment of false memory appeared from nothingness—detailing how he had persuaded Mu Changsheng within the Secret Realm of Law Refinement through eloquence alone, obtained the crucial Method of Consciousness Separation, and then retired in triumph.

Ordinarily, such means were feeble—false memories could not truly enter the Sea of Consciousness, their flaws too many. Even an early-stage Foundation Establishment cultivator could easily detect the falsehood.

But the caster here was 【Ang Xiao】 .

【Obstruction of Knowledge and View】 —activate!

Quickly, the Old Ancestor’s soul fluctuations calmed under 【Ang Xiao】 ’s art. When he awoke, the forged memory would be accepted as truth, every inconsistency naturally ignored.

Having finished, 【Ang Xiao】 released the soul and let the mist roll back over his wounded hand.

“A great work, complete. The rest, I leave to you.”

【Ang Xiao】 turned his gaze toward another soul bathed in Buddhist light. “ 【White Wax Gold】 has fallen into the 【Netherworld】 —I shall aid you in slaying the Demon-Suppressing True Person.”

Bodhisattva Guang Ming smiled faintly. “A monk speaks no lies. Senior need only wait in peace.”

“This time, the Demon-Suppressing True Person is doomed!”

Their eyes met, and both laughed softly.

Now that all True Lords in the world were in seclusion, and they were even scheming through the power of the 【Netherworld】 itself, their plan could be called flawless—without accident, victory was assured!

Jiangbei, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

Lü Yang, stroking his chin with interest, watched the state of the Yun Family Old Ancestor through the 【Puppet on Strings】 , a playful smile curling his lips.

Although the Old Ancestor had lost consciousness midway—and thus Lü Yang did not hear the conversation between 【Ang Xiao】 and Bodhisattva Guang Ming—it did not hinder his deduction. After all, who else could meddle with a Foundation Establishment soul within the 【Netherworld】 ? Even a fool could guess it was 【Ang Xiao】 !

‘What is he plotting?’

At this moment, due to the 【Obstruction of Knowledge and View】 , the Old Ancestor failed to notice the flaws in the memory forced into his Sea of Consciousness by Ang Xiao.

However, Lü Yang was unaffected.

Because the memory had been stuffed in, Lü Yang did not even need to perform a soul search to see through it—it was plain before him. His expression gradually turned odd.

‘The Method of Consciousness Separation?’

‘No—it’s only a clever imitation!’

Regarding that method, there were only two versions in the world today.

One was the imitation created by Ancestor Ting You, brilliant yet perilous, with a death rate of ninety percent—Lü Yang himself dared not attempt it without the 【Divining Fortune Drawing Lots】.

The other was the original by Mu Changsheng.

Yet, according to Ancestor Ting You, the risk of consciousness separation could never be fully removed; at best, Mu Changsheng had reduced the death rate to fifty percent.

But the memory in the Old Ancestor’s mind differed greatly.

‘This “Method of Consciousness Separation” claims a hundred percent success rate? No—it only appears certain to succeed, but in truth ensures certain death!’

【Ang Xiao】’s trap!

Whom did he intend to ensnare?

This method of scheming through a cultivation art immediately reminded Lü Yang of Suohuan and that 『Myriad Spirits Returning to the Void Dao Scripture』 —wasn’t it exactly the same trick?

This was truly—

‘A golden opportunity!’

At that thought, Lü Yang’s spirit blazed. Since it involved 【Ang Xiao】, no matter what scheme he was brewing, Lü Yang must find a way to disrupt it!

—Yesterday, after taking medicine, I felt much better. Today, three updates first; tomorrow, I’ll return to four!—

(End of this chapter)

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

Chapter 423: There Are Bad People in the Sword Pavilion!

Within Jiangnan's Sword Pavilion lay the Piercing-Earth Abyss.

As the name implied, this place and the Extreme Heaven Cliff stood at two opposite ends—one piercing straight into the heavens, reaching the azure vault of the sky, while the other delved deep into the earth's crust, forming an abyss of yin fiends and baleful miasma.

Yet precisely because of that, this was also a superb place for cultivation.

Those who secluded themselves here refined their swords with the Earth Fiend Fire, refined their swords upon the bodies of sinister demonic entities—each day was a struggle between life and death. Those who could not reach Foundation Establishment could not withstand the fiendfire and the yin demons, and thus were not even qualified to enter this place.

As for the deepest depths of the Piercing-Earth Abyss, it had once been—just like the summit of Extreme Heaven Cliff—the Dao arena of a True Lord of the Sword Pavilion.

After the True Lords of the Pavilion had all gone into seclusion, just as the Demon-Suppressing True Person guarded the Extreme Heaven Cliff, the Piercing-Earth Abyss also gained a new master—

the Evil-Banishing True Person of the Sword Pavilion.

“—Boom rumble rumble!”

At that moment, within the depths of the abyss, rolling fiendfire surged. Fire gathered into thunder, thunder and flame interwove, illuminating the pitch-dark abyss until it seemed as bright as day.

Thunderous detonations echoed unceasingly.

After a long while, out from the layers of thunderfire finally stepped a man in a blue robe, his sharply chiseled face filled with solemn gravity.

His entire person bore no trace of luxury—he wore no adornments, not even a spiritual treasure. Only by observing him through divine sense could one perceive the sword intent soaring from his body, faintly resonating with the very abyss itself.

At a glance, it was as if what stood there was not a man, but a treasured sword forged from flowing flame.

“Amitābha.”

Just then, from within the fiendfire suddenly sounded a deep and melodious Buddhist chant. A glow of Buddha's light dispersed the yin demons, and from within walked a shaven-headed monk in training—

Bodhisattva Guang Ming!

This was, of course, not his true body, nor even comparable to the incarnation he once left overseas—merely a thought condensed into an image. At this moment, he smiled faintly toward the Evil-Banishing True Person and said:

“Congratulations to Benefactor Quexie—your Sword Intent has taken another step forward.”

“.....Still not enough.”

Faced with Bodhisattva Guang Ming’s praise, the Evil-Banishing True Person merely shook his head. “My 【Sword Intent】 can never reach perfection... How did he manage it?”

Bodhisattva Guang Ming naturally understood—the “he” in question referred to none other than the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

Within the long history of the Sword Pavilion’s innumerable sword cultivators, only the Demon-Suppressing True Person had added the words 【No-Kill】 before his own Sword Intent. Only those who truly understood the essence of the Sword Dao knew what an unfathomable achievement that was.

“The foundation of the Sword Dao was personally established by the Patriarch.”

“Afterward, it was presided over by the 【True Lord of Preaching in Firm Form】 , who named this method of tempering one’s soul and will to the extreme as 【Sword Intent】 , giving it a title.”

Do not underestimate that title.

In truth, it was also a symbol, and since it originated from a late Golden Core True Lord, the name 【Sword Intent】 had since carried the weight of Mount Tai itself.

Otherwise—since there existed Sword Intent, why was there no Blade Intent, Spear Intent, or Arrow Intent?

Those were merely different weapons—the essence remained the same.

But ever since the name 【Sword Intent】 was established, all other intents vanished.

From that time onward, all sword cultivators’ comprehension became forever confined within the framework of 【Sword Intent】 —

like chess pieces trapped upon the board, never able to become true players.

In the end, they only laid more bricks for the eventual formation of the 【Sword Dao Fruit Position】 .

And yet—the Demon-Suppressing True Person was an exception.

Though he had not escaped the framework of 【Sword Intent】 , he refined and transformed it, creating the 【No-Kill Sword Intent】 , thus walking a path of his own.

If not for that, why would the Sword Pavilion hold him in such esteem?

“Benefactor need not worry.”

Bodhisattva Guang Ming chuckled lightly. “This humble monk came to congratulate you. I have brought something that will resolve one of the troubles that has long burdened your heart.”

“Oh?”

The Evil-Banishing True Person raised an eyebrow, then pinched his fingers to divine. In an instant, he understood. “Yun Qingchuan... he truly succeeded in returning?”

Yun Qingchuan—the Ancestor of the Yun Clan.

Previously, following Bodhisattva Guang Ming’s guidance, he had journeyed to the Secret Realm of Law Refinement to seek the Innate True Person Mu Changsheng, hoping to obtain the Method of Consciousness Separation.

In the next instant, Bodhisattva Guang Ming waved his hand casually. A newborn infant appeared in his palm, its entire body shrouded in spiritual radiance. Though it was but a baby, its face bore traces of ancient age—

it was none other than the Yun Clan’s Ancestor, who had already awakened to the Mystery of the Womb.

“Greetings, True Person.”

The Yun Clan’s Ancestor showed a hopeful expression, then refined his divine sense into a Dao book and offered it to the Evil-Banishing True Person. “This old man did not fail his mission.”

“Well done.”

The Evil-Banishing True Person accepted it calmly, yet did not immediately open it. Instead, he turned toward Bodhisattva Guang Ming. “Master, you know well that this is not what I seek.”

Now that the Demon-Suppressing True Person was stationed in Jiangnan, Bodhisattva Guang Ming’s true body dared not enter. Yet he still met him secretly—surely not merely for a method of separating consciousness?

What he sought... was Bodhisattva Guang Ming’s Buddha Affinity!

Since the path of 【White Wax Gold】 had been blocked, he wished to contend for another opportunity to attain gold through Buddhist fate!

Just like the King of Southern Suppression, Wu Taian, of the Dao Court.

Thus, ever since their first meeting, he had repeatedly hinted to Bodhisattva Guang Ming that he was willing to become his chosen disciple within Jiangnan.

Yet Bodhisattva Guang Ming always pretended ignorance.

This time was no different. Facing the Evil-Banishing True Person's gaze, Bodhisattva Guang Ming pressed his palms together.

"Buddha affinity has its destined number. Benefactor must not force it."

'Heh—what a joke. You, worthy of it?'

A cultivator who practiced 【White Wax Gold】 , whose Dao path had been severed by Angxiao due to the influence of Chen Earth, wanted to become my disciple? What utter delusion!

".....Forget it."

The Evil-Banishing True Person sighed softly. He too understood how dire his current situation was.

Only then did he place his attention upon the Method of Consciousness Separation before him.

"This thing... I won't be using it yet."

"Should Master be willing to assist me, I still wish to fight once more."

Having spoken, the Evil-Banishing True Person abruptly raised his head. His gaze pierced through countless layers of obstruction, falling upon the Extreme Heaven Cliff—yet he dared not look directly at the figure upon its summit.

'Demon-Suppressing... how many days can you still suppress it?'

Both at the peak of Foundation Establishment, he too could see the fortune surrounding the Demon-Suppressing True Person. In his eyes, that man was about to attempt Seeking Gold within the next few days.

This matter—was no longer his to control.

The Method of Consciousness Separation was only a contingency.

After all, to use it would mean completely giving up this grand era of Seeking Gold. Unless he had reached true desperation, how could he resign himself to that?

'Moreover—the 【Sword Dao Fruit Position】 ... I may yet have hope!'

'With my Sword Intent, if I turn fully toward the Sword Path, I will surely achieve great success! As long as the Demon-Suppressing True Person can sacrifice himself to prove it—no, he must prove it!'

Watching the shifting expression of the Evil-Banishing True Person, Bodhisattva Guang Ming softly intoned another Buddhist chant.

At this point, there was nothing more he needed to say.

Human desire was like a boulder rolling down a mountain—once it began, it could never stop. He merely needed to give it a gentle push... and then sit back and watch the show.

Extreme Heaven Cliff.

Lü Yang's Sword Dao incarnation walked out from the ancestral hall. Through the Yun Clan Ancestor, the schemes of Bodhisattva Guang Ming and the Evil-Banishing True Person were naturally all within his grasp.

'So that's how it is!'

'Not only Angxiao's machinations, but also Bodhisattva Guang Ming's schemes—they've joined forces with True Persons within the Sword Pavilion to strike at the Demon-Suppressing True Person!'

At that thought, Lü Yang immediately activated his escape light, flying straight toward the summit of Extreme Heaven Cliff—

toward the secluded chamber of the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

"Master! I have something to report!"

"There are bad people in the Sword Pavilion!"

(End of this Chapter)

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

Chapter 424: The Grand Show Begins

Sword Pavilion, Extreme Heaven Cliff.

This place was the highest peak in Jiangnan—above, one could gaze upon the sun, moon, and stars; below, overlook the vast rivers and mountains. When the eyes leveled, what entered one's view was a boundless spectacle of clouds rolling and unfurling in majestic grandeur.

Lü Yang rode a stream of light to the cliff's summit. At a glance, he saw the Demon-Suppressing True Person, sitting cross-legged right on the edge of the precipice. Though he revealed not the

slightest trace of spiritual power, he still outshone all the radiance between Heaven and Earth; the winds and clouds around him gathered of their own accord, as if bowing to his presence.

‘What tremendous fate.’

By now, the fortune of this Number One Sword Cultivator under Heaven had grown so vast that even a mortal below Foundation Establishment could see it with the naked eye.

“Has it been accomplished?”

The next moment, the tranquil voice of the Demon-Suppressing True Person drifted through the air. Lü Yang did not dare to delay and hurriedly replied, “Thanks to Master’s guidance, this disciple has already attained the transmitted Sword Art.”

“What is it called?”

Lü Yang did not hide it. “『Steel-Refining Dao-Feather Nirvana Sword Art』.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person nodded in satisfaction before turning to glance at Lü Yang—his gaze still like that of a man examining fine leeks or a rare treasure.

“Master, I have an important matter to report!” Lü Yang clasped his hands and spoke quickly, “After completing the Sword Art, my sword intent rose another level, and my sense of spiritual resonance became exceedingly sharp. I vaguely detected a familiar aura of Buddhist cultivation in the direction of Piercing-Earth Abyss. I fear it may be the work of the Pure Land, and humbly ask Master to discern it.”

He did not speak the full truth.

After all, there was a method even to reporting others. What could a mere mid-Foundation True Person like him use to accuse Evil-Banishing True Person and Bodhisattva Guang Ming?

‘Better to let Demon-Suppressing investigate himself—it’s simpler that way.’

Through the Yun Family Ancestor, Lü Yang had confirmed that Evil-Banishing True Person and Bodhisattva Guang Ming were still within Piercing-Earth Abyss. As long as Demon-Suppressing True Person went to investigate, the culprits would surely be caught red-handed.

Yet, the answer he received was wholly unexpected.

“Oh.”

After hearing Lü Yang’s report, Demon-Suppressing True Person merely shook his head. “My time draws near. Let them be.”

Let them be?

Lü Yang's eyes flickered. Only then did he realize that compared to decades ago, the Demon-Suppressing True Person had become increasingly detached from worldly affairs—sitting in silence atop Extreme Heaven Cliff.

Once, he had several attendants from the Ye Family to serve him. Yet now, when Lü Yang returned, the vast cliff-top was deserted. The man sat alone, robes fluttering, his humble, unadorned figure utterly unlike a direct heir of the Ye Clan—a Golden Core family of the Sword Pavilion.

‘That won’t do.’

Lü Yang grew alert. According to what he knew, this time Ang Xiao and Bodhisattva Guang Ming were cooperating—using Evil-Banishing True Person to strike at Demon-Suppressing True Person.

Why had he reported it?

Revenge was only secondary. As a proper True Person of the Holy Sect, he never acted without gain. Why would he ever do something unprofitable?

‘If I don’t report it, Demon-Suppressing will have no preparation. Without preparation, when they fight to the death—how could I, the fisherman, reap the benefit? If I could seize the metallic essence of the Number One Sword Cultivator under Heaven, I’d earn a fortune!’

At this thought, Lü Yang quickly spoke again, even feigning anxiety. “Master, those Pure Land cultivators have entered our Sword Pavilion without permission. This disciple fears they may harm Master or myself.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person looked at him once, then shook his head. “Do not worry.”

“Those monks came for me. No doubt they wish to calculate against me—it is only natural. Beneath the heavens, who does not wish to scheme against me?”

Clearly, he was already used to it.

At the same time, Lü Yang also understood the meaning behind those words. Indeed—under Heaven today, Demon-Suppressing True Person was everyone’s thorn in the eye.

Because he was the Number One.

And not the kind of “number one” raised upon the shoulders of the crowd—but a true, absolute first, leagues beyond the second!

‘Such deterrence, in this age, may not match a True Lord, yet the difference is not far. Even though I killed the Heavenly Jiao overseas and defeated Bodhisattva Guang Ming’s incarnation head-on, it’s still far inferior to this cheap Master of mine. The Number One under Heaven—the higher one stands, the more one deserves to die!’

Lü Yang admitted he had earned a fearsome reputation.

But so what?

Even so, Xiang Ye still dared to invite him to the Holy Sect—not because of fear, but because he had confidence of his own.

Yet, if it had been Demon-Suppressing True Person?

Would Xiang Ye dare invite him into Sky-Reaching Sea of Clouds? Most likely, the moment he approached, the entire place would be locked down under full alert!

‘Even within the Sword Pavilion itself...’

Lü Yang shook his head inwardly. Indeed, even the Sword Pavilion feared him. For Demon-Suppressing True Person’s ways were far too unorthodox.

No wonder he had shown no reaction upon hearing of a plot against him in collusion with the Pure Land. To him, such things were entirely natural. In fact, he might even think the opponents overly cautious for waiting until his final days to strike.

Just as Lü Yang pondered this, Demon-Suppressing True Person suddenly spoke. “Yan Xiao.”

“This disciple is here.”

Lü Yang looked up, only to see Demon-Suppressing True Person gazing at him. His eyes shone as if to speak further—but then he frowned.

“...Who?”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person’s gaze shifted, looking far beyond the Sword Pavilion. After a moment, Lü Yang’s divine sense faintly caught a distant commotion.

A second later, a figure streaked across the sky, riding a beam of light. Landing atop Extreme Heaven Cliff was none other than Ye Shaoying, head of the Ye Family. His face was tense, and as soon as he alighted, he looked toward Demon-Suppressing True Person and spoke in a low voice:

“Outside the Pavilion... a few reckless rogue cultivators have arrived.”

“Rogues?”

At those words, even Lü Yang was stunned. Since when had the itinerant cultivators of Jiangnan grown so bold as to approach the Sword Pavilion? Were they courting death?

Even Demon-Suppressing True Person seemed mildly surprised. “Rogue cultivators... why have they come?”

“They seek you, Master.”

Ye Shaoying carefully stole a glance at him before speaking quickly: “Their leader is the City Lord of Jimo City—Mo Shiyuan.”

At that, Demon-Suppressing True Person frowned.

Meanwhile, Lü Yang silently performed a divination and quickly grasped the situation.

Mo Shiyuan—the City Lord of Jimo City, one of Jiangnan’s rogue-cultivator sects—had for generations refined talismanic seals for the Sword Pavilion, supplying it with cultivation materials.

More importantly, he had past ties with Demon-Suppressing True Person.

This went back to the previous Pure Land Buddha Maiden, Jingguan. She had once descended upon Jiangnan to preach the Dharma, only to be slain and beheaded in three strikes by Demon-Suppressing True Person.

The fierce battle between the two arose because the former Jimo City had been forcibly converted by that Buddha Maiden against the will of its cultivators and common folk, provoking Demon-Suppressing True Person to act. In the end, Jimo City was annihilated—only one survivor remained.

That man was Mo Shiyuan.

Had it not been for Demon-Suppressing True Person, Mo Shiyuan’s entire clan would have been executed. In this life, vengeance would have been impossible. In fact, without him, Mo Shiyuan himself would have been forced to join the Pure Land as a monk.

From that perspective, Demon-Suppressing True Person had indeed saved him.

“...Let us meet him, then.”

The True Person’s eyes shifted slightly, but soon regained their calm. With a gesture, he beckoned Lü Yang to follow, and the two rode a stream of light out beyond the Sword Pavilion’s gate.

At the same time, within Piercing-Earth Abyss—

Evil-Banishing True Person and Bodhisattva Guang Ming sat facing one another. Between them lay a chessboard; black and white stones interlaced, locked in an intense and unyielding struggle.

“Pa!”

The next instant, Evil-Banishing True Person slammed a black stone onto one corner of the board, decisively sealing victory. His voice, calm yet edged with cold intent, echoed:

“—The show begins.”

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

After Lü Yang followed the Demon-Suppressing True Person and rode upon the escaping light out of the mountain gate, he soon saw the vast crowd gathered outside the Sword Pavilion's entrance, bustling and noisy.

At the forefront stood an old man.

He was covered in wrinkles, his figure slightly hunched, yet he wore a monk's robe upon his body, holding a string of Buddhist beads in his hand, standing silently in the middle of the crowd.

‘A Buddhist Cultivator.’

Lü Yang's heart moved slightly, but he soon shook his head after seeing through the old man's background. He knew the man had merely practiced a few Buddhist cultivation methods and recited a few sutras, but had not gained the recognition of the Pure Land. There were many such wandering cultivators across the world, yet they were entirely different from true Buddhist Cultivators.

‘But his courage surpasses that of genuine Buddhist Cultivators.’

Looking at the old man and the crowd behind him, Lü Yang could not help but sigh inwardly: what did a group of unaffiliated cultivators without backing intend to do gathered at the Sword Pavilion's gate?

Rebellion!

‘No, not right. Perhaps they do have someone backing them.’

Under normal circumstances, these people's voices would not even reach the ears of the Demon-Suppressing True Person. There must be a hidden manipulator orchestrating everything from behind.

‘Evil-Banishing True Person and Bodhisattva Guang Ming? Have they moved so quickly?’

Lü Yang suddenly understood — the reason rogue cultivators had come to make trouble at the Sword Pavilion's gate was not because the Pavilion respected them, but because someone within the Pavilion needed this chaos!

Yet, this was simply taking advantage of the Demon-Suppressing True Person. As the world's foremost sword cultivator, he personally came out to greet a group of scattered cultivators — if this had happened in the Saint Sect, those people would have long since been vaporized on the spot, their souls sent to the Secret Realm of Law Refinement to serve as nourishment for the disciples' cultivation.

“Shi Yuan, you've grown old.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person descended in a streak of light before the old man. Seeing his monastic robe, his brows furrowed slightly before he sighed.

“It seems the aftermath of that year still troubles you greatly.”

“You’ve again grown thoughts of entering the Pure Land?”

As his words fell, the Demon-Suppressing True Person extended a hand, seemingly wanting to pat the old man’s shoulder – yet the next instant, his expression froze.

For the old man had stepped back.

His hand hung stiffly in midair, his gaze met the old man’s furious eyes, and in his ears suddenly rang a trembling accusation:

“Ye Guangji!”

The old man trembled all over, both fearful and hesitant, yet still he lifted his head firmly, actually calling out the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s personal name aloud.

“I ask you! That drop of Buddha’s Blood that fell into Jimo City back then – was it because of your battle with the Pure Land Great Virtue? You slew that Great Virtue, yet deliberately let the Buddha’s Blood fall into my Jimo City! Later, you used it as a pretext to massacre my entire city’s people – isn’t that the truth!?”

The old man’s voice thundered like rolling mountains.

Standing beside the Demon-Suppressing True Person, Lü Yang saw the followers behind the elder also gazing toward them, eyes filled with questioning and accusation.

However, Lü Yang felt nothing.

After all, Jimo City was but a minor rogue cultivator force, with only Mo Shiyuan, the old man – a mere Foundation Establishment True Person – while the rest were just Qi Refinement cultivators.

Hardly worth a thought, let alone a concern.

While Lü Yang remained unmoved, the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s expression changed. He exhaled a long breath, a helpless look spreading over his face.

“That affair of the past was not my doing – there were hidden reasons.”

After a pause, he sighed and continued, “When I battled Pure View, though I took his head and severed his form, it was not an easy feat.”

Still, as he always said – he was not yet a True Lord.

The world’s number one Foundation Establishment cultivator could, at best, slay a Bodhisattva in three strikes. Three swords meant the battle was a process – it showed that both sides still had room to struggle.

But if it had been a Golden Core True Lord?

Unless the World-Honored One personally descended, how could a mere Bodhisattva, no matter how miraculous, survive even one grasp?

The Demon-Suppressing True Person could not achieve that. He needed three swords — and thus, there were always some things beyond his control, such as a single drop of the Bodhisattva Pure View's Buddha Blood.

“The Jimo City Incident was indeed caused by that drop of Buddha Blood. It contained the Pure Land's evil method — the Chant of Conversion. All who heard or saw it were infected and transformed into Buddhist Cultivators. Had it not been stopped, Jimo City and even its surrounding regions might have turned into a miniature Pure Land.”

If she had succeeded, even in death, the Pure Land's goal would have been fulfilled.

Moreover, since the Pure Land and the various True Lords had long reached an accord, none of the Sword Pavilion's True Lords had acted.

It was even advantageous to the Demon-Suppressing True Person — afterwards, he could easily frame it as rogue cultivators going mad, and his slaying of them could be seen as righteous vengeance.

Yet he had refused.

He was not there to avenge the dead.

He was there to save them.

Thus, with but one sword, he decapitated every soul in Jimo City, severing their connection to the Pure Land's influence and restoring their sanity.

Speaking thus far, the Demon-Suppressing True Person revealed a puzzled expression.

“I explained this to you years ago, Shi Yuan. Your relatives and friends did not die. Hadn't you even met and spoken with them in past years?”

“Not dead?”

At those words, the old man's eyes reddened instantly. “You deceived me! If you have nothing to hide, then open your storage pouch and let everyone see!”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person nodded calmly. He untied his storage pouch and opened it. In an instant, a sea of voices echoed from within. Countless severed heads were gathered in innumerable circles, chatting and laughing together, faces bright and joyful — without a hint of death or sorrow.

Yet the more lively it appeared, the more grotesque it became.

Even after seeing it many times, Lü Yang still felt his scalp crawl. As for the wandering cultivators behind the old man — they were utterly terrified, stumbling backward in horror.

“Look, all of you!”

“Do you think these are living beings?”

The old man’s eyes bulged with rage as he shouted, “A man without a body is a dead man! Below the neck, all is gone — how can such beings still be called alive!?”

“How are they not alive?” The Demon-Suppressing True Person appeared genuinely puzzled. With a wave of his hand, the once-decapitated people of Jimo City appeared before them. “You spoke with them not long ago. Though they never reached Foundation Establishment, my power shields them. After all these years, their faces remain unchanged.”

“You lie!”

The old man cut him off with a furious cry. “I have received guidance from the Great Virtue — these people are neither living nor dead! They are your puppets!”

“In name, you saved them; in truth, you enslaved them.”

“All those you have killed — they may appear unharmed, yet what you’ve given them is a punishment more terrifying than death itself! They are forever bound to your will, condemned to act as your thralls!”

Lü Yang: “. ”

By the end, the old man was stamping his feet in fury. “Moreover, the Pure Land is the holiest of realms — how could we ever need your salvation? Were it not for your meddling, perhaps by now I would have cultivated in the Pure Land, become a Buddha, and enjoyed eternal bliss! Yet instead, I still suffer here in this dusty mortal world!”

“You have severed our path to the Buddha — and now seek to take our lives!”

“What ‘Sword of No Killing’? Lies for fame and false virtue!”

Lies for fame and false virtue!

As his voice fell, the entire crowd behind him roared in unison.

To Lü Yang, it was but a breeze brushing his cheek — insignificant. Yet to the Demon-Suppressing True Person, those cries made him exhale a deep sigh.

It was not the old man nor Jimo City that made him sigh.

As the world’s foremost sword cultivator, the Demon-Suppressing True Person had a gentle and approachable nature — yet that never meant he was weak.

Even accusations Lü Yang ignored would not truly shake him.

‘Shi Yuan is no well-informed man. For him to know about my storage pouch — and these things... it must have been someone within the Sword Pavilion who told him.’

That alone confirmed Lü Yang’s earlier report.

That was the true reason for his sigh.

‘So they could not even wait any longer?’

‘Do they so desperately wish for me to sacrifice the sword intent I have cultivated for a lifetime?’

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

Chapter 426: The Sword of No Killing... Finally Killed Someone!

Lü Yang felt that this was the moment he needed to step forward.

By now, he had seen through the mastermind's intent. Clearly, it was to fundamentally deny the life the Demon-Suppressing True Person had lived while wielding the Sword of No Killing.

‘This is a blow aimed at the heart.’

【Sword Intent】 was a cultivator’s lifelong obsession, a concentration of their will. When strong, it was as firm as steel, unshakable in resolve; when weak, it was like a paper tiger, crumbling with a single push.

The Demon-Suppressing True Person’s 【Sword of No Killing Intent】 was exactly such. If he were truly shaken by the doubt, denial, or criticism from someone he had once saved, then this 【Sword of No Killing Intent】 would undoubtedly weaken. When that happened, he would no longer be able to suppress the overwhelming fortune pressing on him, and would immediately begin seeking the Golden Core!

‘...We must not let them succeed.’

Lü Yang believed he had discerned the scheme of the Evil-Banishing True Person and Bodhisattva Guang Ming. He stepped forward, ready to shield the Demon-Suppressing True Person—yet felt a weight on his shoulder.

“Don’t.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person gently pressed his shoulder and shook his head, then walked forward. Looking at the old man, he said, “Though the Pure Land is resplendent, it is by no means a place of true kindness.”

“What they call Buddhist cultivators are labeled righteous nowadays, but in my eyes, such cultivation has always belonged to the ranks of demonic heresies. Though it may grant temporary benefits, it leaves behind endless poison. I know your fear is born from your nearing end of life, and that you were tempted by their persuasion. It’s fine. This is human nature.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person gazed calmly at the old man.

His eyes held no killing intent, no pressure—but under that gaze, the old man found himself almost unable to maintain eye contact.

He didn’t dare look.

Was it guilt? A guilty conscience?

No.

—It was anger.

“...Don’t look at me with those eyes.”

A moment later, the old man trembled, gritting his teeth and speaking softly: “Has anyone ever told you? Your eyes aren’t the eyes of someone looking at a person at all!”

It was a strange sensation. In the old man’s perception, the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s gaze wasn’t directed at a living person, but rather an object—an item full of cracks that required careful handling. That’s why he had shown such patience.

How could he ever trust the Demon-Suppressing True Person?

From beginning to end, the man hadn’t even treated him as a human being. Could his words then be trusted? Who’s to say he wasn’t just manipulating and deceiving?

For a moment, the old man felt a wave of frustration coalesce in his chest.

On the other side, the Demon-Suppressing True Person was also stunned.

“My eyes?”

He paused for a moment, then chuckled. “So that’s it. This is why you doubt me? You misunderstood... I don’t look at only you this way.”

As he finished, Lü Yang noticed the Demon-Suppressing True Person glance at him.

It was eerie. Just a glance—but Lü Yang could read the man’s thoughts: like looking at a thriving stalk of chive, or a priceless treasure.

Even without that gaze, Lü Yang already felt the man had ulterior motives toward him. But now, that look turned his suspicion into certainty.

A Foundation Establishment cultivator's spiritual senses were incredibly keen.

In contrast, the Demon-Suppressing True Person's gaze was simply too strange.

Clearly, it was imbued with a mystical power capable of stirring spiritual perception—hence why just a glance made one so unsettled.

But what was so mystical about it?

“I've lived my life without killing anyone.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person offered an explanation: “However, 【Sword of No Killing Intent】 is easy to cultivate but hard to maintain. Therefore, at times, I must not view people as people.”

At those words, both Lü Yang and the old man were dumbfounded.

That simple?

Because he refused to kill, he had to sometimes not view people as people... So in the Demon-Suppressing True Person's eyes, was I truly a fine stalk of chive?

In the literal sense?

‘That's absurd...’

Lü Yang kept those words in his heart.

The old man, however, said them aloud and scoffed coldly, “You think such absurd nonsense can brush me off?”

But the Demon-Suppressing True Person didn't argue. He asked in return: “Then Shi Yuan, what will you do?”

He looked at the old man with the same calm eyes.

In his mind, the old man had merely been used by those with ill intent. It was best to talk him down and prevent him from getting caught in this storm.

But the old man refused.

He gritted his teeth. And in one regard, Lü Yang's guess was right—if the target hadn't been the Demon-Suppressing True Person, and if someone weren't backing him to guarantee safety, how could a rogue cultivator ever dare make a scene at the Sword Pavilion?

And yet, he still came.

“...Kill me.”

After a brief silence, the old man spoke, meeting the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s eyes.  
“Behead me. If I survive, then all you’ve said is true.”

“If I die, then let my death show the world your hypocrisy.”

“Good idea. Let’s do that.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person nodded approvingly, clearly full of confidence—for those beheaded by him truly never died.

“Clang!”

Before the old man could respond, the Demon-Suppressing True Person had already drawn his sword. The 【Sword of No Killing】 flashed past like a goat’s horn hung on a tree—subtle and traceless—as it swept across the man’s neck.

In the next second, a head flew into the air.

No blood was shed.

But before the Demon-Suppressing True Person could speak, the old man’s eyes suddenly flew open, face twisted in agony, and from his mouth came a thunderous cry:

“Painful, so painful!”

As the words fell, although he had clearly been beheaded and no blood had flowed, the body and head suddenly burst forth like a river of blood!

In an instant, the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s hand holding the head was soaked in red. And that head, after shouting, closed its eyes. All life faded from his face and, within moments, it became the head of a dead man—rolling from the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s hand to the ground.

A soul quietly drifted out, filled with boundless resentment, and fell into the 【Underworld】 .

‘He’s dead.’

“He’s dead.”

The first voice arose from the crowd, then rapidly spread and turned into thunderous roars, declaring one truth:

The old man, Mo Shiyuan, was dead!

The 【Sword of No Killing】 —famed across the world for taking no life—had claimed its first soul, slain by the hand of the Demon-Suppressing True Person himself!

“Master...”

Lü Yang looked cautiously toward the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

Only to see him slowly shake his head.

“Sigh...”

The second sigh carried intense 【Intent】 , so much so that Lü Yang felt a wave of unprovoked, overwhelming sorrow.

As for the others, they outright broke into sobs.

‘ 【Sword Intent】 !?’

Lü Yang’s heart was shaken. Though both wielded 【Sword Intent】 , the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s 【Sword of No Killing Intent】 was on an entirely different plane.

At this moment, even without activating it, the mere overflow of genuine emotion had influenced everyone’s mood!

Even Lü Yang, who had also comprehended 【Sword Intent】 , could not resist it—showing just how far the man had walked down this path.

Meanwhile, deep within the Piercing-Earth Abyss—

The Evil-Banishing True Person suddenly rose, face filled with excitement: “It’s done...! His 【Sword Intent】 has lost control!”

From the beginning, he never expected Mo Shiyuan’s verbal rebuke to matter. Only death was key to the trap he’d laid!

‘A man like the Demon-Suppressing True Person—how could a few words shake him?’

‘To shatter his 【Sword Intent】 , to make him unable to suppress his growing fortune and force him to seek the Golden Core by offering a sword sacrifice... you have to start at the root—his 【Sword of No Killing Intent】 .’

‘ 【Sword of No Killing Intent】 ?’

‘I will force you to kill! The moment you do—your 【Sword Intent】 will collapse instantly!’

At that moment, the Demon-Suppressing True Person also understood it all as he watched Mo Shiyuan’s death. That was why he had sighed a second time.

‘My 【Sword of No Killing Intent】 , and the sword arts it stems from, are all enshrined within the family.’

‘For someone to tamper with my intent, and make me kill... it could only mean they went to the family and obtained the sword arts I left behind.’

‘If it had been taken by force, I’d have sensed it.’

‘So... the Ye family offered it up willingly.’

Understanding all this, the Demon-Suppressing True Person couldn’t help but feel a wave of sorrow—so intense it disturbed even his control over his **【Sword Intent】** .

Today’s plot came from within the Sword Pavilion. The old man’s death was due to betrayal within the family.

‘So that’s how it is... Neither the sect nor the family can bear to let me live.’

“Boom!”

In the next instant, the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s robes turned blood-red. From the shattered **【Sword of No Killing Intent】** , a towering killing intent erupted!

Evening: Three more chapters to come.

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

Chapter 427: Descending the Mountain, Suppressing Demons!

Extreme Heaven Cliff, Ye Family.

Ye Shaoying, the head of the Ye Family, stood with his hands clasped behind his back, quietly gazing at the mountains beyond. Behind him stood a young man with a sinister expression.

“Eh, what a pity.”

Ye Shaoying sighed softly, helplessness flickering in his eyes. If the Demon-Suppressing True Person had been of one heart with the Ye Family, he would never have taken such action.

After all, this was no different from severing one’s own arm.

‘A pity... Guangji was destined to offer himself to the Sword Dao sooner or later. Since that is the case, when he offers himself no longer matters. Better that he do it now, to win greater benefits for my Ye Family.’

‘After all, it was our Ye Family that nurtured him step by step to this day. Without our cultivation, he could not possibly have attained his current realm and status. Moreover, the greater and stronger our clan becomes, the more likely we will be able to bring him back one day. I believe he too would be pleased with this.’

Ye Shaoying soon persuaded himself.

Or rather, this was simply the way of the Sword Pavilion’s operation. It was only Demon-Suppressing True Person who had always stood apart from it—so now, he was to be excluded.

“Ye Cheng.”

Ye Shaoying turned toward the young man beside him and said softly, “Guangji had no offspring in life. After his death, the 【Sword of No Killing】 and other belongings naturally have no heir.”

“I cannot allow his incense line to be severed.”

“After today, you shall pay respects at the ancestral altar and be adopted under Guangji’s name. I hope you make good use of the 【Sword of No Killing】 and, in the future, revive Guangji’s glory.”

At these words, Ye Cheng immediately cupped his hands in excitement. His handsome features twisted with exhilaration, eyes flashing with light—not only the joy of ascending in a single step but also the satisfaction of long-held vengeance fulfilled. Clearly, he had long been resentful toward Demon-Suppressing True Person, who had stripped him of all status with but a word.

‘This man deserves what he gets!’

At that thought, Ye Cheng almost burst out laughing aloud. Yet, as time passed, his expression slowly froze.

—Demon-Suppressing True Person’s qi had not dispersed.

Not only that—even Evil-Banishing True Person and Bodhisattva Guang Ming, who had been ready to pop open their celebratory wine within the Piercing-Earth Abyss, were left dazed, seemingly unable to react.

‘What’s going on?’

Evil-Banishing True Person frowned slightly, a vague sense of foreboding rising in his heart. Yet just as it surfaced, he forcibly suppressed it.

‘Impossible. No accident could happen. I’ve studied 【Sword Intent】 my entire life—how could I not understand it? To kill with the 【Sword Intent of No Killing】 , such immense contradiction—how could the 【Sword Intent】 remain intact? It would surely destroy itself. Once destroyed, fate can no longer be restrained; he must begin offering up his Sword Dao fruit position!’

And the result would inevitably be Demon-Suppressing True Person's death.

How could there be an accident?

There could not possibly be an accident!

But as time passed, outside the Sword Pavilion's mountain gate, Demon-Suppressing True Person's qi flow showed no change. The manifestation of seeking the Golden Core that should have appeared... never did.

'...Master, send someone to check.'

Evil-Banishing True Person spoke at last, turning his gaze toward Bodhisattva Guang Ming. "You've been here long enough. You should do something."

At that, Bodhisattva Guang Ming pressed his palms together.

'He's afraid.'

That was natural—because he too was afraid. The reason he had dared to plot so boldly was that he was certain Demon-Suppressing True Person would die beyond doubt, unable to seek revenge.

But if Demon-Suppressing True Person was injured yet not dead...

Then matters would become truly grave.

Especially since his 【Sword Intent of No Killing】 had been shattered—if his rigid and foolish ideal of No Killing was also broken—

“Amitabha!”

At that thought, Bodhisattva Guang Ming's true body, far away in the Pure Land, abruptly opened his eyes, drawing in a sharp breath. This ill omen—he dared not touch it.

So going personally was out of the question.

Fortunately, his Pure Land was vast; expendable pawns were in abundance. With that thought, he willed one forth and summoned a guardian monk from outside the temple.

“Vimodo, go to the Sword Pavilion.”

“Ah? Me?”

The monk froze, but since the Bodhisattva had spoken, how could a Pure Land Venerable—comparable to a late-stage Foundation Establishment True Person—refuse?

He could only bow in acceptance, then rode forth upon a streak of Buddhist light, flying into the distance.

Jiangnan, outside the Sword Pavilion's mountain gate.

Lü Yang stood with both hands before him, eyes on his nose, nose on his heart—standing upright, experiencing the “intent” pervading heaven and earth.

It felt like being pierced by ten thousand arrows, sliced by a thousand blades—though there was nothing around him, he could still feel the agony of being flayed alive. This was only because his own 【Sword Intent】 protected him. Otherwise, like all others, he would have been dragged into that reality of torment.

“Ah!!”

“No—I was wrong! Demon-Suppressing True Person, I was wrong!”

“Spare us...”

“Don't!”

Lü Yang looked around, seeing all those whom the elder Mo Shiyuan had brought earlier rolling on the ground, crying and begging for mercy.

And this wasn't even Demon-Suppressing True Person punishing them.

‘It's only because his emotions shifted too violently—he lost control of his 【Sword Intent】 . And this... was caused by you all.’

You reap what you sow!

Still, what made Lü Yang both exasperated and deeply respectful was that—as the screams rose—Demon-Suppressing True Person came back to himself.

In the next instant, that terrifying 【Sword Intent】 that made one feel the pain of dismemberment slowly receded. In but moments, wind and clouds dispersed; no trace of anomaly remained. Only Demon-Suppressing True Person stood there in his blood-stained robe, his sword-like brows calm as he gazed down upon the crowd.

“Rumble!”

Suddenly, Lü Yang saw the fortune above his master's head surge violently, on the verge of breaking through a barrier that would drive him into an irreversible path.

Yet the next second—

“Let's wait a little longer.”

Four polite words. Demon-Suppressing True Person raised his head toward the heavens, hands clasped in salute. Yet even before receiving any response, he acted.

His index and middle fingers extended, joined together as a sword.

In that instant, a 【Sword Intent】 utterly unlike the 【Sword of No Killing】 —no weaker, but even greater—burst forth from his fingertips!

“Caw—!”

In that moment, Lü Yang’s vision went dark—the trace of his divine sense resting upon that 【Sword Intent】 was annihilated outright!

Moreover, within the small area around Demon-Suppressing True Person’s fingertips, spiritual energy, Dao laws, light—everything—was severed, leaving behind only a spherical void like a black hole, silently suspended in midair.

‘This is... 【Killing】?’

Demon-Suppressing True Person made no effort to conceal it, so everyone could sense it clearly—this was a 【Sword Intent】 related to 【Killing】 .

Yet this was not a sword to kill men.

It did not target any individual, but encompassed all things—heaven and earth, creation and beings alike—slaying all without distinction!

This was—

‘The Sword that Slays Heaven!?’

The sword light flashed—and vanished.

In the next instant, the grand fortune above Demon-Suppressing True Person’s head, which had been on the verge of overflowing, was sliced away in half and quietly dissipated.

He had cut his own fate!

With that one sword, the offering that would have forced him toward the Golden Core realm was halted. Though the severed fate was already regenerating, he had nonetheless gained precious time—just as he had said:

—Let certain people... wait a little longer.

“Yan Xiao.”

Lü Yang shuddered. Demon-Suppressing True Person turned calmly toward him, saying softly, “I wish to do something. Would you follow?”

“Disciple is willing.”

Lü Yang immediately bowed. “May I ask, Master, what do you intend to do?”

Before the words finished leaving his mouth, Demon-Suppressing True Person waved his sleeve, resting one hand upon the hilt of the 【Sword of No Killing】 at his waist, and casually gave the answer:

“Go to the Pure Land.”

Descend the mountain—suppress the demons!

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

Chapter 428: “Aren’t you afraid I’ll kill you?”

A figure in a blood-soaked robe — the Demon-Suppressing True Person — descended the mountain.

And Lü Yang trailed directly behind, manipulating a sword-dao clone as if he were a young attendant bearing a sword, both hands holding that same scarlet, blood-red 【Sword of No Killing】 .

In an instant, countless people felt a ripple in their hearts.

How many years had it been.

Except for a few Foundation-Establishment True Persons of great seniority and long life, many people could not even remember when the Demon-Suppressing True Person had last left Jiangnan.

Of course, the southern border did not count.

After all, in the Sword Pavilion’s eyes, the southern border had no True Lord stationed there and lay just south of Jiangnan, so it was practically their back garden. In other places — north of the river, Jiangxi, Jiangdong, even overseas — True Lords were stationed. Those places the Demon-Suppressing True Person could not go.

It was not that they feared the Demon-Suppressing True Person would die.

Rather, they feared that if he attained the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 outside the Sword Pavilion — if his 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 were not formed inside the Pavilion and a True Lord set his sights on it — there would be all kinds of people in the world thinking wicked thoughts.

Especially the rival Holy Sect over there.

Any so-called Sword Pavilion founder or True Lord of the Holy Sect would not care about scruples — they would seize first and ask questions later. If you had a backer, didn’t they also have theirs?

Thus the Demon-Suppressing True Person had not left Jiangnan for a very long time.

Yet this time he openly walked through the Sword Pavilion's mountain gate as if he intended to leave Jiangnan — how could people accept that?

“Stop him!”

The Evil-Banishing True Person rose to his feet at once, teeth clenched: “An ungrateful wretch. The sect raised him; yet when the time came to use him he shirked his duty in every way, and in the end so heedless of gratitude as to attempt to depart and bring shame upon the sect. He must not. He must not—”

—must he not obediently go die?

The Evil-Banishing True Person had already chosen someone to take the blame; he had even slipped the evidence of Mo Shiyuan's collusion with Jiangbei's demonic path into the treasury of 【Jimó City】.

Once the Demon-Suppressing True Person died and proved the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 with his life,

he would immediately appear, set right the chaos, eulogize the greatest Foundation-Establishment True Person in the Sword Pavilion's history, and declare eternal enmity with the demonic path that had murdered him.

What a perfect script.

The Sword Pavilion benefited, he benefited, even the Ye family benefited — they had all contributed greatly this time, and he planned to reward them handsomely; after all, the Demon-Suppressing True Person had no heirs, so rewarding his family would count as rewarding him. No one would lose out. Yet such a perfect script was being ruined by the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

He simply refused to die!

And now he wanted to leave Jiangnan for other regions; if the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 ultimately ended up in another faction's hands...

Ten lives would not be enough to compensate!

Thinking this, the Evil-Banishing True Person could no longer hold back. He rose and rode a fleeing light, dashing toward the Sword Pavilion's mountain gate.

At the same time.

“Āmítuófó!”

With a Buddha-name, a ray of Buddhist light streaked toward the path of the Demon-Suppressing True Person and Lü Yang, coming to rest before them.

Pure Land – Vima-motto Venerable (Vimotuo Venerable).

This late Foundation-establishment arhat wore a bitter expression. As soon as he appeared he bowed his head and said, “This monk Vimotuo, by the command of the Buddhists, pays respects to the Demon-Suppressing True Person.”

“Chēng!” (a sword-ring sound)

The response was a ring of swordlight.

The next second, the Venerable Vimotuo’s head separated from his body; he had not even reacted to being struck – he was still attempting polite phrases.

Only when the world spun before his eyes did he belatedly realize: “Ah?”

“Boom!”

After the muffled crash, the Buddhist radiance glittered and the golden body collapsed. Vimotuo did not survive as those previously beheaded by the Demon-Suppressing True Person had; he died on the spot. A soul escaped, and Pure Land light gently awaited to guide it back to rebirth.

But at that moment –

“Crack!”

A crisp tearing sound split Vimotuo’s bewildered soul. The Pure Land light descended like water trying to pass through a basket full of holes.

What fell was lost.

“Shoo-shoo!”

The next second the wind blew and Vimotuo’s soul scattered to the winds, leaving the Pure Land’s guiding light lingering in place, plunged into a certain stillness.

On the other side, Lü Yang watched in terror.

Although he could accomplish the same trick, he relied upon the miraculous severing of causality known as the 【Tribulation-Pass Wave】 to make the Pure Land’s guiding light lose its target.

In essence, that was a clever shortcut. But the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s method was different: his means were unbearably fierce. The instant Vimotuo was struck by his sword, both form and spirit were utterly extinguished. It was only that Vimotuo’s consciousness had not yet registered it – hence the Pure Land light’s guidance was utterly useless!

“From ‘No-Kill’ to ‘Kill’ – what a consummate transformation!”

“But why? Why, even though the intent of the 【Sword of No Killing】 was shattered, could such a terrible sword-intent still evolve, its power rising even higher?”

Lü Yang pondered inwardly.

At that moment, within the Buddhist light there faintly appeared a majestic dharma-form, hands joined, and with a distant sigh:

“Āmítuófó. Benefactor, why go so far?”

It was Bodhisattva Guangming.

“Friend Dao, please do not walk about.” The Demon-Suppressing True Person’s face was calm as he said lightly, “On this journey I intend to go to the Pure Land; please hear the ringing of my sword.”

“.”

The Buddhist light suddenly extinguished.

But before the Demon-Suppressing True Person could move again, another fleeing light appeared, racing over — it was the furious Evil-Banishing True Person.

“Stop!”

He stood midair, his gaze fixed unwaveringly on the Demon-Suppressing True Person. His mastery of 【Sword Intent】 exceeded Lü Yang’s, so he saw more — and the more he saw, the more shocked he became: “One sword-intent shows signs of inner-outer alternation — how did you do this!?”

“This is the sword.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person smiled faintly: “A sword may hide its edge within a scabbard or display its blade to the world; there is naturally an inner and an outer. 【Sword Intent】 should be the same.”

As his words fell, the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s brand-new 【Sword Intent】 exploded.

If heaven had life, that sword could cut it!

If earth had life, that sword could cut it!

If the Dao or law had life, that sword could cut it!

It was extreme to the utmost, the polar opposite of 【No-Kill】. This sword-intent meant only annihilation, to reduce everything to nothing!

Observing with divine sense, Lü Yang and the Evil-Banishing True Person both instinctively grasped its name:

“ 【All-Slay】 .”

Hidden within the scabbard, it was 【No-Kill】 .

Displayed to the outside, it was 【All-Slay】 !

“No – no, that can’t be!”

The Evil-Banishing True Person wore a horrified expression: “This is not a single sword-intent. Scabbard and blade are merely your way of unifying them.”

“In essence these are two sword-intents!”

Saying this, even the Evil-Banishing True Person doubted his own judgement.

For sword-intent was the culmination of an obsession, entwined with a life; in some sense it even paralleled innate nature.

If so, how could one person possess two sword-intents?

“Which one is yours?”

The Evil-Banishing True Person’s eyes shone as he questioned the Demon-Suppressing True Person, who only shook his head and showed an ineffable puzzlement.

“Que Xie friend, why have you come to seek me?”

“...Naturally to bring you back to the sect.”

The Evil-Banishing True Person furrowed his brow, answering as if it were obvious: “The True Lord previously issued an oral command – to prevent loss to the 【Sword Dao】 , you must not leave without permission.”

“An oral command from the True Lord?”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person glanced around: “Where is the True Lord?”

At these words the Evil-Banishing True Person’s face instantly darkened: “Ye Guangji, you have been willful enough this time – do not act so headstrong!”

“Headstrong?”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person looked at him, eyes deep: “I am curious.”

“You incited Shiyuan, causing him to die and secretly ruining my 【Sword Intent】 – you are the friend who did that. Yet now you come to me and tell me to return and wait obediently for death?”

“And you take the Sword Pavilion’s presumptions for granted; I have long failed to understand that.”

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll kill you?”

Around ten o'clock there will be one more update

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

Chapter 429: I Do Not

Not only did the Demon-Suppressing True Person not understand, but Lü Yang did not understand either.

‘He actually chased over here.’

The Demon-Suppressing True Person’s sword intent had been shattered, yet he had no intention of returning to the Sword Pavilion. Instead, he departed straight away. Was that not already proof enough of his attitude toward the Sword Pavilion?

Even Lü Yang could see that this was the Demon-Suppressing True Person still holding onto compassion—he had spared the people of the Sword Pavilion and chosen to go to the Pure Land instead. Otherwise, with the ferocity of his 【All-Slaughtering】 Sword Intent, how hard would it be for him to turn back and massacre everyone in the Sword Pavilion? At the very least, it would be far easier than fighting Bodhisattva Guangming head-on at the Pure Land!

Yet even so—

These sword cultivators still refused to read the situation. The Evil-Banishing True Person, a dignified True Person at the peak of Foundation Establishment, actually failed to understand the hidden meaning behind the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s words.

Meanwhile, the Evil-Banishing True Person was still stunned.

‘...Kill me?’

The Demon-Suppressing True Person wanted to kill him? He understood every one of those seven words, but when placed together, they evoked an unprecedented sense of absurdity within him.

Because the Demon-Suppressing True Person never killed.

That had been his principle ever since his third life, when he established his foundation as a sword cultivator—and now, he was already in the twilight of his fifth life.

By his age, this should not have been the case.

It could only be said that this matter involved the Ye Family, involved that 【True Lord of Upholding Heaven's Righteous Virtue】 , though even the Evil-Banishing True Person himself did not know the details.

He had only heard vague whispers from another True Lord within the Sword Pavilion.

Thinking of this, the Evil-Banishing True Person glared at the Demon-Suppressing True Person and said coldly, “In the past, 【True Lord of Upholding Heaven's Righteous Virtue】 reshaped your body—how much importance did he place upon you?”

“Is this how you repay him now? How you repay the Sword Pavilion?”

“No wonder the True Lord once said you were a heartless man—born close to the Dao, viewing all beings as straw dogs. Now that I see it for myself, you truly are a cold-blooded creature.”

The Evil-Banishing True Person rebuked him sternly.

However, Lü Yang heard something different within those words—something fierce on the surface yet weak underneath. For while the Evil-Banishing True Person barked with anger, his body was quietly edging backward.

“Senior, why retreat?”

Lü Yang said considerately, “Step closer. Look more clearly.”

The Evil-Banishing True Person did not respond. He was not a fool, merely as the Demon-Suppressing True Person had said—having stayed too long within the Sword Pavilion, he conducted himself according to the Pavilion's principles. With his cultivation at Foundation Establishment Perfection, combined with his fixed impression of the Demon-Suppressing True Person, he had simply failed to react at first.

Now, seeing that the Demon-Suppressing True Person was truly serious—

How could he dare linger any longer?

In a flash of lightning, he formed a sword seal with his fingers and unleashed a divine ability without hesitation:

【Burial Gold Ground】 !

This was a 【Xin Metal】 divine art, harmonizing with 【Si Fire】 . Si represented furnace fire, concealing Wu Earth within—metal buried in earth, unable to change its form. Was that not akin to death itself?

“Boom!”

In that instant, Lü Yang's vision went dark; even the sword foundation within his body grew heavy, his state disturbed by the divine art's residual force.

'This divine art specifically restrains metal and iron!'

And sword cultivators fell squarely within its bane!

'Had it been my prior celestial spirit body, this man's single divine art—combined with his Foundation Establishment Perfection rank—would have easily subdued me!'

'If I'm not mistaken, this was likely forged precisely to counter the Demon-Suppressing True Person... What deep hatred lies between them? To target him so specifically, even at the cost of using a vital innate divine art—does he not fear severing his Dao path? Oh... he cultivates 【White Wax Metal】.'

His Dao path was already severed.

Then what of the Demon-Suppressing True Person?

Lü Yang quickly turned his gaze—and saw a beam of light.

This light was not dazzling, rather soft and gentle, yet it held an irresistible pull upon the eyes. It lightly brushed across the distant Evil-Banishing True Person.

"Crack!"

Without the slightest suspense, the Evil-Banishing True Person's full-force 【Burial Gold Ground】—so utterly fatal to metal and sword cultivators—was cleaved apart as though it were a joke.

"Ah!!!"

At this moment, the Evil-Banishing True Person abandoned all calm and composure. With a sweep of his sleeve, countless spirit treasures erupted forth!

This was his first time facing the Demon-Suppressing True Person's sword head-on. From afar, he had never felt its terror—even when the Demon-Suppressing True Person beheaded the Buddha Maiden Jinguan in three strokes, he had merely thought it ordinary. Three simple swords—perhaps that Buddhist woman was just weak.

But now, he no longer thought so.

Only by facing the Demon-Suppressing True Person's sword directly could one comprehend its true horror—it was nothing that a Foundation Establishment cultivator should be capable of!

'Aside from a Golden Core True Lord, who could possibly withstand this sword?'

'I'm going to die? Impossible!'

The Evil-Banishing True Person frantically unleashed divine arts to flee, disbelief surging through his mind:

‘He dares to kill me? He truly means to kill me!’

‘Ah... that’s right. A man already nearing death—what would he not dare to do? No, wait—why did I even come here in the first place? No! Someone has been influencing me...!’

—Who!?

In that instant, a chill like plunging into an ice cave seized him. But he no longer had time to think, for the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s sword light had already arrived.

“Boom!”

In an instant, Heaven and Earth split into black and white.

One side blazed with the rising sun, radiant as day; the other sank into dim obscurity. The Demon-Suppressing True Person’s sword light stood precisely between them.

“Ah!!!”

Within that black-and-white vision, the Evil-Banishing True Person’s five divine abilities flared brightly together—then were simultaneously severed. His Dharma body exploded into countless fragments of flesh and blood, scattering in all directions. None escaped. Every drop of blood and flesh was refined into ashes by the sword light, leaving only a single flicker of spiritual light vanishing toward the horizon.

“Trying to flee?” Lü Yang clenched his fists eagerly.

After all, that was a Metal-nature spirit! Wounded by the Demon-Suppressing True Person, and as a proud Saint Sect cultivator, there was nothing he enjoyed more than beating a fallen foe.

“No need to chase.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person shook his head. “Having taken my 【All-Slaughtering】 , death is only a matter of time. My own days are numbered—I must reach the Pure Land to settle things.”

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang immediately composed himself. “Disciple obeys, Senior.”

‘There’s no hurry anyway.’

After all, this body of his was merely an avatar—not strong, meant only to bear hardship. Even if he pursued, he might not succeed.

Such pleasures were best left to his main body.

Sword Pavilion, Extreme Heaven Cliff.

The clash between the Evil-Banishing True Person and the Demon-Suppressing True Person had not been hidden; at least for True Persons in late Foundation Establishment, observing from afar was still possible.

Yet at that moment, Ye Shaoying almost wished he could unsee it.

“He... killed someone.”

The Ye Family’s patriarch stood dazed, soul half gone. “Guang Ji... was not manipulated—he killed out of his own will?”

How could this be?

Was he not the one who did not kill?

Even if his sword intent was shattered, he should have remained that gentle elder who spared even ants beneath his broom—how could he have desired to kill?

Cold sweat drenched Ye Shaoying’s face. Especially upon seeing the once-promising Evil-Banishing True Person, who had made countless promises to the Ye Family, fleeing in disgrace—he trembled. Only when he saw that the Demon-Suppressing True Person did not return, but instead continued toward the Pure Land, did he finally exhale in relief.

‘Phew... good.’

Ye Shaoying forced a smile. ‘Guang Ji... the Demon-Suppressing True Person still remembers old ties. The Ye Family gave him life and nurture; he still remembers and will not unleash a massacre.’

At that thought, scheming flickered behind his eyes.

【All-Slaughtering Sword Intent】 ?

‘Such a formidable sword intent and technique—why did he not leave the corresponding method for the clan? Does he not trust his family?’

Even the Evil-Banishing True Person could not withstand it. If the Ye Family could obtain such a sword—

Before Ye Shaoying could finish the thought—

“Boom!”

From beyond the Sword Pavilion’s gates, a thunderous explosion resounded. Countless disciples looked up, faces filled with disbelief.

“Who dares trespass upon our Sword Pavilion!?”

“Has some demon grown tired of living!?”

“Courting death!”

For a moment, even Ye Shaoying turned his gaze outward. There, upon the clouds, a handsome youth stood with hands clasped behind his back, serene and elegant.

“That’s... that wandering cultivator from beyond the heavens?”

“Why has he come here?”

Ye Shaoying recognized him. And as the youth seemed to sense his spiritual perception, he turned abruptly—smiling gently toward him.

In that instant, Ye Shaoying felt a chill of dread.

The visitor—bore ill intent!

—And indeed, it was so.

Outside the Sword Pavilion, Lü Yang gazed intensely at the mountain gate before him, eyes burning with greed that seemed to turn into roaring flames.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

In Jiangnan, True Lords remained hidden; the two peak Foundation Establishment cultivators of the Sword Pavilion—one departed, one gravely injured. The Pavilion now stood as an empty shell!

‘The Demon-Suppressing True Person refrains from slaughter because he has principles—he cannot bring himself to harm the Ye Family that gave him life, nor drag the innocent into his vendetta.’

‘I, however... do not.’

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

Chapter 430: The Sword in Hand, Follow Me!

『Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion』 —these four words held overwhelming prestige in Jiangnan, shrouded in countless legends. It was a mighty mountain pressing down upon every sect and clan within Jiangnan.

Perhaps in ordinary times, that weight was not visible.

However, at this very moment, as the grand formation inside and outside the entire Sword Pavilion automatically activated, even though Lü Yang had already been mentally prepared, he could not help but feel a deep sense of awe.

The whole Pavilion stood upon a perilous, sky-piercing peak. Within it lay a vast expanse—countless smaller summits connected into one, towering between Heaven and Earth, linking up and down in unison, suffused with an ancient, undying aura of majesty. Every stone and every grain of sand upon the mountain carried a strong trace of historical rhythm.

Compared to it, all things in the world seemed insignificant.

After all, Foundation Establishment lasted but five lives, Golden Core granted merely a thousand years of longevity—yet how long had this divine mountain stood between Heaven and Earth? There was simply no comparison!

Before this weight of time, all beings appeared small.

“According to legend, when the Pavilion’s founding ancestor roamed the world seeking a suitable mountain gate, he could not find one to his liking. So, he simply took off the sword at his waist and cast it upon the ground.”

“The sword took root upon falling, growing with the wind.”

“In the end, it became today’s Sword Pavilion. The natal sword of a Nascent Soul Dao Lord—who knows if the story is true? The Saint Sect certainly doesn’t have such a thing.”

Lü Yang sighed inwardly. Though the True Lords had secluded themselves, though the Demon-Suppressing True Person was gone and the Evil-Banishing True Person gravely wounded, the Sword Pavilion was still that mighty behemoth that dominated Jiangnan. With its mountain-guarding formation activated, it stood like an unshakable fortress, barring his way before the gate.

As far as the eye could see, several faint figures could be glimpsed.

Although he could not perceive the innermost Extreme Heaven Cliff, some outer peaks could not escape Lü Yang’s divine sense—among them stood Ye Shaoying, Patriarch of the Ye Family.

“Dang!”

A solemn bell rang from the deepest part of the Pavilion—it was the alarm of an intruder. In an instant, streaks of sword qi surged upward from within.

The next second, a figure appeared.

Patriarch Ye Shaoying of the Ye Family, with the young True Person Ye Cheng beside him. Both looked toward Lü Yang standing beyond the mountain gate with wary eyes.

“This Daoist friend,”

Ye Shaoying was the first to speak. “Today, our Sword Pavilion does not receive guests. Daoist came without sending a visiting post—such abrupt arrival is a breach of propriety. Please, return.”

“Visiting post? Sure—I’ll deliver it right now.”

Lü Yang let out a cold laugh. Behind him, five divine abilities interlinked into a radiant ring, bursting with divine brilliance. He casually plucked a wisp of that light, condensed it in his palm, and in moments a sword of law emerged—its edge gleamed with cold luminance. With a flick of his finger, it shot toward the Pavilion.

“Clang—Clang!”

The sword of law cleaved into the layers of formation. Ye Shaoying was startled, hastily activating the array to block it.

“Rumble—Rumble—!”

A deafening boom resounded. Lü Yang’s sword crashed into the array, severing hundreds of formation lights before it was finally engulfed and annihilated.

The boundless glow poured down like a heavenly river. Lü Yang’s sword of law lasted less than three breaths before it was crushed into nothingness.

‘Thank the heavens...’

Seeing this, Ye Shaoying secretly exhaled in relief, then smiled faintly. “Venerable one, best return from whence you came. Do not bring ruin upon yourself!”

Then, inwardly, he sneered: So this is just an itinerant cultivator from beyond Heaven—what does he know of my Pavilion’s orthodoxy? Trying to take advantage, thinking that after Guang Ji left and the Evil-Banishing True Person was wounded, my Sword Pavilion is defenseless? Foolish! Thirty years from now, we’ll see who laughs last!

“The formation is indeed remarkable.” Lü Yang nodded.

The strike he had just delivered bore no trick—it was pure positional power. Even a late-Foundation True Person would struggle to block it.

Yet the Sword Pavilion held firm.

And merely by the strength of its array—clearly, formations laid down by a Golden Core True Lord, no less formidable than those of the Dragon Palace. To break through would be nigh impossible.

But I am no longer who I once was.

When he had faced the Dragon Palace before, he had been alone and could not possibly confront such arrays head-on—only sneak through. But now, he was an honored guest of the Saint Sect.

With that thought, Lü Yang stretched out his hand and removed a small cloth pouch from his waist.

It seemed woven from black silk. As it rested in his palm, it resembled a dark cloud, with flickers of lightning serpents swimming within, faintly crackling.

‘【Profound Thunder Dao-Entering Cloud】!’

Since he had come to trouble the Sword Pavilion, the Saint Sect naturally provided aid. This item was what Xiang Ye had given him before he left the Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

At that moment, as his mana poured into the pouch, a hoarse child’s voice sounded by his ear:

“More! Harder! Is that all the mana you’ve got? Can’t even open my mouth, let alone break through those sword-breed bastards’ mountain gate!”

This was the true spirit of the 【Profound Thunder Dao-Entering Cloud】.

To be fair, Xiang Ye, as the acting sect master of the Saint Sect, did possess great vision and generosity—for what he lent was one of the sect’s treasured True Treasures!

Its grade even surpasses that of the 【Tribulation-Pass Wave】.

Just as cultivators had levels, so too did spiritual treasures. Fivefold divinity was the limit of ordinary spirit treasures; beyond that, a True Treasure was nearly equal in rank to a True Lord!

The more Lü Yang infused his mana into the 【Profound Thunder Dao-Entering Cloud】, the more he sensed its vast power. Even with all his divine might, he could only awaken a fraction of its strength. It was clear that only a True Lord could fully wield such a supreme treasure.

“...”

Lü Yang tilted his head slightly. He could feel several gazes falling upon him—expectant, watching. They were the True Persons of the Saint Sect.

‘Damn beasts...’

He knew exactly what they were thinking. If he failed to break through the formation, none of them would show themselves.

But once he did—

They would charge in faster than him!

‘Whoever wins, they’ll side with.’

Lü Yang took a deep breath and hurled the fully charged 【Profound Thunder Dao-Entering Cloud】 into the sky. In an instant, it unfolded into a vast canopy of black thunderclouds.

“Rumble—Rumble—!”

Dark clouds spread, the sun and moon dimmed, heaven and earth plunged into shadow. Countless bolts of lightning surged within the clouds before crashing down with world-shaking force!

In an instant, both Ye Shaoying and Ye Cheng's faces turned pale!

Without hesitation, Ye Shaoying flickered away, not even glancing at Ye Cheng—leaving the latter a step too slow.

The next moment, the thunder descended.

“No—”

Ye Cheng's mouth opened wide, but his cry was drowned in the roar. A bolt of lightning struck his crown, shattering his body into ashes.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Endless profound lightning crashed down like an unstoppable battering ram. Each peal of thunder was a violent strike, bombarding without restraint. When Lü Yang's mana finally ran dry and the clouds dispersed, the outer cliffs of the mountain where the Sword Pavilion stood—once covered with countless peaks—had been leveled flat!

As for that impregnable grand array—

Its core remained intact, but its outermost barrier had been torn open, spiritual energy scattering chaotically and unable to mend for a time!

“It's broken!?”

On the other side, Ye Shaoying—who had escaped just in time—had no chance to grieve for Ye Cheng. Turning back to see the devastation, his eyes filled with horror.

Yet the next instant, that horror turned into terror.

Because as the formation's outer barrier was breached, human figures began to emerge behind Lü Yang, wearing grim smiles, eyes glinting scarlet—

“Punish the Unrighteous! Annihilate the Sword Pavilion!”

“For too long have the cultivators of the world suffered under the Sword Pavilion's tyranny!”

“Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion has preyed upon Jiangnan and enslaved its people! Today, our Saint Sect will set things right and return the fat of the land to the world!”

—The Saint Sect had entered the field.

Just as Lü Yang had predicted, those beasts had been waiting for him to break the formation. Now they emerged, righteous in appearance, their slogans already prepared.

All the better.

After all, there was no way he could storm the Pavilion alone—but with the Saint Sect joining in, things were very different. They could even share the blame together.

With that thought, Lü Yang rode his sword light forward, charging fiercely into the Sword Pavilion!

“—Sword in hand, follow me!”