

Chapter 431 : Extermination of the Tu Family—Not Even Chickens or Dogs Will Be Spared!

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“Sword Pavilion disciples, face the enemy!”

At that moment, the bell resounding within the gates of the Sword Pavilion rang louder than ever. One Foundation Establishment True Person after another soared out on streams of escape light, attempting to mend the breach in the mountain-protecting grand array.

However, how could the True Persons of the Saint Sect who had charged in possibly allow that?

For a time, it was truly a case of each Immortal displaying their divine abilities—once the Saint Sect True Persons entered the array, they immediately employed all manner of filthy, destructive methods to sabotage the formation.

The entire Sword Pavilion was thrown into complete chaos.

“What exactly is going on.?”

Among them were some True Persons who, having been in closed-door cultivation and knowing nothing of the outside world, were utterly bewildered at the sudden upheaval. Their first reaction was—

“Where is the Demon-Suppressing True Person?”

Such questions echoed throughout the Sword Pavilion.

After all, if the Demon-Suppressing True Person were still around, seated atop Extreme Heaven Cliff, suppressing the world with a single sword, even the Saint Sect True Persons wouldn’t dare to storm in so brazenly.

Just what had happened?

“Patriarch Ye!”

A Sword Pavilion True Person, unaware of the situation, rushed to Ye Shaoying’s side and asked, “Has the Demon-Suppressing True Person gone into seclusion? Hurry and call him out!”

“Indeed!”

Another Sword Pavilion True Person chimed in, even sounding somewhat resentful. “The Demon-Suppressing True Person was far too careless. How could he suddenly go into seclusion without a word?”

Just a few simple words made Ye Shaoying purse his lips, uncertain how to respond. But this kind of thing couldn’t be concealed, so he braced himself and gritted his teeth.

“The Demon-Suppressing True Person... has defected from the Sword Pavilion. He even wounded the Evil-Banishing True Person. Fellow Daoists, do not count on him any longer!”

As soon as those words fell, absolute silence ensued.

All the Sword Pavilion True Persons who heard it stood frozen on the spot, as though they had heard something utterly incomprehensible, their expressions blank.

The Demon-Suppressing True Person defected from the Sword Pavilion?

What kind of sick joke was that!

And yet, everyone knew Ye Shaoying wasn’t someone who would spout nonsense about such matters. So no matter how unbelievable it sounded, they all knew—it was likely true.

Thus, the next question arose:

‘What should we do now?’

The Demon-Suppressing True Person had defected, and even injured the Evil-Banishing True Person. Didn’t that mean the Sword Pavilion no longer had even a single Foundation Establishment consummate cultivator?

Only now, seeing the bewilderment on so many Sword Pavilion True Persons’ faces, did Ye Shaoying truly understand the extent of the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s influence.

Before, everyone thought he was pedantic, antisocial, a misfit in the Sword Pavilion.

But now, he was gone.

And for a moment, no one knew how to respond.

They had always relied on him to act, and now that he was gone, everything he had carried suddenly fell onto their own shoulders.

Only now did many of the Sword Pavilion True Persons realize just how deeply the sect had depended on the world’s number one sword cultivator.

Alas, it was too late.

“Rumble!”

Outside the gates of the Sword Pavilion, under the efforts of the Saint Sect True Persons, the rift in the formation was widened further and eventually forced into the shape of a doorway.

“The time is now!”

Only then did Xiang Ye’s figure appear at last, face full of excitement:

“Excellent work, Daoist Friend. In this assault on the Sword Pavilion, you’ve contributed greatly. If we seize their treasure vault, you may choose any three items you wish!”

To breach the Sword Pavilion!

How many acting sect masters of the Saint Sect had dreamed of this, yet never succeeded? Now he had done it—it was unspeakably satisfying!

‘Even better, the Demon-Suppressing one went to the Pure Land, and they won’t come aid the Sword Pavilion—they’ve got troubles of their own.

As for the Dao Court? Hah, mere watchdogs, guarding their tiny patch of land—they definitely won’t interfere. This time, I’ll make a killing!’

The resources to attain the Golden Core might just be here!

Thinking that, Xiang Ye couldn’t wait a moment longer. He dashed in even faster than Lü Yang, vanishing into the Sword Pavilion in the blink of an eye to start his plundering.

‘Everything’s gone chaotic now.’

On the other side, Lü Yang remained calm. Seeing the disorder, he actually withdrew his divine abilities, concealed his form, and silently descended.

Though Xiang Ye was somewhat familiar with the Sword Pavilion, being an old nemesis, the locations he headed for were only those likely to hide precious treasures.

But how could that compare to Lü Yang, a Sword Pavilion seed of the purest pedigree?

He was the one who truly knew where all the treasures were!

What’s more, he had an inside helper.

Descending, Lü Yang quickly arrived at a secluded spot. There, a formation parted, and a slender figure poked her head out.

“Master... this way!”

It was True Person Xiuxin!

Unlike with the Yun Family Ancestor, this particular 【String-Pulled Puppet】 had not been used in a long time. Yet now, it was serving as the perfect trump card!

The reason was simple.

True Person Xiuxin was a guest elder of the Ye Family!

In other words, she knew the location of the Ye Family's territory within the Sword Pavilion, as well as the formation access. With her help, Lü Yang could charge in unimpeded!

“Go. Lead the way!”

Without hesitation, Lü Yang entered through the formation opening Xiuxin had created. He changed his appearance and followed her as they stealthily advanced.

Soon enough, they ran into a Ye Family True Person returning from battle. The man, clearly in a hurry, spotted Xiuxin and Lü Yang moving against the flow of the crowd and immediately descended with a shout:

“Xiuxin! The enemy is at the gates. Why are you fleeing the battle?”

True Person Xiuxin quickly explained, “Elder, you misunderstand—”

“No need to say more!”

The Ye Family True Person furrowed his brow and said coldly, “In such perilous times, you disobey family orders. Suspicious! Come with me and redeem yourself through merit!”

Even as he spoke, he calculated in his heart:

‘The situation is dire, and these demonic cultivators are savage. I might not survive alone. I’ll bring Xiuxin with me—if needed, she can die to save me.’

After all, she was just a guest elder.

And guest elders were meant for this sort of thing. If she died, well, they could just reincarnate her and give her a side-branch Ye identity again.

All things considered, she’d still owe them for the opportunity.

But just then, a man stepped out from behind Xiuxin and raised his head, revealing a smiling, handsome face.

‘Who is this—’

Before he could finish the thought, the man’s appearance shifted.

“Boom!”

Lü Yang’s figure vanished, replaced by a towering demonic image with three heads and six arms, standing tall and vast, green-faced and fang-toothed, staring him down!

【Heaven-Overseeing, All-Encompassing】 !

This second-grade true cultivation technique had already been cultivated to its second stage by him—thanks to Hong Ju, who had surprisingly remembered Lü Yang’s previous instructions.

They had met again, and Hong Ju had secretly delivered a thread of Qi from the 【Ten Thousand Martial Realms】 !

With this second infusion, Lü Yang had finally shed his 【Dharma Body】 —his true body and dharma body had now fully merged, able to shift and scatter at will, with no more distinction between the two!

“You!?”

The Ye Family True Person’s eyes went wide. He had just opened his mouth when the demonic image seized him with one massive hand.

His cultivation was only slightly higher than Xiuxin’s—not even mid-Foundation Establishment—and though he struggled desperately, he was instantly suppressed by the might of the demonic form.

Immediately after, Lü Yang’s aura exploded forth.

“An enemy has infiltrated!”

“How did he get here?! Damn it! Who brought the wolf into the house!?”

Ye Shaoying, who had just fled back home in disarray, nearly fainted upon seeing this. He had been raising a ghost under his own roof without knowing it!

On the other side, Lü Yang strolled forward leisurely.

Behind him, the Myriad Spirits Banner fluttered. The figure of Ancestor Tingyou appeared, and for the first time, that ever-calm face revealed a look of excitement.

‘Ancestor... the time for revenge has come.’

‘That Ye Family True Lord isn’t here—today, we’ll collect some interest first.’

As those words fell, one after another, Banner Spirits stepped forth, in orderly procession, encircling Lü Yang like stars around the moon.

“Pass on my order.”

Lü Yang spoke coolly:

“Exterminate the family. Leave not even chickens or dogs!”

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Chapter 432: True Lord’s Manifestation, a Trace of Metal Nature!

“It’s you!”

If Lü Yang hadn’t appeared, it might have been fine—but the moment he revealed himself, Ye Shaoying’s gaze immediately shot toward him, and the face of the Ye Family’s Patriarch abruptly changed.

After all, as a so-called “Rogue Cultivator from Beyond the Heavens,” Lü Yang’s strength was now renowned in this era where the True Lords had all gone into seclusion. Even those at Foundation Establishment Perfection dared not claim certain victory against him. Ye Shaoying, as a late-stage Foundation Establishment True Person, could only rely on formation power to barely defend himself.

If Lü Yang were still outside, he might have had some confidence.

However, right now, Lü Yang had somehow managed to infiltrate the family itself—

the grand formation that should have barred all intruders had utterly failed to respond!

Yet the situation no longer allowed him time to think.

“Kill!”

At Lü Yang’s single command, the Myriad Spirits Banner (万灵幡) unfurled.

Aside from Ancestor Tingyou, all the Banner Spirits (幡灵) swarmed forth, instantly setting off a tempest of blood and carnage.

After all, Banner Spirits feared no death.

Seeing this, Ye Shaoying’s eyes instantly turned scarlet. If these Banner Spirits were truly allowed to slaughter at will, the great Ye Family might be completely annihilated!

With a furious roar, Ye Shaoying tried to mobilize the clan's defensive formation to stop Lü Yang—but the moment he moved, a majestic surge of Incense Qi (香火之气) rolled out from within the Myriad Spirits Banner.

It pressed down like a colossal mountain, suppressing the entire family's formation from within and without. At the same time, several Banner Spirits blocked his way.

“Out of my way!”

Ye Shaoying slashed his sword forth. The blade light struck the Banner Spirits—yet the glow of incense flared instead, erasing them into nothingness.

In that instant, a terrifying divine presence descended.

“Bang!”

Banner Spirit Longyue, Mother Wusheng, Ancestor Yan, and City God of the Capital—four Incense Deities—attacked simultaneously, almost making Ye Shaoying's eyes bulge out of his skull.

“Foundation Establishment Perfection... four of them!?”

What kind of joke was this!?

Ye Shaoying desperately drew upon the power of the formation to reinforce himself.

Only because Incense Deities were relatively weaker was he not immediately crushed to death by those four gods.

Even so, the vast difference in strength between the two sides made despair well up within him.

For a moment, countless contingency plans flashed through his mind, only to be discarded one by one. As for his supposed backing—True Person Evil-Banishing (却邪真人)—he could barely save himself now!

In the end, there remained only one thought—

“Demon-Purging... Guang Ji!”

At that thought, Ye Shaoying cast aside all emotion and immediately took out the jade slip he had used to contact True Person Demon-Suppressing (荡魔真人) before, quickly infusing it with divine sense.

At the same time, on the borders of Jiangnan—

“...A call for aid?”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person suddenly halted mid-stride on his way toward Jiangxi, pulling out a jade slip.

Turning back, he sighed faintly.

“Master?”

Lü Yang, who had been using his Sword Dao avatar to monitor the True Person’s condition, was startled and quickly stepped forward respectfully to inquire.

But the Demon-Suppressing True Person soon withdrew his gaze.

In truth, there had been one thing Evil-Banishing True Person said correctly—he truly was a cold, heartless man.

Earlier, Evil-Banishing True Person had asked him which sword intent belonged to him—【Sword of No Killing (不杀)】 or 【All-Slay (皆斩)】—and he hadn’t answered.

Because perhaps the answer would surprise everyone.

The sword intent that truly belonged to him was 【All-Slay】 ,

while 【No Killing】 —the intent he had used for most of his life—was merely the legacy of another.

‘Perhaps... I truly am not a benevolent man.’

The Demon-Suppressing True Person couldn’t help but sigh in his heart.

In his view, he had simply grown too accustomed to using 【No Killing】 —habit had become nature, nothing more.

“It’s nothing.”

Coming back to himself, the True Person spoke lightly, then crushed the jade slip in his hand, paying no further heed to whatever might happen back at the Sword Pavilion.

“Hah...”

Meanwhile, Lü Yang—who had been tense and ready to flee at any moment—finally let out a sigh of relief, a flicker of excitement rising in his chest.

The Demon-Suppressing True Person would not intervene!

The grand game was decided!

At that thought, Lü Yang soared forward on his escape light toward the deepest part of the Ye Family. True Person Xiuxin had already secretly informed him of the location of the family’s treasure vault.

【Heaven-Bearing Hall (承天殿)!】

The moment he stepped into the Ye Family’s vault, an oppressive aura washed over him. Even with his current cultivation, Lü Yang felt a faint heaviness.

‘Residual Fruitional Power...’

He instantly understood—this treasury had once been sealed by True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De (承天正德真君) using the power of his Fruit Position.

It was once impregnable. Only because most True Lords had long gone into seclusion—and their Fruitional Power had greatly dissipated—did he now have the chance to enter.

Otherwise, it would have been certain death.

‘This level of means even surpasses the Dragon Palace.’

Lü Yang was not surprised; the True Dragon Clan and the Sword Pavilion were leagues apart in heritage.

True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De merely benefited from the Dao Lineage.

He proceeded deeper into the great hall.

Soon, a pitch-black and solemn gate appeared before him, upon which was carved a formation glowing with a faint blood-red hue in place of a door-ring.

Lü Yang frowned slightly: ‘Should I try again with 【Profound Thunder Dao-Entering Cloud】?’

The next second, he dismissed the idea. Not only was 【Profound Thunder Dao-Entering Cloud】 too destructive—one strike might demolish the entire vault—

but now the treasure itself refused his command.

‘【Profound Thunder Dao-Entering Cloud】 was refined by True Lord Han Guang Fu Tian, the one behind Xiang Ye. Now that the True Lords are all hidden away, even this treasure’s condition is poor.’

It had already forced itself to act once; now it needed long slumber to preserve its essence—it could not act again merely to help him rob a vault.

‘Fortunately, I came prepared.’

With a thought, Lü Yang threw out the recently subdued Ye Family True Person and used String-Pulled Puppet to control his body, step by step, toward the gate.

“Clatter... clatter!”

With the Ye Family's bloodline as a key, the vault gate instantly responded and swung open, revealing a corridor. Lü Yang's lips curled into a smile—

Only to freeze a moment later.

Because behind that gate was not the radiant treasury he had imagined, but a dark, cold, lifeless chamber.

“This is...”

Lü Yang raised his head and saw on the dim walls countless lines of text—twisted, blurred, as if corroded by time.

It was a cultivation method.

Its name— 『Ascension to the Mysterious Realm Observation Register』 !

Lü Yang recognized it at a glance; he had seen a similar scripture— 『Upper Radiant Golden Cup and Jade Light 』 —in Hong Yun's memories.

‘This is... a method to sense the Fruitional Position!’

‘Exactly. True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De, nearing the end of his life, must have left behind this safeguard to reclaim his Fruitional Position after reincarnation.’

‘Through this scripture, one can sense 【Wall Earth】 !’

As Lü Yang pondered this, a surge of danger suddenly swept through him. He instinctively retreated a step and looked again into the dark chamber.

“...No. Something's wrong.”

How could such a grand treasury contain only one scripture?

And as for True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De's contingency—how could it be limited to a single sensing technique? Even Hong Yun had prepared several!

“Thud... Thud... Thud...”

Heavy footsteps echoed from the shadows within the chamber. Soon, a figure emerged—a sword-wielding youth with crimson lips and gleaming white teeth.

“Hiss!”

In that instant, Lü Yang gasped sharply.

But Ancestor Tingyou's reaction was even stronger—his eyes turned blood-red, and he spat out his words through clenched teeth, filled with fury:

“【Zheng De】...!!!”

‘Impossible—no, this isn’t the original body!’

‘I understand now... just as Hong Yun created Hong Ju, True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De must have left behind something similar—this is his manifested incarnation!’

The next instant, Lü Yang’s eyes shone brightly.

Because within the youth’s body before him, he saw a faint yet incomparably pure radiance—burning like flame.

‘Metal Nature!’

The Metal Nature of True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De!!!

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Shameful... feeling drained today. Only managed to write three pages. I’ll owe the rest for now, need a bit more recovery before continuing.

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Chapter 433: Tingyou Battles Zhengde!

In the dark and silent chamber, the footsteps were heavy and forceful, as though merging with the veins of heaven and earth themselves—each movement carrying an invisible yet overwhelming pressure.

Without a doubt, this was a formidable enemy.

The man had red lips and white teeth, holding in his hand a resplendent divine sword that shimmered with flowing light. He was dressed in a white robe and wore a golden crown; between his brows exuded a proud, condescending aura.

As his gaze fell, an invisible killing intent instantly locked onto Lü Yang and Ancestor Tingyou, as if two blades of murderous sword intent had directly cleaved into their Seas of Consciousness!

“Clang—clang!”

Lü Yang’s expression grew solemn as he unleashed his 【Sword Intent】 , dissolving the overwhelming power hidden within the other’s gaze. This sort of formless murderous sight was

clearly a pinnacle manifestation of 【Sword Intent】 . If it were any Foundation Establishment cultivator of lesser strength, that one glance might have killed them on the spot!

‘He’s stronger than Hong Ju.’

Although Hong Ju was also at the perfected Foundation Establishment realm, he possessed neither the Metal attribute nor a Blessed Land—merely a blank slate among blank slates, with combat power within his realm hardly worth mentioning.

But this sword-bearing youth was different.

He possessed a Metal attribute from 【Heaven-Bearing True Lord Zhengde】 , and his own body was the True Lord’s manifestation—perfectly compatible, granting him immense battle prowess.

No matter how one looked at it, this was a formidable foe!

“You two... who are you?”

At last, the sword-bearing youth spoke faintly. “What on earth has happened outside? Who dares trespass into my Ye Family’s sacred ground? Where is Ye Guangji? What is he doing?”

“Still counting on the Demon-Suppressing True Person, are you?” Lü Yang sneered coldly. Though this matter had little to do with him, and he himself did not quite approve of the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s persistence, that did not stop him from despising the people of the Sword Pavilion. “Fellow Daoist, best not to delude yourself—no one can save you today!”

Having said that, Lü Yang deliberately dragged the Holy Sect into the matter as well.

“This time, our Holy Sect entered the Sword Pavilion to eradicate evil and uphold the Dao—to bring righteousness back to the world. After today, there will be no more Sword Pavilion in Jiangnan!”

At those words, the atmosphere turned abruptly murderous.

“...Ignorant brat—seeking death!” The sword-bearing youth’s eyes grew chillingly cold; without even moving, a flash of white light suddenly gleamed in Lü Yang’s vision.

A sharp gust of cold wind followed.

“Clang!”

A clear sword cry resounded within Lü Yang’s mind—but just as it was about to strike him, it halted abruptly, stopping no more than three inches from his throat.

Behind Lü Yang, a circle of pure white radiance spread outward, splitting into countless web-like lines that rooted themselves within the surrounding heavens and earth, binding him tightly with

the world. It was precisely this connection that forced the sword-bearing youth to stop at the final instant.

【Same as the World】 !

‘A pity.’

Seeing the sword-bearing youth halt at the last possible moment, Lü Yang sighed inwardly. As expected, one capable of cultivating Sword Intent could retract and release his sword arts at will—utterly at ease.

That was far more troublesome than Heavenly Jiao Tianqiu.

Moreover, with Bodhisattva Guang Ming’s prior example, Lü Yang had no doubt this sword-bearing youth could eventually break through 【Same as the World】 —he merely needed some time.

But just then, Ancestor Tingyou stepped forward.

“Allow me.”

At that moment, Ancestor Tingyou’s voice had already regained its calm, yet his tone carried unshakable resolve.

“...Very well.”

Seeing this, Lü Yang nodded and stepped back. He slammed the 【Myriad Spirits Banner】 heavily onto the ground, and a golden ring of light surged outward.

【Xianghuo Shendao】 !

In an instant, the entire chamber filled with the fragrance of sandalwood. Phantom figures arose, and the vast incense power of faith descended upon Ancestor Tingyou’s body.

“Hoo—”

Though the power of incense could not fully restore Ancestor Tingyou to his peak, it elevated his rank to stand on the same level as the sword-bearing youth.

And that alone was enough!

After all, in the past, he hadn’t even possessed the qualification to stand on the same plane—only to be annihilated by a single sword. Until today, he could finally battle his foe as an equal!

“You are not in your true body, and I am not at my full strength either.”

“Then that makes it fair.”

Before his words faded, Ancestor Tingyou had already struck. He no longer used the numerous Dao techniques he had previously imitated, but instead formed a simple hand seal.

“【Nine Heavens Secret Demon Yin Thunder】!”

Lü Yang instantly recognized it—it was a minor divine ability from the Witch Ghost Path, specialized in attacking souls. Ancestor Tingyou had even used this very spell against him once before.

In the next moment, lightning and thunder exploded as demonic shadows howled, crashing down directly upon the sword-bearing youth’s head. Yet, although Ancestor Tingyou had pushed the spell to its utmost limit, the foundation of the ability was still that of the Qi Refining level—how could it rival true Daoist divine arts?

“Boom!”

With a deafening roar, the sword-bearing youth surged forward. His sword light ripped through the countless bolts of demonic thunder; before the blade itself arrived, its intent had already sliced open blood marks across Ancestor Tingyou’s face.

But at that very moment, Ancestor Tingyou’s form suddenly scattered.

“【Immersing Village】!”

The dissolving figure transformed into rolling currents of 【Zi Water】 , in perfect accordance with the principle of “Metal chills in cold water, and when the Son prospers, the Mother wanes”—a divine art meant precisely to bury metal and iron!

The sword-bearing youth fell into it, startled but unpanicked. He immediately activated another divine art that shone brilliantly:

【Benefiting Metal Radiance】 !

Under that divine brilliance, his originally murderous 【Geng Metal】 aura transformed into 【Xin Metal】 . And since 【Xin Metal】 was born of 【Zi Water】 , nourished by its ripples, washed of its impurities, only then could it shine brilliantly—thus breaking through the encirclement by the very principle of “Water Refines Metal Splendor.”

Seeing this, Ancestor Tingyou was unsurprised. He retreated a distance and spat forth a single breath.

That breath turned into a divine light, seemingly light as floating mist, yet heavy as mountains—embodying the union of water and fire, yin and yang intertwined in mysterious harmony!

【Melting Metal Vault】 !

This was unmistakably a 【Chou Earth】 divine art!

【Chou Earth】 belonged to Yin Earth—ridden by cold, damp water, yet dwelling at the time of the dual Yang Qi’s uprising, thus containing both the warmth of fire and the mystery of water.

Water could nurture metal—but also drown it.

Fire could forge metal—but also destroy it.

All depended on the Dao attainment of the user, and at Ancestor Tingyou's level, it naturally became the nemesis of all metallic sword Qi.

In an instant, the sword-bearing youth froze in place. The countless sword Qi around him melted like snow in spring—first drowned by water, then refined by fire. In the blink of an eye, they shattered inch by inch, every trace of killing intent dissolving into nothingness, forcing him to withdraw his sword, retreating with several new water-and-fire scars upon his body.

“You've cultivated Wall Earth as well?”

Only then did the sword-bearing youth regard Ancestor Tingyou seriously. Their clash had not only compared divine powers, but also the depth of their Dao attainments.

The result was self-evident.

He had been forced back.

More importantly, the opponent's configuration clearly also belonged to 【Wall Earth】—yet in that Dao, he should have been the number one in this world!

How could this be?

“What's wrong, Daoist Zhengde—do you not recognize me?”

Ancestor Tingyou sneered, wiping away the mist that obscured his face, revealing his true countenance and karma for the first time—no longer hiding.

And Lü Yang saw—

In that instant, the once-composed sword-bearing youth froze where he stood, his eyes wide in disbelief, as though he had seen a ghost in broad daylight.

Immediately after, he instinctively stepped back a pace.

“Tingyou...”

Of course the sword-bearing youth recognized Ancestor Tingyou. He had inherited a wisp of Metal Essence from 【Heaven-Bearing True Lord Zhengde】 , along with vast memories pertaining to him.

That man—who had once become a near-lifelong shadow in his True Lord's heart, forming a heart devil that impeded his progress for years—was none other than this Ancestor Tingyou! The very purpose for which 【Heaven-Bearing True Lord Zhengde】 had created him... was to transfer that heart devil onto himself!

How could he not recognize him!?

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“Impossible!”

In the next instant, the young man with the sword changed expression, his gaze locking rigidly on Ancestor Tingyou. “You’re already dead. True Lord himself personally beheaded you.”

There was no way Ancestor Tingyou could have survived!

Even taking a step back—suppose he truly had lived—how could he possibly have recovered to the peak of Foundation Establishment in just a few short decades? That defied all logic!

At least with the cultivation the sword-bearing youth had inherited, he was utterly incapable of comprehending what stood before him. All he could do was attribute it to Ancestor Tingyou being some sort of miracle. Yet the moment such a thought arose, the heart demon transferred onto him by Heaven-Bearing True Lord Zhengde intensified. What the hell was he even fighting for anymore?

He had no time to think further.

For before Ancestor Tingyou’s words even finished echoing, his figure had already taken a step forward. At the same moment, another divine ability flared to life, unfurling a vast curtain of goose-feather snow that reached sky and sun alike.

【Solemn Profound Frost】 !

This was a 【Xin Metal】 divine ability—astonishingly, one of Ancestor Tingyou’s innate talents. And now, when unleashed, it was far more formidable than when Lü Yang had once used it!

In that instant, countless snowflakes whirled through the sky, freezing all within their reach. Spiritual qi, spells, divine arts—all fell silent under its chill. Even the invincible 【Sword Intent】 dulled its edge. The storm gathered and converged, about to envelop the sword-bearing youth and turn him into an ice sculpture.

Fortunately, the youth’s reaction was swift.

Clang! Clang!

With a ringing sword cry, he finally raised the long sword in his hands. The blade tore through the storm of snow and, in a flash of insight, cleaved once more toward Ancestor Tingyou!

【Heaven-Bearing Ascension to the Profound Observation Sword】 !

‘That’s... a True Treasure!’

Lü Yang’s eyes blazed with fervor.

The wealth of Heaven-Bearing True Lord Zhengde was clearly even deeper than that of the luckless Hong Yun who had suffered for five thousand years—he had actually equipped his incarnate body with a True Treasure!

Almost simultaneously, divine light burst from the sword-bearing youth’s body.

【Qi Concealed Entirely】 !

This was a divine ability Lü Yang had never seen before. It seemed to belong to 【Xin Metal】 , yet it also harmonized with 【Chou Earth】 , carrying a sense of sealing and containment.

In an instant, the radiance of heaven and earth dimmed. All flows of qi vanished. The once awe-inspiring duel between True Persons suddenly transformed into a mere contest of mortal strength, as if in a rustic village square—except one of them had wielded the sword arts for a thousand years, while the other stood barehanded.

All qi hidden—mysteries unseen!

In such a state, only 【Sword Intent】 , which transcended all divine abilities, could decide victory or defeat. It was clearly a meticulously prepared killing strike!

Crack!

In a flash, Ancestor Tingyou’s robe was torn open. Yet in that fleeting instant, his fingertips ignited a spark of starlight.

He pinched a seal, chanted an incantation, and pointed to the heavens.

Dang!

His finger flicked forward, striking the sword’s edge that hovered a hair’s breadth away. In that instant, boundless mud and water surged forth, suppressing and sealing away the sword’s frigid gleam.

【Decree of Moving Mountains and Shifting Peaks True Law】 !

This technique, preserved by the Holy Sect, specialized in suppression and sealing. Now, Ancestor Tingyou used it purely as an emergency measure—to avoid being cut in half in a single stroke.

Boom!

The next moment, the sword-bearing youth's strike landed squarely on Ancestor Tingyou, sending him flying back and staggering several steps upon landing.

Yet upon seeing this, the youth's face showed not triumph but a deep, iron-blue gloom. He had aimed to kill Ancestor Tingyou in one blow—but at the most critical instant, his opponent had locked the sword's edge, turning a slash into a smash. The result? Merely a red mark!

'No matter what—press the advantage!'

The youth's mind turned sharply. He would never waste such a golden opportunity. Stepping forward, he shattered the muddy seal coating his sword.

But just as he was about to unleash his second strike—

Suddenly, the 【Qi Concealed Entirely】 seal was torn apart by an overwhelming surge of force. Mystical powers returned in full bloom, and a cold, majestic sword light reappeared!

【Tribulation-Pass Wave】 !

【Proclaiming Might】 !

'Damn it—two against one?!'

Forced to halt his motion, the youth's expression grew strained and indignant. He focused entirely on Ancestor Tingyou, completely forgetting Lü Yang.

Meanwhile, Lü Yang remained utterly unbothered.

'We demonic heretics—what martial virtue do we need to talk about with you?'

'Ancestor, let's strike together!'

At that moment, Ancestor Tingyou also shattered the 【Qi Concealed Entirely】 seal upon himself, his expression turning oddly exhilarated—an inexplicable thrill in his heart.

The style of the Holy Sect—when one stood against it, it could make one feel utterly suffocated, as if choking on a lump of bitterness. Yet fighting alongside it was an entirely different matter. Being on the receiving end of shamelessness could drive one mad—but wielding such shamelessness oneself was exhilarating.

Rumble!

The next instant, Lü Yang's long-prepared 【Tribulation-Pass Wave】 pierced straight into the youth's brow, torrents of sword light surging forth with a roar!

『Newly Forged Dao-Plume Nirvana Sword Art』 !

The sword light fell like a collapsing mountain, smashing down upon the youth. With a thunderous crash, streams of flame scattered, and boiling spiritual qi exploded all around.

Seeing this, the sword-bearing youth was not shocked but elated. ‘You dare to clash with me head-on, knowing that I hold a True Treasure? Even if my 【Heaven-Bearing Ascension to the Profound Observation Sword】 is an art sword empowered by divine abilities and not a mere weapon of war, no trivial spirit treasure’s sword light could rival it. This time, you’ve brought ruin upon yourself!’

But soon, his expression began to change.

For no matter how he poured his mana into the sword, he could not disperse the enveloping sword light. On the contrary, it grew ever stronger with each passing breath!

Because within it resided 【Sword Intent】—like grass upon the boundless plain.

Endless, unceasing, and eternally alive.

“You...” The sword-bearing youth’s expression shifted slightly as disbelief flickered in his eyes. “Could it be... you’re a True Person of my Sword Pavilion!?”

Lü Yang said nothing, merely pressing his sword downward with all his might.

In contrast, the sword-bearing youth’s sword light grew steadily dimmer, his divine power fading away. The balance shifted—one rising, one falling—until finally, a rift split open in the youth’s defense!

Crack!

In the next instant, the sword light broke through in full force!

Almost at the same time, Ancestor Tingyou had recovered his strength. Channeling his divine art, he unleashed 【Solemn Profound Frost】 , filling the heavens with a storm of snow as sharp and cold as flying blades.

“You want to kill me? Foolish dream!”

Even now, the sword-bearing youth remained calm. He pushed the 【Heaven-Bearing Ascension to the Profound Observation Sword】 to its utmost limit and traced a light stroke beneath his feet.

He cultivated the 【Wall Earth】 fruit position—its imagery represented “qi residing in closure, things hidden within”—a mystic art of concealment and isolation, severing the inner from the outer. Now, infused with the power of the True Treasure 【Heaven-Bearing Ascension to the Profound Observation Sword】 , he drew a prison upon the earth—a single sword stroke splitting heaven and abyss!

Lü Yang’s sword light and Ancestor Tingyou’s divine art were both cut off completely!

All the forces that struck toward him were swallowed by that single abyssal fissure. Though it looked no wider than a fingertip, it might as well have stretched across the edge of the world.

Strictly speaking, this had already half stepped beyond the Foundation Establishment realm.

It was the fruit power of the Wall Earth position!

When Heaven-Bearing True Lord Zhengde had crafted this incarnated vessel for him, he had deliberately sealed away a portion of this power as a life-preserving trump card for such a critical moment.

‘With such divine power, who could possibly kill me?’

The sword-bearing youth sneered inwardly, waiting for Lü Yang and Ancestor Tingyou to exhaust themselves after their futile strikes, at which point he would seize the moment and reverse his losses in one move.

But in the next second—he froze.

Though Lü Yang’s and Ancestor Tingyou’s attacks had indeed been blocked, leaving only a few shallow scratches on his body, a wordless dread suddenly rose in his heart.

Within his body, the golden nature inherited from Heaven-Bearing True Lord Zhengde began to scream warnings.

‘This is...!?’

Before the sword-bearing youth could react, an invisible image descended from the void. His vision blurred, and for an instant, he felt himself transformed into a dying True Dragon.

What met his eyes were the figures of True Lords from every lineage—

A thousand cuts and slices, his flesh devoured by the masses.

【Dragon-Flaying Platform】 !

As the first sword light cleaved into his dharma body, the situation unraveled like an avalanche. His entire form began to collapse!

Puchi!

The sound of tearing flesh rang out again and again. Scalding blood spurted wildly, and in the blink of an eye, the sword-bearing youth was reduced to a miserable, blood-drenched figure.

Amid the crimson haze, one silhouette stood out with perfect clarity—

Ancestor Tingyou.

‘For the Witch Ghost Path... vengeance!’

This final Sect Master of the Witch Ghost Path—who had always maintained a calm, cultured composure before Lü Yang—now wore a ferocious snarl, his face twisted with killing intent.

In that moment, there was no divine art, no technique.

Just a punch.

A solid, merciless punch that landed squarely on the sword-bearing youth's face, smashing his features askew and sending him hurtling through the air—yet his heart shone with sudden clarity.

‘In time to come, my true body may die by his hand...’

The thought flashed and vanished. The next instant, the youth's already ravaged body could no longer withstand Ancestor Tingyou's blow—it exploded midair!

‘Uncle Master... Master... Senior Sister... Junior Brothers...’

A thousand emotions surged within Ancestor Tingyou. Countless thoughts raced through his mind as the fury of a millennium found joyous release at last.

Rumble!

The power of incense faith dissipated, and Ancestor Tingyou's spirit relaxed utterly. Brilliant divine radiance surged over his body as a fifth divine art illuminated his frame—

He had directly restored himself to the peak of Foundation Establishment!

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 435: Upright Virtue Golden Nature, Fruitional Rank Trembles!

“Swish swish !”

As the sword-wielding youth's body collapsed, a streak of firelight exploded out, scattering radiance and streaming flames. Among them, a ray of golden brilliance seemed to attempt an escape amidst the chaos.

However, how could Lü Yang, who had been eyeing it like a tiger stalking prey, give it such a chance?

“Come here.”

Almost simultaneously, a divine ability fell into the quiet room, as if the void opened a bloodthirsty maw, madly devouring everything inside.

【Containing True Qi】 !

Even the essence of Heaven and Earth from the Seven Luminaries Heaven could be absorbed by this divine power. How could a mere strand of gold nature resist? In an instant, it was locked in place by Lü Yang.

Only after finishing all this did Lü Yang finally exhale in relief and turn to Ancestor Tingyou:

“Congratulations, Ancestor!”

Emotional value must be given in full—thus Lü Yang had deliberately left the final blow to the sword-wielding youth for Ancestor Tingyou. This could be considered his gentleness towards the Banner Spirit.

On the other side, Ancestor Tingyou clearly appreciated it deeply. He turned and looked at Lü Yang, then without another word, bowed deeply:

“Though this was merely an Incarnate Body, I have at last settled an old regret of mine from long ago. Many thanks, fellow Daoist, for your full assistance. Tingyou is immensely grateful!”

These words came entirely from the heart.

To Ancestor Tingyou, his greatest regret and pain was the extermination of the Witch Ghost Path back then—wiped out in a single sword strike, without even a chance to fight back.

Now, Lü Yang had fulfilled his long-cherished wish.

Strictly speaking, in a one-on-one, he wasn’t a match for the sword-wielding youth. But so what? Back then, that youth had been a Golden Core True Lord!

I merely fought two against one—far more honorable than you!

“Ancestor, your words are too kind.”

Lü Yang quickly helped Ancestor Tingyou up, and said sincerely, “I too am a disciple of the Witch Ghost Path—this was my duty. No need for such formality!”

“Do I act formal when I boss your old self around?”

“This—”

Ancestor Tingyou paused upon hearing this, then smiled slightly: “Also true. Then from now on, feel free to boss me around often—don’t hold back.”

“Definitely!”

Lü Yang had been waiting for this very sentence from Ancestor Tingyou. He nodded in satisfaction and only then let the newly ascended ancestor return to meditate and stabilize his state.

Only at this point did he turn toward the golden nature captured by 【Containing True Qi】 .

‘Second True Lord Golden Nature... Though the Ye Family’s treasury pales compared to the Dragon Palace’s resources, this single golden nature alone is worth a world of supreme treasures!’

He grabbed it in one swift motion—and instantly refined it!

【Settling experience for “Upright Virtue”...】

【You were once the most outstanding disciple in Ye Family’s history. After four lifetimes of arduous cultivation, you finally achieved Foundation Establishment and ascended to the Golden Position—yet left behind a lifetime of shadow.】

Dense lines of text emerged.

‘True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De, originally named Ye Zhongliang, the fourth True Lord of the Sword Pavilion, trapped on Extreme Heaven Cliff due to inner demons, and stagnated for a thousand years...’

Soon, the resume of 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 unfolded before him.

Just like with Hong Yun, it included massive insights into 【Wall Earth】 . Lü Yang compiled them into a booklet, planning to later give it to Ancestor Tingyou.

Next were his preparations for reincarnation.

An Incarnate Body, a True Treasure, a secret method for sensing Fruitional Rank—all of which now fell into Lü Yang’s hands, as the body was destroyed.

Besides these, there was an unexpected harvest.

Within 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 ’s memories, Lü Yang stumbled upon a key piece of intelligence—it was the origin of Demon-Suppressing True Person!

‘Demon-Suppressing True Person Ye Guangji, the Ye Family’s first genius since 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 . In his first life, he cultivated 【Wall Earth】 , but fell at his peak and was forced in his second life to switch to sword cultivation. He achieved Foundation Establishment in thirty years, comprehended Sword Intent, and step by step made a name as Demon-Suppressing True Person.’

‘However, in the Sword Pavilion, how could a Heaven’s Chosen appear without cause?’

‘Eighteen out of ten Sword Pavilion prodigies are all reincarnated cultivators—Demon-Suppressing True Person is no exception. Strictly speaking, his origin may not even be inferior to that of a True Lord!’

‘Because he was born from the spiritual awakening of the Sword Pavilion’s mountain gate—reportedly the ancestral sword of the Sword Pavilion’s founder!’

‘The spirit of Demon-Suppressing True Person was born from this. One could say—he was destined to cultivate the sword! His first life cultivating **【Wall Earth】** had instead hindered him.’

At this thought, Lü Yang recalled what Evil-Banishing True Person had said while interrogating Demon-Suppressing True Person earlier:

‘He said Demon-Suppressing True Person was a man without a heart... Now that seems to hold truth. A man-made sword spirit, embodying Heaven’s Will above and Earth’s Will below—such a being was always destined to be of a dispassionate nature.’

A heartless man—was actually more fitting.

In fact, with such origins, for Demon-Suppressing True Person to be so compassionate and sorrowful for the world—to manifest a bizarre Sword Intent like **【No Killing】**—was more surprising.

‘There must be some mystery behind this!’

Lü Yang pondered deeply. What had happened to Demon-Suppressing True Person? Where did the dual Sword Intents of **【No Killing】** and **【All-Slay】** originate?

‘I just feel like something doesn’t add up...’

Through the memories of **【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】**, Lü Yang came to understand Demon-Suppressing True Person’s life. In summary—it had gone too smoothly!

‘In this broken world, whoever rises up doesn't get schemed against or face setbacks? Uncle-Master Chong Guang fell hard, Suohuan is still stuck in a trap, and me—don’t even ask. Then there’s Hong Yun... As the number-one sword cultivator under heaven, how could Demon-Suppressing True Person have never been targeted?’

Yet, the outcome was—he had lived a smooth life for the most part!

Never faced real setbacks. His growth trajectory was silky smooth.

Though nothing seemed off, that was exactly what Lü Yang found suspicious!

‘Either there was no trap—’

‘Or the trap was buried too deep and hasn’t sprung yet—’

Just then, the panel of the **【Book of a Hundred Lives】** suddenly burst into golden light.

【You have obtained the Golden Talent · Nest Usurped by the Cuckoo!】

【Nest Usurped by the Cuckoo: Usable only once per lifetime. Allows one to forcibly seize another’s Fate, turning it into one’s own—replacing a person entirely from the root of karma and origin.】

Just like the life of **【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】**.

That lifetime had originally belonged to Ancestor Tingyou—meant to be his heaven-defying rise. Yet it was usurped and the fortune stolen.

‘This Talent... is so sinister!’

Lü Yang frowned deeply. The effect of 【Nest Usurped by the Cuckoo】 resembled possession—but even surpassed it in rank, as the replacement was total!

‘Once I use this talent to seize a target, everything of that target will be inherited by me: divine abilities, memories, Dao methods, karmic fate... In other words, if the target was seeking the Golden Core and was close to success—I seize them, I could replace them and become a Golden Core True Lord myself!’

Such an absurd talent!

At this thought, Lü Yang even subconsciously birthed a wicked idea: What if I used this talent... to usurp Ancestor Tingyou—

‘Hmph!’

The next second, Lü Yang’s eyes turned cold. His mind, sharp as a sword, instantly severed this evil thought.

‘What would be the point of seizing Ancestor Tingyou? I couldn’t truly inherit that peerless wisdom—just an empty shell. In the end, a person must rely on themselves!’

At that thought, Lü Yang once again looked at the talent 【Nest Usurped by the Cuckoo】 , frowning:

‘ 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 had inner demons, and now the talent derived from him also easily breeds inner demons...’

‘Even if I do use it, I can’t apply it to cultivation. Cultivation must be done by oneself. If one ascends not by one’s own skill but by chance—it will only result in the same end as 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 : stagnating for a thousand years, unable to walk their true Dao!’

Use others as a mirror, and one can discern gain and loss.

‘Perhaps this is the true purpose of the talents settled by the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 .’

“Boom ! ”

At that very moment, as the talent was finalized, and the golden nature of 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 was fully digested by the 【Book of a Hundred Lives】 —

Above the firmament, thunder roared.

A star abruptly lit up beneath the canopy of the sky, like an opened eye—either in rage or in fear—casting down starlight,

Almost at the same time, Lü Yang raised his head.

It was 【Wall Earth】 .

Fruitional Rank Trembled!

Chapter 436 : World-Honored One of the Pure Land, Not Weaker Than Others

Chapter 436: World-Honored One of the Pure Land, Not Weaker Than Others

Sun revealing heavenly stars, a white rainbow piercing the sun.

Placed thirty years ago, such a celestial phenomenon would not have been uncommon. Whenever a True Lord roamed the world and cast down their gaze, such a shocking phenomenon would appear.

For a time, all sounds ceased.

Even the sounds of killing within the Sword Pavilion involuntarily quieted, and countless Foundation Establishment True Persons turned their gazes toward the direction of the Ye Family.

Then they saw the tragic state of the Ye Family.

‘Hiss—such ruthlessness!’

At this moment, even True Persons of the Saint Sect, known for their boldness, couldn't help but shudder in their hearts. The way they looked at Lü Yang was as though looking at a madman.

The entire treasury of the Ye Family had been emptied by the Banner Spirits of the Saint Sect, such as the Master of Mending Heaven Peak. The remaining Ye Family True Persons and direct disciples had been sealed in their magical power by the Banner Spirits from the Seven Luminaries Heaven—Old Mother of No Life, the Capital City God, and Ancestor Yan—and were now being escorted to Lü Yang.

“Boom—”

In that moment, the celestial phenomenon 【Wall Earth】 grew even brighter, as if a pair of towering eyes were piercing through the heavy clouds to stare deathly at Lü Yang.

Yet Lü Yang showed no fear whatsoever.

‘What can you do to me?’

Powerless rage, nothing more!

The next second, Lü Yang turned his gaze toward the subdued Ye Family disciples below. At the forefront was none other than the Ye Family Patriarch, Ye Shaoying.

Seeing this scene, Lü Yang couldn't help but shake his head:

'The Banner Spirits of Seven Luminaries Heaven are still too kind-hearted... not yet fully immersed in the local brutality. Compared to them, the Saint Sect's Banner Spirits are much easier to command.'

"Still standing there?"

Lü Yang's tone was flat as he said coldly, "I said... exterminate the family, leave no chickens or dogs behind! Did you not understand? Or shall I say it again?"

The moment these words came out, everyone froze.

Right now, all Foundation Establishment True Persons secretly watching, including Ye Shaoying and the other Ye Family True Persons, suddenly looked up in shock.

Heavenly stars had manifested, and True Lords were watching!

In such a situation, you still want to wipe out the entire Ye Family?

While the crowd remained in a daze, the Banner Spirits loyal to Lü Yang had already taken action. In an instant, the entire Ye Family territory was turned into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood!

Beside Lü Yang, the figure of Ancestor Tingyou silently appeared.

"You truly didn't need to go this far."

Ancestor Tingyou sighed, clearly believing Lü Yang did all this for her—for the sake of the Witch Ghost Path—and couldn't help but feel touched.

"To have slain the manifested body of Zheng De, I am already content... and now you've exterminated the Ye Family as well. I fear 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 might truly disregard everything and descend."

Could a True Lord do that?

As things stood, yes!

After all, nearly sixty years had passed since the Great Era. If 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 was willing to burn his Cave Heaven regardless of the cost, there was a chance he could forcefully descend.

Yet Lü Yang only smiled upon hearing this.

【Book of a Hundred Lives】 had already calculated the opponent's Metal aspect. Looking across the world, Lü Yang believed he was the one who understood 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 best.

Thus he dared to say:

“Ancestor, you need not worry. He doesn't dare to descend!”

In Lü Yang's eyes, this 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 wasn't even on par with Hong Yun!

At least back then, Hong Yun had openly defeated all rivals, ascended to the position of 【Overturning Lamp Fire】 with honor, and only then advanced to True Lord.

A dignified True Lord... had given birth to a Heart Demon.

How utterly laughable!

‘I even suspect... that this person only became a True Lord due to hidden manipulators behind the scenes. Making him form his Golden Core was likely just to obstruct Ancestor Tingyou!’

At this thought, Lü Yang couldn't help gnashing his teeth in hatred.

What is a windfall?

This was a windfall! Stand in the right place, and even a pig could take flight. And in his eyes, 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 was exactly that pig.

Of course, everything has exceptions.

Lü Yang did not rule out the possibility that the other side might truly be pushed to desperation.

But even if that happened, he had no fear. Worst case, he'd prematurely simulate a Gold Position and fight a true Golden Core battle!

So as he met the gaze from 【Wall Earth】 , not only did Lü Yang not flinch, but instead looked up with growing interest, his eyes brimming with eagerness. After a moment of confrontation, the dazzling heavenly star dimmed of its own accord, fading into obscurity, as if truly unwilling to pursue further.

This, too, was within Lü Yang's expectations.

‘In the end, it's just not worth it!’

Golden Core True Lords stood high above. The lives of some minor cultivators were not even worth a strand of their hair. How could they sacrifice themselves for such trivialities?

At the same time, within Piercing-Earth Abyss—

“Matters are urgent—”

True Person Evil-Banishing withdrew his gaze with disappointment. Just now, in that brief moment, he had truly hoped that 【True Lord Cheng Tian Zheng De】 would descend and restore order.

But the result was disappointing.

‘The mountain gate is hard to preserve. I must protect what’s still useful!’

This place was no longer safe!

With that, True Person Evil-Banishing forcibly stood despite his injuries and turned to Bodhisattva Guang Ming beside him. “Master, I beg you to save my life.”

His thoughts were clear.

‘I am now the last Foundation Establishment cultivator of the Sword Pavilion. For the sect’s sake, how could I die here? As long as I survive, the Sword Pavilion still exists. As for treasury losses—those are just resources. With our Ancestors above, the demons wouldn’t dare annihilate our sect entirely.’

No matter how he reasoned, it came down to four words:

‘I cannot die!’

At this thought, True Person Evil-Banishing’s gaze grew even firmer. Yet in Bodhisattva Guang Ming’s eyes, he saw only a thick haze.

‘What a powerful 【Obstruction of Knowledge and View】 ...’

Bodhisattva Guang Ming pressed his palms together, shocked in his heart.

From beginning to end, True Person Evil-Banishing had only looked over a secret technique personally compiled by 【Ang Xiao】 once with his divine sense.

Then he was caught.

‘Just now he was worried about being influenced by someone—and now he’s completely forgotten. 【Grand Forest Wood】 ... truly worthy of being the Supreme Wood Fruitional Rank!’

So treacherous!

‘But perfect. Let’s draw 【Ang Xiao】 into this.’

As he schemed inwardly, Bodhisattva Guang Ming displayed a merciful expression. “Amitabha. You, good sir, have an enlightened heart. Naturally, you are fated with our Pure Land!”

To this point, everything was going exactly as he’d planned.

Why had the World-Honored One birthed a Bodhisattva in this lifetime? Just because Chong Guang took away the True Lords? Could the World-Honored One care about a bunch of True Lords?

The World-Honored One did not care!

‘The real reason is the Demon-Suppressing!’

At this moment, the deepest memories within Bodhisattva Guang Ming were unveiled—this was the layout of the “World-Honored One,” and also his true mission.

‘Long ago, amidst the Millennium Great Tribulation and chaos within the Dao Court, the World-Honored One used the excuse of spreading Buddhism eastward to dig out the Earthly Supreme Fruitional Rank 【City Wall Earth】 right under the Dao Court’s nose—causing a great loss. Now, clearly, he plans to repeat the trick and bring 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 into the Pure Land!’

‘If successful... what a grand Buddhist nation that would be!’

The World-Honored One of the Pure Land—last surviving Nascent Soul Dao Lord of this era—had carved out a path to heaven in what should have been a tripartite balance of powers.

Call him shameless if you will.

Accuse him of rigging games if you must.

But at the end of the day, he had indeed snatched many advantages from the other three powers. 【City Wall Earth】 , still imprisoned within the Pure Land, was proof of that.

Such a figure—how could he be underestimated?

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 437: The Secret of the Demon-Suppressing True Person

Great Long River.

Lü Yang had long been curious about this mighty river that divided the four regions—east, west, south, and north—but had never seen it with his own eyes until now.

Looking out into the distance, on this side lay Jiangnan, and on that side Jiangxi. Yet what separated the two was not seawater, but waves upon waves of annihilating light—【Two Rites Light of Creation and Destruction】—surging endlessly, as though capable of swallowing everything. Even a Qi Refining disciple would be vaporized the instant they drew near!

‘What Great Long River? It’s clearly a sea of outer-heaven light.’

In that instant, Lü Yang recalled the scene he had witnessed upon returning before—this wretched place was, in truth, a patchwork of five Heaven Realms!

‘But clearly it wasn’t fully merged.’

‘Otherwise I wouldn’t have seen through the seams. This so-called Great Long River is the very rift between the five Heaven Realms—a mark of their failure to fuse into one.’

Just then, the Demon-Suppressing True Person spoke.

“Once we pass this place, ahead lies the Pure Land of Jiangxi. I’ll have to trouble you to accompany me there, and afterward... I must also trouble you to bring my relics back from the Pure Land.”

Hearing that, Lü Yang fell silent.

“Master, why must you go to the Pure Land?”

He had long held that question in his heart. Strictly speaking, the Demon-Suppressing True Person had no real enmity with the Pure Land—it was, after all, one of the righteous paths.

And yet, judging by his bearing, the Demon-Suppressing True Person seemed to be walking to his own death. But if that were truly so—did he not have the certainty to attain the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】? Otherwise, what was there to fear? He could simply become a True Lord, take up his sword, and strike down the world—who could stand before him?

“Curious, are you?”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person chuckled softly. “It’s nothing that can’t be spoken of. This is my tribulation. I go to the Pure Land to end it.”

‘Tribulation?’ Lü Yang pondered inwardly.

The Demon-Suppressing True Person continued,

“Since childhood, my foundation was deep, and I was young and proud. In my first life, I formed my foundation with ease, set my sights upon the Great Dao, and swore I would one day become a True Lord of the Heavens.”

At this point, a shadow flickered in his eyes. “Later... due to certain events, I was forced to switch to the Sword Path. I was resentful, unwilling, yet dared not show it. Determined to achieve greatness in sword arts as well, I descended the mountain to temper myself and forge a supreme Sword Intent.”

As he spoke, the Demon-Suppressing True Person stepped into the Great Long River.

He did not employ any divine arts or spells—only let a wisp of 【All-Slaughtering Sword Intent】 unfurl, and immediately the once-turbulent river split open, forming a clear passage.

Lü Yang hurried to follow.

“It was during that time of wandering that I met a mortal—a mere schoolteacher in a common country of Jiangnan.”

“At the time, I was struck with awe.”

“For a mortal, who should have been as insignificant as grass, I found within him Sword Intent—a mortal who had cultivated Sword Intent!”

Those words stunned Lü Yang.

His first thought—impossible! A mortal cultivating Sword Intent? That was like hitching a pony to pull a war chariot—if he somehow succeeded, he would only explode!

In other words—

‘Something’s off! No—something’s wrong!’

Having been beaten senseless in this twisted world too many times, Lü Yang had developed a healthy paranoia—anything beyond reason was worth suspecting!

‘It’s surely a trap!’

His expression shifted slightly, though the Demon-Suppressing True Person noticed and smiled. “You’re far more cautious than I was. Back then, I thought nothing of it.”

“That mortal had just condensed his Sword Intent when, unable to withstand its pressure, his mortal body began to fail. Others thought him gravely ill, about to die. I stepped in and saved him. We spoke at length and soon became friends.”

“And the Sword Intent he had condensed—was 【No Killing】 .”

At that, a trace of nostalgia glimmered in the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s eyes. “Back then, because my Dao path had been severed and resentment filled my chest, I forged 【All-Slay】 .”

“Yet 【All-Slay】 was far too fierce.”

“Its very name means to slay all—foe and self alike. Each time I used it, it wounded me as well. So that friend advised me never to use it again.”

“As an alternative, he passed on to me 【No Killing】 .”

Lü Yang’s brows twitched. Everyone knew a Sword Intent was the embodiment of a swordsman’s obsession—utterly unique. How could one be given to another?

The Demon-Suppressing True Person saw his confusion and laughed. “At that time, I sought only to become the world’s foremost swordsman. Someone offered me a second Sword Intent—why would I refuse such an obvious boon? Of course I accepted gladly. And indeed, it helped me greatly thereafter.”

【No Killing】 and 【All-Slay】 —

Two Sword Intents, opposite extremes yet mutually tempering, each the whetstone of the other. The longer they clashed, the sharper they became!

“Whenever I encountered injustice, 【All-Slay】 would stir.”

“So I would use 【No Killing】 to suppress it. Thus, 【No Killing】 grew stronger, while 【All-Slay】 gained tempered depth.”

A blade’s edge is forged through grinding.

A Sword Intent refined this way—who in the world could compare? Eight-tenths of the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s fame as the world’s foremost swordsman came from this very duality!

Yet in all things, what is borrowed must one day be repaid.

The 【No Killing Sword Intent】 , taken from another and nurtured so long by the Demon-Suppressing True Person, was like a crop of mature leeks—surely someone would come to harvest it.

At this, Lü Yang ventured a guess. “That mortal... came from the Pure Land?”

“Correct.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person nodded. “To be precise, he was a Bodhisattva—one without a manifested Dharma-image, born for my sake, descending solely because of me.”

As he finished, he drew from his storage bag the severed head of Buddha Maiden Jinguan. “As for her—she brought calamity upon Jiangnan and perished beneath my sword. Perhaps that too was intentional. That one from the Pure Land wished to test my mettle—to see whether I met his standard.”

“Amitābha.”

In the Demon-Suppressing True Person's hand, Buddha Maiden Jingguan's countenance was serene as she chanted a Buddhist mantra: "This poor nun once said, the donor possesses awakening—he should enter our Pure Land."

"This..."

Lü Yang frowned deeply. "Ancestor—will you simply stand by and watch this?"

Where's the Sword Pavilion Ancestor? Come save him! This concerns the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 —get here now!

'Young friend, you are attached to appearances.'

Buddha Maiden Jingguan smiled faintly. "Do you think we seek to plunder, to snatch the fruit from the tiger's mouth and offend the Sword Pavilion?"

Wasn't that exactly what they were doing?

"Quite the opposite."

She explained gently, "Consider, young friend—without 【No Killing】 , how could the donor's 【All-Slay】 have been tempered to its present height?"

"The World-Honored One's acts ever bring mutual benefit."

"The 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 governs slaughter; its root is 【All-Slay】 . 【No Killing】 , gifted by the World-Honored One, is an external force—merely an impurity."

"This time, when the donor comes to our Pure Land, he shall offer himself as a sacrifice to the sword. Of the two Sword Intents, we of the Pure Land will take not a fragment of 【All-Slay】 —only reclaim the once-given 【No Killing】 . We will then reshape his golden body and make him a Guardian Arhat of the Pure Land, destined for future Bodhisattva fruition."

"No one shall be harmed."

"In this way, the Sword Pavilion gains advantage, we of the Pure Land gain great merit, and the donor attains enlightenment—enjoying eternal bliss."

"Is that not a joy to all?"

Her pleasant laughter echoed over the Great Long River—yet it chilled Lü Yang to the bone.

'Joy to all? They've pre-ordered his life and his afterlife—devouring him whole without leaving even a crumb!'

He had to admit—every time he thought he'd grasped the bottom line of this damned world, its mighty beings proved that they had none at all.

They had no bottom line whatsoever!

“Boom!”

Suddenly, a thunderous sound rolled from beyond the river. Lü Yang looked up to find that the Demon-Suppressing True Person had already led him across the waters—into the realm of Jiangxi.

Before their eyes—endless Buddha light.

“Amitābha.”

On the shore stood an old monk, smiling kindly, palms joined. Behind him crowded a throng of mortals, each face radiant with devotion.

“Thump!”

The next instant, all monks knelt and bowed deeply, chanting in unison:

“Welcome, Guardian Arhat Weituo Who Suppresses Demons, who has traversed countless kalpas, illuminated wisdom of past lives, and now returns to the World of Glazed Light!”

“Good indeed!”

“Good indeed!”

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 438: Hong Yun, it's you, isn't it!

Jiangxi.

As the commoners kowtowed in unison, melodious chimes instantly echoed from the heavens. Wherever the sound passed, golden radiance surged forth like a fountain, with various wondrous phenomena manifesting in succession.

From the distant horizon, countless auspicious clouds gathered densely. Amidst the clouds, a vast and majestic temple as grand as a mountain emerged, within which countless monks moved to and fro, chanting sutras and discussing the Dao.

The melodious Buddhist hymns and the tolling bells fell upon Lü Yang's ears—upon the side of the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

“Boom!”

The bell chimed a total of eighty-one times. Each strike was like a resounding wake-up call, striking into Lü Yang's ears, even causing him to involuntarily birth a strange thought:

'Amitabha, I transcend.'

"Clang! Clang!"

The next moment, 【Sword Intent】 revived on its own, dispersing the Buddhist hymns echoing in his mind and jolting Lü Yang awake. Cold sweat immediately poured down his back.

'What an evil thing!'

If it had been a Foundation Establishment True Person with weaker cultivation standing here, they would probably have already joyfully converted to the Pure Land and become a guardian Arhat.

And this—wasn't even the full might of the Buddhist sound. Nearly ninety percent of the terrifying "salvation" mystique had been poured upon the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

Yet even so, when Lü Yang glanced sideways, he saw that the expression of the Demon-Suppressing True Person remained utterly tranquil—like a still lake—revealing not a trace of change.

At this moment, the elderly monk leading the crowd in their kowtow also shakily stood up.

With palms joined respectfully, he said, “ 【Wei Tuo Heaven Demon-Suppressing Arhat】 , the Buddha Child has long awaited your arrival. Please, follow this little monk into the Mahāvīra Hall.”

“Lead the way.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person gave a slight nod. Lü Yang closely followed behind.

The three of them thus walked into the Pure Land.

Along the path they passed, scenes of a peaceful and prosperous age unfolded.

Everyone observed etiquette and self-discipline; every household had its own land and home.

Monks discussed the law, novices talked sutras—all were harmonious and happy. There were no disputes among them. All lived in ease and joy, without worrying about daily survival.

Such a sight was unthinkable elsewhere. After all, mortals were mortals, and cultivators were cultivators. The two had always been like herdsmen and swine—how could they ever be treated as equals?

Yet within the Pure Land, all were equal.

Even Arhats would discuss Buddhist doctrines with a commoner from the marketplace.

“Amitabha!”

Finally, at the center of Jiangxi, a majestic divine mountain rose from the earth.

Here, the Buddhist light intensified severalfold, truly illuminating all ten directions with radiant brightness.

At the summit of the divine mountain stood an ancient temple.

【Shengyi Shengming Temple】 !

“Dong—!”

A leisurely bell tolled from within the temple, radiating peace.

Beyond the grandly opened doors stood a vast and magnificent main hall, within which a golden Buddha statue towered upright.

On either side of the Buddha were numerous Arhats of the Pure Land.

Lü Yang even recognized several familiar faces among them.

These Arhats all bore solemn, dignified expressions, standing guard around the golden Buddha statue. Buddhist light shone from behind their heads. Countless eyes stared straight at the Demon-Suppressing True Person.

Beneath the golden Buddha statue...

The Buddha Child Guang Ming, who bore the appearance of a novice monk with red lips and white teeth, stood with palms joined and a gentle smile on his face, overlooking the Demon-Suppressing True Person as if peering into a cooking pot of meat and fish.

“Splendid, splendid indeed.”

Buddha Child Guang Ming lightly nodded.

“Since 【Wei Tuo Heaven Demon-Suppressing Arhat】 has come in person, he must have realized past karma. Today, he ought to return to his rightful place and attain the true fruition of Arhatship.”

“.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person gave no reply.

Instead, he looked to the side of Buddha Child Guang Ming—there stood a handsome, refined youth with a composed demeanor.

It was none other than the mortal friend who had once passed on to him the 【Sword of No Killing】 .

At this moment, the youth also revealed a nostalgic smile, nodding slightly toward him.

His eyes brimmed with comfort, appreciation, and closeness.

Yet upon seeing this, the Demon-Suppressing True Person let out a quiet sigh.

“Why do you sigh, benefactor?”

Buddha Child Guang Ming smiled as he asked. “Could it be that resentment still lingers within your heart? No matter. You may vent it freely. Today, the assembled Arhats are here for just that purpose.”

He did not care in the slightest about the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s attitude.

The Demon-Suppressing True Person was now a bowstring pulled taut—an arrow ready to fire.

His path to achieving the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 by offering himself as a sword sacrifice was set in stone.

The only difference was how he would attain it.

If he gave up resisting—

Then all would be well.

The Pure Land would gain a new 【Wei Tuo Heaven Demon-Suppressing Arhat】 , and would also reap a 【No Killing Sword Intent】 honed to its utmost limit.

Given time, they might even cultivate their own Fruitional Sword Dao.

If the Demon-Suppressing True Person instead used this chance to unleash a massacre—

He would be even more delighted.

‘I have three thousand monks and countless followers!’

‘All are prepared for you—to kill!’

‘The more you kill, the more savage your slaughter, the more thoroughly your killing intent is purged. The 【No Killing Sword Intent】 retrieved afterward will be all the purer! The higher its quality!’

From the beginning, the Demon-Suppressing True Person had no choice.

Even whether he came to the Pure Land or not—

Made no difference.

If he came, the Pure Land would sit back and benefit.

If he did not, the Pure Land would take the initiative and draw him in.

No matter how he chose—he was wrong.

“Amitabha!”

Buddha Child Guang Ming once again recited the Buddha’s name, eyes flashing with fervor.

‘Demon-Suppressing... such talent, and with Sword Intent—he’s even more suitable than that Celestial Spirit!’

At that thought, he turned his gaze toward the nearby Evil-Banishing True Person.

“.”

This Foundation Establishment stage cultivator from the Sword Pavilion had now completely lost his sanity—thoroughly entranced by 【Obstruction of Knowledge and View】 and nearly reduced to a puppet.

Buddha Child Guang Ming mused:

‘To perform the 【Buddha Kingdom on Earth】 ritual, I need four disciples. I’m still short three. If I can take Demon-Suppressing, the clone of 【Ang Xiao】 , and that Celestial Spirit Shang Zhang as my disciples... the final ritual shall certainly be of the highest caliber!’

This was his true plan.

As for enlisting 【Ang Xiao】 to fight Demon-Suppressing earlier?

That was pure deception.

After all, he couldn’t possibly count on a True Lord from the Saint Sect.

From start to finish, what he wanted—was 【Ang Xiao】 himself.

Helping 【Ang Xiao】 obtain 【White Wax Gold】 was a lie.

Tempting him to descend with a clone and then converting him into a disciple—was the real goal!

‘Demon-Suppressing has fallen into the trap.

Without him, the Sword Pavilion is half-crippled. That Celestial Spirit Shang Zhang will never escape my grasp...

Only 【Ang Xiao】 remains.’

“Senior 【Ang Xiao】 , the time has come.”

Buddha Child Guang Ming softly called, per their prior arrangement.

Just waiting for 【Ang Xiao】 to take the bait—

And fall into his trap.

Yet as time passed—

“.”

—nothing happened.

The Evil-Banishing True Person remained standing dazedly where he was, making no move whatsoever.

【Ang Xiao】 showed no sign of seizing 【White Wax Gold】 through him.

“...Hmm?”

Buddha Child Guang Ming slowly furrowed his brows.

“Senior 【Ang Xiao】 ?”

“.”

Still no response.

In an instant, Buddha Child Guang Ming's expression changed.

Behind him, the Buddhist light of the 【Victory-Willed Radiant Tathāgata Manifestation】 flared brightly, illuminating a clear thought:

‘What have I forgotten?’

Jiangnan, core region of the Sword Pavilion.

On a chaotic battlefield, an old man strolled leisurely, hands behind his back, smiling with relaxed ease.

He wandered as though unopposed, reaching the Ye family's ancestral grounds.

“Decades have passed, yet you remain as graceful as ever, my friend.”

The old man entered the Ye residence, glanced at the mountain of corpses and river of blood, his expression unchanged.

He looked straight at Lü Yang's true body, who was surrounded by countless Banner Spirits.

Lü Yang, however, was on full alert.

‘Yun Family Patriarch!’

This—

Was the one whom Buddha Child Guang Ming had forgotten.

The Evil-Banishing True Person was merely a smokescreen tossed out by 【Ang Xiao】 .

The Yun Family Patriarch—was his true target!

‘...As expected!’

Lü Yang lowered his gaze.

Earlier, he had spied on the conversation between 【Ang Xiao】 and Buddha Child Guang Ming through the Yun Family Patriarch—

Yet did nothing afterward.

Because he had suddenly recalled something—something he had nearly forgotten:

Back in the Xuanling Realm, at the 【Southern Heavenly Gate】 , 【Ang Xiao】 had already seen the Yun Family Patriarch!

At that time, he was right by Lü Yang’s side and had personally witnessed him controlling the Patriarch!

‘He knows I’m connected to the Yun Family Patriarch!’

‘So his partnership with Buddha Child Guang Ming...

Was a ruse to lure in the Evil-Banishing True Person and seize 【White Wax Gold】 ...

But the true target—was probably me!’

Thinking this, Lü Yang exhaled a deep breath.

Still, he remained unflustered.

This was no longer the past—

He now had the confidence to speak with 【Ang Xiao】 as an equal.

“A nameless nobody greets the Senior.”

Lü Yang cupped his fists and saluted voluntarily.

However, to his surprise, the 【Ang Xiao】 who had borrowed the body of the Yun Family Patriarch frowned slightly—

Then let out a light chuckle.

“At this point, why bother with false civility, my friend?”

“Hong Yun! It’s you, isn’t it!”

Lü Yang: “...?”

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 439: Severing Karma, Not Slaying Men!

【Ang Xiao】’s voice had barely fallen when Lü Yang reacted.

‘He misunderstood!’

This was beyond Lü Yang’s expectations—he had never thought that 【Ang Xiao】 , through some strange twist of logic, would actually mistake him for Hong Yun.

However, that did not stop Lü Yang from reacting.

His expression shifted—light and shadow alternating—before he finally let out a long sigh and looked at 【Ang Xiao】 .

“I do not know how Senior managed to see through it.”

“Very simple.”

【Ang Xiao】 smiled slightly. “All things under heaven have their causes and roots. How could a mighty cultivator appear out of thin air without reason?”

“In the past, when Chong Guang took away the True Lords of the world, you, Hong Yun, were not among them. By the methods of a True Lord’s reincarnation, you should have already re-challenged 【Overturning Lamp Fire】 long ago. For that, I had even prepared many means, yet you vanished as though evaporated from the mortal realm, disappearing for thirty years.”

“I almost thought you were dead.”

“And by no coincidence, the Daoist friend who once played chess with me at the 【Southern Heavenly Gate】 also disappeared mysteriously from this world along with you, Hong Yun.”

“Until many years later, that Daoist friend suddenly appeared once more—”

“An outsider from beyond the heavens. Truly interesting.”

As he said this, 【Ang Xiao】’s eyes shone with intrigue. “Though you conceal yourself well, I have fought you many times. I know your depths.”

“The metallic nature of your essence may be hidden from others—”

“But in my eyes, it cannot be concealed.”

【Ang Xiao】’s words were spoken with utter certainty. Lü Yang narrowed his eyes slightly, realization dawning.

‘So that’s it—it’s because of Hong Yun’s metallic nature.’

【Ang Xiao】 had sensed Hong Yun’s metal nature!

If all else had only been circumstantial, that metallic essence was solid proof. After all, who could have expected that Hong Yun, fresh from reincarnation, would be slain by his own blocked spring water?

At that thought, Lü Yang decided to remain silent.

The more one said, the more one erred.

At such times, silence was the mark of a master.

On the other side, 【Ang Xiao】 saw Lü Yang’s lack of response and shook his head.

“Why must Daoist Friend fear me as though I were a tiger? You and I share no conflict anymore.”

“After all, I see that you have abandoned 【Overturning Lamp Fire】 and instead seek a Fruitional Rank beyond the heavens. You had mingled in the Sword Pavilion before—was it because you were interested in the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】? I see now that I underestimated you before. To dare let go and choose anew—indeed worthy of a Heaven’s favored son. Only, your fortune seems always a bit lacking...”

In that instant, clarity dawned in Lü Yang’s heart.

From 【Ang Xiao】’s words, he keenly noticed something:

‘He thinks my goal lies in the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 , yet he says my luck is poor... that means he doesn’t believe it can truly be achieved?’

‘Why not?’

After pondering for a while, Lü Yang finally spoke in a low voice,

“Senior believes that I cannot attain the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 ?”

【Ang Xiao】 took it as natural and chuckled lightly.

“How could you? Today, the Pure Land will fall into great chaos. That so-called 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 is nothing but a reflection of the moon in the water!”

At that, Lü Yang’s thoughts spun rapidly, and he replied solemnly,

“The Pure Land has planned for years. The Demon-Suppressing True Person is now within their snare. In my view, the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 is already within grasp—how could it be a moon in the water?”

He even showed a trace of unwillingness, perfectly reinforcing 【Ang Xiao】’s misconception—that “Hong Yun” simply refused to believe his judgment.

Meanwhile, 【Ang Xiao】 was pondering inwardly:

‘That Pure Land Bodhisattva clearly harbors ill intentions. Cooperation with him leads nowhere. This Hong Yun, however, is far more capable than I imagined—and he walks alone, easy to sway. Now that there is no longer a struggle of Dao paths between us, recruiting him could prove quite useful.’

At that thought, 【Ang Xiao】 smiled.

“If the World-Honored One himself were overseeing matters, there would be no doubt of success. But the Bodhisattva is not the World-Honored One. The Pure Land is far too naïve.”

Lü Yang raised a brow. “Naïve?”

“Indeed.”

【Ang Xiao】 shook his head, speaking words that left Lü Yang deeply astonished.

“The Pure Land gravely underestimates that Demon-Suppressing True Person.”

Underestimate the Demon-Suppressing True Person?

What did that mean?

Lü Yang’s Sword-Dao clone was at this moment beside the Demon-Suppressing True Person himself—he knew that one’s situation better than anyone. It was truly desperate, surrounded on all sides.

Could there still be a reversal?

Seeing Lü Yang’s confusion, 【Ang Xiao】 merely smiled faintly.

As a fellow member of the Saint Sect, he understood best what those so-called “good-natured people” were like. The better their reputation, the sharper their strike. It only meant they were holding something vicious deep inside!

“Boom!”

Within the Pure Land, inside the Shengyi Shengming Temple, Bodhisattva Guang Ming suddenly stood.

Behind him, the towering golden Buddha statue slowly opened its palm.

In that instant, boundless golden light emanated from the Buddha’s full hand, manifesting myriad visions—Tianjing Yulei, the Golden City of Dragons, ministers in counsel, armies of gold and iron—displaying the endless facets of the mortal world, a divine kingdom cradled upon the Buddha’s palm, constantly transforming.

‘Hiss—!’

Seeing this, Lü Yang felt as though struck by thunder. His Sea of Consciousness surged with crashing waves, and an uncontrollable greed welled up from within.

‘That is **【City-Head Earth】** !’

The only Fruitional Rank in the world imprisoned in one place—the very core of the Pure Land’s **【Buddha Kingdom on Earth】** —was now being held upon Guang Ming’s palm!

‘So that’s how it is...’

At such a close distance, Lü Yang could already discern certain details.

‘**【City-Head Earth】** is a nation-establishing treasure—it governs human hearts, yet is also bound by them. The Pure Land, relying on the unity of countless monks, forcibly locked it within Jiangxi. In such a state, none but a Buddhist cultivator can attain that Fruitional Rank.’

‘...But why now?’

Watching Bodhisattva Guang Ming suddenly reveal **【City-Head Earth】** and unleash its might, Lü Yang immediately sensed that something had changed.

‘Why bring it out at this time? Are they trying to activate the **【Buddha Kingdom on Earth】** ?’

‘Perhaps they have sensed danger—fearful of delays giving rise to new troubles?’

As that thought crossed his mind, Lü Yang turned to the side.

And there, for the first time since entering the Pure Land, the Demon-Suppressing True Person—who had been silent all along—slowly stood and spoke his first words.

“Listen now to the cry of my sword.”

Only when the words faded did Lü Yang realize they were not spoken to Guang Ming Bodhisattva or the monks—but to himself.

That single line deepened the unease swelling within Guang Ming Bodhisattva's heart.

Something was wrong—terribly wrong!

“How could this be?”

“Clang! Clang!”

The next moment, a clear sword-hum rang out from the Demon-Suppressing True Person, rising higher and higher until it drowned even the resounding bells of the Pure Land.

“You intend to unleash a massacre?”

Guang Ming Bodhisattva was briefly stunned, then exhaled in relief—this, at least, was within his expectations. The Demon-Suppressing True Person could kill as many as he pleased—it mattered little.

Yet the Demon-Suppressing True Person shook his head.

“I am not here to slay men today.”

【Sword of No Killing】 —unsheathed.

He gazed calmly at Guang Ming Bodhisattva and spoke softly.

“The Buddhist cultivators of the Pure Land are of one heart—all puppets of the World-Honored One. You are such; so was my old friend. I have come today to save you all.”

“To save me?”

Guang Ming Bodhisattva was momentarily dumbfounded.

Then he saw it—a sword light spread outward from the Demon-Suppressing True Person, expanding swiftly in all directions.

Yet no one died where it passed.

“This sword—severs karma, not men!”

Crack!

A clear, continuous sound rang out.

It was the sound of “connections” being cut apart.

Guang Ming Bodhisattva's head snapped up, terror flooding his eyes as he looked back at the 【Manifestation of Shengyi Shengming Heavenly World】 behind him.

At that instant, his bond with his Dharma Form was severed!

Not only his—all Arhats, novices, and monks present were cut off from something deep within.

Their faces went blank.

Where once all expressions, movements, and thoughts had been identical—of one mind—suddenly arose a thousand different emotions: terror, anger, fear, relief...

In a heartbeat, that pure Buddhist land became a storming red-dust world of mortal passion!

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 440: Who Says Good Men Can't Be Devious?

At this moment, all was silent.

“Ah.”

Guang Ming stood there dumbfounded, his mind replaying everything that had happened until now. Cold sweat uncontrollably streamed down his face.

‘What have I done?’

Becoming the Buddha Child, ruling over the Pure Land, manipulating the world, scheming across the Four Realms—he had seemingly held all under heaven in his grasp.

But damn it, was that really him?

‘That’s not me!’

No one knew himself better than Guang Ming did. He was just an ordinary man without grand ambitions—content to live peacefully, with enough food and drink to get by.

How could someone like him risk everything to stir up worldly chaos?

And yet, through all these years, he had felt nothing amiss.

‘What exactly am I doing?’

Guang Ming stared blankly at his hands. The golden body that had once been full and radiant with flesh and blood now seemed nothing more than a thin layer of human skin.

‘Ah...’

Lifting his head, he gazed toward the Demon-Suppressing True Person. His eyes gleamed brilliantly—yet the emotion that surfaced at the end was not fury or hatred.

It was resignation.

‘So that’s how it is... I’m already dead.’

He was different from others.

Others were not the 【Buddha Child】. Even if their connection was severed, they could return to their true selves.

But his very life had long been anchored elsewhere.

When the Demon-Suppressing True Person cut off his link with the World-Honored One, it was as though his roots had been severed. Now, he could not even speak a word—he merely pressed his palms together and allowed the Buddha light upon his body to intertwine, stagnate, collapse, and finally scatter into a cloud of golden dust.

A soul drifted down gently into reincarnation.

Guang Ming was dead.

However, the Buddha Child did not vanish with him.

Behind his dissipating form, the vast and magnificent vision of the 【Manifest World Aspect of Shengyi Shengming Heaven】 stirred for the very first time.

“Amitābha!”

The grand Buddha voice echoed across the Pure Land, yet none of the Pure Land monks answered in chorus as usual.

Each stood frozen, faces blank, gazing around in confusion.

‘Demonic influence... demonic influence!’

At last, an old Arhat with white hair and beard moved.

His face was filled with shock and fury, as though a fledgling bird had suddenly glimpsed the boundless sky.

“How dare you! How dare you do this!?”

He pointed furiously at the Demon-Suppressing True Person and shouted, “You have ruined the very foundation of my Pure Land! You have destroyed its roots! Great Demon! What a Great Demon indeed!”

“Kill him!”

In the past, the moment those words left his mouth, the monks would have rushed forward as one.

But now, their reactions were entirely different.

The next instant—

“Boom!”

A newly ascended Arhat suddenly shut his eyes tight—then, with a thunderous explosion, self-destructed on the spot.

A soul floated gently into the cycle of rebirth.

The old Arhat turned, aghast. “Why!?”

To enter reincarnation, to wash one’s soul clean—and now, with their connection to the World-Honored One severed—this meant they wished to completely depart from the Pure Land!

“How utterly foolish!”

The old Arhat’s hands trembled with rage.

“The World-Honored One, out of compassion, shone his light upon us so that we might cultivate to this blissful land of Jiangxi’s Pure Realm—why, then, would anyone wish to leave!?”

He could not understand.

Thus, he could only blame everything on the Demon-Suppressing True Person, convinced that this fiend had corrupted the Pure Land’s purity and deceived its monks.

Seeing this, the Demon-Suppressing True Person suddenly laughed.

Within the Great Hero Treasure Hall—

The rising clamor slowly faded.

When the Demon-Suppressing True Person regained his senses, he realized a young man had appeared before him.

The youth’s face was unremarkable—common, even familiar.

The Demon-Suppressing True Person felt he had seen him somewhere before, yet could not recall where.

It was as though every face beneath heaven had been merged together to form this one countenance.

At that moment, the youth was studying him with calm curiosity.

A second later, the youth spoke.

His voice was gentle, like that of a soft-spoken woman, yet carried a masculine firmness—aged like an elder, yet vibrant as a child.

“Amitābha.”

That single Buddha name instantly made the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s expression turn grave.

He looked upon the youth with deep solemnity and disbelief.

—The World-Honored One?

“Forgive the disappointment,” the youth said, seeming to read his thoughts.

“I am not the World-Honored One. The World-Honored One is far beyond—he would not descend personally to meet you, Daoist friend.”

Hearing this, the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s mind raced before realization dawned.

“So... you are that Dharma Aspect.”

【Manifest World Aspect of Shengyi Shengming Heaven】 !

At the thought, the Demon-Suppressing True Person frowned again.

“Why have you come to see me?”

“There is confusion in my heart.”

The youth joined his palms and said calmly, “Your sword intent is unparalleled. You skillfully borrowed the not-yet-formed **【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】** to strike that sword.”

“But in the end, it is rootless water.”

“Those monks who self-dissolved and entered the cycle of rebirth aside—when you perish and your Dao dissipates, the others’ connection to the World-Honored One will quickly be restored.”

“Since that is so, what meaning does your action hold?”

“Is that so?” The Demon-Suppressing True Person smiled instead of despairing.

“How could it be meaningless? Did you not just say several monks have entered reincarnation? Then I have saved those few. That, in itself, is meaning.”

The youth’s expression did not change. He pressed further:

“You condemn our Pure Land as a false path, yet you carry countless severed heads in your bag—deciding countless fates by your own will.

Is that not another form of a Pure Land?

To deny the Pure Land—is it not, in essence, to deny yourself?”

At this, the Demon-Suppressing True Person laughed even more joyfully.

“How could that be the same?”

Those simple five words stunned the youth.

After a long silence, he smiled bitterly and shook his head.

“I nearly forgot—you are of the Sword Pavilion...”

Then, unwilling to give up, he asked again:

“And what of the Sword Pavilion? You suffered under its yoke all your life—do you feel no resentment?”

“Of course I do.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person nodded without hesitation, smiling faintly.

“That’s why I left the **【No Killing Sword Intent】** and sword techniques with the Ye Family, didn’t I?”

The **【No Killing Sword Intent】** was the Pure Land’s coveted goal.

Its accompanying sword arts—how could the Pure Land not desire them?

To obtain them, they would inevitably become entangled with the Ye Family.

The longer the connection lasted, the heavier the karma.

The Demon-Suppressing True Person had deliberately left behind **【No Killing】** while withholding **【All-Slay】**—just to set up the Ye Family!

Utterly devious!

“I have learned much,” the youth sighed, joining his palms.

“It seems your heart’s wish is truly fulfilled. You have no further attachments and are prepared to sacrifice yourself to the sword.”

The Demon-Suppressing True Person had not changed his fate.

He was destined to die.

If he did not die—did not sacrifice himself—then the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 could never manifest.

That outcome could not be altered.

The youth’s expression grew sorrowful.

“I had thought, at your final moment, you might waver. With Guang Ming’s death, I now lack a vessel to anchor in. Had you been willing to merge with me, you might have been reborn anew.”

But the Demon-Suppressing True Person refused.

“Crack— ! ”

The surrounding scene fractured inch by inch—an omen that the illusion was fading, reality returning.

It also meant that death was near.

Yet even so, the world’s foremost sword cultivator still wore a tranquil smile.

Having upheld No Killing nearly his entire life, even in his final moments he did not break that vow—choosing instead to save lives.

The next second, all illusions vanished.

Lü Yang’s sword incarnation lifted his head—only to see the Demon-Suppressing True Person gone.

Floating in the air remained only the 【Sword of No Killing】 .

On the blade, an inscription gleamed with radiant light:

“To sacrifice one’s body for righteousness is to honor righteousness above oneself.”

“Therefore, of all things under heaven, nothing is more precious than righteousness.”

In that instant, ten thousand sword auras converged.

Heaven and earth echoed with a restrained sword cry—stifled, yet brimming at the brink.

“This is...”

Lü Yang’s eyes widened in astonishment as he perceived the Demon-Suppressing True Person’s final stratagem.

‘He bound the formation of the 【Sword Dao Fruitional Rank】 to the Pure Land itself—anchoring its foundation to the unity of all beings!’

The Demon-Suppressing True Person had severed the Pure Land’s “oneness of all hearts,” thereby defining the very root of the 【Sword Dao】 .

Once the Pure Land later restored its unity, that act would overturn the sword’s foundation— instantly causing the 【Sword Dao】 to collapse.

‘What a man!’

For a moment, Lü Yang was awestruck.

The unity of all hearts was the Pure Land’s foundation— while the 【Sword Dao】 was the Sword Pavilion’s ultimate pursuit.

And this man had forced them into enmity.

If the Sword Pavilion desired the 【Sword Dao】 —they would have to keep undermining the Pure Land.

If the Pure Land wished to preserve its unity—then it must destroy the 【Sword Dao】 .

Who said good men couldn’t be devious?

The Demon-Suppressing True Person—what a master schemer indeed!

He had simply been biding his time all these years.

And now, with one move, he had trapped both the Pure Land and the Sword Pavilion together in his web.

A single pit, deep enough for all!