

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 51: Taiyi Golden Radiance Pill Book

[1,507 words]

Within the Skeleton Mountain marketplace, upon witnessing Lü Yang and Yun Miaozen vanish simultaneously, everyone realized it must be the power of the glazed magical sword suspended in the air.

Seeing this scene, Luo Wuya's expression turned solemn, yet he felt secretly delighted.

'A Foundation Establishment True Person truly possesses unfathomable abilities; Senior Brother actually managed to lure in a big fish. The Heaven-Evading Sword, this spiritual treasure, has resurfaced!'

This treasure ranked thirty-seventh among the 108 swords of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion, holding the top position among the Earth Fiends.

Though not a spiritual treasure, it surpassed them, containing a mustard seed cave heaven.

In combat, merely shining the sword light could draw the enemy into the cave heaven, thus gaining the upper hand.

Inside the cave heaven, the sword pavilion cultivator's magical power was replenished by the cave, allowing them to use divine abilities without expending power.

In contrast, non-sword pavilion cultivators, once trapped in the cave, would first lose thirty percent of their true qi, then thirty percent of their divine abilities, and finally, thirty percent of their spiritual treasure's power.

With such advantages and disadvantages, the outcome was already determined.

This was why Yun Miaozen, knowing Lü Yang had dual formations protecting him, remained confident.

She understood that dual formations couldn't block the Heaven-Evading Sword's capture.

In fact, most Five Elements objects couldn't stop the Heaven-Evading Sword.

The only way to block the Heaven-Evading Sword with formations was to use those involving spatial transformations, but such formations were exceedingly rare.

Moreover, even if they existed, a ninth-grade formation master couldn't set them up.

"Given this, this demon must meet his end this time!"

On the other side, Divine Martial Sect Elder Ouyang Feng clapped and laughed heartily.

Although he couldn't personally avenge himself, Lü Yang's death would still alleviate his deep hatred.

Hearing this, Luo Wuya could only shake his head without refuting, for he felt the same.

If Lü Yang had dual formations protecting him, their duel might have been evenly matched. But once trapped in the Heaven-Evading Sword, death was certain; even he would be in danger.

"However... this also aligns with Senior Brother's intentions."

"That Lü Yang didn't know his place, repeatedly defying Senior Brother and entangling karma. Senior Brother deliberately lured Yun Miaozen here, perhaps intending to kill with a borrowed knife..."

Thinking of this, Luo Wuya felt at ease.

Although both were disciples of the Holy Sect, he had no intention of helping, merely waiting for Lü Yang to be killed, allowing Yun Miaozen to seize his fate and open the Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

Meanwhile, inside the Heaven-Evading Sword.

The sword light shone down, and even multiple formations couldn't block it. When Lü Yang regained his senses and his vision cleared, he found himself in a completely different environment.

All he saw was rampant sword qi.

As the sword qi descended, Lü Yang immediately felt his true qi weaken by thirty percent.

Using divine abilities became significantly more difficult, understanding this was the cave heaven's suppression.

The next moment, heavenly light appeared above, and Yun Miaozen stepped out gracefully.

"Primordial Sain Demon, today you shall face your destined calamity. Be executed!"

A clear voice descended from the sky, truly like an immortal pronouncing a heavenly decree. As soon as she spoke, Lü Yang felt the world turn against him, aiming to tear him apart.

After speaking, Yun Miaozen pushed the dao crown on her head, instantly revealing a brilliant golden radiance that illuminated the sky.

It then split into three, transforming into golden, silver, and jade lights, coiling around her like swimming dragons, forming an unbroken chain, making her appear even more solemn and dignified.

Seeing this, Lü Yang's expression grew more serious.

After several lifetimes of cultivation, he was no longer unfamiliar with the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion.

With a bit of thought, he recognized the divine ability Yun Miaozen was displaying.

"This is the 'Taiyi Golden Radiance Pill Book'... the great divine ability of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion!"

Thinking of this, Lü Yang's heart rang with alarm.

The 'Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method' in his hand was also a great divine ability. Because of this, he dared not underestimate the power of such abilities.

"Now it's truly a life-and-death struggle," Lü Yang thought rapidly.

As he knew, the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion's 'Taiyi Golden Radiance Pill Book' could refine golden, silver, and jade lights, each being a superior divine ability.

To perfect this great divine ability, one must achieve the "Three Radiances Converging at the Crown," refining the three lights into one "Taiyi Golden Radiance." This not only combined all effects but also amplified the power, even aiding in breaking through to Foundation Establishment!

'Fortunately, her divine ability shouldn't be perfected yet.'

As the saying goes, the great dao is singular. If the divine ability were perfected, Yun Miaozen wouldn't have split into three lights but would have only one Taiyi Golden Radiance.

'Perhaps this is my opportunity.'

At this moment, Yun Miaozen took action. She waved her sleeve, and the golden light around her moved at will, enveloping Lü Yang.

Lü Yang immediately retreated. The golden light, called "Divine Light," moved with the mind. If the mind was disturbed, it would self-immolate. Thus, even a slight touch would ignite inner fire, causing the body to burn with golden light, turning into ashes without suppression.

"Go!"

Lü Yang's mind moved, and the Heavenly Demon Blood-Transforming Divine Light surged upward, the overwhelming blood light forcibly resisting the descending golden light, both stalemating in the air.

Seeing this, Yun Miaozen gently pressed her brow.

The next moment, a sword pill appeared, flashing like lightning, disappearing instantly, and reappearing above Lü Yang's head, striking down—

Clang! Clang!

As the sword qi howled down, Lü Yang's Blood Sun Sword Pill was isolated outside the cave heaven. He could only sigh, revealing a Wind and Thunder Treasure Mirror behind his head.

Taiwei Mirror!

The mirror surface shimmered, and instantly wind and thunder followed. The "Taiwei Wind and Thunder Qi" within the mirror stirred up bolts of lightning, wrapped in howling yin wind, forcibly capturing Yun Miaozen's sword pill like a vortex, continuously eroding its sword qi.

Yun Miaozen remained calm, even smiling coldly.

Though decisive, she wasn't reckless.

Before coming to the marketplace and attacking Lü Yang, she had already investigated his background.

Formations and the Taiwei Mirror were within her expectations.

Now, having bypassed the formations with the Heaven-Evading Sword and restrained the Taiwei Mirror with the sword pill, Yun Miaozen felt victory was in her grasp, deciding to deliver the final blow.

In the next moment, Yun Miaozen simultaneously activated the silver and jade lights beside her. These were "Qi Light" and "Essence Light," the former breaking all worldly qi, the latter slicing through steel and iron. Now combined, they formed a clear, crystalline sword light slashing toward Lü Yang!

"Truly a direct disciple of the Sword Pavilion."

Seeing this, Lü Yang could only sigh. Yun Miaozen was evidently not a sheltered flower; her tactical execution and timing were impeccable.

In such circumstances, she had mastered a great divine ability.

Though not yet perfected, she was only one step away from fusion. At least she had fully grasped the three divine abilities as components.

In comparison, Lü Yang's mastery of the 'Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method' was far inferior.

The final component, "Taiwei Pardon Talisman," was still stuck at a bottleneck, making no progress. He hadn't even gathered all three divine abilities, let alone integrated them.

"In terms of combat, I'm no match for her."

Lü Yang clearly recognized this.

After all, he was never adept at combat; his strength lay in using higher cultivation to overpower the weak.

But now?

Yun Miaozen was at the ninth level of Qi Refining, while he was at the eighth.

Not only were they not at the same level, but he was also challenging a stronger opponent from a lower position, completely against his usual approach.

'If this were a few months ago, I might have had to start over.'

However, now there was a new variable.

In the next moment, facing Yun Miaozen's dual sword lights, Lü Yang raised his hand, successively throwing out two talismans, which exploded mid-air.

Boom!

With a loud bang, a bolt of lightning and a sword qi surged out, blocking Yun Miaozen's descending sword light at the critical moment!

"Ninth-grade talismans!?"

Yun Miaozen's brows twitched slightly but quickly returned to calm: "Only two, still a drop in the bucket. How many talismans can you have?"

As a direct disciple of the Sword Pavilion, she didn't practice talisman arts but wasn't unfamiliar. Even a ninth-grade talisman required at least three days for a late-stage Qi Refining cultivator to draw, dedicating all efforts.

So she was certain Lü Yang had no more than ten talismans.

The next moment, Lü Yang waved his hand again.

Then, a scene that left Yun Miaozen dumbfounded unfolded: the second, third, fourth... dozens to hundreds of talismans spread across the sky!

Behind the myriad talismans, Lü Yang shook the Myriad Spirits Banner, with numerous banner spirits working overtime, rushing production.

"How many talismans? Don't compare your personal workshop output with mine. Let me show you the power of a black-hearted industrial assembly line!"

As his words fell, the group of talismans activated simultaneously.

In an instant, sword qi and lightning intertwined, illuminating the entire cave heaven!

Also illuminated was Yun Miaozen's astonished and twisted face!

Share to your friends

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

[1,653 words]

Though talismans and formations each had their unique merits, they ultimately served the same purpose.

As external tools, they allowed cultivators to overcome stronger opponents and achieve victory through weakness.

A ninth-grade formation alone could grant Lü Yang the upper hand in a duel.

Even a ninth-grade talisman, while perhaps not as formidable as a formation, was enough to make Yun Miaozen treat it with utmost caution—it was not something to be taken lightly.

Not to mention, Lü Yang had just unleashed nearly five hundred talismans at once, all activated simultaneously, their combined power causing the very heavens and earth to change color.

Although talismans turned to ash after use and couldn't be preserved, making them consumables that many cherished, Lü Yang was an exception.

If he ran out of talismans, he would simply have the Banner Spirits work overtime to produce a new batch.

Boom!

In an instant, sword energy filled the sky, thunder roared, and countless talisman lights flashed like lightning, surrounding Yun Miaozen as if thousands of blades were upon her.

Seeing this, Yun Miaozen had no choice but to retreat defensively.

The next moment, a surge of energy transformed into a silver canopy above her, shielding her from all the talismans.

However, this was only temporary.

While talismans didn't drain Lü Yang's spiritual power, Yun Miaozen's use of the 'Taiyi Golden Radiance Pill Book' consumed a significant amount.

As her energy waned, the protective light around her was shredded by the talismans, forcing her to summon another layer of light to barely protect herself.

"Slash!"

Lü Yang, without a hint of mercy, unleashed sword energy and thunder talismans, instantly tearing apart Yun Miaozen's protective garment.

In a flash, her garment shattered, scattering like rain and revealing vast expanses of snow-white skin.

"Ah!"

Yun Miaozen's face turned crimson with anger, her jade-like body trembling violently.

Instinctively, she tried to cover herself, but Lü Yang's relentless attacks left her no room to do so.

"Fiend! You're courting death!" Yun Miaozen's expression twisted in fury.

Having reached the ninth level of Qi Refining at a young age and mastering the great divine abilities of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion, she was a true disciple and a Foundation Establishment seed of the sect.

Always aloof and proud, she had never found herself in such a humiliating situation.

Lü Yang, noticing this, smirked slightly.

"Fellow Daoist, you truly possess a heavenly beauty—so ample, so fair, and so smooth."

Though Yun Miaozen tried her best to conceal herself, it was futile against Lü Yang's discerning eyes; he saw everything, whether he should or not.

Yun Miaozen, extremely sensitive to his gaze, became even more frantic.

What infuriated her further was Lü Yang's disdainful expression: "In broad daylight, such indecency. Is this what you call a righteous sect?"

As he spoke, Lü Yang continued to direct talismans at Yun Miaozen.

His words were merely a tactic to unsettle her mind, with the ultimate goal of defeating her.

As expected, being humiliated by Lü Yang and having previously held the advantage only to be reduced to such a state by his extravagant use of talismans, Yun Miaozen's emotions ignited, causing a slight crack in her Dao heart.

"Now's the time!"

Lü Yang seized the moment when Yun Miaozen's Dao heart wavered and her mind became distracted, immediately forming a hand seal.

Suddenly, a circular light appeared behind his head.

As the light illuminated, Lü Yang's vision changed dramatically.

The area where he had just battled Yun Miaozen was now filled with numerous traces of her energy—remnants she had left behind.

"Profound Yin Shape Capturing, Nail-Head Life-Claiming."

With a thought, Lü Yang directed the circular light onto one of Yun Miaozen's energy traces, capturing it and projecting her graceful figure.

The next second, without hesitation, Lü Yang slashed with two fingers.

The circular light split in two, and the image of Yun Miaozen within was also divided.

An invisible force immediately acted upon Yun Miaozen's real body.

Crack!

Suddenly, a soft tearing sound was heard, and a clear blood mark appeared on Yun Miaozen's snow-white, ivory-like forehead.

The blood mark began to widen.

"You wish!"

In an instant, Yun Miaozen's pupils contracted, her fair skin flushed, her brows arched, and a golden light burst from her beautiful eyes.

The next moment, she retracted the 'Divine Light' that had been contending with the 'Heavenly Demon Blood-Transforming Divine Light', and simultaneously gathered the 'Qi Light' and 'Essence Light'.

The three lights merged into a brilliant golden light, soaring into the sky, making her appear like a celestial maiden descending from the heavens.

Three lights combined—Taiyi Golden Flower!

At that moment, Lü Yang felt that Yun Miaozen had suddenly become 'taller'—not in a physical sense, but in terms of dimension.

'This is the Great Divine Ability!?'

Previously, Yun Miaozen had only been using superior divine abilities that comprised the Great Divine Ability.

Now, she had managed to activate the true Great Divine Ability.

It was an entirely different sensation.

With the blessing of Taiyi Golden Flower, Yun Miaozen seemed to transcend the mortal realm, gradually ascending to a level beyond Lü Yang's reach.

The two stood—one high, one low.

This disparity was all too familiar to Lü Yang.

Though not as terrifying as that day, it still reminded him of the initial shock he felt upon meeting Daoist Hong Yun!

At that moment, Yun Miaozen moved.

With a graceful wave of her hand, the 'Profound Yin Shape Capturing Technique' that had been acting upon her was forcibly redirected to another person with a similar energy signature.

Her twin sister, Yun Miaoqing!

The next second, the blood mark on Yun Miaozen's forehead rapidly healed, while Yun Miaoqing, still unconscious outside the cave, suddenly split open.

"Truly ruthless and decisive."

Witnessing this, Lü Yang mocked, "Fellow Daoist, you act swiftly—resorting to fratricide at the first sign of danger to save yourself. Is this the righteousness of the Sword Pavilion?"

"This is Miaoqing's tribulation; do not distort the truth."

Yun Miaozen's tone returned to its usual indifference: "You disrupted her cultivation, causing her tribulation to remain incomplete, leading to today's calamity. You are the true culprit."

Lü Yang laughed heartily: "Fellow Daoist, your shamelessness is unparalleled. You're wasted in the Sword Pavilion; you should join our Saint Sect!"

Yun Miaozen remained unmoved, but the killing intent in her eyes grew colder.

She said coldly, "Sharp-tongued fiend, today I shall act on behalf of the heavens!"

The next moment, the Taiyi Golden Flower she had condensed collapsed with a roar, sweeping towards Lü Yang and all his activated talismans.

In an instant, Lü Yang's figure and hundreds of talismans were obliterated, as if they were mere mantis arms trying to stop a chariot, all swept away!

This kind of transformation was just like the words on a book being erased by a rubber eraser.

There was neither a corpse, nor any lingering Qi; not even a trace was left behind, as if it had never appeared in this world to begin with.

Immediately after, the Taiyi Golden Radiance disappeared, revealing Yun Miaozen's staggering figure; however, at this moment, this proud daughter of heaven wore a face that was deathly pale.

"Pu! Ugh—"

As soon as Yun Miaozen landed, she suddenly vomited a mouthful of blood.

Immediately after, the brilliance enveloping her body collapsed with a loud crash, and she could no longer gather even the slightest bit of radiance.

"It's gone... all gone..." Yun Miaozen's red lips trembled lightly, without a trace of victory's joy.

This was the price she had paid for forcibly activating the Taiyi Golden Radiance through a secret technique without having reached the peak of Qi Refining—her essence, energy, and spirit, the three forms of brilliance, all shattered.

Decades of painstaking cultivation had gone up in flames.

The once-bright path to Foundation Establishment now carried a shadow of uncertainty.

Yun Miaozen sighed in sorrow, and was about to leave the cave-heaven.

But just at that moment, she saw a figure suddenly appear—one she could hardly believe.

"Fellow Daoist, the outcome hasn't been decided yet, and you're already leaving?"

Lü Yang appeared handsome and poised, his sleeves fluttering.

Though he too had suffered great depletion of true Qi and heavy losses in magical power, there was not a single wound on his body!

"That's impossible!"

Yun Miaozen's flower-like face turned pale with horror.

Her usually crisp and pleasant voice now turned sharp: "That was Taiyi Golden Radiance! How could you possibly have blocked it?"

Naturally, Lü Yang would not tell her.

Indeed, if relying solely on his own divine abilities, Lü Yang would not have been able to withstand that Taiyi Golden Radiance.

Such a grand divine power already held the might of Foundation Establishment.

What blocked it—was his talent.

【Purple Talent · Some Skill】

【Some Skill: No matter how terrifying the attack, as long as it falls within your ability limit, you can handle it freely—twice.】

In his previous life, after angrily drawing his sword and slaying the Peak Master of Mending Heaven Peak, this was the talent he obtained upon restarting!

If Yun Miaozen had been able to unleash Taiyi Golden Radiance four or five times in succession, he would have died without question.

But she could only unleash it once... so she had no one to blame for his cheat!

Although it was only twice—it really was twice!

Lü Yang smiled calmly, first picking up the Taiwei Mirror, then stepped in front of Yun Miaozen and used the mirror's light to immobilize her completely.

Yun Miaozen instinctively began to struggle, glaring angrily at Lü Yang: "What do you intend to do!?"

"To be honest, I'm quite interested in the 『Taiyi Golden Radiance Pill Book』 ."

"I won't tell you anything!"

"Relax. You will."

Lü Yang sneered coldly: "After all, I'm a disciple of Mending Heaven Peak in the Primordial Saint Sect."

Much later, as the clouds scattered and the rain ceased.

"...What a pity, it's not complete."

Lü Yang closed his eyes and contemplated for a moment, then shook his head helplessly: "Only one-third of it. The remaining parts are restricted, impossible to extract."

In the next second, he looked again at Yun Miaozen.

Seeing this, Yun Miaozen clenched her silver teeth tightly, yet dared not show the slightest trace of resentment.

She could only force a flattering smile: "You've already had me... isn't that enough...?"

Lü Yang looked disgusted: "What use are you?"

Boom!

Before Yun Miaozen could finish her sentence, Lü Yang flicked the Taiwei Mirror.

In an instant, wind and thunder raged—on the spot, that enchanting figure was shattered into dust.

Share to your friends

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

[1,441 words]

At Skeleton Mountain, the atmosphere remained tense, with swords drawn and bows bent.

Luo Wuya, Ouyang Feng, and Yun Zhiqiu, all at the peak of Qi Refining, stood in a standoff, none willing to yield.

Just then, a streak of light suddenly flew in from the horizon.

As it approached, the light converged, revealing an elderly monk clad in a kasaya and holding a meditation staff. He clasped his hands in greeting toward Yun Zhiqiu.

"Poor monk Ming Chan greets Benefactor Yun."

Yun Zhiqiu nodded slightly upon seeing this and said indifferently, "'Demon-Subduing Chan Master' Ming Chan, I've heard of you. It seems you had some karmic connection with my uncle for a few years."

"Benefactor sees clearly."

Ming Chan smiled faintly. "In the past, when Senior Yun was seeking evil spirits in the East Sea, he once rested at my temple. I received his guidance, which led to my achievements today."

At this moment, Skeleton Mountain was teeming with various individuals. With the opportunity for Foundation Establishment at stake, not only were the Divine Martial Sect, Primordial Saint Sect, and Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion present, but also some renowned rogue cultivators drawn by reputation.

Among them, 'Demon-Subduing Chan Master' Ming Chan stood out as an exceptional figure, being one of the rare rogue cultivators who had reached the peak of Qi Refining.

However, it was evident that he was more inclined toward the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion.

Seeing this, Luo Wuya, confident in having True Person Yinshan as his backup, remained composed.

On the other hand, Ouyang Feng couldn't help but frown.

After all, as far as he knew, Ming Chan was no ordinary individual.

Originally a mortal, he had devoted himself to Buddhism for three lifetimes, unwavering in his resolve.

As a result, he formed a karmic connection with the Buddhist sect, eventually inheriting the teachings of a high monk.

With his three lifetimes of Buddhist affinity, his cultivation in the Buddhist path progressed rapidly.

Moreover, the inheritance he received was the most aggressive and domineering "Demon-Subduing Chan," making him frequently engage in battles with demonic entities. His combat experience was extensive.

At the very least, Ouyang Feng knew that if he were to face him, he wouldn't be confident of victory.

"Judging by the timing, Miaozen should be returning soon."

Yun Zhiqiu calculated with his fingers, then glanced at the already split-in-half Yun Miaoqing beside him and shook his head. "It's a pity that Miaoqing ultimately couldn't escape her fate."

"Amitabha."

Upon hearing this, Ming Chan also clasped his hands together, his face showing concern. "I hope Benefactor Miaozen is unharmed."

"Fellow Daoist overthinks."

Yun Zhiqiu chuckled softly. "It's undeniable that the 'Blood Garment Tower Master' does possess some skills. He likely mastered the Demonic Sect's Profound Yin Shape Capturing Technique."

"However, since Miaoqing is already dead, Miaozen should be safe."

"Speaking of which, this is also a matter of karma. Miaoqing stayed by that demon's side but was never violated by him. That's why she was killed by that demon today."

Ming Chan nodded upon hearing this, then looked toward the market again, his thoughts racing. He wasn't just here to make acquaintances.

More importantly, he wanted to seize the opportunity to climb the ranks of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion.

After all, if one could join a prestigious sect, who would want to remain a rogue cultivator?

At that moment, a sudden explosion erupted from within the market.

Seeing this, Yun Zhiqiu immediately laughed heartily. "It must be that Junior Sister has achieved great success and returned victorious!"

Before his words fell, the Heaven-Evading Sword trembled violently, its sword light bursting forth once more, tearing open the void. Then, a figure stepped out from within.

"..Hmm!?"

In an instant, Yun Zhiqiu's laughter came to an abrupt halt.

On the other side, Ouyang Feng also wore a face of suspicion, and even Luo Wuya's pupils contracted sharply, his face filled with disbelief as he looked at the figure in mid-air.

"...Lü Yang! He survived?"

"Where is Fairy Miaozen?"

Completely ignoring the commotion around him, Lü Yang stood proudly in the air.

With a wave of his hand, the Heaven-Evading Sword, now without its original master, immediately fell into his grasp.

This was a fine treasure, and it was destined for him.

The next moment, Yun Zhiqiu transformed into sword light and arrived directly at the edge of the market. He looked deeply at Lü Yang and said in a low voice, "I underestimated you."

Lü Yang glanced sideways. "And you are?"

"Yun Zhiqiu, Miaozen's Senior Brother." Yun Zhiqiu's face was calm. "Fairy Miaozen's immortal path is not yet severed. Give me her true spirit; I want to send her for reincarnation."

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang paused, then suddenly laughed. "Fellow Daoist may not know, but I am a disciple of Mending Heaven Peak of the Primordial Saint Sect."

As soon as he said this, Yun Zhiqiu's expression changed drastically. "What did you do to her!?"

Lü Yang, however, paid no heed and laughed loudly. "Fellow Daoist Miaozen is of exceptional beauty and talent. What else could I do? Naturally, I raped her before killing her!"

Yun Zhiqiu's brows furrowed, finally revealing an angry expression. "You dare to covet the divine abilities of my Sword Pavilion?"

Lü Yang remained indifferent, calmly meeting his gaze. "What can you do to me?"

Upon hearing this, a sharp killing intent suddenly shot out from Yun Zhiqiu's eyes. However, Lü Yang paid no attention, merely raising his head to look at the boundless sky.

'Struggling... Damn it! I can't hold on anymore!'

At the moment he killed Yun Miaozen, Lü Yang knew exactly what situation he was about to face—a collective attack with no room for maneuver!

More importantly, he clearly felt that after Yun Miaozen's death, an invisible fate suddenly blessed him, making his thoughts clearer, his comprehension greatly enhanced, and even the bottleneck of the ninth level of Qi Refining, which had remained unmoved for a long time, loosened significantly!

Lü Yang understood well that Yun Miaozen had to die.

'It truly is an inescapable fate... That True Person did it on purpose! He deliberately sent Yun Miaozen to find me, intending for her to kill me or for me to kill her!'

This was clearly forcing a duck onto the rack!

Either Yun Miaozen killed him and was used by the Foundation Establishment True Person behind the scenes, or he killed Yun Miaozen and took her place.

There was no third option.

Foundation Establishment True Persons—how domineering they are!?

It was precisely because he figured this out that Lü Yang had no interest in Yun Zhiqiu's threats, knowing that no matter what, he couldn't hold on any longer.

Because what that True Person probably needed was a great battle—a life-and-death battle!

Since that's the case, it's better to be straightforward!

Lü Yang sighed, looked at Yun Zhiqiu again, and then adjusted his mindset.

Thinking positively, at least this meant that the True Person valued him.

'Not afraid of you being weak, just afraid you have no value.'

After several lifetimes of cultivation, Lü Yang understood this all too well: in the Primordial Saint Sect, only by demonstrating your value to survive do you have the right to live!

At that moment, a figure suddenly approached—it was Ming Chan.

"Amitabha."

He stepped forward and said loudly, "Benefactor Lü, you must know that you cannot escape this calamity. However, this poor monk has a method that can save you from the sea of suffering."

"Oh? Save me?"

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang glanced at him and sneered. "Then I must thank the master for his kindness. But I wonder, what is the method the master speaks of?"

Ming Chan clasped his hands together and said calmly, "Although you are deeply entrenched in the demonic path in this life, with accumulated sins hard to return from, you still harbor a kind heart. This poor monk is willing to personally send you into reincarnation. When you return in your next life, I will take you as my disciple. At that time, you may still have hope of attaining righteous fruits."

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang was speechless. "Personally send me into reincarnation... Master, you also want to kill me?"

"Not to kill you, Benefactor, but to form a karmic bond with you."

Ming Chan's face was solemn, full of compassion. "When you are reborn, this poor monk will have you serve as a menial worker in the Sword Pavilion for thirty years."

"In this way, you can cleanse your karma and cultivate the righteous path in the future."

"Righteous path, my ass!"

Lü Yang laughed loudly. "No matter how much you say, it's better to have a straightforward duel. In my Primordial Saint Sect, broken bones are the best argument!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a talisman appeared in his hand.

Return Wind Return Fire Talisman!

The next second, the talisman shattered, and Lü Yang's aura instantly returned to its peak. Without another word, he drove his sword to strike!

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 54: When Fortune Arrives, Heaven and Earth Assist

[1,522 words]

Outside the Skeleton Mountain Market, within a newly established temporary cave dwelling.

Multicolored mist surged and swirled, and within it, a woman of unparalleled beauty sat cross-legged, regulating her breath, inhaling and exhaling the mist.

After a short while, all the mist finally converged.

Subsequently, the colors of the multicolored mist gradually blended, ultimately transforming into a pure white divine light, devoid of any impurities, illuminating everything.

"I've succeeded!"

As the pure white divine light condensed, the woman within the mist immediately opened her eyes, revealing a joyful expression: "Seven-Colored Pure Light Qi, I've achieved perfection in Qi Refining!"

The technique she cultivated was passed down by an elder of the Primordial Saint Sect, refining the "Seven-Colored Pure Light Qi," which appeared pure white but was actually a fusion of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet mist.

Each color represented a purification, and after seven purifications, the quality of the true qi reached the fourth grade!

"With this, Foundation Establishment is within reach."

Fairy Feixia sighed.

As for the fourth-grade true qi being unsuitable for forming a Golden Core, it didn't matter to her; she never aspired to the Golden Core path anyway.

"Finding a piece of Mist Gathering Stone this time was truly a stroke of fortune."

"It's just a pity about Junior Brother Lü. Cultivation is a path against the heavens. If he had left the market with me, perhaps he too would have had a chance at perfecting his Qi Refining."

With a breakthrough achieved, Fairy Feixia's thoughts shifted.

Previously, she had submitted to Lü Yang because he oversaw the market and could rival the perfection stage of Qi Refining. But now that she had broken through, Lü Yang was no longer as important.

After all, "rivaling" was ultimately not the same as truly achieving it.

Without the formation, Lü Yang's strength, in her eyes, was insufficient.

Moreover, Fairy Feixia harbored dissatisfaction with Lü Yang's overly cautious behavior earlier, feeling it was merely an excuse due to his lack of strength.

Boom!

At that moment, the ground suddenly shook violently, and above the sky, spiritual tides surged, with rolling spiritual energy sweeping in, nearly causing Fairy Feixia to stumble.

"What's happening!?"

Fairy Feixia quickly activated her escape light, flying into the air, looking towards the center of the spiritual tide's upheaval, and her delicate face suddenly changed.

"It's the market?"

Boom!

A second loud explosion, another wave of spiritual tide, as if someone had detonated a spiritual energy bomb.

Fairy Feixia hurriedly used her Seven-Colored Pure Light Qi to protect herself.

However, compared to the vast power of heaven and earth, her Seven-Colored Pure Light Qi ultimately fell short of the crucial step.

The fourth-grade true qi struggled to maintain stability, and for a moment, she was like a small boat in a storm, constantly rocking.

The originally pure white divine light was gradually beaten into a multicolored hue.

"This is... the aftermath of a battle!?"

Fairy Feixia deployed the Qixia Smoke Net Shield to stabilize her form, her face showing horror: "Such a phenomenon... someone is fighting fiercely in the market?"

Could Junior Brother Lü be dead?

Fairy Feixia's heart trembled, and she immediately flew towards the market.

From a distance, she saw at the center of the spiritual tide, a figure being besieged by several people.

There were three attackers, and upon recognizing them, Fairy Feixia's expression became even more shocked.

"Yun Zhiqiu of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion, 'Taiyi Sword'; Ouyang Feng of the Divine Martial Sect, 'Heaven-Flipping Hercules'; and the rogue cultivator 'Demon-Subduing Monk' Ming Chan... they're joining forces!?"

In her line of sight, above the Skeleton Mountain Market, a blood-colored sword formation spread across the sky.

Thousands of blood lights transformed into a vividly lifelike eight-clawed true dragon, charging left and right, swinging its tail and horns, finally letting out a dragon's roar that stirred the spiritual tide.

"Break!"

Each time the spiritual tide erupted, Yun Zhiqiu, Ouyang Feng, and Ming Chan were forced to retreat temporarily, but they quickly regrouped and pressed forward again.

"Amitabha, I didn't expect Benefactor Lü to have such fortune... third-grade true qi!"

Ming Chan pressed his palms together, a trace of surprise appearing on his usually calm face. Third-grade true qi... that's already at the level of a true disciple in major sects!

Thinking of this, Ming Chan's expression became even more compassionate: "Benefactor, it seems we are fated. This time, sending you into reincarnation, I must inquire about your third-grade true technique. When you return in your next life, I can return the technique to you intact, fulfilling our master-disciple bond."

"Bald monk courting death!"

Lü Yang sneered, and the dragon formed by his true qi roared again.

Simultaneously, the Blood Sun Sword Pill emerged, and the sword formation expanded with a roar.

"Well said, well said. We act on behalf of heaven. Benefactor, why resist in vain?"

Seeing this, Ming Chan didn't confront head-on. Instead, he shook his kasaya, and the seven treasures on it—Ruyi Pearl, Mani Pearl, Dust-Repelling Pearl, and others—instantly radiated Buddha light.

Relying on this protective Buddha light, he retreated calmly, avoiding being caught in Lü Yang's sword formation.

In fact, Lü Yang's ability to hold on until now owed much to the Blood Sun Sword Pill.

After all, the grand formation within the sword pill ensured the Heavenly Demon Blood-Transforming Divine Light would hit its target, with immense power. Whenever he was at a disadvantage, he could use it to turn the tide.

Of course, if he truly failed, the Hundred Bones True Array could save his life, allowing him to make a comeback.

Besides that, there was also the reason that the three opponents were unwilling to go all out.

'They're wary of my Profound Yin Form-Capturing Grand Art.'

Lü Yang understood clearly that the more intense the battle, the more likely his opponents' qi would leak.

Once Lü Yang seized it, it would be a fatal blow.

Therefore, Yun Zhiqiu and the others had a simple plan: to wear Lü Yang down.

After all, they were three Qi Refining perfectionists, each with formidable combat power.

At this moment, the three joined forces against a Qi Refining eighth-layer cultivator, with a tenfold chance of victory. Even if Lü Yang had two grand formations to rely on, it was futile.

"If I were only at the eighth layer of Qi Refining, that would indeed be the case..."

Lü Yang's eyes flickered.

He looked up at the sky, and a sudden realization arose in his heart: today, now, is the time to break through!

The next moment, Lü Yang let out a long howl towards the sky.

And his true qi surged violently at that moment, unexpectedly impacting the ninth layer of Qi Refining!

Seeing this, Yun Zhiqiu and the others were momentarily stunned, then sneered: "Ignorant fool! Breaking through during a battle? You've read too many novels!"

Breaking through during a battle is tantamount to seeking death!

Cultivators, when breaking through, always sit in meditation and seclusion.

Because during a breakthrough, true qi erupts, requiring full concentration. But if you're in a battle, with external enemies interfering, how can you focus on breaking through?

However, at that moment, above Skeleton Mountain.

In a "higher than high" place, a gaze fell, overlooking the people within Skeleton Mountain, as if observing puppets on a sand table.

"Interesting, courageous... and understands timing. Not bad."

True Person Yinshan chuckled softly, then extended his hand, gently plucking as if playing a zither string.

The originally deadly situation suddenly changed!

This change was most deeply felt by Lü Yang.

Just moments ago, he felt his true qi in chaos, forcing a breakthrough unprepared, with a high risk of going astray. But suddenly, everything changed.

The "chaos" of his true qi was just right, coincidentally meeting the requirements for a breakthrough.

The bottleneck was "unexpectedly" not as difficult as imagined, just enough for him to break through.

Moreover, his state was blessed, instinctively stabilizing his cultivation after the breakthrough.

Coincidence, luck beyond belief!

Is this the feeling of being "Heaven's Chosen"? When fortune arrives, heaven and earth assist. He didn't even need to deliberately do anything to achieve the desired result!

Boom!

The next moment, under the astonished gazes of Yun Zhiqiu and the others, Lü Yang boldly broke through, mastering the final transformation of the Ninefold Transforming Dragon Art: the Flying Fish Transformation.

And the Flying Fish Transformation focuses on "breaking through"!

Therefore, Lü Yang didn't pause. His newly advanced true qi surged again, under the enhancement of the Flying Fish Transformation, launching an assault on the bottleneck of the tenth layer of Qi Refining!

Then he "naturally" broke through again!

Ninefold Transforming Dragon, Qi Refining perfection!

"Roar!"

For a moment, a clear dragon roar echoed throughout Skeleton Mountain! The sound swept over Yun Zhiqiu and the others, revealing stiff and astonished faces.

"This is impossible... no, there's a True Person manipulating karma?"

The next moment, Yun Zhiqiu and the others finally reacted, their faces showing panic.

They saw Lü Yang standing proudly in the air, then turning to look at them, revealing a sinister smile: "Understand now? This is what it means to act on behalf of heaven!"

With a single thought from a Foundation Establishment True Person, the world changes!

To Qi Refining cultivators, a Foundation Establishment True Person is like heaven. Whoever has a True Person backing them is Heaven's Chosen, the one truly acting on behalf of heaven!

"Amitabha..."

The next moment, Ming Chan said nothing more. He shook his kasaya, Buddha light flashed, and he was the first to disappear.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 55: Emergence of the Witch Ghost, the True Person Reels in the Line

[1,457 words]

Although Ming Chan was a rogue cultivator, he had received the teachings of the Buddhist sect, so he had some understanding of Foundation Establishment True Persons and was even more aware of the terror of this realm.

The so-called "Foundation Establishment" was merely a term used in the Immortal sects; in the Buddhist sect, it had another name, called "Lotus Platform."

Cultivators established their Dao foundation and were called "True Persons," while those who studied Buddhism sat upon the Lotus Platform and were called "Arhats."

Although the names differed, the results were essentially the same.

"An Arhat... There is an Arhat behind Skeleton Mountain!"

"Damn it, what opportunity! It's all fake! Clearly, there's an Arhat luring people; even if there is some opportunity, it's already predetermined by that Arhat!"

"Amitabha... damn!"

At this moment, Ming Chan had completely lost the demeanor of a Buddhist monk, reverting to his old habits in panic, spewing profanities incessantly.

After all, before he practiced Buddhism, he was just a mountain bandit.

It's quite laughable; every time he killed someone and robbed the road, he would bow to a Buddha statue, never expecting that one day he would actually receive a Buddhist opportunity.

The opportunity even said it was the merit he had accumulated over several lifetimes.

So he put down the butcher's knife and became a Buddha on the spot.

Since then, everything Ming Chan did went smoothly; he easily broke through to the peak of Qi Refining, just one step away from Foundation Establishment.

However, now, he only felt fear.

The three-lifetime merit and overwhelming luck that had always been favorable seemed to have lost their effect at this moment, only frantically warning him in the dark.

Danger! Certain death! Run quickly!

As Ming Chan fled, he gradually stopped, sweat pouring from his bald head, looking around to find that it was still the same as when he started.

What is this place again?

Was I really escaping just now?

"I..."

With confusion, the Buddhist light in Ming Chan's eyes gradually extinguished, and he unexpectedly went into a deviation, losing the vitality of the Dharma body he had cultivated for decades.

He died.

From beginning to end, the Foundation Establishment True Person didn't even appear; just a slight influence on the web of karma caused him to die naturally and inevitably.

Meanwhile, outside the Skeleton Mountain market.

Yun Zhiqiu and Ouyang Feng were also drenched in sweat; they didn't flee, not because they reacted slower than Ming Chan, but because they knew escaping was useless.

Facing a Foundation Establishment True Person, could you still escape?

Rogue cultivators were just inexperienced.

Especially Yun Zhiqiu, as Lü Yang broke through, he only felt that the originally clouded spiritual platform suddenly cleared, followed by intense panic surging in his heart.

What am I doing? What did I just do?

At this moment, a figure quietly appeared.

It was a young man in a black robe, with a gloomy appearance and a pale complexion, seemingly just an ordinary Taoist priest commonly seen in the mortal world.

"...Greetings, Senior!"

Without any hesitation, Yun Zhiqiu immediately sheathed his sword and saluted.

The True Person of Yinshan ignored him, only gazing intently at the Skeleton Mountain below, where a black flame was slowly rising from the earth's veins.

On the other side, Lü Yang also had a sudden realization.

"Witch Ghost Secret Realm..."

The karma and fate in the dark told him that as he broke through, his fortune reached its peak, causing the Witch Ghost Secret Realm to sense it and choose to emerge for him.

"...It really is fishing!"

The next second, the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, which had been continuously sending him a sense of intimacy, suddenly paused, followed by intense anger and fear erupting.

This was the emotion of the secret realm's spirit.

The fish had taken the bait.

"Come here."

The True Person of Yinshan slowly spoke; without displaying any divine power, just this one sentence caused the emerging Witch Ghost Secret Realm to uncontrollably fly towards him.

Then Lü Yang couldn't help but curse inwardly: "Damn it!"

Because within the opened secret realm, there was a blazing sword aura crouching like a tiger, seemingly waiting to deliver a fatal blow to those outside!

Clang—!

The next second, Lü Yang's thoughts froze, his gaze locked onto a sword aura that seemed to see through his entire being.

"Golden Core Sword Aura..."

The True Person of Yinshan took a step back, shielding Lü Yang in front of him—this was why he was always unwilling to act personally and chose to hide behind the scenes.

In an instant, the True Person of Yinshan felt fortunate; after all, if he had personally opened the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, he would be the unlucky one locked by the sword aura now.

In the face of Golden Core Sword Aura, there was no difference between Foundation Establishment and Qi Refining; it was all a matter of one sword.

However, unexpectedly, the sword aura didn't strike.

Lü Yang only felt that the newly cultivated perfect True Qi, the third-grade "True Dragon Qi," trembled slightly, seemingly resonating with the sword aura in the secret realm.

The two sides were thus in a stalemate.

"...Hmm?"

Seeing this scene, even the True Person of Yinshan let out a light "huh," looking at Lü Yang with some surprise, obviously not expecting such a variable.

No one knew how much time passed.

Lü Yang seemed to have passed some kind of test by the sword aura; the opponent no longer struck but directly dissipated on the spot, transforming into rolling spiritual energy returning to the heavens and earth.

"Ugh!"

Only then did Lü Yang suddenly come to his senses, his stagnant thoughts resuming, his whole body instantly drenched in sweat, as if he had just been fished out of water.

"The Nine Transformations Dragon Art, the inheritance of True Person Panlong? You're lucky; True Person Panlong is not a demonic cultivator."

"This Golden Core Sword Aura targets demonic cultivators; if you had cultivated our sect's technique, you would have died without a doubt. Fortunately, you practiced the Nine Transformations Dragon Art."

The True Person of Yinshan looked at Lü Yang with some surprise but didn't care too much; after all, the quality of the bait didn't matter, and Lü Yang's life or death was insignificant to him.

Whether the fish was caught was the key; since the Witch Ghost Secret Realm had emerged, his purpose was achieved.

It was time to reel in the line.

The True Person of Yinshan raised his hand and grabbed; the just-emerged Witch Ghost Secret Realm, with black flames soaring into the clouds, immediately disappeared, turning into a stream of light falling into his palm.

"Good, good, a perfect Heavenly Corpse Fiend!"

The True Person of Yinshan looked satisfied; the cultivation of the Foundation Establishment realm had its mysteries, requiring the Qi of Earth Fiends, and the Heavenly Corpse Fiend was the top among Earth Fiends.

With this item, his breakthrough to mid-Foundation Establishment was certain!

At this moment, Lü Yang suddenly stepped forward, knelt on one knee without a word, and said loudly: "Congratulations, Senior Brother, on obtaining this opportunity; the Great Dao is now within reach!"

Not far away, Luo Wuya, the second senior brother of the Three Rivers Society, immediately changed his expression.

Damn it, he got ahead!

No wonder this kid could stand out among ordinary disciples; truly worthy of being a disciple of our sect, a shameless flatterer... Luo Wuya cursed Lü Yang inwardly while quickly stepping forward: "Congratulations, Senior Brother, may your immortal life last a thousand years!"

"Hahaha, a thousand years is the lifespan of a Golden Core; I can't afford that, can't afford that..."

Although he said so, the True Person of Yinshan was obviously enjoying it, wishing Lü Yang and Luo Wuya would say more.

In the end, even Yun Zhiqiu and Ouyang Feng forced themselves to offer a few congratulations.

However, upon hearing this, the True Person of Yinshan looked playfully at Ouyang Feng: "The Divine Martial Sect openly challenges our sect, and you still dare to speak in front of me?"

Ouyang Feng's scalp instantly tingled, trembling as he said: "You can't kill me! I... our Divine Martial Sect also has a True Person..."

"From now on, there won't be."

The True Person of Yinshan casually said something that made Ouyang Feng's liver and gallbladder split: "Since I can appear here, the Divine Martial Sect's fate is already over."

"This... this is impossible! Our Divine Martial Sect..."

Before Ouyang Feng could finish his sentence, his entire body's blood and energy suddenly went berserk; in his shock and anger, he couldn't suppress his mind, only able to widen his eyes—

Boom!!!

With a loud bang, Ouyang Feng, a cultivator at the peak of Qi Refining, exploded, turning into a sky full of light rain, quietly merging into the heavens and earth!

Only after the light rain ceased did the True Person of Yinshan look away, seeing Yun Zhiqiu from the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion drenched in sweat; however, in the end, he didn't act, merely waving his sleeve and disappearing with Luo Wuya and Lü Yang, leaving behind a silent Skeleton Mountain.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 56: Without Achieving Foundation Establishment, One Remains a Pawn

[1,592 words]

For Lü Yang, this was an unprecedented experience.

He was "ascending."

In a certain mysterious realm, his position was continuously rising towards a "higher place," and all mundane things became increasingly insignificant to him.

'Is this the perspective of a Foundation Establishment True Person?'

'Is this what ascension feels like!?'

Lü Yang had an epiphany; no wonder most Foundation Establishment True Persons were elusive, transcending the mundane—perhaps this "height" was one of the reasons.

At the same time, he recalled the "Taiyi Golden Radiance" that Yun Miaozen had used in their previous duel; that great divine ability had given him a similar feeling, though not as "high" as now.

Thinking back, perhaps great divine abilities were simulations of Foundation Establishment.

No wonder it was said that mastering a great divine ability could increase the success rate of Foundation Establishment.

It was like the difference between "starting to climb from the foot of the mountain" and "starting from halfway up"; with different starting points, the difficulty of reaching the summit naturally varied.

The next second, Lü Yang's mind suddenly trembled violently.

Immediately after, he seemed to fall into a place where one couldn't see their hand in front of them, seemingly all-encompassing, yet void and silent, with his spiritual consciousness unable to expand.

However, the situation quickly changed.

"Beasts! You bunch of beasts!"

Accompanied by an enraged roar, a burst of colorful light suddenly exploded in the mysterious realm, and around the colorful light, strands of towering black energy sealed all directions.

Whether it was the colorful light or the black energy, both felt as heavy as mountains to Lü Yang.

However, judging from the situation, the colorful light was evidently firmly pinned in place by the black energy, and as time passed, large areas of the colorful light were being eroded by the black energy.

The once vigorous roar also became increasingly feeble.

'Is this... a Foundation Establishment battle?'

Lü Yang was filled with uncertainty, also understanding that he was merely hitching a ride on True Person Yinshan's coattails and couldn't truly witness this battle between True Persons.

But relying on experiences from his previous lives, he still made a judgment.

'That colorful light is probably the True Person from the Divine Martial Sect... I see! This is another scheme! Only this time, the bait is the entire Skeleton Mountain!'

Thinking of this, Lü Yang suddenly felt enlightened.

Because everything before his eyes unraveled a mystery he had never been able to solve.

Obviously, True Person Yinshan was fishing at Skeleton Mountain for the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, and judging from his words, this was likely related to his cultivation.

But from beginning to end, there was only one Foundation Establishment cultivator at Skeleton Mountain—True Person Yinshan.

What about the Foundation Establishment cultivators of the Divine Martial Sect?

At first, Lü Yang thought that True Person Yinshan had superior methods, able to set up the scheme without being noticed by the Divine Martial Sect's True Persons. But now it seemed that this wasn't the case.

In fact, it was quite the opposite.

'This True Person probably didn't hide anything at all but openly manipulated cause and effect, all to lure out the Divine Martial Sect's Foundation Establishment cultivators!'

True Person Yinshan was fishing at Skeleton Mountain, using himself as bait.

And the Primordial Saint Sect was fishing across the entire Northern Frontier, using True Person Yinshan as bait!

Now, the fish had taken the hook, and the Foundation Establishment cultivators of the Divine Martial Sect had all fallen into the trap!

Boom!

In an instant, the entire world was in turmoil.

A Foundation Establishment True Person from the Divine Martial Sect shouted loudly: "Demon Sect, are you truly going to destroy our Divine Martial Sect's orthodoxy this time?"

"Otherwise?"

A True Person from the Primordial Saint Sect sneered: "Let me guess, are you still hoping for that group of lunatics from the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion? Let me tell you, they won't come!"

"As early as ten years ago, during the Battle of the Mass Grave in Jiangnan, our sect's Supreme and the Sword Pavilion's Sect Master reached an agreement: the Northern Frontier belongs to our sect, and the Southern Frontier to the Sword Pavilion. So today, our Primordial Saint Sect will destroy your Divine Martial Sect, and in the future, the Sword Pavilion will destroy the Myriad Poison Sect of Miaojiang. It's a one-for-one exchange; no one loses."

"What... impossible! Chongguang, you're lying to me!"

Facing the Divine Martial Sect's Foundation Establishment cultivator's angry rebuke, True Person Chongguang sneered: "Just take it as me lying to you. Anyway, after today, there will be no more Divine Martial Sect!"

"Kill!"

In an instant, the colorful light surged, finally transforming into five brilliant auras. However, instead of combining their forces, they scattered and fled rapidly in all directions.

"Scatter and escape! Try to return to the sect!"

"Escape? Wishful thinking!"

It was still True Person Chongguang, this Foundation Establishment cultivator from the Primordial Saint Sect now appeared particularly domineering, laughing loudly: "Heaven and earth, there's nowhere you can escape!"

Boom!

With a loud bang, Lü Yang completely lost all senses, fell into unconsciousness, and didn't know how long it took before he slowly regained consciousness, feeling as if he were in a dream.

"Awake?"

A voice came from his ear, and Lü Yang's pupils suddenly contracted, becoming fully alert.

Looking around, he realized he was back in the forest of Skeleton Mountain.

Beside him, True Person Yinshan stood with his hands behind his back, looking at him with a faint smile.

"Greetings, Senior Brother!"

Without hesitation, Lü Yang immediately performed a grand salute.

"Rise."

True Person Yinshan raised his hand slightly, chuckled, and said: "You helped me seize the Witch Ghost Secret Realm this time, which is a great contribution. So, I'll give you some advice."

"Please enlighten me, Senior Brother," Lü Yang said respectfully.

"First of all, I previously forcibly elevated your fortune and helped you seize others' fortune. Although this allowed you to make rapid progress in a short time, the hidden dangers are immense."

True Person Yinshan deliberately paused after speaking, seeing that Lü Yang's expression remained unchanged, showing neither pride nor fear. Only then did he nod slightly and continue: "Therefore, according to my calculations, your luck will be extremely poor for the next thirty years. It's best not to cultivate or go out; otherwise, there's a risk of death."

"I accept your guidance," Lü Yang said, not daring to show any dissatisfaction.

After all, although he lost thirty years of luck, True Person Yinshan gained a Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

Without achieving Foundation Establishment, one remains a pawn. Does a pawn dare to be dissatisfied?

If a Foundation Establishment True Person is willing to use you, that's already your blessing!

Moreover, True Person Yinshan was willing to give him a reminder, which was already considering that he had joined the Three Rivers Society and was, in a way, his subordinate.

Seeing Lü Yang so "sensible," True Person Yinshan was quite satisfied and said with a smile: "In any case, you helped me succeed, which counts as a great merit."

"As the leader of the Three Rivers Society, I always reward merit."

"I see that you've already broken through to the tenth level of Qi Refining. Next, it's just Foundation Establishment... How about this, I'll grant you a Foundation Establishment rare treasure. What do you think?"

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang's eyes widened instantly.

A Foundation Establishment rare treasure!?

'That's it... Zhao Xuhe from two lifetimes ago probably obtained his first Foundation Establishment rare treasure this way. It's just that now I've replaced him...'

No wonder he had been stationed in the market for so long, sending people to gather information daily, yet hadn't seen even a shadow of a Foundation Establishment rare treasure.

Thinking back, that was probably just a rumor Zhao Xuhe from two lifetimes ago deliberately released to mislead those with ulterior motives and confuse the public.

Lü Yang's mind was racing, filled with excitement and desire.

However, in the end, his expression gradually calmed down. After closing his eyes and pondering for a moment, he actually shook his head and said: "Senior Brother, may I exchange it for another reward?"

"Oh?"

This time, True Person Yinshan was genuinely surprised: "Are you sure? The 'Ascension Token' I have can at least increase the probability of Foundation Establishment by ten percent."

"I'm sure."

Lü Yang nodded.

Foundation Establishment rare treasures were indeed precious, but he knew very well that in the next thirty years, with his luck damaged, he couldn't protect this rare treasure!

For him now, a Foundation Establishment rare treasure was not an opportunity but a root of disaster, highly likely to lead to his untimely death.

This could be seen from Zhao Xuhe's end two lifetimes ago. Therefore, Lü Yang still relied on great determination to suppress his greed.

'For me, there's no need to rush.'

'I have just completed Qi Refining and still have much room for growth, such as great divine abilities. Foundation Establishment rare treasures can be obtained in a few lifetimes later as well.'

Lü Yang's certainty made True Person Yinshan fall silent.

To be honest, at first, he didn't intend to pay attention to Lü Yang.

Mainly because he had broken through two realms consecutively, knew how to assess the situation, and was a member of the Three Rivers Society, he developed some thoughts of nurturing him.

After a moment, he spoke again: "What reward do you want to exchange for?"

Lü Yang said without hesitation: "I want a treasure that can enhance comprehension."

After all, the great divine ability he possessed, the 『Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method』, still lacked the Taiwei Pardon Talisman to be completed, and it heavily relied on comprehension.

If one couldn't do it, they just couldn't.

Therefore, without a treasure that could enhance comprehension, Lü Yang estimated that even after several lifetimes, he might not be able to master this divine ability.

Share to your friends

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

[1,628 words]

Primordial Saint Sect, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

When Lü Yang returned to Mending Heaven Peak, his entire body was battered, with hardly a patch of uninjured flesh. His injuries were even more severe than those sustained during the great battle at Skeleton Mountain.

While traveling back to the sect on a flying boat, he was ambushed by righteous sects.

A Qi Refining Perfection cultivator used a divine ability to slice his left hand down to the bone. His face was riddled with sores, a result of being stung by a scorpion beast's tail during a forest encounter.

These were just the visible injuries.

Beneath the surface, his meridians, acupoints, and Dantian's Purple Mansion were all damaged to varying degrees, inflicted by opponents weaker than himself.

"This is what it means to have one's luck run out, leaving a hero powerless."

Lü Yang wore a helpless expression. His fortune for the next thirty years had been prematurely exhausted by True Person Yinshan's fishing technique. Now, misfortune clung to him, making everything go awry.

Initially, Lü Yang attempted to fight back.

However, whenever he engaged in combat, various mishaps occurred—old injuries flared up, he overexerted himself, or his divine abilities backfired.

In the end, he could only keep fleeing.

Still, being at Qi Refining Perfection, his life force was resilient enough to endure until he returned to the sect.

As for the sect's campaign to annihilate the Divine Martial Sect following the Skeleton Mountain incident, Lü Yang dared not participate.

Given his current state—where even going to the toilet could lead to disaster—he feared that a Foundation Establishment True Person could kill him from eight hundred miles away with a single slap.

Upon returning to the sect, Lü Yang immediately secluded himself in his cave dwelling.

He deployed the Heaven-Slashing Blood River Sword Formation outside, plastered talismans all over the interior and exterior, completely sealing off the cave to isolate himself from any external disturbances.

"For the next thirty years, I'm not stepping outside!"

Moreover, with misfortune entangling him, even cultivating was a luxury.

Not to mention improving his cultivation; the only likely outcome was going berserk.

Fortunately, he had already reached Qi Refining Perfection, so further cultivation wasn't necessary.

Lü Yang sat cross-legged on a meditation cushion and retrieved a jade slip from his storage bag.

Unlike ordinary jade slips, this one was a brilliant golden color.

This item was called the "Bright Dao Jade Slip."

As a substitute for a Foundation Establishment rare treasure, True Person Yinshan had bestowed it upon him. As he wished, it was a secret treasure that could aid in comprehending Daoist arts.

Whenever one encountered difficulties in cultivation, they could inject their questions into the jade slip, which would provide answers.

Within the Qi Refining realm, its accuracy was one hundred percent, effectively equivalent to having a Foundation Establishment True Person deducing divine abilities for you—a timely solution for Lü Yang.

"Given my current state, there's no way to comprehend divine abilities."

"After all, with my bad luck, I'm bound to go down the wrong path, or worse, a deviant one. But this Bright Dao Jade Slip is different!"

"True Person Yinshan said that this rare item has vaguely touched upon the threshold of Foundation Establishment, so its answers won't be affected by my misfortune."

Despite this, Lü Yang didn't rush to use it to comprehend the Taiwei Pardon Talisman.

Although his great divine ability, the "Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method," only lacked this final component, he valued another gain from Skeleton Mountain even more: the "Taiyi Golden Radiance Pill Book"!

Of course, he hadn't obtained the complete "Taiyi Golden Radiance Pill Book."

After all, he wasn't a true disciple of Mending Heaven Peak, and the grade of dual cultivation methods was limited. So, even after nearly draining Yun Miaozen, he hadn't managed to acquire the entire book.

He had only obtained one-third of it, a divine ability named "Taiyi Primordial Essence Jade Radiance."

As the name implied, once cultivated, this divine ability could condense a jade-colored "essence light." When applied to the body, it rendered the flesh indestructible like diamond.

Additionally, it had the effect of healing physical injuries.

This aspect was particularly crucial for Lü Yang now, as his body was severely damaged due to misfortune.

"Once my injuries and luck recover, I might need to find a body refinement technique to cultivate."

With this in mind, Lü Yang immediately took out his disciple token and contacted Second Senior Brother Luo Wuya of the Three Rivers Society to inquire about suitable techniques.

As a Qi Refining Perfection cultivator, he now had the qualification to speak with Luo Wuya as an equal.

Soon, Luo Wuya replied:

"There is indeed a technique well-suited for you, Junior Brother, but it's not yet time to cultivate it. Perhaps wait a few years, and I'll inform you when the time comes."

Lü Yang readily agreed and then entered seclusion.

A few years later, a spirited young man arrived outside Lü Yang's cave dwelling.

The young man, named Wang Song, had recently joined the sect a few days prior. Through the recommendation of his grandfather, Wang Borong, he had joined the Three Rivers Society and accepted a commission from Luo Wuya.

"Senior Brother Luo had an agreement with Senior Brother Lü regarding a body refinement technique. However, after years of bloody battles with the Divine Martial Sect, Senior Brother Luo has achieved great merits and received a Foundation Establishment rare treasure from a True Person. He's preparing to break through to Foundation Establishment and cannot come personally, so he sent me to deliver the technique."

"But now, Senior Brother Lü is also in seclusion. What should I do?"

Wang Song furrowed his brow in frustration. In the end, he decided to find a cave dwelling near Lü Yang's and settle in, reasoning that he was young and had time to wait for Lü Yang to emerge.

With this thought, Wang Song glanced at Lü Yang's cave dwelling, eyes filled with anticipation.

As far as he knew, this Senior Brother Lü had once been an ordinary disciple but had risen to Qi Refining Perfection and was now on the verge of Foundation Establishment.

"If Senior Brother Lü can do it, so can I!"

"I'm currently at Qi Refining level one. As long as I study diligently and work tirelessly, I can also become someone like Senior Brother Luo and Senior Brother Lü in the future!"

"Thirty years east of the river, thirty years west of the river—never underestimate a young man's potential!"

In the cultivation world, years pass unnoticed.

In the blink of an eye, thirty years had gone by.

Mending Heaven Peak's Library Pavilion.

Now over fifty years old, Wang Song had been stuck at the bottleneck of Qi Refining level three for over a decade, with little progress in cultivation. His appearance had aged noticeably.

The elder who had introduced him to the sect, Wang Borong, had long since passed away, leaving him with a secure position as a Library Pavilion steward and a cave dwelling with a thirty-year mortgage.

Fortunately, with consistent diligence over thirty years, he was close to paying off the loan.

The sharp edges of youth had long been worn away.

Now, Wang Song's face bore only the numbness inflicted by the sect's hardships. His initial resolve of "never underestimate a young man's potential" had shifted to "respect the deceased."

Just getting by.

Looking on the bright side, at least he was close to paying off his cave dwelling loan. This way, when his son joined the sect, he would have a foundation to build upon.

At that moment, a loud noise suddenly echoed from afar.

"Hmm?"

Wang Song looked up in confusion and saw that the cave dwelling he had both loved and hated—once cursed at but never opened—had suddenly activated.

"He's out of seclusion... Senior Brother Lü is out of seclusion!?"

The next second, the cave dwelling opened, and Wang Song saw a handsome young man, as spirited as his younger self thirty years ago, strolling out.

Thirty years had passed, yet time had left no mark on him.

Then, as if sensing Wang Song's gaze, the handsome young man suddenly turned his head. His calm eyes seemed to penetrate one's soul.

"You are...?"

Lü Yang looked curious.

With a thought, a halo appeared behind his head, resembling a full moon, filled with intricate talismanic script.

The script resembled dragons and phoenixes, evoking a contradictory feeling.

At first glance, it appeared as tiny as a mustard seed, but upon closer inspection, one could become immersed, as if witnessing the vast universe.

Over time, the script transformed, displaying scenes of birds, flowers, fish, insects, and all manner of life.

Taiwei Pardon Talisman!

The final divine ability of the "Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method," unlike the Heavenly Demon Blood-Transforming Divine Light or the Profound Yin Form-Capturing Grand Art, was not used for combat.

It was used for divination.

Thus, when Lü Yang's gaze fell upon Wang Song, as the talisman operated, the events' causes and effects were no longer a mystery to him.

Wang Song's identity, his ancestors, cultivation techniques, level, divine abilities, and even the reason for waiting outside the cave dwelling—all were revealed to Lü Yang.

This sensation of having all things within one's grasp made Lü Yang reflect:

"Perhaps this is what it feels like to be a Foundation Establishment True Person?"

Of course, this was also due to the significant cultivation gap between him and Wang Song.

Divining a Qi Refining Perfection cultivator wouldn't be so effortless.

This indicated that he was still far from being a Foundation Establishment True Person.

On the other side, Wang Song had finally seen the Senior Brother Lü he had longed for over the decades. As he stumbled forward to pay his respects, he heard a sigh:

"No need for formalities. Just give me the item."

Wang Song dared not delay. He quickly produced a jade slip he had kept for thirty years. Lü Yang scanned it with his spiritual sense, the restrictions lifted, and the contents emerged.

Luo Wuya hadn't deceived him; it was indeed a body refinement technique well-suited for him.

Its name was: "Saint's Theft"

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 58: The Primordial Saint Sect is Full of Talents

[1,444 words]

Regarding Wang Song, Lü Yang did not pay much attention, at most sighing that his friend from previous lifetimes, the elder of the Library Pavilion, Wang Borong, actually had descendants.

Perhaps in future lives, he could take care of them again; for now, he had more important matters to attend to.

Activating his escape light, Lü Yang left the cave dwelling and simultaneously took out the Bright Dao Jade Slip to begin comprehending the 『Saint's Theft』 .

An ancient saying goes, "If the sage does not die, the great thief does not cease."

This does not mean that sages are thieves, but that sages establish laws for the world, which, while regulating worldly conduct, also provide convenience for great thieves.

However, this is the orthodox interpretation; the understanding within the 『Saint's Theft』 is entirely different:

The 『Saint's Theft』 states: "The sage uses his own rules to profit himself; those who do not comply are regarded as bandits. The so-called sage is the great thief who steals the world."

Therefore, to cultivate this body refinement technique, one must establish a method of cultivation for the world. When all people follow this method, the cultivator can steal the fate of the world's people to nourish himself.

This is the true meaning of the technique: "The sage is the great thief, and the great thief is the great Dao."

Using the smoke and fire of the human world to forge the golden body of the sage.

Once the golden body is forged, the physique becomes as firm as "the sage's law, unchanging for ten thousand generations," ranking among the top ten even among the many body refinement techniques of the Primordial Saint Sect.

Seeing this, Lü Yang was simply amazed.

"Turning all the world's people into cultivation resources—Is the Primordial Saint Sect still the same sect? Every time I develop a slight fondness for it, it always manages to open my eyes anew."

To be honest, ever since meeting Ming Chan, Yun Miaozen, and others, Lü Yang's impression of the orthodox path had significantly declined.

Indeed, the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion and other orthodox sects treated their own people quite well, aligning with orthodox standards in all aspects, but this only applied to "their own people."

What defines "their own people"?

The orthodox path emphasizes cause and effect, past and present lives. If you accumulated good karma and merit in your past life, then you are considered one of their own and can receive favor from the orthodox path.

Conversely, if you committed evil in your past life and have karmic debts, then even if you are innocent in this life, you cannot enter the orthodox path and may even be killed under the pretext of "it's for your own good," "cleansing karma," or "opportunities await in the next life." Yun Miaozen, that madwoman, is a typical example.

In contrast, Lü Yang discovered the dividing line between the orthodox and demonic paths.

For the Primordial Saint Sect, disciples are all talents, so they accept students without discrimination, regardless of past lives or merit.

The orthodox path, however, emphasizes "acting on behalf of heaven."

Reincarnation, cause and effect, and fate are highly valued by the orthodox path, often using these as criteria for recruiting disciples.

Both have their pros and cons; the difference lies in who is more anthropomorphic.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang felt helpless: "There isn't a single normal sect. What has become of this world? It must be a systemic problem!"

While pondering, Lü Yang had already arrived deep within the sea of clouds.

Soon, a majestic and grand black mountain range came into view—Yinshan, which also served as the headquarters of the Three Rivers Society.

At this moment, a loud laugh suddenly rang out:

"Junior Brother Lü, you've finally come out of seclusion!"

The next second, a figure identical to thirty years ago appeared outside Yinshan. Seeing this, Lü Yang smiled slightly and cupped his hands in greeting:

"Greetings, Senior Brother Luo."

"No need for formalities between us."

Luo Wuya smiled and patted Lü Yang's shoulder. He had always valued Lü Yang; otherwise, he wouldn't have specially sent him the 『Saint's Theft』 technique.

He had also somewhat guessed Lü Yang's intentions.

"Junior Brother, you've come for the 『Saint's Theft』, haven't you?"

Lü Yang nodded and said, "This technique is indeed profound and mysterious, but its scope is vast, and it takes a long time to cultivate. I'm afraid it can't be accomplished overnight."

"Hahaha." Luo Wuya laughed heartily: "Junior Brother, you don't really plan to leave the Primordial Saint Sect and start cultivating this technique from scratch in the mortal world, do you? The Primordial Saint Sect is vast and rich in resources, full of talents. Why go through such trouble? Regarding the 『Saint's Theft』, the sect already has a complete cultivation method."

Lü Yang cupped his hands: "Please enlighten me, Senior Brother."

"Follow me."

Luo Wuya led Lü Yang into a grand hall within Yinshan. At the center of the hall stood a massive crystal sphere.

"This place is called the 'Secret Realm of Law Refinement.'"

Seeing Lü Yang's puzzled expression, Luo Wuya pointed at the crystal sphere and explained: "Don't be fooled by its size; this is a creation of a Dao Lord!"

"Dao Lord!?"

Lü Yang was shocked. Foundation Establishment cultivators are called True Persons, Golden Core cultivators are called True Lords, and only Nascent Soul cultivators are honored as Dao Lords. This object was actually crafted by such an existence?

"Within the 'Secret Realm of Law Refinement' are 140 million living beings, each with strong vitality and pure souls. One person here is equivalent to more than ten mortals outside. Whether for refining magical treasures or cultivating techniques, they are top-notch materials. Junior Brother, it's perfect for you to cultivate the 『Saint's Theft』."

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang gasped: "140 million talents?"

It seemed that with his breakthrough to the Great Perfection of Qi Refining and joining the Foundation Establishment faction of the Three Rivers Society, he now qualified to learn some of the sect's true foundations.

At this moment, the secret realm suddenly radiated light.

The next second, a young man in black robes emerged, his face filled with frustration: "Damn it, a bunch of stubborn people... failed again!"

After speaking, the young man glanced at Luo Wuya but said nothing and left directly.

Seeing this, Lü Yang naturally remained silent. Only after the young man had gone did he look at Luo Wuya, who showed a hint of schadenfreude.

"He's also an inner sect true disciple, the only son of True Person Chongguang, named Chongming. Don't mind him; he failed in cultivating the 『Saint's Theft』 again."

"I won't hide it from you, Junior Brother; the 『Saint's Theft』 isn't easy to cultivate."

At this point, Luo Wuya regained a solemn expression: "Don't underestimate the people in this secret realm. Although they are talents, they are not fools."

"You know, Junior Brother, the 『Saint's Theft』 requires creating a cultivation method from scratch for the world, and only then can one cultivate it. The more profound the created technique, the greater the feedback upon success. However, we are not Dao Lords; the techniques we create are mostly shallow and easily seen through."

"That's why the 『Saint's Theft』 often fails."

"In the past, some disciples cultivating the 『Saint's Theft』 were even discovered by the living beings, who feigned cooperation and ultimately turned on them, making them laughingstocks of the sect."

"So, think carefully about how to cultivate this technique, Junior Brother."

After speaking, Luo Wuya took out a jade slip and handed it to Lü Yang: "I also cultivated this technique back then and have some shallow experience."

"Thank you, Senior Brother!"

"It's all for the Three Rivers Society. I'm still waiting for you to achieve great success and come out of seclusion. If you truly master the 『Saint's Theft』, you'll be quite formidable among the true disciples."

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang raised an eyebrow, catching the implication in Luo Wuya's words.

Only by mastering the 『Saint's Theft』 would he be formidable.

So... he's not impressive enough now?

Lü Yang remained calm, still respectfully saluting before approaching the 'Secret Realm of Law Refinement.' With a sweep of his spiritual sense, numerous information streams flowed into his mind.

It should be said that this was indeed a creation of a Dao Lord; this secret realm could actually be "configured"!

Human culture, geography, and architecture could all be shaped according to his thoughts. This power to change the world with a single thought made Lü Yang both respectful and deeply apprehensive.

Because in his heart, a thought lingered.

The secret realm was a creation of a Dao Lord. Since the Dao Lord could do such terrifying things within the secret realm, could he possess the same power in reality?

The living beings within the secret realm were talents to him.

Then, what were the cultivators of the Primordial Saint Sect to the Dao Lord?

Lü Yang dared not think further, only sighing helplessly: "Damn it, the Primordial Saint Sect is full of talents!"

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 59: An Unexpected Problem

[1,302 words]

Standing before the secret realm, Lü Yang carefully contemplated this “creation of the Dao Master” while pondering how to configure the secret realm to best benefit himself.

‘First of all, I will definitely not step onto the stage.’

‘I only need to scatter the seeds and then wait for them to blossom and bear fruit. If there is no mastermind from the beginning, naturally no one will investigate!’

‘Secondly, I do not need a peaceful world.’

‘After all, only in chaotic times do heroes emerge, and only in chaos can one fish in troubled waters. Even if a hero who discovers the truth does appear, he won't be able to stir up much trouble.’

‘Because I can simply let heroes deal with heroes, and let the brave contend with the brave!’

Thus, a large number of settings were input into the secret realm.

In the next moment, the entire secret realm radiated light, rotating in circles. Within it, Lü Yang seemed to see countless scenes of the mortal world constantly changing.

Seeing this, Luo Wuya took the initiative to say, “Junior Brother is about to enter the secret realm for cultivation, so I won't disturb you. I wish you success in advance.”

“Thank you for your kind words, Senior Brother,” Lü Yang replied with a bow. “I will remember your guidance, and when I achieve success in the future, if you have any requests, please feel free to ask.”

Upon hearing this, Luo Wuya immediately smiled with satisfaction: “Junior Brother is destined for great things!”

In the next second, the light of the secret realm engulfed Lü Yang.

“Quite impressive.”

Inside the secret realm, Lü Yang stood atop a mountain peak, his eyes filled with curiosity, feeling that the surrounding flowers, plants, and trees all appeared so real.

“But there are still flaws; it's not perfect.”

A halo appeared behind Lü Yang's head as the Taiwei Pardon Talisman operated, divining and deducing, instantly seeing through the illusions and discovering flaws that differed from the real world.

These flaws were minor and existed in the microscopic domain, which Lü Yang could only perceive through his divination abilities. Ordinary cultivators could not see these flaws from a macroscopic perspective, and as for those “talents” who had lived in the secret realm since birth, it was even more impossible for them to notice anything amiss.

“Rather than calling it a world, it's more like a massive stage set.”

The flowers, birds, fish, and insects—all were real.

However, the “world” that composed all of this was entirely fake in nature, no different from a pigsty in a rural mortal's home.

“This is the talent cultivation base of the First Saint Demon Sect.”

Lü Yang shook his head, no longer sighing, and began preparing for his grand undertaking of “imparting the Dao,” the most important aspect of which was establishing a cultivation system.

“With the Bright Dao Jade Slip, it's no wonder Luo Wuya said that the Saint Thief is very suitable for me.”

Because the Bright Dao Jade Slip, this artifact of deduction, could make the cultivation system he created have fewer flaws and be less likely to be noticed by the locals within the secret realm.

‘The cultivation system must not be too complex.’

‘After all, with my abilities, the more complex it is, the less it can withstand scrutiny. So simplicity is best—it should be understandable to fools and cultivable by anyone.’

‘But it also can't be too weak. If the strongest in this system only reach the first layer of Qi Refining, although they won't pose a threat to me, the Qi fortune that the Saint Thief can steal will be pitifully small, which would be detrimental to my cultivation. So I should be bold and elevate the system's peak combat power.’

Thinking of this, Lü Yang suddenly had an epiphany.

‘The true disciple that Senior Brother Luo mentioned, who was counter-killed by someone in the secret realm, probably also wanted to maximize benefits like me, but ended up failing unexpectedly.’

‘No, I need to set up an insurance policy.’

Lü Yang pondered continuously and finally had a framework. With the help of the Bright Dao Jade Slip, numerous details were filled in, eventually forming a complete system.

After a moment, Lü Yang made a decision.

Since the Saint Thief is ultimately a body-refining cultivation method, if he were to establish a cultivation system, it should naturally focus on body refinement, making the cultivation process more efficient.

Regarding the physique, the most advanced knowledge Lü Yang possessed came from Yun Miaozen's 『Taiyi Primordial Essence Jade Radiance』 .

Therefore, he planned to use this divine ability as the foundation.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang immediately began to activate the divine ability.

Heart fire, lung metal, spleen earth, liver wood, kidney water.

Eyes, ears, nose, tongue, tendons, bones, flesh, blood, will.

Lü Yang calmed his mind, gathering the radiance condensed from his five viscera and all parts of his body into himself, then directing it towards the heavenly gate atop his head, erupting from his crown!

Brilliant flames shone, enveloping Lü Yang, eliminating all “flaws,” making his physique as translucent as jade.

This was the “Taiyi Primordial Essence Jade Radiance.”

At the same time, Lü Yang also used the Bright Dao Jade Slip to record all the changes of this divine ability.

Based on this, he quickly organized a complete system.

“This method shall be named Martial Dao!”

“Martial Dao cultivators prioritize blood and Qi, mastering the five elements within the body, opening the nine orifices of heaven, and breaking through the mysteries of creation! A consummate martial artist... should be comparable to the late stage of Qi Refining!”

“However, although Martial Dao enhances divine power, it cannot achieve flight.”

This was Lü Yang's insurance policy: martial artists cannot fly!

In this way, even in the worst-case scenario where he is counterattacked by someone in the secret realm, at worst, he can simply fly away. If he can't win, he can at least escape.

After an unknown amount of time, Lü Yang finally awoke from his meditative state.

In his hand, there was already a book recording the “Martial Dao.”

In the next second, as Lü Yang's thoughts moved, the book suddenly emitted golden light, splitting into four in mid-air, then dispersing towards the horizon.

“The pieces are set; let's see what changes the future will bring.”

Lü Yang smiled slightly, then turned and returned to the temporarily established cave dwelling, entering seclusion once again.

In terms of cultivation, he still had many unfinished matters.

For example, he had now mastered the Heavenly Demon Blood-Transforming Divine Light, the Profound Yin Form-Capturing Grand Art, and the Taiwei Pardon Talisman—the three divine abilities that compose the 『Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method』—just like Yun Miaozen back then. However, he still had no clue how to integrate them.

This wasn't because he didn't know the method.

In fact, the final step of the 『Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method』 was very simple, with the key being one sentence:

“Die through Taiyin, temporarily pass the three gates; Taiyi guards the corpse, three souls camp in the bones, seven spirits attend the flesh, fetal spirit records Qi, thus reforming the body, reborn to ascend to the heavens.”

In short, it requires “dying once.”

Only after death can one shed and transform.

Although failure means true death, success allows one to transform into an immortal fetus, possessing part of the power of a Foundation Establishment True Person.

This step isn't actually difficult for most people; it's merely a matter of whether the cultivator dares to gamble on the probability between life and death and whether they have the luck to succeed.

However, for Lü Yang, this was an insurmountable chasm.

“Because once I die, I immediately restart!”

After restarting, everything returns to the beginning—what talk is there of shedding after death?

Thinking of this, Lü Yang couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

All along, the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 had been his greatest reliance.

No matter what danger he encountered, he had the confidence to face it, at worst starting over.

Unexpectedly, the 【Book of a Hundred Lifetimes】 had become an obstacle to his further progress!

Share to your friends

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

[1,397 words]

Time flew by swiftly, and the years passed like a shuttle.

In the blink of an eye, thirty years had gone by once more.

When Lü Yang opened his eyes again, although his appearance showed no signs of aging, a strand of white had appeared amidst his once jet-black hair.

"In the blink of an eye, I'm already eighty years old."

Although Qi Refining cultivators lived longer than ordinary people, their lifespan was only about one hundred and fifty years, not significantly longer; at eighty, he was already considered middle-aged.

In another twenty years, Zhao Xuhe's Stealing Heaven's Secrets would be unlocked.

"Although there's no hope of reaching Foundation Establishment in this lifetime, once I master the Saintly Theft, I can attempt Foundation Establishment again to gain experience in advance."

The path of Dao was within sight, the path of Dao was within sight.

Even the 『Taiyin Body-Shedding Corpse Liberation True Method』, after thirty years of secluded research, he had successfully developed a clever secret technique with the help of the Bright Dao Jade Slip.

"To truly cultivate the 『Taiyin Shedding Form Corpse Dissolution True Method』, one must experience 'death before shedding', but if I die, it will trigger the Book of a Hundred Lifetimes to restart. However, this 'death' isn't absolute; the 『Taiyin Shedding Form Corpse Dissolution True Method』 doesn't truly cause the cultivator to die."

"The so-called 'death' actually refers only to the physical body."

"After the physical body dies, it refines underground, claws and hair grow subtly, the corpse appears lifelike, and over time, it achieves the Dao. But for others, the death of the physical body is true death."

"After all, the physical body is the vessel of the soul; once the body dies, the soul gradually dissipates, and death is only a matter of time."

"However, conversely, as long as I keep my soul conscious while letting the physical body die, preventing the soul from dying, the Book of a Hundred Lifetimes won't be triggered."

"In this way, there might be an opportunity for 'death before shedding'."

This was the solution provided by the Bright Dao Jade Slip, and Lü Yang found it highly feasible; the only issue was the clever secret technique he had developed for this purpose.

"Although, according to the deductions of the Bright Dao Jade Slip, this secret technique is sufficient to stabilize my soul after the death of the physical body, I have never seen a soul that truly exists independently of the body. If I could witness it once and record it with the Bright Dao Jade Slip, having the data would perfect the secret technique."

More importantly, Lü Yang knew that such existences did exist in the world.

Foundation Establishment True Persons!

Foundation Establishment True Persons have a natural lifespan of three hundred years, which is actually just the lifespan of the physical body; the soul's lifespan is much longer, so they often choose to reincarnate after death.

Although after reincarnation, everything starts anew, and cultivation falls back to the Foundation Establishment level, there is no mystery of the womb; before the age of eight, they will inevitably awaken past memories, and thereafter, cultivation progresses rapidly. As long as they can reach Foundation Establishment again, they can gain another three hundred years of natural lifespan.

Of course, this cannot continue indefinitely.

Because each reincarnation consumes one's achievements; if the Foundation Establishment True Person's Dao practice doesn't grow, they will only become weaker over time.

The first reincarnation is undoubtedly a prodigy.

The second reincarnation can still be outstanding among people.

By the third reincarnation, they become an ordinary genius.

By the fourth or fifth life, if the Foundation Establishment True Person's cultivation hasn't improved, they will completely become ordinary, no longer transcendent as before.

This is the so-called: the fruit of a True Person is severed after five lifetimes.

Moreover, after reincarnation, it's not guaranteed to return to Foundation Establishment; once a True Person reincarnates, if they can't suppress their fate, past karma will follow.

A slight mistake, and premature death is quite normal.

Therefore, every True Person is extremely cautious when reincarnating, concealing their fate, and rarely informing outsiders to avoid unexpected karmic tribulations.

Under such circumstances, how difficult is it to witness the reincarnated soul of a Foundation Establishment True Person?

Thinking of this, Lü Yang felt a headache again and had to temporarily set it aside, turning to calculate whether his grand plan of spreading the Dao had made any progress.

"Taiwei Talisman, decree of heavenly pardon."

Lü Yang pinched his fingers and recited the incantation; the Taiwei Talisman divined the heavenly secrets, and his mind quickly immersed into the omnipresent karmic web of the world, beginning a keyword search.

Soon, corresponding information emerged in his mind:

"At the end of the Great Zhou dynasty, the emperor was tyrannical, and the people suffered; thus, the Heavenly Book appeared, divided into four volumes, scattered among the people, causing hidden dragons to rise across the land."

"After the chaos settled, the four volumes of the Heavenly Book found their owners. One volume was held by the Haoran Academy, passed down through generations of

scholars; one was obtained by the Hanging Temple, becoming the supreme scripture of Buddhism; one was annotated by the Celestial Master Mansion, serving as the token of successive Celestial Masters; only the last volume was lost among the common people, its whereabouts unknown."

Daoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism, the three schools divided the world, becoming the source of contemporary martial arts!

"Excellent, excellent!"

Lü Yang's face showed joy, and he immediately activated the Saintly Theft. In the next moment, he felt a surge of overwhelming fate sweeping over him, instantly engulfing his body.

In an instant, Lü Yang's body exploded.

However, miraculously, after the explosion, his body did not turn into flesh and blood but transformed into countless specks of dust, with Lü Yang's consciousness residing at the center of the dust.

He could feel that each speck of his physical body's dust was being tempered and refined by the burning fate.

Human worldly experiences refine the golden body of a saint!

After a long time, until the overwhelming fate was exhausted, the dust regrouped and reformed Lü Yang's body.

However, this time, his body had undergone a tremendous transformation.

"Saintly Theft Golden Body, minor achievement!"

A gleam flashed in Lü Yang's eyes; then he took a step, and in an instant, a terrifying ripple capable of shaking mountains spread out like waves!

Under the impact of this terrifying ripple, the cliff cave dwelling where Lü Yang was located seemed to experience an upheaval; rocks tumbled down as if an invisible storm was raging.

Countless fierce birds and beasts were startled, looking toward the mountain where Lü Yang was in seclusion, then fled in panic.

"...Feels pretty good."

Lü Yang exhaled deeply, feeling for the first time the "solidity" of his body; now, he feared that his physical body alone could rival the late stage of Qi Refining!

However, in the next second, his expression turned solemn.

"According to Senior Brother Luo's experience, the Saintly Theft uses the people of the world as resources, greatly damaging virtue. Minor achievement can still be muddled through, but major achievement will inevitably attract tribulations."

"Many who cultivated the Saintly Theft failed because of this tribulation; the lucky ones could save their lives, while the unlucky ones, like that true disciple who was counter-killed by a native in the secret realm, died unexpectedly. But now I remain behind the scenes; who in the secret realm could become my tribulation?"

Thinking of this, Lü Yang couldn't help but fall into contemplation.

Jiangnan, Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion.

Yun Zhiqiu stood on a pavilion, but compared to his heroic demeanor sixty years ago, he now looked like an old man nearing death.

At this moment, a flying letter broke through the air.

Yun Zhiqiu caught the letter and looked at it intently; his expression changed dramatically, and he immediately rode a light of escape, soon arriving at the ancestral home of the Yun family.

As soon as he entered, a young man with a sorrowful expression came out. Upon seeing Yun Zhiqiu, he cried out, "Granduncle, the patriarch is about to pass away. To see you one last time, he has already lit the Seven-Star Lamp. Once the lamp extinguishes, he will inevitably reincarnate. There's not much time; please go in quickly to see him!"

"How could this be!" Yun Zhiqiu showed a sorrowful expression upon hearing this.

Besides that, there was also panic.

The Yun family patriarch, currently the only Foundation Establishment True Person in the Yun family, and the pillar of the Yun family in the Sword Pavilion for hundreds of years, had actually reached the end of this life!

Share to your friends

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

